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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.
Crebillon's Electre.
As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XXVI.—

NEW SERIES, VOL. V.—

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1858.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1858.

MODERN TACTICS.

One of the most irresistible propensities of the human character, is that which Phrenologists designate by the name of "Combativeness." Man, in his actual condition, is a fighting animal; and whatever may be the incubations of vegetarians and Peace societies, his pugnacious disposition is likely to endure, at least until that millennial period, in which he shall turn his swords into ploughshares and his spears into pruning hooks. Casting a glance at the still smoking ruins of Sebastopol, around which and for which half a million of lives have been sacrificed, we can hardly admit that that blessed time is at hand; it is unfortunately more probable that for several centuries yet, the nations of the earth will have recourse to those gentle persuaders, cold steel and villainous saltpetre.

It is indeed sad to think, that history is little else but the record of sanguinary strife. If the human blood shed on our planet, in mortal combat, from Abel to this day, had imparted to it a permanent stain, perhaps the whole earth would be clothed in a crimson robe, and old ocean himself would be dyed with the gory hue. What region of the Old World has not furnished its many battlefields? And even in this new and virgin continent, who knows how many dusky warriors the old primeval oaks of the wilderness have seen perish in general conflicts or in single combats, of which neither history nor tradition has preserved the mem-

ory? Perhaps there is not a single spot in our new peaceful woods which has not been the scene of some desperate struggle. It may be that this Western world has also its Alexanders and Caesars, temporary with or even anterior to those of old Europe, and not inferior to them in genius or achievements.

But deplorable as are the evils of war, it must be confessed, even by the tender-hearted philanthropists, that it has not been unmixed with good. It may justly be ranked among the powerful civilizing agents that ever operated to bring the world to its present condition; and it is the cultivation and perfection of the science of war which secures the existence of modern civilization. At the present day, all the savage hordes that ever poured from Scandinavia or Scythia, would be utterly unable to sweep over Western Europe as they did over the Roman Empire; and the larger their numbers, the more certain would be their destruction.

We propose in this article, briefly to pass in review some of the changes which have taken place in the art of war, from the earliest day to the present time, and especially to discuss the modifications which have been produced in the tactics of armies by the improvement of *Artillery*, embracing under this general term all the weapons the purpose of which is to throw projectiles.

The word "*Artillery*," according to Webster, is connected etymologically

with *art*, *artist*—indicating instruments formed by art. According to another author, it is derived from “*arcus*” and “*telum*.” It is certain that the term *artillerie* was applied to bows and arrows long before the invention of gunpowder.

The first weapons used by men were probably clubs, and stakes sharpened at one end, and hardened by fire. Stones and darts were employed as projectiles, and at first thrown by hand, but their very limited range when thus used, suggested the advantage of artificial means; a very moderate degree of ingenuity would produce the sling and the bow. These were the weapons of the light-armed troops among the ancients. Indeed, the bow kept its place until a comparatively modern period; and it is said to be used, conjointly with fire arms, by the Circassians to this day. The artillery of the ancients consisted in balistic machines, of two kinds. Those having but one arm were derived from the sling, and those having two arms from the bow.

There is a great deal of confusion in the terms used by ancient authors to designate the machines then in use. The terms *ballista* and *catapulta* are employed to denote machines of both kinds. Vitruvius, under the names of *ballistæ*, *catapultæ*, *manu-ballistæ*, *scorpios*, describes only machines with two arms, derived from the bow; of these the *ballistæ* were the most powerful and served to throw stones. The engines called *Tormenta* would seem to designate machines with one arm, and derived from the sling.

The *tormentum* owed its power to the elasticity of twisted fibres. A wooden arm or lever was inserted between cords made of guts or horse hair; and these were twisted by turning the wooden arm as many times as possible. The machine was then ready for use. In order to discharge it the arm was drawn down to a horizontal position, by means of a windlass, and a stone was placed in a receptacle made for it at the end of the arm. This arm was then suddenly liberated, and would fly forward with great force until it encountered a horizontal beam

placed to stop its revolution. The stone would thus receive a circular motion in a vertical plane, and would be projected at a very great angle. Among the Romans the strongest of these machines threw projectiles of about 400 pounds in weight to a maximum distance of about 8 or 900 yards; but their aim was very uncertain. They were sometimes called “*onagri*.”

The *catapulta*, (with its modifications,) was a kind of cross bow upon a very large scale. It was less powerful than the *ballista*, but much more accurate. It was mounted upon a horizontal axis, and turned upon a vertical pivot. By means of this double articulation, it could be discharged in every direction and at any angle of elevation. When aimed nearly horizontally its maximum range was between 250 and 350 yards.

These different engines were used for a long period, only in the attack or defence of fortified towns or camps. But when the Romans found themselves opposed to the Parthians, who never waited for the shock of the legions, they felt the necessity of providing their troops with some heavy machines, in order to keep at a distance an enemy who discharged clouds of arrows while retreating. Tacitus says that Corbulo, in order to cover the construction of a bridge over the Euphrates, held the Parthians in check by means of *ballistæ* and *catapultæ*, which threw stones and darts to a distance much greater than the range of the Parthian arrows. These machines soon came into general use in the Roman armies, and answered the purpose of modern field artillery. They were placed in the rear or on the flanks of the line of battle. In the time of the Emperor Hadrian, there were fifty-five *ballistæ* and ten *onagri* on wheels to each legion. It is related that the troops of Vitellius at the battle of Bedviacum, transported machines upon the main road where an open space allowed the free action of their darts, which previously broke against the trees without doing any harm to the enemy. A *ballista* of the 15th legion, of enormous size, crushed the enemy's line with the huge stones which it cast.

axe, and the still more crushing mace. Protected at every point by impenetrable steel plate, arrows and stones rattle harmlessly upon his helmet and cuirass, and it is only a weapon as heavy as a smith's hammer that can have any effect upon him. Bodily strength and activity are now more than ever the *sine qua non* of the soldier; and these joined to a finely-tempered armor will almost always ensure the victory. Woe the weak in body in this iron age! He is fit for nothing but the monk's cowl and shaven crown!

Until the introduction of fire arms, things remained unchanged. The man who is destined for the profession of arms, must harden his sinews by a constant practice of gymnastics, and the continual use of weapons; for his life may hang upon a moment's weakness, or a false motion of his hand. Hence his training is long, painful, incessant. But it makes him self-reliant. He does not depend for his defence upon his companions. He can fight alone as well as in the ranks; and with his good horse and trusty blade he feels himself able to meet the foe.

But "a change comes over the spirit of his dream." An unknown monk, in an obscure cloister, ignites by accident a mixture of sulphur and saltpetre; and this involuntary experiment is the germ of a mighty revolution. By degrees, as fire arms become more common and more powerful, the knight's iron panoply drops off piece by piece. What Milan corslet could resist the cannon ball or even the bullet of the match lock? The mail which once ensured the safety of its wearer, is now but a useless encumbrance. Its occupation is gone, and after a few years, the soldier goes to battle without a vestige of defensive armor. Mark the contrast between the Black Prince of Poitiers, and the officers of Fontenoy. The former is encased in steel. His very steed is covered with impenetrable breast plate, *chamfron* and *croupière*, and his battle-axe rings on helmet and shield. The latter in powdered wigs, silk-stockings, and pumps, lace cuffs and ruffles, with no weapon but a switch-like rapier,

stand at the head of the English and French guards, courteously inviting each other to fire first!

We do not intend to discuss the consequences of the invention of gunpowder in a philanthropic point of view; but we will merely say, that it has made the overthrow of civilization by the invasion of barbarous hordes forever impossible. In modern times no nation can be successful in arms without cultivating science. The art of war is indissolubly connected with the mathematical and physical sciences, and the accomplished soldier must henceforth be a well instructed scholar.

Let us now glance at the effects of the introduction of fire arms upon the tactics of armies and upon the soldier individually.

While *strategy*, depending upon invariable principles, is in its nature fixed and unchangeable, it is far different with tactics. The latter is that branch of military art which treats of the movements of troops on the battle-field, their formation for battle and for the march, the changes of front and direction, and the different modes of passing from the line of battle into column and conversely; all this in presence of the enemy and subject to his attack. We have already seen that the feebleness of the ancient projectile weapons prevented them from exerting any influence upon the formation of troops. But it was quite another thing when modern artillery came into play. The velocity of balls is so great, even at 1200 or 1500 paces, that it is impossible to determine with precision the number of men that may be killed by them. At the battle of Zorndorff a Prussian cannon ball killed or wounded 42 Russian grenadiers. At Bleinheim a battery of fifty pieces killed or wounded 2000 men at the first discharge. A bomb-shell has been known to kill 100 men by its explosion. An eight inch howitzer shell filled with powder and balls may by its direct shock and explosion, in a crowded mass, produce effects quite as terrible; and Thiroux says, that even a 6 pound ball, passing through a deep column, may sweep away as many as

thirty men. In presence of such dreadful engines of destruction it was madness to retain the deep order of formation. Accordingly the line of battle rapidly diminished from the depth of eight or ten ranks. At Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus owed his success partly to the diminution of the depth and the consequent extension of the front of his lines, which were formed in six ranks, whilst the Austrians had their infantry formed in squares *forty-five* deep. Just imagine modern artillery firing into such masses! The cavalry of Gustavus was in four ranks, and that of the Austrians in eight. Later yet we find the lines of infantry reduced to three ranks of musketeers, and one of pikemen; and after the bayonet came into general use, infantry adopted the present formation of three ranks, and cavalry that of two. In the English service and ours, infantry is formed in two ranks only.

It is not one of the least curious facts of military history, that between the fall of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the last century, the art or practice of keeping the step in marching should have been entirely lost. This must be owing to the neglect into which infantry fell during the age of Chivalry. We find Marshal de Saxe about 1750, alluding to the fact, and reminding his contemporaries that the Greeks and Romans used the cadenced step, and that the purpose of military music was to enable the soldiers to keep it better. Then he goes on to show the inconvenience of not keeping and locking the step. For example, the impossibility of a battalion's keeping its ranks and dress when marching to the front, and the elongation of the line when marching by flank. In this latter case, the space occupied by a company or battalion would be nearly double that which they ought to occupy in line of battle. The cadenced step came into use again with the introduction of the Prussian system of tactics.

Since the adoption of the present order of formation, the power of fire arms has not remained stationary. Successive inventions have augmented the range and effects of projectiles. Artillery has

become much more rapid, both in its firing and its evolutions, especially since the creation of horse artillery by Frederick the Great. The introduction of the improved field howitzer, by means of which, a shell filled with powder and balls, can produce the effects of grape-shot at a distance previously attainable only by solid shot, and the lightening of the artillery "*matériel*," allowing the use of heavier calibres for field pieces, make it impossible to set a limit to the loss of life which a large and well served battery may cause in a deep attacking column. Napoleon, great as he was in strategy, too often neglected or underestimated these tactical details. He exaggerated the use of the deep order of attack. In many instances, says Jomini, divisions of twelve battalions deployed behind each other, and presenting a depth of *thirty-six* ranks, were exposed to the fire of those tremendous batteries, of fifty or a hundred pieces, which played so important a part in the battles of that period. The column of McDonald at Wagram, which marched to the attack of the Austrian centre, 16,000 strong, and which numbered only 15,000 after piercing that centre, showed what awful havoc may be the consequence of the reckless use of deep masses under the fire of modern artillery.

For a long period, small arms were far from keeping pace with the improvements in ordnance. Since the invention of the flint lock and the bayonet, the musket had undergone no material alteration, except the substitution of the iron for the wooden ramrod. Of late years, the percussion lock has superseded the flint, but the only effect of this, has been to make the firing much more certain in all kinds of weather; and to remove the inconvenience caused by the blowing of the vent and the flashing and smoke of the powder in the pan, so troublesome when the firings were executed with closed ranks. The inaccuracy of the musket, and the shortness of its effective range were not remedied. These defects had long been felt by military men. Gen. Gassendi, a very distinguished artillery officer, estimated, that of 3000

shots fired by infantry, only one takes effect; and Decker, one of the most eminent military writers of Germany, says, that it takes an average of 10,000 shots to kill *one man*. These estimates are not a matter of conjecture; they are deduced from actual results, observed in a large number of campaigns. Take for example, the capture of Algiers by the French in 1830. The army, in fifteen days, used *three millions* of cartridges. The loss of the Arabs was probably under five thousand men, and as the French artillery played the principal part in the conflict, it is very probable that the number of the Arabs killed or wounded by musketry was under three thousand. This was less than one man to every thousand shots, and if the campaign had continued six months instead of fifteen days, the waste would have been still greater. Col. Mitchell, an English officer of some distinction, in a work published nearly twenty years ago, demonstrated very clearly the inefficiency of the musket as a projectile weapon, although he failed to indicate a good substitute. He quotes from Napier, an incident which took place in Spain. A French general came down to the bank of a creek to reconnoitre the British position. He advanced on horseback within 200 yards to the bivouac of a company of grenadiers; an English officer who was looking on, called out to one of the men:

“B——, you are a good shot—bring down the Frenchman!”

The man took deliberate aim and missed; thereupon, one and another fired with the same result, until the whole company had fired. All this time, the Frenchman was riding slowly along the front of the position, making his horse prance and curvet. Napier adds that the officer, struck with his gallant bearing, ordered the grenadiers to cease firing. Now, here was a case of a man and horse fully exposed, within 200 yards, receiving the fire of nearly one hundred men, without being touched; and we must observe, that the chances for hitting were unusually good. The men fired at will and from any position they chose, for they were not drawn up in ranks; which

would give them a vast advantage over the same number of men firing in rank, and at the word of command. This is merely an example of what happens every day with troops armed with the musket. Thus Col. Pelissier, speaking of the first campaigns of the French in Africa, says, that during the marches, if the soldiers saw the flutter of a single Arab's *burnous*, five or six hundred muskets would be fired at it, and generally without the least effect. Such an enormous waste of ammunition is due no doubt, in some measure, to the awkwardness or the flurry of the soldier: but the inefficiency of the weapon is sufficient of itself to account for it. The musket, even when loaded with a charge of powder which creates an unpleasant recoil, has its point blank at about *one hundred yards*. At this distance its deviations are already considerable. At 200 yards, unless you aim above the object to be hit, (a very hard thing to teach the soldier to do,) all your balls go into the ground. At 300 yards, it may be said to be entirely useless. Take the weapon in hand and examine it. It has no breech-sight by which a determinate line of aim can be marked. The barrel is crossed by three several bands which intercept the aim. The lock generally works so stiffly that if you get any aim, you must lose it when you pull the trigger. Finally, the ball fits so loosely, and is subject to so many causes of deviation, that if the musket were immovably fixed in a vice, and fired a dozen times, at the distance of 100 yards, no two balls would strike the same point; but all the balls would be scattered over a circle several feet in diameter. Is it any wonder that such a weapon is so uncertain in its effects? If numbers did not compensate in some degree for its want of accuracy, it is probable that it would never have been adopted as the chief weapon of modern armies. If we take in consideration, moreover, that lines of infantry generally open their fire at four or five hundred yards, we will not be surprised at finding that nearly all the shots are lost.

All these objections to the musket had long been acknowledged, but the diffi-

culty was to find a substitute. The ordinary rifle, however efficient in the hands of a population of hunters and back-woodsmen, familiar with its use from infancy, and fighting without any regular order, either behind entrenchments or as sharpshooters, was found to possess no advantage over the musket in the hands of troops formed of men whose habits of life had been different; and these necessarily constitute the great bulk of modern armies.

What was gained in accuracy was more than balanced by the difficulty of loading and the consequent slowness of firing. This difficulty was so great and so disagreeable to the soldiers, that the men, in action, would frequently throw away their rifles, to pick up muskets. Another objection was that the rifle would foul in a very few shots, and then it would require wiping out, or lose its accuracy. Moreover the small charge of powder used, gave only feeble velocities to the balls; and if the cartridges were at all damaged, the quantity of powder left in them, was hardly sufficient to produce any effect. To overcome all these difficulties, was the problem which, for many years, occupied the ingenuity of many military men. We will briefly mention the different steps which were taken towards its solution.

Windage being the principal cause of the deviation of balls, it was important to remove it. By giving to the ball rotary motion, which would be retained during its flight, another cause of deviation would disappear, the weapon therefore must have spiral grooving like a rifle. The conditions of the problem were consequently these—a rifle of great range was wanted, which could be loaded as quickly and easily as the musket, and yet, in which the balls would fit as tightly as in the common rifle. It must allow the use of heavier charges of powder than this weapon, in order to afford greater ranges. The cartridges to be used with it must be easy and simple to manufacture, and capable of being transported without any more danger of deterioration than the musket cartridges. In addition, the weapon must be of such a

size and weight as to be handled as easily as the musket.

It would seem, at first sight, that a breech loading rifle, in which the ball could be placed in a chamber, of a diameter slightly larger than the bore of the piece, would fulfil all the conditions which have reference to the ease and rapidity of loading, and the complete destruction of the windage. It is true that, with regard to the latter condition, it is completely fulfilled; for before the ball can leave the barrel, it has to undergo a diminution of its diameter and a consequent elongation of its form; but we will state hereafter the reasons why breech-loading weapons have never proved satisfactory, and probably never will.

About twenty years ago, a French infantry officer, named Delvigne, invented a rifle which, in spite of many defects, may be considered as the germ from which all subsequent improvements sprang. Its peculiarity was this. At the bottom of the bore was a chamber of small diameter, forming a shoulder at right angles with the interior surface of the barrel. The charge of powder filled this chamber. The ball, which was spherical, slipped easily down the barrel, until it rested upon the shoulder of the chamber. One single blow of a heavy ramrod, with concave head would flatten the ball a little, and augment its diameter sufficiently to force it to fill the grooves of the rifle. This arm having been carefully tried at Vincennes in 1834, gave very satisfactory results. It was adopted for the use of the "Foot Chasseurs," a corps which had just been formed for the African service; but when brought to the test of actual service, it failed to fill the expectations which had been formed. The cartridges were too complicated. They contained a circular wad of greased serge; and in warm weather, during the marches, a part of the powder was spoilt by the melted grease, and the charge, which was only 60 grains, became insufficient. Besides this, if the soldier rammed the ball too hard, it would flatten too much; and if he did not ram it hard enough, it would not fill the

grooves of the rifle; and thus it would fail to acquire the motion of rotation. Again, as formerly, soldiers were seen to throw aside their rifles in action, in order to pick up muskets. This rifle was soon abandoned. Its efficient range was 400 yards.

The next step was the rifle of Captain Thouvenin, called by the French, "*Carabine à tige*" or stem rifle. The chamber mentioned, was suppressed. From the centre of the bottom of the bore rises a steel pin or stem, one inch and a half in length, and thirty-five hundredths of an inch in diameter, the calibre of the peice being double or seven-tenths of an inch. The space between the stem and the barrel contains the powder, and is so calculated, that it will still contain it after fifty shots. The ball enters free, and its base rests upon the top of the stem, which is flat. Three blows with the ramrod force the stem to penetrate into the ball, thus expanding it by its wedge-like action and forcing it to fill the grooves closely. The charge is 69.7 grains. The balls are *cylindro-conical*. This leads us to say a few words of this kind of projectiles.

It had long been known that the spherical form is not the one which reduces the resistance of the air to a minimum. But all efforts to use elongated projectiles have failed. Experiment had shown that, upon leaving the barrel, these projectiles took a motion of rotation about their centre of gravity, and struck the target sidewise, even at very short distances. After many trials, it was found that there is a certain relation between the inclination of the grooves, the charge of powder, and form of the ball. If the grooves have too much twist and the charge of powder is heavy, the ball will not follow the grooves, but will be forced across them (or will *strip*) without taking any motion of rotation. If the grooves have too little twist, the motion of rotation will be too feeble to overcome the causes of deviation and the projectile will turn over in its flight. In the rifle "*à tige*," the grooves have a twist of one turn in six and a half feet. The balls are about one calibre and a half in length. Numerous experiments have proved the

immense superiority of elongated balls over the spherical. In the first place, a much larger portion of their surface being in contact with, and held by the grooves, they are not so likely to strip. Their pointed form diminishes vastly the resistance of the air, and augments also their depth of penetration into solid bodies. The weight of the elongated being much greater than that of the spherical balls of the same calibre, the former retain their velocity longer. Therefore, though their *initial* velocity may be smaller, their *absolute* velocity is greater. Their trajectory for the same distances is consequently much flatter.

Experiment has also shown that the cylindro-conical balls should have at their base at least three grooves presenting a sharp surface perpendicular to the axis of the ball and facing towards its point. These grooves act like the feathers of an arrow in keeping the projectiles in the same plane, and in preventing it from turning over.

The rifle "*à tige*," when tried in the schools of practice, and in active service before the enemy, fulfilled the expectations which had been formed of it, both as to range, accuracy, and solidity. It was furnished with a breech sight with sliding piece or "*hausse*" which could be adjusted to all distances up to 1421 yards. At 600 yards, the firing was accurate, and the ball could inflict a deadly wound at 1400 yards, and even beyond. This rifle has been used in the French service since 1842, and was probably used to some extent in the Crimean war. The French also transformed numbers of the ordinary percussion muskets into muskets "*à tige*," by rifling the barrels, screwing a steel stem in the breech and adapting a "*hausse*."

It would seem that the invention of the weapon and bullet just described, left nothing more to be desired. But although excellent, and infinitely superior to all its predecessors, the rifle "*à tige*" had some drawbacks. It was difficult to clean, and required for this purpose a wash-screw which would straddle the pin. It was almost impossible to extract the ball with the ball-screw. The prin-

principal objection, however, was the difficulty of ramming the ball uniformly. Some would ram the ball too hard, and it would lose its shape, especially in the grooves of its base, and the accuracy would be diminished. Others, not ramming hard enough, the ball would not fill the grooves of the rifle, and the ball, failing to acquire the motion of rotation would turn over in its course, and fly at random. Capt. Minié having observed these disadvantages, conceived the idea of forcing, or rifling the ball by the action of the powder itself at the moment of explosion; thus dispensing entirely with the steel stem, or "*tige*." The ball which he proposed to use is the same in its external form, but its base hollowed out in the form of a frustrum of a cone; and into the opening is inserted a sheet iron cup, destined to act as a wedge and spread the ball. The ball goes down free and rests upon the powder; it requires no ramming, but merely to be pushed home. When the charge is fired, the action of the gas on the sheet iron cup forces it into the hollow of the ball which resists by its "*vis inertię*." In this way, the ball is expanded and forced into the grooves with immense, and constantly increasing force. The result of numerous trials made at Vincennes in 1849, showed a superiority in favor of the Minié bullet. This superiority increased with the distance, and it is attributed to the fact that the ball is forced evenly by the pressure of the gas, which acts uniformly, whether the loading has been performed carefully or not. The cartridges used with this bullet, like those of the rifle "*à tige*," are simple in their construction. The balls are used naked. Their base being dipped in a composition of tallow and beeswax, the barrel is kept lubricated. On one occasion, in an experiment performed at the Springfield armory, one gun was fired 200 times without cleaning, and no difficulty was found at any time in driving the ball home.

But perfection was not yet reached. The Minié bullet was complicated in its manufacture; each ball requiring a sheet iron cup to be inserted in its base. More-

over, this cup was sometimes driven up so violently as to break the ball. In order to remedy these defects, Mr. Burton, master armorer at Harper's Ferry, hit, after many trials, upon the expedient of increasing the cavity in the base of the ball until its sides are so thin, that the powder is sufficient to expand it at the moment of explosion. This throws the centre of gravity nearer the point, which is an additional advantage. This is the ball, known in our service under the name of the Harper's Ferry ball.

Such is the history of what is called the Minié rifle, although the peculiarity is in the ball rather than the rifle. And we will be so bold as to assert, not only that it is the best fire-arm that has ever been put into the hands of troops, but also, that it has reached the limit of possible improvement in its principal features. And we support this assertion by the following considerations.

First as to its range. At 1500 yards (twice the point-blank range of field artillery), it sends a ball with sufficient force to penetrate through two pannels of poplar wood two-thirds of an inch thick, and indeed a third; the pannels being placed 20 inches from each other. It is said, that at 1200 yards, it may send a ball through a soldier and his knapsack, and kill the man behind him. This may surely be called a very respectable range and force of impulsion. An increase in these particulars would be of no practical advantage in small arms, because it becomes impossible to judge of their effects beyond 1000 yards, and even inside of that. With artillery it is different. Cannon balls, when they strike the ground, throw up a cloud of dust or earth which is visible at very great distances; thus affording the means of rectifying the aim. Cannon may, in this way, be considered as an instrument for measuring distances; and well trained artillerymen never require more than two or three trial shots in order to get the range, that is to say, the degree of elevation to be given to the piece in order to hit the object. But with small arms, men might fire a whole day at a mark judged by the eye to be distant 1500 yards, but

which in reality was 16 or 1700; and their balls would all fall short without their being able to perceive it. Greater range would therefore be useless.

2d. As to accuracy. This is as perfect as the nature of things can allow. The "rebelliousness of matter," as Bacon terms it, must forever prevent man from drawing a *perfectly* straight line and from forming any solid of which the sides shall be *perfect* mathematical surfaces. But, practically speaking, the Minié rifle may be said to be nearer perfection than any other previously invented because the causes of deviation are less. And here, we will endeavor to correct a misconception which has been formed by some persons accustomed to the use of fire-arms of a certain description. A person used to handle rifles or pistols of superior make, with very delicate hair-trigger-locks and fine sights, may, by practice, attain a wonderful skill in the use of these weapons within certain limits. If you place in his hands a service Minié rifle made very differently, and for very different purposes, he will generally be unable to shoot it with any great accuracy, and the results of his firing with it will be far inferior to his ordinary practice with the other weapons. Hence he will very often denounce the Minié rifle, and all such arms as altogether wanting in accuracy. But let us examine into the case. In the first place, those delicately made weapons which seem so superior in accuracy never could withstand the wear and tear of the service; besides which, their cost is too great. But suppose these objections removed. In what does the superiority consist? At fifty yards and under, perhaps up to a hundred yards, a very good marksman, by placing his piece in the more careful manner, generally at a dead rest, aiming as leisurely as he thinks proper, and firing usually not more than once in five minutes, may strike a half-dollar tolerably often. He

takes a Minié rifle and finds that he cannot do this, because the sights are coarser, and the lock is not so delicate. But then the object of weapons of war is not to perform such feats. The marks to be hit in active service are never so small, and the circumstances in which men fire are, generally, very different. It will be found that the Minié rifle, at one hundred yards and under, will strike a *man* just as certainly as any other weapon, then go on a little further; that fine rifle which could strike a half-dollar every shot at 50 yards, is hardly able to send its balls 200 yards; at 300 yards it is as efficient as a pop-gun. Its extreme range is not great enough to be fair, short practising distance for the Minié.

Then it will be said, that at four or five hundred yards, not to speak of 800 or 1000, it is extremely difficult to hit a man even with the Minié. Granted. But where is the fault? In the human eye itself, to which a man six feet high reduces at such a distance to a mere speck. In the unsteadiness of human nerves and muscles, which make it impossible to keep the sights of the finest weapon ever made, bearing upon this mere speck for over a fraction of a second. These are faults which no skill can overcome. When we speak of an arm of such a range as the Minié, the accuracy which we must expect is not one of fractions of inches. It is comparable to the accuracy of cannon. The objects to be hit are not single men, but groups or bodies of men. With the Minié, half a company of men, or the group standing around a field piece, may be struck every fire at 6 or 800 yards. We have now before us the record of an experiment made at the Springfield armory in 1855, in which at 1000 yards, 24 balls out of 25, were placed in a space of about 18 feet square, with a mean vertical deviation of only $47\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and a horizontal deviation of 29 inches.* This is better by far than a twelve pounder gun could

* In one of the experiments, a ball from a rifle-musket, (the musket transformed into a Minié rifle) struck the frame of the target, a piece of white pine three inches thick, and went clear through it at 1000 yards.

do. It will always be easy to have a few rifles in each company more finely sighted than the rest, for the use of the best shots who are to use them *out of ranks*; but for the usual service the coarser sighted are the best.

Now, as to the ease and rapidity of loading, this is all that can be desired. We have already seen that the Minié ball slips down with perfect ease even after 200 shots, and requires no ramming, but merely to be *pushed* home. In the hands of a slow soldier the Minié rifle can be loaded and fired at least three times a minute; in the hands of a quick man, five times. Any thing beyond this, would be a positive disadvantage; for troops fire too much at all times, and what is wanting is, that they should fire more deliberately, and not more rapidly. If by breech-loading, or having several chambers, as in Colt's pistols, it was possible to fire ten or twenty times a minute, the result would be a great increase of noise and smoke, with very little more effect. Moreover the whole supply of ammunition destined for an entire campaign, (which is limited by the means of transportation) might easily be consumed in a single action. But there is another reason why to transform the Minié rifle into a breech-loading weapon, would make an egregious blunder.

The gases generated by the inflammation of powder are so subtle and so powerful, that no joint, however closely fitted, can effectually prevent their passage. This we see exemplified in every breech-loading weapon; the powder penetrates the joint, at first slightly, but at every explosion it burns the surfaces a little, and makes the crack larger; so that after a comparatively short time, the weapon begins to *leak fire* to such an extent as to be unmanageable. This is not all. No breach-loading weapon can stand the wear and tear of a campaign, and the careless and awkward usage of the soldier. It will necessarily be *weak* at the breach, and easy to break; or its mechanism will be so delicate as to get easily out of order; and if this happens in the field, the weapon is useless, for you cannot mend it or even load it at the

muzzle. Every one who has used Halp's carbines, knows that they unite in themselves all these defects. As to Sharp's rifle, the best weapon of this kind yet made, besides being vastly inferior to the Minié in range and accuracy, this is what Col. Huger says of it in his report, "After being fired four or five rounds, it was found impossible to force the cartridge in, without bursting it. The firing was continued by separating the bullet from the cartridge, forcing it into the chamber with a stick, and afterwards pouring in the powder. *The slide frequently became very difficult to move.* When the arm was taken to the shop to be cleaned, after the firing was concluded, *the slide could not be moved at all*, until thoroughly soaked in oil, to soften the dirt around it. The paper of the cartridge is always left behind in the chamber after each shot, and is frequently on fire when the succeeding cartridge is inserted."

If we come to the question of cheapness and durability, the Minié rifle has, greatly, the advantage over any breech-loading weapon. It is necessarily cheaper, for its construction is perfectly simple. As to its durability, there is no reason why it should not be as great as that fixed for the musket, viz: fifty years, (or 25,000 shots). We do not believe that any breech-loading gun ever made can stand the fifth part of this. Furnished with the sabre-bayonet, the Minié is the more formidable weapon ever placed in the hands of troops. Listen to a witness from the bloody field of Inkermann. "The Minié, says he, is the king of weapons. Inkermann proved it. The regiments of the 4th division and the marines, armed with the old and much belauded "Brown Bess," (the English regulation rifle) could do nothing against the massive multitude of the Muscovite infantry; but the volleys of the Minié rifle cleft them like the hand of the destroying angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them." It has been said that there have been instances of one single Minié ball's killing five men.

In our rapid review of the improvements in ordnance, we pointed out the

changes which resulted from them in the tactics of battle. It is not to be supposed that the introduction of such a weapon as the Minié can be without effect upon the formation and evolutions of troops. It is true that the emotions of conflict, and the different temperaments of men will always prevent soldiers from using any fire-arm with the utmost degree of accuracy of which it is susceptible. Vast numbers of shots must always be wasted, but it is allowed by the least sanguine, that the introduction of the Minié arms will, (at the lowest calculation) treble the effects of the fire of infantry. What changes will this produce in tactics?

In order to answer this question intelligently, let us examine what is our system of tactics.

The system in use in this country is a translation and adaptation of the French system; it was arranged by Gen. Scott, and bears his name. It is nothing more nor less than a reproduction of the regulation for the evolutions of the French infantry, which has been in use in the French armies (with the exception of some unimportant modifications), for the last seventy or eighty years. Where did the French get the system? From Prussia. Who gave it to Prussia? The Prince of Dessau, one of the generals of that monarch who had such a fondness for tall grenadiers, and who used to cane his courtiers, and his wife and children whenever it suited his royal fancy. This general re-invented the cadenced and equal step, for he was too ignorant to know that the Greeks and Romans had used it; and he introduced the principle of equal subdivisions occupying, whether by flank or in column, spaces always equal to their front in the line of battle. This was precisely what Marshal de Saxe had advocated in his "*Reveries*" in his ludicrously pathetic style. The Prussian army was instructed upon this principle, and became a fit instrument for the genius of Frederic the Great, who improved upon the evolutions which he found in use. The French adopted the system and improved upon it also,

during the long wars of Napoleon; and now we have it in its utmost perfection. What is one of the great principles upon which it rests? To substitute the action of masses in the place of the action of the individual soldier; and we will show that this principle has been carried to a disastrous extent.

We have already seen how arduous was the education of the soldier in ancient times, and in the middle ages. Long, long indeed must have been the training required to fit the man of war for all the duties of his profession. But all this has been changed. In one month you can make a soldier of a very awkward clod-hopper. Let us see, however, what he can do. He can face to the right and left. He can keep time and dress in marching; he can perform the manual of the musket, which is no doubt very pretty when executed simultaneously by a battalion of a thousand men. If he is attacked, he can stand still with his musket and bayonet straight before him. If it is he that attacks, he can march forward with his weapon in the same position. And above all, *he can fire!* (God save the mark!) he can fire with the certainty of hitting the enemy (taking the highest average), once in a thousand shots!! . . . Remember, he can do all this in the ranks. But suppose that the ranks are broken and he is isolated, what can he do then? Alas, tactics does not say, for it does not consider an isolated soldier worth a paragraph. It considers masses only. It has never taught him the art of offence or defence. He may fire his shot, which will most probably miss, and then what? The manual of the musket will not save him, and a very moderate swordsman will push aside his bayonet and cut him down in a twinkling. There is but one thing left for him. He may, according to the instruction which he has received from the drill-sergeant, "face to right about" by "turning on his left heel," and then "stepping off with his left foot," march off "in double quick time," "which may be increased to a run."

The great fault of this Prussian system is to have made of the soldier a mere

trolled by men attached to routine and precedents, adopted this valuable arm of the service. A curious episode of the Peninsular war illustrates very forcibly the blindness which prejudice creates, and which, according to Col. Mitchell, afflicts peculiarly British Military Boards.

The officers in command of the English army in the Peninsula having observed the great advantage which the French derived from their corps of skirmishers, requested the formation of a similar corps. The request was granted, but in spite of the remonstrances of a few men of sense, it was decided at the Horse Guards, that no uniform would do but the genuine British scarlet with white trimmings, the most unconcealable colors in the world! What was the result? The French "*tirailleurs*," clothed in dark green, were effectually hid by every bush, and completely invisible when scattered out in the extensive vineyards and corn-fields of Spain. The unfortunate British riflemen, on the contrary, could find concealment no where, for there would always peep out a confounded little patch of the unlucky scarlet to serve as a target for a French bullet. This corps was almost entirely destroyed before the blunder was rectified.

The skirmishers employed in the French service were generally armed with a light musket; those who used the rifle, owing to the objections previously mentioned, did not derive any benefit from that weapon. But as the troops to which they were opposed were no better in this respect, the inefficiency of these arms was not much felt. The conquest of Algeria was destined to lead the way for a complete revolution, both in the tactics and the equipment of light troops.

The French armies in Africa found themselves opposed to an enemy whose power had been much miscalculated. The different tribes of the Regency could bring into the field one hundred thousand horsemen. It is true that they were divided in interests and seldom acted in concert; but upon many a battle-field the French were vastly out-numbered by the Arabs. Nor were the latter, foes to be despised, as experience soon taught.

They were as brave as the lion of their native desert. They were more than half civilized, and had their manufactories of small arms, cannon, and powder; they were splendid horsemen, used to riding from infancy, and mounted upon the finest and fleetest horses in the world. They were a warlike race, accustomed to go armed at all times, and to encounter continually the dangers of the chase and the battle-field. More than all, they were enflamed by religious enthusiasm, and considered the French but as Christian dogs, inferior in every respect to the sons of "El Islam."

The French soldiers drilled by the Prussian system, improved upon, it is true, re-enacted, notwithstanding the aid of their skirmishers, the part of the British regulars at Lexington and Concord. The fierce Bedouins of the desert concealed behind every obstacle, poured a converging fire into the serried columns of the French; and however bad marksmen they might be, they could not fail to hit some one when they had such large masses to shoot at. The French were unable to return the fire with any effect, for either the Arabs kept themselves concealed, or else they were scattered in such open order, that so uncertain a weapon as the musket stood little chance of doing any execution. Had the Arabs been on foot, skirmishers might have been thrown out to dislodge them from their positions, and to pursue them. This was tried; but the instruction of skirmishers was imperfect at that time, and as soon as they were deployed, the Moorish cavalry, on their fleet barbs, would dash upon them like a whirlwind, with furious onset, and with gleaming yataghan and scimeter, sweep them like chaff before the gale. Of course the fire of the skirmishers, aimed with muskets, had no effect upon these rapidly moving horsemen, charging in perfectly open order. If the French columns advanced to the support of their sharp shooters, the Arabs would turn to the right about, firing as they fled, and returning in a moment fiercer than ever. The troops, encumbered with heavy accoutrements and *shackos*, under an African sun, were

the double quick step,) which is 33 inches in length and at the rate of 165 per minute, and may be increased to 180. Moreover, all the battalion evolutions, which by the old method were performed in several movements, separated by halts, may now be performed in one movement, without halt. One example will suffice to show the advantage of this, so evidently, that even the non-military reader may easily perceive it. A battalion marching in close columns of companies, it is desired to deploy it in line of battle and march it to the front. By the old method, ten commands, with corresponding pauses, are necessary. 1st. The column must halt. 2nd. The companies are faced, say to the left, if the deployment is made upon the first company. 3rd. They are marched by the flank until they are opposite their places in line of battle. 4th. They are halted. 5th. They are front faced. 6th. They are marched to the front to their places. 7th. They are halted. 8th. They are dressed to the right. 9th. Guides are ordered to their posts. 10th. The battalion is ordered forward. By the new method, the column need not halt. At the word of command, all the companies but the first, face by the left flank in marching, taking the double quick time, or the "run," if necessary; when opposite their places, they are faced again by the right-flank, and move upon the line of battle with the utmost celerity; as soon as they come upon it, the general guides take their positions in front, and the whole battalion moves on in line. The movement is completed without a single halt, or even a slackening of the gait. It has been estimated by competent officers, that two hours are necessary to carry a battalion of 800 men through all the evolutions of the school of the battalion, according to the old method; by means of the new, forty minutes are sufficient. An average saving of two thirds of the time; and in some movements, (like the one we just mentioned,) at least four fifths would be saved. What an advantage! For we must remember that under such a tremendous fire as that of modern artillery and the Minié-rifle, *time is life*. And

while your companies are halting and front-facing, and moving with the slowness of common time, the files are dropping by dozens before you can return a shot or move forward to the attack. The difference of the two systems was to some extent illustrated at the battle of Alma. The French lost 1343 killed or wounded; the English 1983. The French certainly had equal, if not greater difficulties to surmount, and they decided the victory before the English had crowned the positions which were the object of their attack. The reason of the greater loss of the latter is seen in the account of the battle. Wherever the French act, they run, they spring, they rush; they cross with lightning speed the ground, swept by the Russian fire. This is the effect of the drill of the Chasseurs, long ago adopted in its main features by all the French infantry. Now see what the historian says of the English:

"They march in line with admirable order. Balls, grape-shot, bullets, shells, pierce the ranks, which close up immediately, without this human wall having given back one step; but they advance slowly under this murderous fire, leaving behind long, bloody lanes. * * * * The brigade of Highlanders, commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, advances in an admirable order, not one instant disturbed by the redoubled fires of the Russian musketry and artillery. It would seem, on seeing it so calm and accurate in its movements, that it is manœuvring on a field of parade. * * * * The English, in admirable line of battle, marched with their habitual step, receiving the fire of the formidable positions which they had to carry, without hastening or slackening their gait."

"Heroic error," continues he, "which inscribes many glorious names in the annals, but inscribes them in the register of the dead!" Well could Marshal St. Arnaud write, "I have lost less men than they, because I moved faster."

The achievements of the Chasseurs in Algeria were all that could have been desired, and the celebrated Zouaves adopted their manœuvres with the greatest success. The Arabs soon found that a Chas-

cause they will give him activity, endurance, and presence of mind in difficulties. Let him be taught to fence, because, as Jackson judiciously observed, "fencing, more than anything else, sharpens the eye-sight, increases active power in general, tries the temper, and teaches decision in seizing occasions for acting offensively with effect, and defensively with coolness and resolution." Above all, as the whole power of infantry is in its fire and the bayonet, let the soldier be perfected in the use of both. Let him have practice enough to become a good marksman,—a quality soon acquired by Americans,—and of which the importance is greater than it ever was. Let him be taught to use the rifle and bayonet as a *weapon of offence and defence*, to parry and counterthrust with it; to attack in "prime," "tierce," "carte," and every other thrust that can be made with it, springing at the same time forward, right, or left, as circumstances may require. Teach the soldier these things, and you will restore to him his individual value and self-reliance, of which the Prussian system has stripped him. His activity, skill, intelligence, his personal strength and bravery, will again become available.

Some persons may suppose that the new system of arms and instruction may do for light infantry, but not for troops of the line. This is an error. All infantry must adopt it, and in a very few years none other will be used. Nothing can be lost by it; for if troops can perform evolutions in the accelerated manner which we have described, they can perform them, *a fortiori*, as slowly as may be desired. So that the martinets of the old school may yet indulge occasionally in the "common time," if they think the "double quick" or "Shanghai trot" too undignified for their years and ponderosity.

It will perhaps be urged as an objection to the new system, that it will be much more difficult and will require much more time to form soldiers under it than under the old one. This is undoubtedly true. But if the soldiers take *longer time to become perfect, they will be*

worth ten times more; and, besides, there is no option. Europe is now at our doors. The ocean can hardly be called an obstacle, and it would be easier, so far as mere transportation is concerned, to throw a large army on our coast than in the Crimea. If we are attacked by a foreign foe, it will be with troops drilled under the new system. We must therefore keep up with the rest of the world in this department as well as in all others. It is true that the new drill cannot be learned from the book; and that even volunteer companies can never learn to perform it with the little practice that they can have. The only sure way to obtain a supply of efficient officers, able in time of necessity to organize and instruct troops rapidly and properly, is to *establish and encourage military schools*. If soldiers can no longer be made in a month, it is only by a regular and daily training of a year or two, that thorough officers can be formed; and this the volunteer organization can never afford.

The new system is especially suited to the genius of the American people. It is in fact the bush-fighting of the American rifleman, rendered ten times more effective by the regularity of action which discipline produces, by the improved weapon and its bayonet, and by the capability of the men to perform the battalion evolutions when necessary. The importance of adopting this system becomes still more evident when we reflect that the progress of civilization and the disappearance of the red men, have caused the almost complete extinction of that hardy race of pioneers, skilled in Indian warfare, which rendered such efficient service in the early days of the Republic. The extirpation of large game in the old States must also diminish the aptitude to the use of fire-arms, which our people formerly possessed in such a remarkable degree. The skill which was once acquired from childhood from the necessity of the case, must hereafter be taught in the camp. But withal, Americans, taking the mass of the people, are infinitely superior as marksmen to any other civilized nation. If the French have derived such advantages from the new system,

what could not be expected from Americans trained in the same way? If the Western riflemen have acquired such a reputation for marksmanship with a weapon whose extreme accurate range is less than three hundred yards, what could they not do with the Minié? We have no hesitation to say, that a battalion recruited from our border population, and instructed and equipped by the new method, would surpass in efficiency any troops that the world ever saw. If the Arabs of north Africa, formidable in all the means of offence, could not stand before the French Chasseurs, how much more quickly would the Indians give way before the Americans!

The effect of the new arms upon the tactics of the battle-field must be important. If what Saxe and Frederic the Great said in their day of regular marches, slow firing, and methodical warfare, was true, "that the power of the soldier is in his legs," it is more evidently so at the present day.

Increased rapidity must characterize the movements of all arms of the service. Troops will be deployed as skirmishers to a greater extent than ever. As to cavalry, of course, all its value in its shock which will be greater according to the speed with which it can charge without breaking. But we look for great changes in the artillery. The range of the Minié is much greater than that of a six pounder. A battery of field pieces can be speedily disabled by the fire of a line of skirmishers who pick off the men and horses as fast as they can load and fire.

It is probable that the six pounder will have to be replaced by the twelve pounder as a field piece. The French have done so with great success; and, in fact, the twelve pounder of the present day is hardly heavier than the six pounder of former days. In this way, the battery, instead of being composed of two kinds of guns, of which part may often be useless, is composed only of one kind, which can all fire solid shot or shells as occasion requires. This would enable field artillery to act from a distance, which would render the fire of the Minié rifle much less dangerous. *It is*

very likely that artillery will be compelled to cover itself, at least partly, in action by some quickly constructed breastwork; indeed, it is natural to suppose that temporary redoubts will be used more extensively than ever on the battle-field, in order to shelter all troops from the tremendous effects of the new arms, until the decisive moment of immediate action. Finally, never more will be seen massive columns like that of MacDonald; but positions will be attacked by a number of converging columns, each formed of one battalion played on its centre division, and preceded by swarms of sharpshooters. This is the method advocated by Jomini, the greatest expounder of military science, who says that in his long experience he never saw an attack fail which was made in this manner.

These views and reflections may seem out of season to those who think that the days of warfare have gone by forever. But it would be a grievous error to act upon such a belief. The nature of man has not changed; and although clearer views of their interest, and the progress of Christianity have made modern nations more reluctant to draw the sword, no man can say that to-morrow, circumstances may not arise involving us in war with the most powerful nations of the world. It is the part of wisdom to be prepared. No one can estimate the loss of life, treasure, and national glory which may be the consequence of improvidence in such matters. Under whatever circumstances we might be invaded, we would always succeed finally in driving back the aggressor from our soil. But if our armies, badly armed and incompletely instructed, had to meet veteran troops trained and equipped according to the latest development of military service, perhaps victory would not crown our standard, until disastrous campaigns and bloody reverses had taught us a dearly bought experience. God grant that this may never be the case, but whatever may happen, let us be ready!

We will close this discussion with a suggestion of the highest importance to

our own State. We have in Virginia about sixty thousand muskets or rifles deposited in nearly equal proportions at Richmond and Lexington, without counting the arms now in the hands of the volunteer corps of the State. If the citizens of Virginia depend upon these arms to repel a foreign foe, or to vindicate their own rights in case of necessity, they are relying upon a broken reed. Such as they are, those arms are worth just their weight as old iron. They are furnished with the old-fashioned flint lock, which is so obsolete, that flints are no longer made or imported. It would be impossible to get flints enough to supply them for a whole campaign, for a flint is worn out after twenty shots. But if this objection were removed, it would be sheer madness to oppose such arms to the Minié rifle. A very simple transformation can, however, change these useless arms into very efficient weapons. 1st. The flint lock must be changed to percussion. 2d. The barrels must be grooved according to the mode adopted in the United States Armories. 3d. A breech-sight and hausse must be adapted to the barrel. Then a proper number of Minié ball moulds must be made, and ammunition prepared for future use. If at the same time sabre-bayonets could be substituted for the old bayonets, it would be an advantage, but this is not indispensable. The transformation indicated is now going on with regard to the United States' arms. It was made several years ago in the French service, and it is probably completed in the English service. The transformed weapon is the Minié musket, inferior to some extent to the Minié rifle, but nevertheless an excellent weapon with an effective range of nine hundred or one thousand yards. It is probable that by using the facilities of the Richmond Armory, and establishing a temporary workshop at the Virginia Military Institute, the arms of those

two places can be transferred at an expense of \$1 50 apiece, or even less. The arms belonging to the State of New York are now undergoing this change; and some of the regiments of the New York volunteers are armed with the Minié musket. Numerous experiments at the United States Armories have shown that the musket barrel has abundant strength to allow the rifling, especially as the grooves ought to decrease in depth from breech to muzzle. The subject is well worth the consideration of the Executive and the Legislature. The South ought to keep ready all her means of defence, not only to protect herself in case of aggression, but to prevent her being compelled to use these means. Those who are well prepared are but rarely assailed. As the best means of preserving peace, let us make ourselves too formidable to be attacked with impunity. We have laid aside the old militia system, and with good reason; for if it was of little use in the days of slow evolutions, it would be worse than useless at the present time. Our volunteer force is but small; and from the nature of things, it cannot furnish in the moment of necessity officers who will *at once* be ready and qualified to instruct troops in the more difficult and complicated manoeuvres of the new system. None can do this but those whom long and daily experience has made familiar with the practice as well as the theory, and has accustomed to command as well as to obey. Virginia has in her military school a nursery of infantry officers, upon whose military skill she can safely rely in time of need. Let us hope that if that time should ever come, her sons will not be compelled to oppose the most formidable arm ever placed in the hands of men with the obsolete weapons of a by-gone period.

R. E. C.

PHAETHON.

A TRANSLATION FROM OVID.

High o'er the clouds on lofty pillars poised,
 Gleaming with yellow gold, and flame-like pyrope,
 Its summit roofed with polished ivory, stood
 The palace of the Sun; its folding silver doors
 Flashed in the light. Though rich its gold and gems,
 Materials fit for mansions of the Gods,
 The workmanship excelled. For Vulcan here
 Had carved the seas, and ocean-circled lands,
 Earth's orb entire, and the o'erarching heavens.
 Here, mid the dark blue waves in frolic glee
 Sported loud Triton and the changeful Proteus,
 Old Ocean's son. There, on the dolphin's back,
 Ægeon through the briny billows dashed.
 The Nereids with their mother in the waves,
 Seemed some to play, while scattered on the land,
 Others their sea-green tresses dried. The earth
 And its inhabitants are here displayed—
 The cities swarm with men, the woods with beasts
 And nymphs and rural gods: while over all
 The bright heaven shines, girt with the zodiac-belt.

Up the high steep of heaven Clymene's son
 With labor toiled, and wearied stood at last
 Within his father's palace. All around
 The bright effulgence of his presence shone
 Too strong for mortal eyes. Upon his throne
 Shining with emeralds bright, in purple robes
 Of royal state, sat Phœbus. On his right
 And left, the Years stood, and the Months and Days,
 The Ages, and the Hours, at equal distance placed.
 Decked with a crown of flowers young Spring stood near,
 And Summer, holding in her sun-browned hands
 The ripened grain; and, stained with trodden grapes,
 Autumn,—and Winter with his hoary locks.

As rapt in wonder and in terror stood
 The trembling youth, his father's piercing eye
 Him saw. "Why com'st thou here," he said,
 "Phaëton, my son? What seek'st thou on this mount,
 What boon demand'st, thy father will not grant?"
 "My father, common light of all the world,"
 The youth replied "if to a son as yet
 Unrecognized, the right to use your name
 You grant,—if from Clymene's name, the stain
 You wipe, give, I entreat, an evidence,
 That I untainted by suspicion may
 Boldly stand forth your son." He spoke; and then
 The father from his brow the shining rays
 Removed, and bade his son approach, to fold
 Him to his heart. "Thou art, thou art, my son,
 True were Clymene's words—no longer doubt.
 As proof, I swear by the infernal lake

To grant whate'er you ask." Scarce had he spoke,
When the rash youth in eager haste demands
His father's chariot, and the right to drive,
A single day, the winged-footed steeds.
Of his rash oath irrevocably past
The Sun-god now repenteth, and his head
Once and again he shook. "Rash youth," he said,
"What ask'st thou? Would that I my word
Had never pledged! This is the only boon
I had denied. Let me dissuade—the task
For thy weak powers and tender years is great.
Mortal thyself, in ignorance thou seek'st
A more than mortal work—nay, one to which
The Gods dare not aspire. None save myself
Can guide the fiery car. The Governor
Of vast Olympus, mighty Jove himself
Than whom none greater is, from whose strong hand
Fierce lightnings fall, this chariot would not drive.
The way at first is steep, and there the steeds
Though fresh from night's repose can scarce ascend.
In mid heaven is the summit, from whose height
Oft have I trembled to look down on sea
And land. Thence the descending path is steep,
And needs firm guidance. As I swift rush down,
Tethys, who waits me in the waves below,
Is breathless with anxiety, lest I
Be headlong thrown. Suppose the chariot given,
Can you with rapid-moving wheel avoid
The swift-revolving heavens? Perhaps you dream
Along that glowing track are scattered thick
The sacred groves and cities of the Gods
And temples rich with gifts. Oh! no, the way
Lies through the lairs and dens of savage beasts.
Though you should never wander from the track,
Still must you with determined face confront
The horns of Taurus; undismayed pass by
The Centaur's bow,—the raging Lion's mouth,
The Scorpion's arms in horrid circuit bent.
Nor these the only dangers. Your weak hand
Will fail to curb the fire-breathing steeds.
When their high mettle's roused, they from their necks
The reins shake off, and me will scarce obey.
But thou, my son, beware while yet 'tis time,
Take back thy wish, lest I may give to thee
A fatal gift. Thou ask'st of me a proof
That thou from me hast sprung. In seeking thus
To stay thy mad career, I give the best.
The father's fears reveal the father's heart.
Oh! look upon my face, see in each line
A father's cares and love imprinted there.
Look o'er the teaming world, of all the goods
Of heaven or earth or sea, take, freely take,
But, Phaëthon, this purpose now give o'er.
Why round my neck, misguided boy, do you

Your arms entwine? Fear not—my word is given,
By blackest Stygian waves, I've sworn to grant
Whate'er you ask. Oh! may your choice be wise."
The warning ceased, but still the eager youth
His purpose holds, and burns to mount the car,
And grasp the reins. With ling'ring steps and slow
Phœbus, with saddened heart, conducts the youth
To the high chariot, Vulcan's splendid gift.
The axle, pole, the wheel's circumference
Were golden all, with silver spokes. The yoke
Studded with chrysolites and rarest gems
Shone with unborrowed light. While the bold boy
Gazes with wonder, from the ruddy East
Aurora wakeful open wide expands,
The rosy doors. On every side the stars
Affrighted flee away, save Lucifer,
Who lingers still. The anxious sire beholds
The seas and lands with light begin to glow
And the pale Moon to vanish; and commands
The winged-footed Hours to yoke the steeds.
The goddesses their lord's command obey
With speed, and from their lofty stalls they lead
The horses on ambrosial nectar fed,
Fire-breathing; in their foaming mouths the bits
They place. The father then to shield the boy
From scorching heat, his face with oil anoints
Of worth divine, and placing on his brow
His radiant diadem, with deep-heaved sigh,
"At least this warning heed, my son," he said,
"The whip forbear to use—they need it not.
The reins with firmness hold; 'twill try thy strength.
Nor let thy course incline to North or South;
The path is plain—the beaten track you'll see.
That earth and heaven in equal measure may
The heat receive, rise not too high, nor yet
Too low descend; too lofty flight will burn
The heavenly mansions,—flight too low, the earth.
The middle course is best. Thee and thy fate
To fortune I commit. May she to thee
More kindly be than thou art to thyself!
Ev'n as I speak, dark Night has fled and reached
Th' established bounds on th' Hesperian Shore.
No more delay! You're called. Aurora comes!
Take in thy hands the reins. But stay! perhaps
My counsel you will heed, while yet you can,
Nor longer seek to guide the flaming car.
In safety look from this high mount, while I
Shed o'er the universe benignant light."
The youth no answer made, but lightly leap'd
Into the chariot; then with eager hands
The reins he grasped, and standing proud erect
His father briefly thanked. Meanwhile the steeds
Swift-footed Pyrois, Eous and Phlegon
And Aëthon with neighing fill the air,

And with impatient feet the barriers paw.
 The bars removed, before them open lies
 The boundless world. Like arrow from the bow,
 They onward rush, pierce through th' opposing clouds,
 And far the East-wind's rapid flight outstrip.
 As ships unballasted on ocean's surge
 Are wildly tossed, the sport of wind and wave,
 So Phæbus' car freed from its 'customed load
 Leaps high in air, and sways from side to side.
 But quick the aerial quadrupeds perceived
 The lightened load, nor felt the master's hand.
 Too late, alas! the terror-stricken boy
 His error sees, as in his trembling hands
 The reins relax—the steeds usurp control
 And from the beaten highway madly plunge.

Then, warmed with Southern heat the gelid Bears
 Their panting bodies in the icy wave
 Essayed to dip; the serpent dire, which long
 Had slumbered, chilled by Northern blasts
 Awoke, and rage ineffable displayed.
 When from the loftest height of ether, down
 Looked th' unlucky boy deep—deep below,
 On the dim earth; pale Terror on him seized,
 His knees refuse their office, o'er his eyes
 A sudden darkness spreads. Would that he were
 Of his high lineage ignorant! Would that he
 As Merop's son, content with mortal doom
 Had never dared immortal task to try!
 What must he do? Behind extended lies
 A lengthened track—a longer one before.
 Each hastily he scans, with longing eye,
 To the Sun's couch in western wave he turns,
 Which Fate ordained he ne'er should reach, and then
 Dissatisfied back to the East he looks.
 He knows not what he does—in stupor deep
 His senses are enthralled; no power has he
 To draw or slack the reins, or to recall
 The horses' names. Meanwhile the heavens around
 With direful shapes of wo, and monsters grim
 Are filled. There is one spot most terrible.
 Across the sky through constellations two
 With threat'ning curving arms, and poisoned tail
 The Scorpion lies extended. When the boy
 This monster huge in venom sweltering saw,
 And saw his deadly sting in wrath uplift,
 Now helpless, quite from fear, the reins threw down.
 No sooner had the reins wide-floating touched
 The horses' backs, than with redoubled speed
 Hither and thither, with wild fury rush
 The maddened beasts, now mounting high amid
 The loftiest stars that stud the heavens, and now,
 Descending low, within the realm of earth.
 Luna astounded sees the Sun-car glide
 Far down below her own. The mountain tops

And clouds that veil them burst in angry flame.
The earth is parched and gapes in yawning chasms;
The growing crops, the trees and foliage burn
And the ripe grain its own destruction speeds.
Great cities with their time-enduring walls
Utterly perish,—while the raging flame
Kingdoms and their inhabitants consumes.
Athos and Tmolus and Cilician Taurus burn,
And Ida once in fountains rich, now dry
And Helicon, the Muses' seat, and Hæmus.
Ætna with doubled fires blazes on high.
Eryx, Cynthus, Orthays and Parnassus
With double peak, the rapid fire devours.
And now Rhodope of her robe of snow
Is stript. Mimas, Dindyme, Mycale,
And Bacchus' sacred mount, Cithaeron burn.
The Scythian cold the rapid flames to check
Avails not. Caucasus with Ossa tall,
Pindus, and vast Olympus towering high,
The Alps aerial and cloudy Apennine
Together in one common ruin blaze.
Then Phaëthon from his lofty height beholds
A world in flames! The chariot too he feels
Is growing hot! He breathes the glowing air
Heated, as in some furnace vast. And now
Around him thick in fiery showers fall
Ashes and glowing embers. Wrapped in smoke
Of pitchy blackness, he is whirled along,
He knows not whither, at the horses' will.

Then, as 'tis said, the Ethiop's dusky hue
By scorching heat was caused. Her waters dried
Rich Africa from smiling plenty changed
To desert waste. Then with dishevelled hair
The Nymphs their lakes and fountains lost deplored.
In vain Boeotia seeks the Dircean fount,
And Corinth mourns the lost Pirenian Spring.

Nor do the rivers broad the scorching heat
Escape. The Don amid its rolling waves,
Bubbles and boils. Thessalian Peneus,
Swift Ismenus and Erymanthus bold.
The yellow Evenus and Trojan Xanthus,
Destined again in after time to burn,
At Juho's proud command, now roll in flames.
Mæander too, of windings intricate,
Spartan Eurotas, and Mygdonian Melas,
Euphrates and Orontes, Thermodon,
Ganges, Phasis, Ister, Alpheus burn.
The rapid Tagus down its sandy bed
Pours liquid gold. The graceful swans that sing
Mæonian songs on Cayster's bosom hush.
Egyptian Nile in terror flees, and hides
His head in earth's remotest bound, and yet
Lies hid; his seven broad mouths, whereby
His waters mingled with the sea, dry up.

The western rivers, Rhine and Rhone and Po
 And Tiber, future seat of empire shrink
 To rivulets. On every hand the earth
 Yawns wide, and through the fissures deep light gleams
 On Tartarus, and consternation dire
 Makes in the nether world. The sea contracts
 Its bounds; and from its narrowed limits now
 Mountains leap up, and islands multiply.
 The fishes seek the depths, no longer now
 The painted dolphin on the foaming waves
 Dares sport. The lifeless seals supinely float
 On ocean's bosom. Nereus himself, 'tis said,
 With Doris and her daughters in the caves
 Of ocean hid. Thrice o'er the watery waste
 Neptune, with features grim, his head did raise;
 Thrice, scorched by heat, as hastily withdrew.
 Then fruitful earth, the mother kind of all,
 In dire extremity to Heaven turned
 Her suppliant eye for aid; with trembling voice
 The King of Heaven addressed. "Oh! mighty Jove,
 "If I this fate deserve, why linger now
 "Thy thunderbolts? If Fate has long decreed
 "That I by fire must perish, let it come
 "From thy great hand. Scarce can my parching tongue
 "My woes unfold. From year to year I feel
 "The ploughshare's wounds; for flocks the nutrient grass,
 "For man abundant fruits I yield, for you
 "The rich frankincense. This then the reward
 "Of my fertility,—the gratitude
 "For all my service! Say that I deserved
 "This fate,—what has my brother done to move
 "Your ire? Why do the seas to him by Fate
 "Allotted shrink? But if my earnest prayers
 "You heed not, nor my brother's lot regard,
 "On your own realm, at least, compassion take.
 "Around you look,—the swift devouring flame
 "Wraps either pole, and soon in ruin vast
 "Your halls will sink. See! Laboring Atlas reels
 "And on his shoulders broad a blazing world
 "Can scarce sustain. If sea, and land and sky
 "Together fall, Chaos is come again.
 "For general good consult, and from the flames
 "The relics of the Universe retrieve.

Thus Tellus spoke, but now the blinding smoke
 And vapor rising fast her utterance choked.
 Then Jove omnipotent in conclave all
 The high divinities of heaven convoked,
 And to th' assembled Gods, in anxious words
 Declares, that he to save the Universe
 From ruin irretrievable, his arm
 Must interpose. Up to the lofty mount,
 Whence he is wont with friendly veil of clouds
 The parching earth to wrap, and whence he hurls
 His lightnings, and his thunders, he ascends.

improbable thing for the action of an executive committee to be controlled and moulded by a few active leading men, especially by those who conduct the correspondence; and Mr. Madison has observed, that responsibility is always weakened in proportion to the numbers of those among whom it is distributed. There may also have been an extrinsic influence—an outside pressure operating upon the Committee of Safety.

In recalling to mind this subject, after so considerable an interval since I compiled the brief account in question, I find that I drew my information on it almost exclusively from "Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry," where the documents and facts are more fully developed than any where else. The reader, who may have any curiosity to look into the matter, will find the account between pages 177 and 208 of that work. The following are extracts from the commission of Patrick Henry: "We the said Committee of Safety do constitute and commission you, the said Patrick Henry Esq. Colonel of the first regiment of regulars, and commander-in-chief of all such other forces, as may by order of the Convention or Committee of Safety be directed to act in conjunction with them." * * "And we do hereby require and command all officers and soldiers and every person whatsoever, in any way concerned, to be obedient and assisting to you in all things touching the due execution of this commission according to the purport or intent thereof." This commission was drawn up by a committee of the Convention consisting of Messrs. Banister, Lawson, Watkins and Holt and reported by Mr. Banister, August 26th, 1775. Col. Woodford having been detached by the Committee of Safety and sent in pursuit of Lord Dunmore, Col. Henry on the 6th of Dec'r 1775 wrote from his headquarters at Williamsburg, to Col. Woodford, thus: "Not hearing of any despatch from you for a long time, I can no longer forbear sending to know your situation and what has occurred." Woodford on the next day replied from the Great Bridge, and said: "When joined I shall always esteem myself immediately under your command, and will obey accordingly; but

when sent to command a separate and distinct corps under the immediate instructions of the Committee of Safety, whenever that body or the honorable Convention is sitting, I look upon it as my indispensable duty to address my intelligence to them as the supreme power in this Colony."

During the same month Col. Henry insisting upon a determination of the question thus raised between him and Colonel Woodford, the Committee passed the following resolution: "Resolved unanimously, that Col. Woodford, although acting upon a separate and detached command, ought to correspond with Col. Henry and make returns to him at proper times of the state and condition of the forces under his command, and also that he is subject to his orders, when the Convention or the Committee of Safety is not sitting; but that while either of those bodies are sitting he is to receive his orders from one of them."

The clause of the ordinance of Convention, which authorized the Committee to direct all military movements is the following: "And whereas it may be necessary for the public security, that the forces to be raised by virtue of this ordinance should, as occasion may require, be marched to different parts of the Colony, and that the officers should be subject to a proper control, *Be it ordained* by the authority aforesaid, That the officers and soldiers under such command shall, in all things not otherwise particularly provided for by this ordinance, and the articles established for their regulation, be under the control and subject to the order of the general Committee of Safety." For so numerous a body as the Convention, or even the Committee of Safety consisting of eleven members, to assume all the functions of the commander-in-chief would seem to have been hardly compatible with the unity, secrecy, energy and promptitude demanded in the conduct of war. But if we suppose that it were, of what advantage could have been the appointment of a commander-in-chief at all? Col. Woodford persistently refused to recognize Col. Henry as his commanding officer, even during the interval after the

tal establishment, was duly forwarded by Congress to the Committee of Safety. Col. Henry now felt himself compelled by every sentiment of self-respect, to refuse the proffered commission, and he immediately resigned that which he held from the State. The will of the people in the choice of a commander was thus defeated by the intrigues of those, who could not bear to see a new man rise so rapidly above them, the culminating star of the ascendant. So Sallust remarks of Cicero: "Nam antea pleraque nobilitas invidia æstuabat, et quasi pollui consulatum credebatur si eum quamvis egregius homo novus adeptus foret."

To resume the thread of the narration: The troops encamped at Williamsburg immediately went into mourning, and being under arms waited on Colonel Henry at his lodgings on the last day of February, 1776, and in an address deplored his withdrawal from the army, but applauded his just resentment at "a glaring indignity." In the evening the soldiers assembled tumultuously, and unwilling to serve under any other commander, demanded their discharge. Colonel Henry therefore felt obliged to defer his departure, and he, who was in the following year accused of a desire to make himself dictator, now visited the barracks in company of several officers, and employed his eloquence in allaying these alarming commotions. In March he was addressed by ninety officers at Kemp's Landing, at Suffolk, and at Williamsburg upon the indignity offered him. In this address they say: "We join with the general voice of the people, and think it our duty to make this public declaration of our high respect for your distinguished merit." And again, "We have the fullest confidence in your abilities and in the rectitude of your views; and *however willing the envious may be to undermine an established reputation*, we trust the day will come when justice shall prevail and thereby secure you an honorable and happy return to the glorious employment of conducting our councils and hazarding your life in the defence of your country." Of this Mr. Wirt remarks: "If any doubt can be entertained as to the body

to which this imputation of *envy* pointed, it will be removed by the following defence of the Committee of Safety, extracted from the supplement to Purdie's paper of the 15th of March, 1776." After quoting this piece and some others, Mr. Wirt observes: "It is very clear from the last piece, as well as from the address of the ninety officers, which has been already given, and which was published by their desire in a paper *subsequent* to that which contains the defence of the committee, that *that* defence had been by no means satisfactory, and that either the committee as a body, or, *what is more probable, some individual or individuals of it* were still believed to have had a secret hand in planning and directing the series of indignities, which had driven Mr. Henry from a military life." *Life of Henry*, p. 206.

The charges which R. R. has seen fit to attribute to me, were made by ninety officers of the Virginia troops, in 1775, as is stated in "the History of Virginia," in the same paragraph from which R. R. has made his garbled quotation. It did not, perhaps, suit his purpose to mention this fact, as it would not have been quite compatible with his assertion that, "there is no proof whatever of Mr. Campbell's charges."

R. R. affirms that 'the responsibility' which I have incurred in making these charges is 'awful.' Does not R. R. himself incur some responsibility by declaring in the teeth of the address of the ninety officers that, "there is no proof whatever of Mr. Campbell's charges? I did not go out of the highway of history to look for charges against the Committee of Safety, but finding them in my way, I have set them down as I found them: if this be treason, let R. R. make the most of it. He lays it down that "the value of history is *truth*." I say, "amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, amicus R. R., sed magis amicus veritas." The members of the Committee of Safety, although so distinguished for their virtues and their patriotism were, after all, *but* men, and of like passions with others, unless indeed *envy* is 'the *only* passion from which public men are exempt. It has

been observed of the Bible, that in summing up the *character* of good men it rather assumes the language of approbation and praise, but that in describing their *lives and actions*, it records their faults and their virtues with invariable impartiality. This indeed distinguishes the Bible from all other books, and is of itself sufficient to establish its divine origin. The weak point of modern history is not that it exposes too fully the faults of public benefactors, whose fame is canonized in the fond memory of a grateful posterity, but rather that it is prone to shrink from the ungracious task. Yet praise itself would seem to come with a better grace, and more weight from the faithful chronicler who gives the shadows, or at least some of them, together with the lights. The task of the writer of panegyric is like that which Queen Elizabeth imposed upon her portrait-painter, to paint her likeness without any shade.

R. R. enquires, "Did the Convention punish these traitors who had reversed their order and degraded the officer of their first choice? Mr. Campbell tells us that the Convention met again in May 1776 and elected the chief of the traitors, Edmund Pendleton, their President, the persecuted Col. Henry, Governor, and John Page and Dudley Digges, two of the traitors, members of his council, and two other traitors, Richard Bland, and Carter Braxton, members of Congress. The fact that the Convention rewarded five of the committee which Mr. Campbell says degraded Col. Henry, is conclusive proof against Mr. Campbell." The conclusion here drawn by Mr. Richard Randolph appears to be rather a *non sequitur*.

The Committee of Safety were appointed, provisionally, to take the place of Governor Dunmore, who had abdicated his office, and to perform his functions. When the Convention of Virginia elected Patrick Henry, Governor, they conferred on him the most distinguished honor within their gift, and if they disapproved of the course pursued by the committee towards him, they could hardly have adopted a more emphatic mode of expressing it than by exalting *him to the*

head of the government, and over the heads of those who had forced him to resign. The election of Mr. Pendleton, President of the Convention, is no conclusive proof that envy was not at the bottom of the proceedings of the committee; it only proves that the Convention's mode of reasoning was different from R. R.'s. He holds that the giving way to envy, even under circumstances the most trying to human infirmity, transforms the most virtuous patriot at once into a traitor. One dead fly makes the whole pot of ointment to stink. The Convention, on the contrary, appear to have been of the opinion, that Henry and Pendleton, though great and upright men, were yet but men, and that their infirmities were no bar to their promotion. It was the business of the Convention at that portentous crisis to heal all discords and harmonize all the leading men.

Again R. R. remarks:—"Col. Henry, in accepting the appointment as Governor, *vacated* his commission as Colonel." Mr. Wirt, on pages 197-'8 informs us, that "Mr. Henry refused the continental commission of Colonel, which was now offered to him, and immediately resigned that which he held from the State." This occurred about the end of February, 1776, and he was not elected Governor till the 29th of June; yet R. R. asserts that Col. Henry, "in accepting the appointment as Governor, *vacated* his commission as Colonel." If R. R. be right as to this; if Colonel Henry did not vacate his office of Colonel till June 29th, it must have been an extraordinary delusion that induced him to withdraw from the army about four months *before* he was elected Governor; and the delusion must have been contagious, since the troops at Williamsburg delivered him a valedictory address on the 1st of March, and ninety officers of the Virginia troops made a similar address to him, and "the Virginia Gazette" published a full detail of these occurrences, and all this during the same month. If this be a fair sample of R. R.'s critical accuracy, it may admit of a question, whether he is likely to distinguish himself in correcting the errors *of others* and in illustrating his own

maxim that, "the value of history is truth."

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.

R. R. notices a mistake, by which *Beverley* Randolph is mentioned as a member of the Convention that framed the Federal Constitution, &c., instead of *Edmund* Randolph. This occurs on page 152 of "the History of Virginia" in a note. The mistake is so palpable, that the intelligent reader would readily correct it for himself. The brief notices of the several members of the Randolph family contained in that note, were taken

by me, with some abridgement from an anonymous article published in "the Baltimore Patriot," and now in my possession, being the copy of a MS. said to be preserved at Wilton on the James River. Whether the accidental omission of Edmund Randolph's name, was *my* mistake, in the transcribing from that article, or the printer's, cannot now be ascertained. Such mistakes are annoying to the writer; but they have their use; they furnish congenial aliment for the voracious pike, who swims on the surface of literature in quest of small game.

C. C.

PETERSBURG, Dec. 11th, 1857.

EINNALATRY.

Ad amicam delicia Einnam meam.

BY HOLT WILSON.

"The Stoics held that there was one criterion of truth for man, and it was that they called the cataleptic phantasm—την καταληπτικὴν φαντασίαν—the *eidolon*, which is impressed by an object which exists, which is a copy of that object, and can be produced by no other object." The term *eidolon*, with its plural *eidola*, was also applied to the idol or idols of the heathen, by the old ecclesiastical writer. [Vide Lewes's His. Phil. and Donagan's Lex.

Thou art my *eidolon*. Thy shrine, my heart—
Ideal image of the true and good!
Type of the esthetic. Vacant of all art—
Save Nature's—which alone, in thee is viewed!
Wouldst thou forever blast the hope which clings
Unto my being—mingling with its strife,—
The hope, which, from my inmost soul, now springs?
The buoyant, permeating joy of life?
Oh! wouldst thou prove iconoclast and break
This image of thyself my heart hath reared?
Wouldst thou, fair Einna, bid me thus forsake
Thine image—and refuse thyself instead?
Thine image—now become my spirit's need.
For, rest of both, I must forever mourn
The hope I've fondly nurtured in my breast.
My soul within herself in vain might turn
To seek her wonted solace. Vain such quest!
There is no gem from Taprobana's isle—
When from the hand of skilful Cingalese—
That forms so rare an emblem—as the smile—
Of Purity that gleams o'er Einna's face.
The odors fragrant—which, from Ceylon's shore,
Enchant the senses like rich melody—
Exhale no essence—no influence pure—
Like thine—which fills my soul—absorbed in thee!

face of the calculator, while she, for whom it had brightened, passed on with light step through the winding passages, out into the noble corridor, along the line of pictures which graced her luxurious home, then into the sunlight without, which played about her as over some bright feathered bird, and to the carriage which awaited her at the door.

"Drive quickly," she said in a tone which seemed accustomed to command, "or we shall be too late for the Exhibition, but first to my brother's."

The coachman obeyed, and the elegant equipage rolled noiselessly along the streets, attracting the attention of many a pedestrian by the perfect keeping of the whole; the silver mountings shone brilliantly in the sunshine, the dark green panels reflected the lights and shadows on their polished surfaces, and the steeds had that proud, almost conscious air, which betokens blood, and though spirited, were managed by their skilful driver with no unpractised hand.

"Happy lady," laughed a child of poverty who with bare feet was pattering along the dusty highway, as she caught a glimpse of the coach and its occupant.

"Happy lady," echoed a weary toil-worn man, "what prevents *her* from being contented? God knows that to *me* riches would bring happiness."

"Happier child and laborer," said the invisible spirits of the air, "for you, life has some object; your sleep is sweet; ye labour for an end; for her, the only end is pleasure, and pleasure brings not peace."

The carriage stopped before a fine mansion, which in spite of its grandeur and perfect proportions was a gloomy one, for the closed windows almost betokened that it was uninhabited, but Isabel Clayton seemed at home there, as opening the door and shutting it again noiselessly and then ascending the stairs, she knocked gently at the door of a chamber.

It was carefully unfastened from within, and a physician stood before her, who bowed and raised his finger warningly, as if commanding silence, and pointed towards the room which he had just left.

"Is the crisis passed?" she whispered

somewhat anxiously, "is my brother out of danger?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am happy to say that the crisis is past, and that I can pronounce my patient cured at least of his fever, but—"

The lady's little foot tapped the floor impatiently. "Your pardon, Dr. Bailey; let me beseech you to omit for once that ominous *but*; I really believe that that word is as necessary now to a physician as a gold-headed cane was in the olden time; it betokens all things, that your patient may live or die, that you mean to cure or kill him."

The doctor knit his brow as if doubting whether to endure so rude a speech, even from such rich, rosy lips, but his time was so valuable that he simply vented his indignation in a quick, impatient growl, and forthwith informed the visitor of her brother's condition.

"I was about to say, madam," he continued, "that Mr. Vernon no longer needed my services, but that the fever has left him totally blind."

"*Blind!* merciful heaven!" said the lady with a shudder; "that, indeed, is a misfortune; what will he do, think you, with his beautiful pictures, his statuary, his library, now that he can no longer enjoy them? But I am trespassing upon your time when I can learn all from his own lips. I can see him, may I not?"

"I suppose so,—yes, of course," said the physician rather doubtfully, hesitating as to the expediency of admitting even a sister to his patient's room, "but as you value his well-being, do not broach any agitating subjects,—and, above all, do not make a long stay."

This last warning was not needed; he might have spared himself the trouble of adding it.

The door opened once more and admitted Isabel Clayton to her brother's chamber, shaded almost to entire darkness by the heavy curtains and closed blinds.

"You are better at last, Richard," she said, taking one of his hands which was white and thin from long confinement, "the doctor has just told me so; need I tell you how rejoiced I am to hear it?"

"Thank you, Isabel; I hope that you

have enjoyed your little pleasure trip; I am glad to see you here; no, I forget; I mean that I am glad to hear the sound of your voice; I suppose that Dr. Bailey has told you all, and that it is as superfluous as it would be painful for me to repeat it."

"Yes, it is very, very dreadful!"

"Only dreadful, Isabel?" he exclaimed, starting up and then sinking back upon the pillow with a sigh of exhaustion, "that is a calm, cold, meaningless word to express such an affliction as mine; why, a stormy day is simply dreadful, a headache dreadful,—why not have said the truth at once, that my life will be utterly useless,—really not worth the having!"

"Hush, Richard," said his sister, half frightened at his despairing mood and fierce, reckless words, "you must look upon the other side of the picture; there is always a bright side you know;" (it was a new thing for Isabel Clayton to moralize,) "let me see; friends will flock around you, of course, and the same hand that has closed your eyes to the beauties of life, has closed them likewise, you must remember, to all that is repulsive. If I had only time to think, I might enumerate many comforts which are still left you; but I have an engagement this morning which I must go to fulfil."

"What, so soon?"

"Now, Richard, any one hearing your querulous tone would think that I had been at your bed-side but one minute, when I can assure you that thirty minutes have elapsed since I entered; take care of yourself; I will come again soon, daily, until you are better,—and now good-bye until to-morrow."

The sick man groaned aloud as she left the room. "This is the beginning," he said, "always, and to every one a burden; if she, my sister, of whom I might have expected at least a semblance of interest, leaves me here desolate in a solitude which is almost madness, what am I to hope from others? Great heaven!—this is indeed a trial beyond endurance! It would be a mercy to take my worthless life, and I would yield it

up cheerfully since the light in it is darkened forever."

It was well that the prayer of that despairing heart was not regarded. God was merciful in another way, and spared his life,—perhaps for greater suffering and trial to prepare him better for the mysterious change which he coveted,—perhaps for some more than compensating joy.

CHAPTER II.

"Blind to the bright blue sky, the glorious sun,

The mild pale moon, the vesper star's sweet blaze;

Blind to the soft green fields where brook-lets run,

The hills where linger sunset's parting rays.

Blind to the bright eye's most expressive beam,

The cheek's rich dyes of beauty, and the form

Whose symmetry might gild the sculptor's dream

Of young Apollo, and his fancy warm."

It was but too true. Richard Vernon was hopelessly, irrevocably blind. Weary of the world too he became, for his was not a spirit to sit with folded arms under its affliction, but like a caged lion to chafe against the bars which held it prisoner. Born in a luxurious city, proud, passionate, wealthy, his misfortune, when it came to him after a terrible illness in which he hovered for days between life and death, made him suspicious, cold and reserved. It was a double misfortune to him, who had educated his whole nature to the worship of beauty, seeking it in the minutest shell or flower, in the eyes of an unconscious infant as well as on the brow of a sculptured Titan, to feel himself stranded on a shore of darkness, where an eternal gloom took the place of the midnight stars, and a boundless blank replaced the smiling sunshine of the morn with only the memory of the beautiful to cheer him.

His very wealth became at times a source of annoyance to him, for, from his

gloomy, brooding heart came thoughts of mistrust against those who had loved him when he could be of, and among them to pamper their tastes, and who now sought from others the entertainment which he could not give. The gay crowd, indeed, among whom he had lived, wondered for a season, condoled and pitied, and even occasionally spared an hour from their pursuit of pleasure to cheer the lonely man in his solitary, darkened room; but Vernon felt, with the apathy of a man of the world, that the beauty, interest and glory of life had departed, and that his dim apartment was no place for the butterflies of fashion to fold their gaudy wings, and he soon wearied of visits which he knew were mere outward forms of conventional ceremony.

His sister, his only relative, gave him, it is true, what sympathy she could spare, and with her soft jewelled hand in his, told him of the outer life which he had been compelled to relinquish, sometimes of a new ball-room melody, to which, while she sang, she kept time with her restless feet, or of some new work of art in vogue, but even in her softly modulated voice he could detect a scarcely disguised desire to be in the sunshine once more, and freed from his querulous repinings. He remembered, too, what she was to that outer world, and how unconsciously to her the adulation that she met with there, together with the blind devotion of an indulgent husband, helped to foster her faults of character, the chief of which were thoughtlessness and selfishness.

But Vernon had one link still bright and untarnished, which kept him from total despair.

It is a truth that cannot be doubted, because so often proved, that more powerful, more self-abnegating friendships exist between men than between women; indeed, among the latter there is often a frivolous semblance of friendship which the faintest breath of the world may dissolve, but when man grasps the hand of his brother man either with open words and promises of truth, or a silent vow, almost the more powerful because unheard, unuttered, the bond cannot be

broken, no strength can overcome the faithful grasp, no shock can sever the union. Voices around may whisper of unworthiness, the stronger is the tie; misfortunes may come, poverty, sickness, desolation, and the clasp is still firm and sure unto death.

Happily for Vernon, though so isolated, he had found such a friend in Albert Linwood, a young artist of great promise, who, though several years his junior, would steal away from an unfinished picture in his studio, to converse with or read to him from the books which he loved best; and many an hour, which spent otherwise, might have helped him on to fame, found him with Vernon, whose rebellious spirit was always calmer for his coming.

It was in one of these visits that Albert remonstrated with him upon the objectless life he was leading.

"Are you not weary," he said, "of these everlasting city surroundings? Would you not be happier, better, where the sounds are less harsh, and where you can feel that there are broader glimpses of the blue sky?"

"That word happiness," replied Vernon moodily, "has long since been blotted out of my vocabulary."

"And yet, if you will listen for a moment," replied Albert, "perhaps you would feel a sensation akin to it; for I might arouse you into something like action. Leave the city for a while and take up your abode in some pretty, rural place; the change would benefit you, I know, and you would soon realize the truism that God *especially* made the country; you will stagnate body and soul here."

Vernon interrupted his friend with a gesture of impatience.

"You seem to be leagued with the rest, Linwood, in trying to deprive me of even the few remaining pleasures which I have left; do you not see that I need some excitement to bear me up? Just consider my lonely position in such a place; I would scarcely ask *you* to relinquish your advantages here to come and cheer me, Isabel would pine away and die in such a solitude, and other friends I care not to

have; no, let me remain where I can at least hear an echo from the world which I used to enjoy so much; even in a reflected rainbow there be some gleams of beauty, you know."

"And yet, here you are wretched," answered Linwood, earnestly, "all your fine qualities are beclouded, you are growing misanthropic and dreamy, and need a change. Trust me, Vernon, and listen to me; rouse yourself from this apathy, take a pleasant house in the country with extensive grounds, hire labourers, cultivate your fields, sow your gardens and reap their fruit, do something; be anything but a mere clod; bring health back again to your frame by constant exercise and out-of-door life, and in the evening employ your servant, who has proved himself, in his capacity of attendant, trusty and intelligent, in reading good, practical books, which will keep your mind awake and your knowledge of current events as thorough as before your blindness."

Linwood stopped for breath, for his zeal for his friend had quickened his usual measured tone, and the artist thought generally more than he spoke.

"Tell me when your Utopian sketch is quite finished," said Vernon, mockingly, and leaning back, apparently without interest, into a more comfortable position; but Linwood, not heeding the interruption, continued his exhortations.

"Then for me, you can fit up an artist's room, and I will paint your grounds, your hill-tops and meadows in pictures which might make me immortal, perchance, and though the city must claim me sometimes, Vernon, my country studio will be my real home. And now my story is done, as they say in the Nursery books; this simple, rustic life may not exactly suit you, but I promise you one thing, that the result will be peace of mind."

"I own that you paint a picture with words as gracefully as you do with your pencil," replied Vernon, "but still you must excuse me from being the principal figure in it, even though it have meadows and hills in the fore-ground, and peace of mind in the perspective. Excuse me, I shall do very well where I am."

"No," said Linwood, rising and speaking with growing earnestness, "you will not, and you know it; you know that each day finds you more restless than the last, and I sometimes think that even my favourite country plan will not benefit you; you need the tenderest devotion and care, you need a sister's sympathy and love, or finally, if I incur your displeasure for it, I must be frank and speak my mind, you need the watchful tenderness of a wife."

A look of intense scorn and incredulity passed over Vernon's face as Linwood thus spoke, and then breaking forth impetuously in a torrent of words, he effectually silenced Linwood's well-meant conversation.

"That would be something beyond the miraculous, the moment, I mean, when any fair, refined, delicate woman placed her hand in mine to follow a blind man's fortunes. Ah, Linwood, you have something yet to learn of human nature; where have you been that you have not heard that my misfortune has been the theme of conversation for a month, and how one fair lady has said that she pitied me because I could no longer use my glorious eyes in a flirtation; another, that she would, because of my affliction, lose the best time-keeper in the fashionable dances, while a third," and here Vernon's voice trembled and faltered, "while a third, who might have spared me such words and have been at least silent, whispered to a friend that though the light of my eyes had departed, I had not lost my fortune! If you can convert *these*, Linwood, into watchful and tender wives, women to love and cherish, you hold a magician's wand, but it may not be, my path in life is clear to me; blind, almost forsaken, poor amid much wealth, because not able to enjoy it, I must walk the hard, stony, rough road of life alone."

"And yet not quite alone," said Linwood, quickly, as he grasped his friend's hand.

"No, by heaven, there I was wrong," said Vernon, his voice filled with emotion, "forgive me, my friend, not entirely alone, thank God, under the light of your watchful eyes and guided by your faithful arm."

CHAPTER III.

I know a house, its open doors
 Wide set to catch the scented breeze,
 While dimpling all the oaken floors
 Faint shadows of the swaying trees
 Pass in and out like spectral things,
 Dim creatures born of summer light,
 'Till through the deepening twilight springs
 A paler radiance of the night.

Across the broad, unbroken glade
 Which girds this house on either hand,
 The beech-clumps sprinkle showers of
 shade ;—
 These out-posts of the forest stand
 And guard the kingdom of the deer,
 The stillness of their charmed domain,
 Where spring chimes matin every year,
 And Autumn leaves fall down like rain.
Miss Parkes.

Albert Linwood departed from his friend's presence, disappointed that he had not succeeded in his endeavors to exchange his monotonous city life for a more varied existence, but a spirit so earnest as his had its reward, and Vernon, left to himself, pondered upon their late conversation.

Each time that he reconsidered the matter, it appeared more practicable to him, and sometimes almost inviting, and in this world of changes, where some one has said that we are so different at different times that we could write a letter, without any inconsistency, to "our dear yesterday's selves," it is not surprising that it all ended in Vernon's giving to Linwood full power to purchase a desirable residence.

This task the latter gladly undertook, and succeeded so well, that after they had been established in the new home a few days, and Vernon seemed to feel as his friend had predicted, better and happier, he acknowledged that Linwood had indeed done all things for the best.

All his pictures and works of art were sent to ornament his new home, and every thing that had any claim to beauty in his town residence was removed to the country-seat, while many additions were made suitable to the style of the rural but elegant mansion.

It was pleasant, and yet touching, to see the interest that the blind man took in all that appertained to his present abode and the surrounding grounds ; the pictures were all hung under his express directions, the furniture arranged with a view to his peculiar tastes, and even the little articles of *vertu*, which were beautiful, and numerous curiosities from all climes under the sun, were placed to suit his fancy ; and then the outward details, which the last occupant had left uncared for, were minutely described to Vernon, who with a buoyant step and heightened color, would be seen directing the workmen, and the result was ever a happy one, for his taste by practice and long experience was never at fault.

Thus, if the change brought not happiness, it at least brought occupation, and Vernon, as he sat at evening thinking of his plans for the morrow or what he had achieved each day almost fancied that he had lost his identity, so different was he from the Vernon who, in times past, had looked with contempt upon any thing which savoured of the retirement of the country.

Nor was Linwood's pencil idle, for the beautiful landscape around afforded him an incessant study, and he never wearied of gazing at the light and shade of the fine panorama.

In the front of the house there lay a well-kept lawn, almost English in its smoothness and verdure, which curved downward gradually until it was lost in the valley below. Trees of every variety decked this velvet carpet, sometimes in clusters, but oftener in solitary beauty, while in the vale below grew smaller shrubs, which disappeared as the depression swelled into an imposing hill covered thickly with forest trees, presenting from the mansion an ever-varied picture during each succeeding season of the year. Spring brought forth the tender budding green, summer the darker polished foliage of the maturer leaves, while the autumn and winter phase each claimed admiration, the one, for the myriad shades and colours painted against the sky, the other, for the pure snow-drapery of the boughs, which rose

mysterious and weird-like, like an assemblage of white-robed spirits watching silently over the earth.

On the right stretched a silver river, not so distant but that a passing sail might be seen occasionally upon its placid bosom, until lost in the shading woods; while on the left, and in the far distance, rose a mountain with its cragged, blue peaks in full relief against the sky.

Nor must the rear of the house be left undescribed, for it was here that Vernon was most constantly occupied, and here a garden was laid out around an artificial lake, whose waters ever kept the foliage green. Indeed Linwood had chosen well for his friend, and Vernon would sit for hours listening to his praises of the location, at morning when the sun first tinged the waters of the quiet river, at mid-day, when the artist's eyes would kindle at the fleckered light and shade upon the mountain scene, or in the coming hour of night, when in the stillness they could hear the forest trees, touched by the evening breeze, whisper a farewell to the day.

But Vernon soon had another cause for anxiety beside his own life-affliction, for not many months had passed before he discovered that while *he* became, each day more reconciled to his own changed situation, *Linwood* gradually seemed to grow weary of the contracted sphere. He had transferred to canvas all the striking views in the neighbourhood with exemplary patience, considering that his forte lay rather in portraying the human face divine, but though he felt a weariness pressing upon his spirits, he made an effort, and partially succeeded, to conceal all appearance of ennui; but Vernon, whose perceptions seemed more acute since he had been deprived of sight, soon discovered the fact.

It seemed to display itself more after Linwood's return from visits to the city where he often went, and though Vernon deplored the change, after a severe struggle with himself, he determined no longer to keep his beloved friend and companion in a solitude which agreed not with his ardent and ambitious temperament, and

it was then that he decided to offer him means to go abroad and to improve himself in the art which was the daily worship of his life.

When Vernon calmly told Linwood of his proposition, little did he imagine that under that passionless exterior, there was a struggle that it seemed almost impossible for the speaker to conceal, but Linwood's own heart was filled with such a glow of joy that it coloured everything around with its own rosy hue, and he forgot for a moment the lonely hours that his absence would bring. He seemed floating in the atmosphere of a delicious dream; his life-long wish had ever been to go abroad, but the purse of a young artist who had yet fame to win was too scantily filled for him to entertain any such Utopian idea.

For a moment, only, however, did he forget his friend in the brilliant vision which arose before him, for glancing at him to express his thanks, he saw, with dismay, what a contrast his face presented to the feelings which pervaded his own breast; and his refusal to leave him, his thanks for his generous offer, and the hope that he would forgive his momentary forgetfulness of Vernon's lonely position came in eloquent words from his lips.

But Richard would take no refusal; calmly they sat down to talk the matter over as he told him of his plans and portrayed the advantages which a study of the old masters would afford, until at last Linwood felt that to refuse his friend's generous offer, would be unwise and ungrateful, and so, with a heart divided between joyful and sorrowful emotions, the hope of his life was realized; he was on his way to the land of his many prayers, the birth-place, the home, and the grave of the immortal painters of the past.

After the departure of his friend, Vernon turned himself more resolutely than ever to his plans for the improvement of his country-seat, and with his ever-watchful servant, made more extended excursions across the woods which bounded his lands into the more open country beyond. It was in one of these excursions, and almost before they were aware

of it, that they suddenly found themselves upon the little domain which was occupied by the cottage of Mrs. Gordon, an aged lady, whose slender means, and whose inclination, perhaps, kept her a resident of the country, and it was here that she lived in complete retirement during the whole year, with only her little grand-child Sybil, for companionship, and an old domestic who daily became more incapacitated for labour.

A cup of cold water, asked for and bestowed, is often a prelude to a more extended acquaintance, and before many moments Vernon had gained several particulars of the history of his hostess, which was a very sad one, inasmuch as it included loss of property and the death of loved ones, but Vernon's sympathy was still more enlisted by her telling him, after she had learned his name, that his mother and herself had been friends in early life, that they had shared the same apartment at school, and many an act of kindness on each side was narrated by her with an earnestness which interested Vernon and acquainted him with several traits of his mother's early years. Vernon would have lingered for hours by the cottage door, but as twilight was approaching, he departed with his guide, after having promised a repetition of his visit.

Almost daily, after this incident, many comforts found their way to Mrs. Gordon's home, and the early friend of his mother became another object of interest to Vernon. The chance acquaintance ended, at last, with an invitation from Vernon to Mrs. Gordon and the child to remove from the cottage to his own home, and for fear that the former might feel the obligation too great to accept, Vernon added, that she, in return, could be the superior of his household, and even extend her motherly care over him in his helpless blindness.

After much doubting and earnest thought on Mrs. Gordon's part, the change was made, but though she clearly saw the advantages of it, a hard struggle it became for her to decide in its favour, as she had long been attached to the humble roof under which she

had lived peacefully for so many years.

But to the little child, particularly, who had grown at the side of her grandmother like the untrained woodbine over the casement, the prospect of a grand home, studied behaviour, and the thought of the solemn aspect of the blind man, brought only tears. Each tree was dear to her, each flower peculiarly hers, for craving knowledge without having any instruction beyond the mere rudiments of book-learning, intelligent without the means of satisfying her thirst for information, her thoughts had been directed to the wonders of nature, and by patient investigation she had solved many a problem for herself, which a scientific naturalist would only have arrived at by long study and numerous books of reference.

With the birds her day began, and the rising sun found her guiding the tendrils of a pet vine, or singing among her own songsters of the wood; at mid-day obedient to her grandmother's call, she learned her daily lesson, and the conscientious teacher imparted all that she could from her own slender store of knowledge.

The father and mother of the child had both been remarkable, the one for his bright, quick intelligence, the other for her beauty, which was exquisite, though she resembled the flower which blooms in the morning only to wither in the noon-day sun. Both lived for a brief season for each other, but soon found an early grave, passing to a better inheritance than brilliant intellect and beauty, in another world.

Thus the poetry of Sybil's life was a legacy from those united spirits, and the prose a daily gift from the hands of her worthy grandmother, where practical lessons of duty helped to give a balance to the child's character.

The last adieu were said, the grand equipage of their wealthy neighbour took them away from their vine-covered cottage, and all the world was bright and beautiful, while the woods were vocal with songs, but still Mrs. Gordon found herself checking a rising sigh, and Sybil, as she turned back to gaze once more with tearful eyes upon the beloved scene,

felt that she had left her whole heart there among the pet birds and flowers of her fast disappearing cottage home.

Richard Vernon met them at the door of his beautiful mansion with a winning smile of welcome, which was brilliant enough without the light of his eyes, which in other days had beamed so brightly. The presence of the child, indeed, he scarcely noticed, except by telling Mrs. Gordon that she must have all her wants supplied, and Sybil, after arranging her little wardrobe and gazing from the window in her pretty apartment at the view of trees and the silver stream, hill, and glowing skies, felt bewildered and homesick, and wished herself once more in her own low-ceiled room.

Nor were things brighter or better in the little maiden's troubled heart when her grandmother, desired her presence below; with step, all unlike the bounding step of the cottage girl, she descended the stairs and sat demurely down, awed by the stillness of the great rooms, feeling very awkward, and scarcely allowing herself to gaze upon the beautiful pictures which adorned the walls though in after years those very pictures became to her as household gods, and she knew each curve, and light, and shadow of their exquisite proportions.

And again at evening it was not more cheerful for the little stranger, as she sat in the damask cushioned-chair longing for her own uncushioned rustic seat, for Mrs. Gordon and her host monopolized all the conversation with their plans for the future, and so it came to pass that long before her cottage bed-time, Sybil fell fast asleep in one of the great arm-chairs, sighing deeply as the drooping lids at last closed tightly over her eyes.

Poor, little lonely child, she was glad to find forgetfulness in sleep, for the feeling of home-sickness, when it comes to youth is a positive pain, dragging down the young spirit to unutterable misery, for which tears are sometimes a relief, but which is often too deep to be healed except by the comforting hand of Time. Many prayers are sent daily, hourly, from suffering, or pitying, or sympathi-

sing hearts upward to God's mercy seat, but no prayer should be more fervent than this, no prayer is more needed than this—"God pity the home-sick child!"

Had Vernon's artist friend been seated with the two around the evening lamp, he might have kept those sleepy eyes unclosed, and have hushed that despairing sigh, for a cheerful spirit was his, loving childhood and seeking ever with gentle kindness to win its love by many legitimate arts of fascination, to which Vernon either through ignorance or want of interest was a stranger, and so, Sybil, her face flushed, her position uncomfortable, and left to herself, slept on, starting and sighing in her dreams as they were coloured with the gloomy hues of unwelcome visions.

But at last the conversation came to an end; something like a plan was decided upon for the future, and Mrs. Gordon, with an apology to Vernon for Sybil's unseasonable slumbers, roused the unconscious child, and told her it was time for her to retire. Her good-night was mechanically said in a drowsy tone, and Sybil was hurried off to bed,—not, however, before Vernon had expressed his sorrow at having so little to entertain her, and his wonder that she took no interest in the books and pictures by which she was surrounded. Then as they passed from the room, Sybil and her grandmother, he sat down and pondered long and deeply, and one would have imagined from his contracted brow that his musings were not of the most pleasant nature.

Nor were they; he came to the conclusion that Mrs. Gordon was not half so interesting by his fireside as she was in her humble home, her sphere evidently being the cottage, and that children were the most uninteresting creatures in the world; then he asked himself if he had done wisely in thus adding to his household an aged woman and an ignorant child, the one scarcely a fitting companion for him with his refined, over-fastidious tastes, the other a useless appendage. To be sure, he reasoned, a generous impulse had led him away, the wish to befriend his mother's friend,—but could he

not have shown his generosity in another way? And then what would Linwood think of these his chosen companions? Still it was too late for reflections such as these—too late to undo what he had done, and these not very salutary self-communings left him in a bitter mood.

But a few days altered the state of things,—at least with one of the parties concerned, and this was Sybil, who, while her grand-mother quietly found out her sphere of duty and usefulness, discovered pleasures inexhaustible for herself, as varied as they were new. What cared *she* in her life of freedom what that grand, cold, sightless man thought of her? She was at liberty to come and go, and she used that liberty to its full extent,—roaming where she would, over hill and dale, through brake and forest, and making new friends at every step among the birds and blossoms of Vernon Grove. Not but there was some method in her life, for her grand-mother had taught her in a measure to be methodical, and she had not forgotten,—nor did she neglect the reading, spelling, and writing lessons, which she knew, if faithfully performed, were a sure and solid foundation upon which to build a more ornamental structure.

Her mornings, therefore, were generally spent in the well-stored library, into which she ventured with caution, until she found that she was unmolested; and as she had been told that her father's favourite occupation had been study, close, unvaried application to books, she had a romantic idea that his spirit, which her grand-mother had taught her to believe was ever present with her, would smile upon her efforts to imitate him, and thus early were open to her those volumes which other children would have avoided as unprofitable and uninteresting.

To any one occupied in noting the progress of Sybil's mind, it would have been a source of interest and wonder to watch its development, for in a short time she had read through most of the poets,—and then with an intuition which was almost incredible, did we not know that there have been parallel cases, thinking that something solid and true was re-

quired to balance her mind, she had recourse to histories, and even works of a scientific character. At first, as she daily took refuge there, it was timidly, and as though she was an intruder, but after two years had passed, she felt strangely at home in that sacred apartment into which the master of the house seldom entered, and had appropriated a nook there for her own special resort, where she could close her books at will and gaze dreamily out upon the smiling fields, or farther on into the deep, mysterious woods with their varied green, until the study of Nature led her back again to the thoughts of others in the precious volumes beside her.

Thus while Mrs. Gordon saw that her charge was busied in the mornings with her so-called studies, and that her afternoons were spent in wholesome exercise, she was quite assured that she was making progress in learning, and that she need give herself no trouble about her physical education, for her cheek was still flushed with health, and her form developing as gracefully and as systematically as the bud matures into the attractive beauties of the rose.

CHAPTER IV.

Unfolding slow their ivory fringe,
The lilies lie upon the pond;
The firs have caught the sunset tinge
And murmur elfin-like beyond;
I think whoever sought that grove,
To dream an hour of love or heaven,
Might, wrapt in some strange mystery, rove
And find his year had grown to seven!

Miss Parkes.

Give me music, sad and strong
Drawn from deeper founts than song;
More impassioned, full, and free,
Than the Poet's numbers be:
Music which can master thee,
Stern enchantress, Memory.

Bayard Taylor.

Another great resource of Sybil was to listen to Mr. Vernon's music. Linwood had said the truth when he told him that he possessed a fine musical

taste, and it was one of the few pleasures which he enjoyed alone and independent of any one else, and he now did not regret that he had studied it in former years as a science, and bestowed upon it so much time and attention, which his friends thought might be much better employed, in a way more congenial to their own frivolous pursuits.

Unconscious of listeners in the music room at the Grove, he would recall the inspired passages of the finest composers, or with intense feeling, and with a deep, true voice sing the songs which had been his favourites in happier hours; and as each twilight saw him seated at his piano with his soul in the melody or the words, so that hour beheld Sybil, half reclining upon the threshold of the door which led out upon the lawn, with her dreamy eyes fixed upon the coming stars, wrapt, silent, motionless, with but one thought in her heart, the cadence of sweet sounds.

To her such music was a new existence, or rather some part of her being which she seemed to have lost or found,—for how unlike it was to her wild untaught carol, more bird-like than human, how strange, and yet how exquisite, that scientific combination of sounds, and she enjoyed intuitively those intricate passages of tangled harmony, which can be scarcely understood except by the favoured few whom genius has crowned, or by those patient students who make music a part of their education.

With what longing did she anticipate that twilight hour, with what pleasure did she look for that daily privilege. Motionless as a statue would she sit until the parting strains sounded, and then as they died away and the instrument was closed, softly would she rise and murmur inaudible thanks for the pleasure which she had received, while Vernon in his blindness was all unconscious of her presence, and then in some woodland haunt, when she knew that she had no listeners but the birds of the air, she would repeat the melody that she had learned from Vernon with the same trills and passionate intonations, giving his own emphasis to every word of her child-voice.

His favourite haunt in the woods was a secluded and natural grove, and it was from this spot that the name of his country-seat, Vernon Grove, had been derived. It was, indeed, in

“The very inmost heart
Of an old wood, where the green shadows
closed
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom.”

Even in the brightest sunlight there would be shade and retirement there, and the whispers of the wind in the topmost branches, that mysterious voice of the trees, brought to his spirit, if not peace, something akin to it, and like a cradled child listening to a beloved voice, he was calmed beneath the tranquillizing influence. To this spot he was often led by his attendant, who understood enough of Vernon's habits to know that he desired to be left there alone.

It was at such a time as this, that Sybil one day unconsciously intruded upon his solitude.

The tempter, who had led her to the grove, was a bird whose flight she was pursuing playfully, and she was seduced into those quiet precincts before she was aware of it, by its hopping from branch to branch, and consequently arching its little neck as the distance increased between them, as if it enjoyed and understood the pursuit but felt itself safe in its liberty.

Just at the entrance of the Grove, the pretty creature perched itself upon a tall, bending twig that rocked to and fro even with its slight weight, and then with a sort of mocking triumph, as if it were sure that Sybil could not reach it there, sent forth such a gush of melody, such a thrilling song, that she stood entranced while she listened.

When the song was ended, Sybil's joy found utterance in the ringing laugh of a careless, happy girl.

“Beautiful creature!” she exclaimed, “was that song meant for me—for me alone? It must have been; and what can I do for you in return, as you sit up there on your regal throne? Shall I call

you the King of the Wildwood, and will an answering song be tribute fit for a subject to her sovereign?"

The bird carolled a note as if in return to her question,—a soft, gentle, tremulous note; and then her voice rose in the forest in one of Vernon's favourite songs, at first faint and trembling as though "a tear were in it," then trilling high in clear, bell-like notes; and at last gushing out in an alto so rich and peculiar, so tender and impassioned, that Vernon forgot his wonder in his pleasure, and simply enjoyed with his whole being.

The intensity of the expression was derived from him, but the trills and variations and the thousand nameless graces, Sybil's alone.

"It seemed a sea-born music, floating
The blue waves o'er,
Like that which charms the mermaids,
Boating
By moonlit shore,
In every dying fall denoting
The struins in store."

As her song was finished, from the interior of the grove she heard a voice calling her name, and frightened and half abashed she entered with blushing cheeks, as though she had been guilty of a crime. She knew that it was Mr. Vernon's voice, and like a culprit she awaited what he had to say.

"Sybil," said he again, in a voice which had no displeasure in it, "come nearer; I have been listening to your song; tell me how and where you learned it, and who taught you to give such expression to your words? Has some *prima donna* privately given you lessons that you thus seem to have imbibed the very spirit of Italian song?"

"No, never," she said quite solemnly to his playful question, "I would tell you, but I am afraid that you might be angry."

"Not more than the bird to whom you sang it," was the reply, "but why do you think that I might be angry?"

Sybil was candor itself, not so much from principle, for that had not yet been

developed, but simply because deceit was not in her nature.

"I do not know exactly why," she answered, "but that you frown at times as though something vexed you, and are so grand and solemn, that I thought you would frown upon me if you knew—" Sybil stopped.

"If I knew what, child?"

"If you knew," she said softly, and watching every line in his face, "that every evening when you sing and think that you are alone, I sit on the door sill watching the coming stars and listening to you, and it seems such a calm, happy close to a busy day, that I am always sorry when the music stops."

Vernon smiled, rather than frowned, and this gave Sybil encouragement to go on.

"And then," she continued, "I try to remember what I have heard, and sometimes sing as you heard me just now, out here in the woods, but *only* for myself."

"And the birds," said Vernon, smiling still more kindly. Then he assured her that it would always give him pleasure to have her for a listener; and wishing to prolong the conversation, because he was beginning to feel an interest in his young companion, he asked her if she loved music, and if it would give her pleasure to hear those wonderfully gifted artists who have moved a whole world to admiration.

"Oh, yes," she answered quickly, "the poets love it, and so do I."

"And are you a poet as well as a songstress, Erato as well as Euterpe?"

"Oh! no, no, not a poet," said she, blushing, "but they all write so much and so feelingly about music, that it was they who first taught me to love it, and then listening to you made me realize what a glorious art it was."

"And pray, what do you know about the poets?" he asked with growing curiosity, "are you a spirit or a fairy that you read their brains, and fashion their thoughts with words before they give them a form themselves? do you meet them at midnight under the stars, and do they sing for you their unpublished songs?"

and I nothing for you?" she asked timidly, after a pause.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with a laugh as careless as in other days, "you must read to me from your friends, the poets; you must write for me, sing for me, and lead me to the woodlands sometimes; you will have work enough to do, Sybil."

"But not too much, I know," said Sybil, who was delighted at the idea of being of importance to any one.

Then they were silent, each busily musing upon the new page of life that they had turned, and nought was heard save the twittering note of a bird seeking its nightly shelter, or their foot-falls on the dead leaves, as they passed homeward through the woods. The setting sun crimsoned the western sky, and the early stars peeped in and out in the twilight, but the man and the child walked on unconscious, thinking only of the starlight and the sunlight that had so strangely and suddenly shone upon their hearts.

And soon they reached their home, from which they had departed almost strangers; but after she had led him to his accustomed seat, and again thanked him for his interest in her, after he had told her smilingly to remember that the obligation was to be mutual, they parted, fast friends.

A day, an hour, a minute, may make the joy or sorrow of a life; we can even date back from a look, a single glance of the eye to the misery of years, or a clasp of the hand has been the earnest of an existence of unalloyed happiness. And that day at the grove necessarily made the one or the other, the joy or the sorrow of Sybil's life. But who can foretell the future of happy, joyous girlhood? We must accompany her step by step to the end.

Sybil, I would have thy frank brow unclouded ever, thy step as bounding, thy eye as tearless as now. But can it be, where *change* is written on earth's fairest scenes? The sunny morning merges into the stormy night, the blooming field of summer becomes the wintry moor, and *thou* must change, but how, and why?

Happy Sybil! With a glad step she hastened to tell her grandmother of her

good fortune and to talk of her future accomplishments. She bewildered the simple old lady with her eloquence, and overwhelmed her with her recapitulation of what she would do and be. First she meant to learn about the stars, know their names, and trace the constellations in their rising and setting; she would seek the woods for botanical specimens, and class each flower and shrub with minutest care; she would study Geology, and the formation of the earth would be as familiar to her as the formation of a simple bird's nest, while French, German, Italian, and Music, would be her daily friends.

Nothing seemed too difficult for Sybil's excited imagination, and if ever an air castle was built, it was then and there by the breathless child, as she recapitulated her future triumphs in learning to her grandmother, who listened almost sadly, for those whom she had loved and lost had been what Sybil called accomplished, and had passed silently away from her sight.

She did not, however, chill the young enthusiast's hopes, but kissing her warmly, in her own simple way she told her that she might live to know many more things than her grandmother did, but that she must never forget that it was she who first taught her the names of those very characters which were the foundation of all book knowledge. Then looking down into the young face which was turned upwards to hers, she continued solemnly:

"And Sybil, dear, one thing more I must add; remember, among many books there is still but one—one which came from heaven—while all the rest are conceived and fashioned by men; you will never forget in the new languages, in the brilliant thoughts, in the bewildering romances which will be opened to you, *the Bible*, my child? promise me that."

"Never, oh, never," was the answer. *When Sybil promised she kept her word.*

CHAPTER V.

"Imagine, then, some pupil nymph con-
signed

To you, the guardian of her opening mind,
In all the bloom and sweetness of eleven,
Health, spirits, grace, intelligence and
heaven;

While still from each exuberant motion
darts

A winning multitude of artless arts.

Withal such softness to such smartness
joined,

So pure a heart to such a knowing mind,

So very docile in her wildest mood,

Bad by mistake, and without effort good,

So humbly thankful when you please to
praise,

So broken-hearted when your frown dis-
may,

So circumspect, so fearful to offend,

And at your look so eager to attend,

With memory strong, and with perception
bright,

Her words, her deeds so uniformly right,

That scarce one foible disconcerts your
aims,

And care and trouble—never name their
names!

Yes, I forget you have one anxious care,

You have one ceaseless burden of your
prayer:

It is,—Great God, assist me to be just

To this dear charge committed to my trust."

[*Dr. Gilman's Contributions to Literature.*

Richard Vernon faithfully put all his plans for Sybil's education into execution. He sent to a neighbouring town for masters, who gave daily lessons to his young charge, and it must be confessed that he felt less absorbed in his own immediate troubles and happier than he had been for years, for now his life had added to it a new object of interest, and he gave himself up to the work before him with an energy which surprised even himself.

Training up a child to womanhood!

Alas, how unfit was he for the responsibility he had assumed. It was an easy thing to guide her mind in acquiring knowledge, to teach her the varied expressions in music, or to give the right accent to a foreign tongue, but the *heart*, how could he think as he did, of moulding that? In his isolated position he had

lost sight of the fact of his unfitness for such an office. None dared to tell him of his faults, he had not even Linwood to remonstrate when he became overbearing, but still the faults were there. Rebellious, unreconciled to the great sorrow of his life, proud, obstinate even to his own hurt, subject to fits of despondency and worse paroxysms of uncontrollable anger, which would obey no law, with no religious sense to temper a disposition not naturally gentle, how could he, how could he say as he did to himself, "I will be the guardian to this child?"

The outward graces of Sybil he might, indeed, cultivate, but never could he lift the veil which covered her heart and say with unfaltering tongue, "I am worthy to be the keeper of the treasure there."

As Sybil's studies confined her to the house more than formerly, she learned something of the impulsive character of Vernon, although she had never seen his temper in its full deformity. Gratitude for the generous part he had acted, pity for his blindness and the knowledge of the interest which he took in her progress, all united in fostering a feeling of affection for him and an intense interest in his character, but it was not long before she beheld it in its darkest shade, beheld that stubborn will inflexible to the last, that cruel nature seemingly delighting in its power to wound.

A boy, the child of a poor, but pious neighbour, had been convicted of stealing fruit from Vernon's orchard, and he ordered the culprit to be severely punished.

In vain the boy, who was a fine, manly youth, confessed his crime and besought Vernon's forgiveness, promising on his knees repentance; Vernon forgave not. The boy reiterated in broken sobs that he knew that his fault was a flagrant one and deserved punishment, representing to him whom he had offended the distress of his mother when the account of his conduct and penalty should be heard by her, that mother who had taught him so differently; he dwelt on the grief of his sisters, who had ever been proud of his manliness and honesty, but fruitlessly did the poor boy plead. In Vernon's mind

there seemed to be no recognition of the divine precept of acting toward others as he would have others act towards him, and his heart seemed hardened against mercy.

When Sybil, who was a witness of the scene, beheld that the boy's agonized pleading fell unregarded upon his ears, she took up the offender's cause herself, and besought him in pitying tones for a reprieve. Sybil, whose voice had scarcely dared raise itself hitherto in that grand homestead, was now almost eloquent in another's behalf. She urged Vernon to give him one more trial, she appealed in every possible way to his clemency, even describing the culprit's whole appearance, his white, innocent brow and the clustering curls that lay above it, his intelligent eyes, and the firm, compressed lips which bespoke resolve and character.

"Can these," she pleaded with tearful eyes, "belong to a *thief*, a hardened determined thief? Oh, no, Mr. Vernon, no; it was his first fault, and may never again be repeated, *will* never again be repeated, only forgive him and let him go."

She might as well have spoken to the cold midnight stars and have asked their sympathy, or have tried to stay the onward rushing wind. Her interference, her passionate appeal for mercy only exasperated Vernon the more, and with a voice thick with passion, he angrily repeated his order for the boy to be punished, and the lad, with a crushed and broken spirit, was led out to his disgrace.

Sybil turned away from the scene with a shudder; interest in Vernon had been followed by fear; she looked back once ere she departed, and drew a picture mentally of his outward form and inner nature, the one, brave and beautiful, with the nobility of manliness about it, the other so black and hideous. Life grew suddenly dark to her, she could not be quite happy in such companionship, it would seem to her like holding the hand of a demon who was dwelling in an angelic form. Slowly she retired to her chamber to weep for the pleading, suffering boy, and yet more bitter tears were given to the man who was a stranger to forgiveness. Then she knelt and prayed

for both, and felt comforted that at the higher Mercy-Seat forgiveness would be found for the penitent.

Then the morrow came, and passed, and other morrows went calmly by, and as nothing occurred in all those happy days of study to ruffle that *seemingly* gentle nature of Vernon, Sybil remembered what had passed only as a frightful dream, or if it ever did come to her as a reality, she had but to look at his composed mien and placid face to assure herself that such an event could not, would not occur again. Such a fiendish state of mind might overtake a man *once*.

So likewise say they, who dwelling at the foot of a volcano, have seen the melted lava rush *once* in destructive torrents down the mountain's side—and yet they have lived to see it again.

As might have been expected from Sybil's quick intelligence, she improved daily in all that she undertook. Vernon personally attended to her English studies, as far as he was able, in directing her tasks, giving her subjects for compositions, and teaching her, almost selfishly, inasmuch as it concerned him so nearly, to read well. As for music it was almost a plaything for her, and soon the voices of the blind man and his young charge mingled in song, and no sweeter melody could be imagined than the united harmony.

Mrs. Gordon, when she saw Sybil's progress, forgot her terror of learning in her delight at her grandchild's improvement, and as her cheek still glowed with health, and her form lost none of its roundness, she looked smilingly on when she was appealed to for sympathy or counsel, and left all unreservedly to Vernon's judgment. She was not wrong apparently in so doing, for he was ever watchful of his charge and judicious in his requirements, dividing the hours so faithfully between study and recreation, that it left her no cause for complaint.

Mrs. Gordon saw, too, with pleasure, that Mr. Vernon's manner had changed towards Sybil, and although he still regarded her as a child, he looked upon her as a companion, and though she knew his faults of character and condemned

them, she trusted that Sybil's gentleness would exercise a salutary and refining influence over him, while she would be the gainer, too, by the daily intercourse with a mind so cultivated as his, and in listening to his conversation which was at once choice and instructive. Perhaps the thought which reconciled her most to the existing state of things, was, that Sybil would find a friend in Vernon after the grave had closed over her, as she felt before many years must be the case.

There was, at the time of which we are speaking, a great contrast in their evenings to those of the past—once Sybil closed her young eyes in sleep, but now while she read to Vernon in a soft voice, which was modulated in obedience to his fastidious ear, Mrs. Gordon's knitting would fall from her fingers, and lulled by Sybil's tone, she, in her turn, wandered in the land of dreams.

"Tomorrow you are to have a holiday," said Vernon one evening to Sybil, "Donalzi has asked me for the day to attend a religious ceremony. Let us make it a gala day, Sybil."

He paused, but Sybil was silent, while on his too expressive face a shade of disappointment displayed itself.

"You are not half so delighted as I expected you to be," he continued, "only think of a day without any tasks, why at your age my heart would have throbbed wildly at the idea."

"But you know, Mr. Vernon," said Sybil a little reproachfully. "that I shall not be as free as you say, although I must confess that a real holiday would be a great pleasure to me. In the first place, there is that grand overture to practise, then that mystic German tale to translate, and besides, I have my composition to read to you, then"—but Vernon interrupted her in any further enumeration of her stupendous duties.

"All these, but the composition, must be for another day, dear Sybil," he said, "for I have disposed of your time myself for tomorrow in a way which I trust will be acceptable to you. I wish you to go on an excursion with me, a real old fashioned pic-nic, when we will spend the day near a Ruined Church some miles

distant. It is so picturesque in its decay that I am told it is well worth the little journey; you must be as thoughtful as Red Riding Hood, and take a basket of good things with you; I will order out the large coach so as to be as comfortable as possible, and John shall be our coachman and attendant."

His voice was so kind, his manner so encouraging, that Sybil, forgetting for a moment how cold and harsh he could be, bounded to his side and clasping one of his hands in her own, told him how she thanked him, and what pleasure the drive would give her, not forgetting the dinner in the woods, where she fancied herself spreading a rural table and presiding over it; then suddenly remembering who and what he was, to whom she was unfolding every nook and corner of her young heart, and how perhaps he was inwardly ridiculing her for her burst of childish feeling, she blushed scarlet and drew back covered with confusion.

"Give me your hand again," he said kindly, as he felt by her abrupt pause something of the truth; then his voice took almost a tone of solemn tenderness as he spoke; "It is a soft hand, a true, good hand, and belongs to a true, good heart; my sister has just such a hand, but the world has spoiled her heart, has taken it piece by piece for its own, and a hand without a heart's truth in it is meaningless; she has forgotten her brother, quite forgotten him, I fear. Until the world has spoiled *your* heart, will you be my sister, little Sybil?"

He bent forward earnestly, with that strong yearning for affection in his breast, as if even with his blind eyes he might read her face.

Sybil was silent, she knew not what to answer; she glanced at his strong, powerful frame; his broad, intelligent brow; and then down, as it were, upon her own diminutive self standing by his side; then she hastily compared their mental difference, where the one knew so much, the other so little; and lastly, she remembered his stern, unbending will as opposed to hers, and she was silent still.

"Then you will not promise," said Vernon, moodily, "is it so hard a thing

to do and be? Do you forget, Sybil, that years ago, by the cottage porch, you gave me a whole garland which you had woven with infinite care,—will you refuse me now the simple flower of sisterly affection?"

We have said that Sybil's was a frank nature; not a shadow of deception appeared in her earnest eyes, but there was trouble in their depths as she glanced at Vernon and tried to frame a reply which would not wound him. No slight excuse would satisfy her, no glossing over of the truth, she could never have forgiven herself for trifling with another, and even her own failings were regarded by her with impartial judgment.

Her motto was,

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Then after a moment's thought she spoke out slowly and distinctly, and Vernon found himself listening with strange eagerness to her words.

"No, Mr. Vernon, I cannot be what you require, for a sister must be in a measure, as I understand it, a friend, an adviser whom a brother respects; a sister's wishes and inclinations should be consulted, and I have no right to these requirements at your hands; and then I am too young, too thoughtless, to be anything of a guide to one so experienced, so worldly-wise as you are; your nature too unyielding and imperious to be guided by me."

"And suppose that I should subscribe to these all-important requirements," he asked, "what then?"

"*You never could,*" was the serious answer.

"Tell me why, Sybil?" he said with growing interest and curiosity.

"Because, to engage to be a sister to any one is no light thing," she answered, sitting down as to an important consultation, "if I had a sister she should tell me all my faults and reprove me when she thought needful; we would pray together, weep and smile together; her sorrows should be mine, and mine hers; in fine,

we would be all in all to each other; now, you know that we, you and I, could *never* be this."

"And why?" was the pertinacious question.

"Oh, because," she still truthfully answered, "you are a great deal older than I am, and are too grand, and tall, and cold for such intimate companionship. It seems to me if I had a brother, we would be flying together over the lawn and roaming the fields for flowers, and these *you* could not do; then he would always smile sweetly on me, but your smile has something scornful in it at times, truly, a cruel smile, and you walk upon the earth, not as if you could not see God's beautiful world, but as proudly as if it were made for you and you had a right to every inch of it. Then there is another reason, and it is this, that I am afraid of you, or have been so until to day, and perfect love, the love of a brother and sister, casteth out fear."

Sybil stopped for breath.

"Thank you," said Vernon, half amused, half angry with her portrait of him, "I really did not know until this moment how formidable I was. Is there no oasis in the desert, no redeeming point that you could mention, to take the sting from your utter condemnation of myself, to soothe my self-love?"

"Oh, yes," answered Sybil, truth still her guiding star, "with all this there is a nobleness about you that seems to belong to no other; a word of praise from you is worth more than a hundred from my teachers, and then though your lips are often

'Curved like an archer's bow to let the bitter arrows out,'

their smile, *sometimes*, as if in contrast to that cruel, sarcastic smile of yours, is like sunshine. And besides this, when I am reading romances, all the heroes seem to resemble you when you are happiest; they have the same soft, wavy hair, the same perfect features;"—and Sybil was going on to describe some one who was almost ideally perfect in face and form, when Vernon stopped her.

No wonder that her mind was full of romantic notions, when Vernon's library had been daily open to her; no wonder that in her intercourse with a matter-of-fact old lady, and a morose, disappointed man, she had almost lost the language and ideas of childhood, and like a forced hot-house plant, had expanded before her time. Shut out from the world of children, their sports and simple pleasures, her mind took its colouring only from the company it had kept, and yet the playfulness of childhood had not deserted her, though her judgment belonged to maturer years.

"I did not mean that you should particularize so minutely," said Vernon, somewhat embarrassed by her candor, "but let us return to the old subject. Listen to me, Sybil: after all that you have said I am not discouraged yet; promise to be my sister, and I will act in all things as you desire, because, moreover, I know that you will not abuse your power."

Sybil sighed, for, from his earnest tone she knew that there could be no escape. It was a stupendous undertaking to her young heart; half her liberty would be lost watching over him; but then she owed him so much and he was so lonely, so doubly lonely because of his blindness and the hard-heartedness of the sister

who had forsaken him; what could she do but promise to *try* at least, and putting her hand in his again, she spoke in a firm voice, but with a beating, faltering heart, the words which had cost her such a struggle.

"I can but try, and I will; but it must not all be on my side, Mr. Vernon; an orphan, brotherless, sisterless, I, too, have need of a brother's care; what I am to be to you, will you in the same spirit be to me?"

"I will, so help me God," he said impulsively but fervently, "guard you, guide you, and sacrifice my own happiness, if by so doing it would benefit you in any way."

And yet—

Why do I write that word of doubt, that ominous *yet*? She trusted him, tears starting to her eyes as she felt the force of his solemn words and realized that she had gained a friend for life. Was not the firm pressure of those clasped hands a seal on the compact? There was nothing chilling in *that*. She might have been painted as a picture of Faith, as she stood there in her innocent youth with scarcely the knowledge in her heart that there was such a thing in the wide world as a *trust betrayed*, a *confiding heart deceived*.

LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Particular places become dear to the heart of man more generally by the associations attached to them, than by their beauty, convenience, or fertility. Nor is this the case only as affecting individuals, for attachment founded on memories or traditions binds tribes and nations likewise to certain spots, and this is carried so far occasionally that the mere name of a distant country will call from the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride, and hope.

CANZONET:

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

My love for thee, dear lady,
 Broke on my manhood's prime,
 Like strain of harp-strings blended
 With some melodious rhyme ;
 And now 'tis all the music
 To which my heart beats time.

And as I'm pressing onward
 To storm the future's breach,
 I hear thy footsteps patter
 By my side, and count them each,
 As I'd count the bars of melodies
 Which Seraphim might teach !

My love's not that wild feeling
 Which too often leaves us ruth,
 As its fierce Vesuvius buries
 Dream-built cities of our youth.
 Where the passion which was lava
 Makes a sepulchre uncouth !
 No. It is a deep devotion
 To thy purity and truth !

And my love beneath life's ocean
 Like the coral 'neath the sea
 Buildeth fairy grotts and caverns,
 That are filled with love of thee ;
 Where my heart's tides ever murmur
 In a happy symphony !

And my thoughts are like the coral ;
 For when I would make them known !
 All my words howe'er impassioned
 Seem to be transformed to stone,
 Coral snatched up from the ocean
 Where it has its life alone.*

Ah me ! love, no human language
 Can this love of mine disclose—
 'Tis to me—what shall I call it
 This great love that greater grows ?
 'Tis a gleam of ruddy sunlight
 Blushing over all life's snows !
 'Tis a brook which evil spirits
 Cannot cross, for on its flows
 Pure as if its crystal waters
 From some aiden-fountain rose.
 But alas ! my rhymes are turning
 Sweet heart-poems into prose !

* Anterior to the publication of Darwin's voyages, coral was regarded as a st plant, changed by the action of the air into stone.

THE LATE GEN. JAMES HAMILTON OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The tidings of the dreadful death of this great and good man, which fell from the telegraph upon his afflicted friends "like a thunderbolt from Heaven," were soon too bitterly confirmed. In the stillness of the midnight waste of waters and in the deep hush of his quiet slumbers, this noble spirit was, without a moment's warning, by an act of murderous negligence, hurled, amid the tumultuous rush of waters, into the presence of his eternal Creator. What severity of punishment can be adequate to such atrocious dereliction of ordinary duty? What depth of grief in the mourning friends of the noble victim can assuage the agony of their tortured hearts? Well may we exclaim, in the language of the inspired prophet, "I say unto you one of the princes of the earth has fallen;" not a prince in earthly station, or in worldly wealth, but in the infinitely higher qualities of the exalted soul, the noble and magnanimous heart—a heart gifted with an expansive generosity and benevolence that knew no limits to its charity and philanthropy. The kindness of his heart, and the depth of feeling of his generous nature were indeed above the character of humanity; insomuch that few, very few men were capable of comprehending, appreciating, or believing the extent of his utter unselfishness in his every thought and action. The two great ruling maxims of his life, not merely uttered but practised, were, first, the noble Roman moral, "*Haud ignarus mali, miseri succurrere disco*," and the "second was like unto it," "*Homo sum, et nil humani a me alienum puto*." With the sternest and most enduring fortitude of suffering for himself, the writer of this feeble tribute, (to whom his great and good heart was an open book, and none knew him so intimately from childhood,) has again and again seen him moved to tears by the sufferings of the wretched and the unfortunate. In the service of his friends and of the distressed his utter forgetfulness of self was of the most extraordinary character. For virtues such as these surely he was worthy of Hea-

ven's highest rewards; and we humbly trust that God, in his plenitude of goodness, has now this exalted spirit in his holy keeping. Amongst the noble traits of his elevated nature the one most remarkable was that of his never speaking ill of any human being, exhibiting the most genuine spirit of Christianity in returning at all times good for evil; never derogating from another nor arrogating aught for himself; but ever exhibiting the noblest modesty and humility as to his own great merits and abilities. On all occasions (and they were constantly occurring) when this writer would speak with indignant anathemas of the ingratitude of those whom "once his noble bounty fed," whom his benefactions had raised from the dust and rendered rich and arrogant, and who, many of them, became his worst enemies when misfortunes and calamities had befallen him, his only reply was, at all times, "I deplore the depravity and weakness of human nature, and grieve that mankind can be capable of such ingratitude." If the Almighty, in His merciful providence, had allowed him to survive for one brief year longer, (a wish that he himself of late had most ardently expressed,) and had permitted him further to serve his native State in the United States Senate, for even one session, he would then have done full justice to his exalted genius; and there his great eloquence would have shone forth in its full effulgence, in its appropriate sphere; for his friends have constantly declared that he has never yet stood in the proper arena to exhibit his great powers of mind and the full radiance of his glowing eloquence. In the United States Senate he would doubtless have been the leading and the ablest champion of State Rights and of the Constitution in its purity; and "at the height of that great argument" his lofty genius would have found its proper parallel, and the true extent of his unevoked abilities would then have been displayed. It has frequently occurred in former days, at the public meetings of Charleston, that his spontaneous bursts

of eloquence have been regarded as far superior to the most labored efforts Hayne and McDuffie, and equal to the highest oratory of the gifted Preston. Such, too, was the character of his speeches on the floor of Congress, and especially in those noble and soul-stirring eulogies on his beloved friends, Decatur and Perry, when he advocated and obtained a pension for the widows of these much-loved companions of his boyhood, who had bequeathed to him, as their cherished friend, the dying legacy of their battle-swords, which had achieved such glory for their country. For one other object also he expressed the desire to survive the coming year, and that was to arrange, for the benefit of his family, his friends, and his creditors, his own vastly complicated private affairs, which, in consequence of his former great sacrifices in behalf of Texas, and from the princely munificence with which he ever succored the distressed, he has unfortunately left in almost irretrievable involvement and confusion. But, alas! the infinite Creator has decreed it as to Himself seemed best, and we can only bow in profound submission to His Almighty will, and must exclaim, in one of the favorite apothegms of this noble being—

“As falls on me or storm or sun,
Thy will, oh, God! not mine, be done.”

Still, in the weak fondness of human nature, his friends cannot help expressing the now vain wish that the Almighty had permitted him to have died a nobler death, and one better suited to the naturally grand aspirations of his elevated soul; that he could at least have perished like the gallant Herndon, in the exertion of the noblest efforts to save his fellow-beings; in the discharge of the highest duties of humanity; when such a death would have conferred, as the greatness of his soul so well deserved, a glorious immortality of fame. Such a death is indeed greatly to be envied, for then—

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!”

But now, alas! the reflection is most agonizing to his friends, and must have inflicted the most terrific, even though momentary, torture on his noble heart, to have been thus hopelessly and helplessly stifled by the overwhelming flood in that contracted prison, without the possible power of making one single though dying effort either for himself or his fellow-sufferers. This indeed is the source of the most poignant and bitter anguish to his suffering friends. Here, “Oh, death! is thy most dreadful sting; here, oh, grave! is thy most cruel victory.” If there was one moment spared to him when roused by that awful deluge from his deep slumbers, that moment, be assured, was devoted to a dying effort to save his fellow-beings—helpless women and frantic children; and thus it must have been that he perished. It is beyond a doubt that his serene and lofty courage never forsook him for one moment, and that his clear and calm spirit burnt steadily to the last. “*Cum fractus illabitur orbis. Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*” But, great God! what a whirl of crushing sensations, not for himself, but for his intensely loved family and friends, must have agonized the breaking of that mighty heart, the last struggle of that parting soul! Indeed it is almost enough to create in us a misgiving of the goodness and mercy of God (unless we can believe with the great Schiller, that “prosperity in this world is but the heritage of the fortunate and successful fool,”) when we behold so noble a nature suffering for years from worldly troubles, and finally expiring in agony, whilst thousands of mere sensual animals and mercenary creatures are wallowing, without a care, in worldly wealth. Truly the mysteries of Providence are, to our feeble brain, wholly inexplicable, and far beyond our capacity and reach. We must be content to worship in awe-struck humility and wondering adoration, and must be inspired with the certain conviction, by this signal instance alone, that *there must be another and a better world*. With such instances constantly recurring, from that first and most sublime example of our divine and suffering Saviour, “*that man*

of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and throughout the sainted hosts of martyrs and innumerable great and good men, down to our deplored and venerated friend, still this weak and stolid world will ever judge from appearances, and make in all things, *success the test of merit*, in opposition to the immutable maxim of the ancients, "*Vitam regit fortuna non sapientia*,"—"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." One of our greatest and most profound authors has truly said, "Mankind will never be without oppressors, so long as they act against their own best interests, by conspiring against those of *Virtue*, and thus make knaves of Statesmen, and tyrants of Rulers, by transferring to success the praise and applause that should be reserved alone for virtue. Venerating FORTUNE more than MORALITY; defrauding the good and the wise of their just applause, or suffering it to be shared with the profligate and the vicious. A premium is thus held out for unscrupulous demagogues and unprincipled intriguers; when the failure of the worst and the best designs is alike condemned, and the means by which success is achieved are lost sight of in the false lustre that surrounds it."

Gen. HAMILTON was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1789. His maternal grandfather, Thos. Lynch, not only signed the Declaration of Independence, but was the author of the first address and remonstrance to the British House of Commons in the first Congress of the Colonies after the passage of the stamp act. His father, the late venerable Major Hamilton, of the old continental line, was a favorite aid of the great Washington; commanded one of the regiments of Wayne's brigade, and was gallantly distinguished in almost every important battle of the Revolution. The invincible love of liberty and elevated spirit of patriotism for which his ancestors were so eminent, were inherited by himself in their highest vigor. In the war of 1812 Gen. (then Major) Hamilton served with great distinction throughout the Canadian campaigns. At the termination of the war he returned to the prac-

tice of the law in Charleston, in copartnership with the late eminent Judge Huger; and was soon after elected mayor of the city, the duties of which office he discharged with signal ability, and especially in the year 1822, when he exhibited remarkable energy, sagacity, and courage in suppressing a most dangerous insurrection. In the following year he was elected to the State Legislature, and was there also highly distinguished for the power, eloquence, and ability of his speeches on many important occasions. At the close of the year 1823 he was elected to Congress as successor to the great William Lowndes, who had been one of his dearest friends, and whose death he most deeply deplored. At this period the vexed question of a protective tariff was the ruling subject of the most angry and excited debate, and Gen. Hamilton soon took a leading part in this great discussion, and delivered some of the most eloquent and powerful speeches in opposition to that unjust and unconstitutional system, and was then regarded as next to his old friend and connection, John Randolph, in power of debate and severity of invective. Hamilton had always been in favor of a system of direct taxation. During his Congressional career Gen. Hamilton achieved, from his high courtesy and chivalry of character, the epithet of "the Chevalier Bayard of the South," and well-merited was the comparison, for no man was ever more eminently distinguished for "high and noble thought, situate in a heart of courtesy," and none ever acted out more fully the elevated principle "*parcere subjectis, debellare superbos*." As was said of the great Sydney, the flower of knighthood and the cynosure of chivalry, by one of the most finished writers of our language, "at the name of Hamilton, (Sydney,) the gallant, all-accomplished Hamilton, the roused soul awakes, as at the call of a silver trumpet, to all the grand and glorious associations of chivalry and romance;" and to those "grand and glorious associations" no human being was so sensitively and feelingly alive as Hamilton, and nothing in the whole scope of human composition has sur-

passed in splendor and in touching pathos his own glorious apostrophe to the peerless and serene intrepidity of the illustrious Huguenot chieftain, Du Plessis Mornay, from whose noble stock (amongst the earliest settlers of Carolina) some of Hamilton's maternal ancestors were descended. But, since the departure of Calhoun and Hamilton, the world appears to be disenchanted of magnanimous chivalry, and seems now to be (as Madame de Stael said) a world of "merely eating, drinking, bargain-making men." When in Congress he was called upon to act as the second of many of his friends, and, amongst others, of McDuffie, and of Randolph in his celebrated duel with the illustrious Clay; but no man ever (though himself engaged when a young officer in the army in numerous duels) composed and reconciled so many controversies. And in every duel in which he was, with the deepest regret of his feeling heart, forced by circumstances beyond his control to engage, he invariably inflicted so slight a wound (being undoubtedly the most calm and perfect shot of our country) as merely to disarm his opponent, in his own defence, and never failed to place his ball at the precise point he had previously indicated to his second. In many of the cases, where he acted as second, as in that of McDuffie, he assumed upon himself the responsibility of forbidding their progress; and, in the case of Clay and Randolph, he made every possible effort, though in vain, to reconcile their lamented quarrel.

In the celebrated contest for the Presidency between Jackson and Adams, Gen. Hamilton was a conspicuous champion of the former, and contributed more to his success than any other statesman of our country. In gratitude for which Gen. Jackson offered him first the post of Secretary of War, and afterwards that of Minister to Mexico, with power to negotiate the purchase of Texas; both of which offers were declined, in consequence of his determination to accept the proffered Governorship of South Carolina, and to oppose in that State by a nullification (or State injunction upon its operation) the system of protective tariffs, un-

til some just compromise be effected, or the adequate tribunal of her *sovereign peers*, a Convention of the States, should be called to decide upon the sovereign right of a State veto on a *clearly unconstitutional act*. This Governor Hamilton accordingly carried into effect, and continued this State injunction upon its enforcement until the noble spirit of the illustrious Clay effected that great compromise which established its gradual reduction to the revenue standard, and conceded in its practical effect the final abandonment of the protective system.

This greatly agitated question of State nullification has been utterly misunderstood and misrepresented by its opponents, who have constantly confounded it with the diametrically opposite doctrine of secession and disunion. As well might we confound the injunction of a court of justice upon the operation of a disputed act of Congress, until its constitutionality could be tested, with an act of practical rebellion and actual warfare, or a formal and avowed withdrawal from the Union. So entirely the reverse of secession is the act of State nullification upon an unconstitutional act, passed by a sectional and factious majority in Congress, that when General Jackson sent to Gov. Hamilton the *anti-State Rights and un-Democratic* proclamation of the *old Federalist*, Edward Livingston, together with his denunciation of what he regarded as an act of disunion, the reply of Gov. Hamilton was that "*South Carolina did not intend to leave the Union unless the Federal Executive should drive her out by military force, and that the first blood of a citizen must be shed by the chief agent or attorney of all the States, and not by the chief agent or attorney of South Carolina.*" But Jackson was ever most unyielding in both his enmities and his friendships, and, as McDuffie said of him, "*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*" After the pacific settlement of this great and vital question, by the compromise of the immortal patriot Clay, Governor Hamilton retired to the quiet pursuits of country-life; and, when Gov. Seabrook appointed him to succeed the great Calhoun in the United States

The morality, purity, and temperance of Gen. Hamilton were of the highest order, and all the domestic virtues he possessed in an eminent and enviable degree. His deep devotion and almost childlike adoration of his most venerable and patriarchal father (even when he was Governor, and amidst the turmoil of nullification and of arming the State for her defence) were the subject of wonderment to those who knew not the perfect simplicity of his loving nature. His first act of noble beneficence and filial piety on coming of age, was the sacrifice of his entire patrimony to pay the debts and engagements of his generous and liberal father who had become the security and endorser of numerous friends. As a husband his devoted loyalty was of the most elevated and chivalrous character, and as a father his affection for his children amounted almost to idolatry. His habits were of the utmost simplicity, like those of Democritus and Zeno, and he never indulged in one single article of mere gratification to the senses. At the grandest banquets, and none ever gave more sumptuous ones than himself when Governor, he invariably selected the simplest dish, and with that he was content; nor did he ever expend a dollar for luxury or splendor, though he devoted a vast fortune to the service of his State in preparing her to defend her homes and firesides from the invasion of Jackson.

Like all great men, he had the most perfect contempt for "*vile lucre*" in itself, and for the base misers who worship it, and only attached any sort of value to it as one of the means of doing good, where it may assist the philanthropist in acts of benevolence and in the relief of suffering humanity; and this the writer has known him, in his once great prosperity, to give thousands to the needy and the wretched. For all other purposes he regarded it as mere "*earthly dross*," and beneath the regard of any good or great mind; agreeing with Lord Bacon that "*the only true end of just ambition is the power to do good*;" and this noble purpose of doing good was the sole aim and object of his life. For his native State, whilst he possessed the means and power, his efforts

were unceasing and his sacrifices were unparalleled. Amongst other great objects to which he devoted his resources and his energies, the extensive, important and at that time unequalled railroad enterprise for constructing "the South Carolina railroad" throughout the length of the State was projected and established by his devoted efforts; and repeatedly was it sustained and saved from failure by his means and his exertions. For his native city of Charleston also he made greater sacrifices and expenditures of private means than any other citizen. To him is she indebted for the establishment of her beautiful public walks, her Battery, or *Prado*, (as he desired it should be named,) by devoting to that purpose at an almost nominal value the most eligible locations and dwellings of himself and his brother-in-law, Judge Prioleau. He originated and established the celebrated "*Southern Review*," and wrote many of its ablest and most eloquent articles. He also established, when Governor, that admirable and solid institution, the "*Bank of Charleston*," which has never (with its immense capital of over five millions) ceased to pay specie in any crisis, and which, after his retirement from public life, he conducted with signal ability until he unfortunately resigned his post as President, to engage, with all the impulsive and generous enthusiasm of his noble heart, in the cause of Texas; for which country he made the most ruinous sacrifices of his own great resources to secure her independence. From this his contempt of lucre, and of all those who so greatly worship it, many of those who had lost by his heavy sacrifices and embarrassments in behalf of Texas, and by his subsequent failure, had become his enemies. When, at the time of his failure, his friends urged him to take the benefit of the bankrupt act, merely to free himself from persecution until he could arrange his widely-extended and complicated affairs and settle with his creditors in quietude and justice, he indignantly repelled the proposal, nobly exclaiming, "I will do nothing that can bear the *slightest semblance* to taking advantage of any creditor, but will labour

with every power that God has bestowed upon me for their benefit, amidst all persecutions, to my latest breath." The consequence of this noble conduct has been, as his friends predicted, (with very few honourable exceptions,) the most virulent, harrassing, and unrelenting persecution, whilst his exertions for his persecutors have been herculean, self-sacrificing, and unceasing to the very last moment of his life, for he was then on his way to labour for them in pressing his claims upon the Texas Legislature for their heavy debt to him for his great advances and his greater services. Such is the gratitude of a heartless and mercenary world! But, as he himself so beautifully said, in one of his eloquent eulogies upon his great compeer and most intimate friend, Calhoun, "His enemies, like the Indian who madly fired his arrow at the Sun, shall, at the great day of account, be struck down with blindness and dismay." And now, that his gallant and dauntless spirit has departed from his cold and stiffened corpse, let no fiendish hyena sacrilegiously dare to prowl, no dastardly and recreant ass venture "to kick against the body of the dead lion." Hamilton had not the slightest desire for power and place or political preferment, (not even for the Presidency,) except in so far as it might enable him *to do good to his fellow-beings*. And his chief, if not his only, object in at all desiring the United States Senatorship, was to do, if possible, *some justice* to the heroism and patriotism of the martyrs of the Revolution, (to whom we owe our country and our independence,) by aiding in the noble and glorious work of gratitude and right, in passing an act to provide for their still *unsettled pay* for the benefit of their suffering descendants. Beyond this "power to do good" he had no desire whatever for any office, however high it might appear in the estimation of the world; and no degree of scorn and contempt could exceed that which he at all times uttered against the despicable scramble for place and pelf with which our country is disgraced. From this feeling it was that he has so long preferred the retirement of *private life*. *Whenever*

he would in any way refer to the abuse of his enemies, (and he had *not one on earth* beyond the *worshippers of lucre* who had lost something by his overwhelming misfortunes,) he would draw himself proudly up and exclaim, with the grandest expression on his nobly expressive face, lit up by his elevated soul, "Let them return their vile abuse for all the efforts and sacrifices I am making in their behalf; I despise their abuse, for *I know that I am an honest man*." And again, on one of these occasions, in the language of the great patriot, EMMETT, he would exclaim, "When I am dead let no man dare to charge me with dishonour; let no man write my epitaph unless he knows my motives, and dares to vindicate them; otherwise let them and me repose in obscurity and peace until enmity and prejudice shall pass away—until other times and other men shall do justice to my character; then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." That epitaph, noble spirit, I would fain essay to write, if I could imbibe the inspiration of your own glowing and soul-stirring eloquence; for none, as you well know, so loved you from childhood, "with a love passing the love of woman." "*Heu quantum minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse*." And to me "not another calamity like to this can e'er succeed in unknown fate." But, alas! I am neither gifted with your lofty genius, (which none have so well known, and to which you have never done justice by any laboured effort,) nor if I were so gifted would the depth of my grief allow of its coherent utterance; for,

"Whilst memory bids me weep thee
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee."

I must be content to write down for your epitaph that glorious Roman verse which you so much cherished, and which, if you could have died (as you so often wished) the death of the *patriot and the hero*, you would have made (like the immortal martyr, Egmont, whose memory you so greatly venerated) your last, your *dying words*:

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus
Mente quatit solida."

AMICUS.

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Since the foregoing was written, the public journals have contained a most powerful and eloquent Address of Gov. HAMILTON to the Legislature of South Carolina, written just before embarking on the fatal steamer in which he was so ruthlessly slain. From this noble Address we extract the following most feeling allusion and glorious apostrophe to the august spirit of the great CALHOUN:

"In the session in which Mr. Calhoun died, I was in Washington, and for six weeks preceding his decease I was the constant companion of his sick bed. Instead of seeking the hospitality of the metropolis, every evening of my life I sought the instructive consolations of the conversation of my great friend. Although sinking hour by hour, his cheerfulness as little deserted him as his tenderness and affection to his friends. His great intellect, like the glorious luminary of the world, seemed to shine with a milder yet more perfect radiance as it was about to dip beyond the horizon forever. We were generally alone, and at an hour just before sunset, which prevented the intrusion of other visitors, to whom he generally denied himself, his conversation had an indescribable interest, and was imbued with the charm of a tenderness and charity to others of unspeakable beauty.

"These conversations, when he spoke of the South, were mournful and melancholy in the extreme. He foretold the point we have reached. The portentous augmentation of the slavery excitement, the increase of extravagance and corruption, the centralization of the wealth and commerce of the country in one capital—an accumulation which would lead to the most frightful revulsion—all of which would drive the South out of the Confederacy, if the evil was not speedily arrested.

"In one of these conversations, laying his

hand upon my arm, he said: 'My friend, you must return to the public service of our State, to carry out my principles and unfinished labours. A great crisis will come when her interests and your reputation will demand it.'

"But I must stop. A sense of delicacy and propriety prevents my going any further with these disclosures. The reasons of his preference of myself are locked in my own bosom. To recollect them seems 'to recover a part of the forgotten value of existence.' In the hour of adverse fortune, sweet will ever be their odor, sweet the balm of their consolation! August Spirit, at the throne of the Almighty! Look down from that footstool, where you gaze undazzled at the glories of your God, and bless the State which in your life you served with so much honour! Look down, too, with tenderness on your weak, humble, and suffering friend, who believes the crisis has come when he might obey your high commands. He comes ready to peril all of life and honour on the issue, if others will it so. Mighty Spirit, all hail, and farewell!"

Equally beautiful was his letter in reply to the requests of his friends who urged him to be a candidate for the United States Senatorship. From this letter we make the following extract:

"I belong to a past generation—to a confederation of men who have passed from the strifes and contentions of this fitful and feverish world to an immortality of happiness. When I think of those companions of my then comparative youth, those associates in a glorious struggle, 'my heart grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water.' I hope that I, the humblest of the throng, may be permitted to place a poor garland on their graves. They rise unbidden to my memory in all the strong lineaments of life.

"There stands Calhoun, in all the grandeur of his genius and the solidity of his immovable integrity. What inscription of praise does he need beyond the utterance of his name?

"There stands Hayne, in all the mild radiance of his character, with an ability

A PLEA FOR COUNTRY LIFE.

"O Rus!

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, 'O Rus,'
Of London pleasures sick."---*Thos. Hood.*

I am a country lad. Aye, I am not ashamed to confess it, even in your ears, O dainty walker upon hard bricks, that these hands have sometimes had hold of the plough-helves and have tossed the hay upon the fragrant meadows in the hours of many a summer day. They are doing neither now, but I am not less a child of the country. Since the period of my agricultural exploits, I have toiled over books both new and old, fresh and rare; I have wrestled with the great thoughts of great men till awe and trembling possessed me, and have been delighted with the fancies and sweet rhymes of poets; but never have I found other breezes making music in the summer leaves of poesy or rippling the mighty ocean of heroic deed, than those which swept the country in the beautiful summers that are gone.

O, the country! Mother of great men, almoner of great thoughts, why is she despised? Because men respect not the wants of their spiritual natures and have warped their minds from the perception, and their hearts from the enjoyment, of what is truly beautiful and lovely. And besides, to tell the truth, nature does not appear best on first acquaintance. She is not only conventional, demanding an introduction, but, furthermore, is suspicious, and does not unbosom herself to any but tried friends. The qualifications for her friendship are numerous. There must be feeling, humility, simplicity, zeal and enthusiasm, or failure will be the result. But her friendship is worth having. It is more valuable than rubies; the source of exquisite delights, of pure pleasures, of holy thoughts. It will deck you with truths that will cause your soul to sparkle forever; it will furnish principles and laws that will work you to greatness; it will throw around your mind a mantle of imagery equal in texture or finish to that of the Hebrew or Greek.

Would you have your mind broad, comprehensive, free? Make your home on the hills; learn the speech of the elements, it will be of more benefit than the languages of barbarous people; master the philosophy of the seasons, it will be of far greater value than those vain researches and sophistical reasonings which do only cease in incoherent Atheism. And, unless history is false, your mind will grow broad and fertile as the plains you tread, free as the air that cools your brow, and as bold and firm in its thought and action as the mountains that tower before you. Would you have your heart aglow, your imagination vivid, your fancy light as the roe upon the hills? There is "the rose of dawn," wooing each morn in the gardens of the East, and each evening when the sun goes to his setting there are the gorgeous palaces of sunset from whose magic towers are unfurled the golden gonfalons of fairy land. And when the splendid pageant has faded, and the stars look out from their watch-towers, if you would know your own soul, gaze down into its depths; and the morn will find you a wiser man than ever was he who consulted the oracle of old. For in your experience will be written by the finger of deed that glorious maxim which did only adorn the portals of the temple at Delphos, "Know thyself."

I say, fearlessly, that there is no more striking development of modern humbuggery than the fashion of country living, as practised by the denizens of the city. Do not understand me to say that their country houses are not cooler, that their butter and vegetables are not fresher than those to which they have been accustomed in the city. This is granted. But above and beyond these things, how much real advantage do they gain by their summer-life in the country. Now I speak what I do know when I say, that the glorious beauties and enticing charms of

nature are, for the most part, lost upon them. They will not endure the necessary fatigue in order to view her wildest and most imposing features, but rest content with seeing what lies about their doors and windows. They would not—I speak of that class of fashionables which comprises more than three-fourths of those who go into the country—make a three hours' climb in summer to see the grand old sun scattering the supernal splendors of his rising over the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc. And yet on a warm afternoon of the August last passed, a party, composed principally of ladies, spent three hours in ascending and descending a hill to sit upon a bank of moss and look upon the town and valley below. I need scarcely say that they were country ladies, not as robust either as many who come out of the city, but they were not afraid to make an effort. And they returned home none the worse for the climb, save in the depredations of musquitos, the greedy custom-house officers of that lofty region.

There should be no false ideas about the country, and yet literature abounds in them. Country youths are drawn as Apollos—country maidens as Graces. What is called the golden age, when Apollos courted the Graces beneath over-spreading trees and filled up the pauses of courtship with amorous strains of the pipe, the business of said Apollos and Graces being to watch sheep, will certainly never return, because it has never been. Claude and Salvator may paint such scenes, but the sun has never shone on them. Why cannot writers write naturally? Cannot they go out into the country and see things as they are? Some-

body has written thus: (I quote from memory.)

“How blest the farmer's happy life!
How pure the joy it yields.
Free from the world's tempestuous strife,
Amid the scented fields.”

Poetically, the verse is very good, practically, it is very poor. Talk to the farmer, who is labouring in the hayfield under a sky of June, when the thermometer stands at 100° in the shade, about his “free life” and “the scented fields,” and if he laughs in your face and thinks your ideas confused, do not be surprised! His “free life” is a life of bone-aching toil and “the scented fields” are covered with hay that is to support his family, and that is the sum total of his poetry in hay-making. It is far more true to life than the verse quoted, and, consequently, according to Wordsworth, better poetry.

I love the country and am jealous of her honor. Those who live upon her bosom are often sneered at and stigmatized as boors, clod-hoppers, etc., ad infinitum, by many who have never, in all their lustrums, felt a throb of nature's great heart. Let such sneer! Here and now I do aver that a nobler, truer, more refined people, (I do not speak of the fictitious graces and refinements of etiquette, but of natural goodness and that symmetrical cultivation of mind and heart which constitutes true gentility,) never were ruled over by a Mayor, or plundered by an Alderman. Here and now I do aver that, as far as extensive observation gives one a claim to speak, the people of the country are, at least, the equals of their more pretending brethren of the city.

JOAN OF ARC.

Twilight came, its shadows bringing,
 And the sun's last golden ray
 To the distant mountains clinging
 Pleading seemed for longer stay;
 Though the vesper bells were ringing
 Forth a requiem for the day.

'Twas the hour of meek devotion;
 Broken were the bonds of care
 And each heart with new emotion
 Joining in the eve'ning prayer,
 Formed, like mist upon the ocean,
 One rich cloud of incense there.

For one common prayer ascended
 From the mountain and the glen;
 Maidens' meek petitions blended
 With the voice of war-like men,
 That the God who had defended,
 Their defence would prove again.

Died the vesper echoes holy,—
 Gathered shadows dim and dark,—
 And Domremi's peasants slowly
 Ceased with prayer the hour to mark,
 Till alone for worship lowly
 Kneelt the brave Joan of Arc.

"God," she pleaded, "in subjection
 Bows our country, and in woe;
 Human courage or affection
 Cannot save it from the foe.
 Grant thy strong and sure protection,
 And thine holy aid bestow.

"Thou, who ever watchest o'er them,
 Now our broken armies shield,
 Raise some chief to go before them
 To the conflict in the field,
 Who shall guide them, and restore them
 When the enemy shall yield."

Fainter grew the twilight's glimmer,—
 Fainter still, until it died;—
 And the shadows deeper, dimmer,
 Closed around on every side;
 But an angel voice within her
 Thus unto her soul replied:

"Stay no longer, idly seeking
 For some bannered host's advance;
 Battles are not won with weeping;
 Seize the warrior's spear and lance;
 Given to thy maiden keeping
 Is the lily wreath of France!

blind, insane, orphan, and indigent, all have asylums, and their wants, as far as may, supplied. The blind have sight from the magic touch,—the dumb converse with manual speech; the orphan finds parents in attentive teachers; but who supplies or undertakes to supply *husbands* for, "*for single ladies of a certain age?*" Is this not a legitimate object of philanthropy? Who can listen unmoved to the recital of struggles with a cold and unsympathizing race of bachelors; the taunts and jeers of gay and thoughtless mothers; and the crushing, grinding weight of hopeless celibacy! What bosom does not bleed at the thought of ardent hopes and bitter disappointments, long and patient watching and waiting, with no record but the prospect of lonely and indefinite maidenhood? What Christian philanthropist can behold that irrelevancy of nature, an *old maid*,—the virgin with her lamp extinguished, mourning in the dark over the tomb of her lost beauty, and withered hopes,—and refuse a helping hand to lift her to her proper sphere and seat her on the throne of the domestic circle?

How strange that there should not be in the broad limits of our land a single institution private or public, whose direct object is to afford relief to these acknowledged objects of sympathy. There are some it is true whose *ulterior* object is to effect this relief, nor would I be understood to depreciate their laudable efforts in this direction; such are the, "*Boston Society for furnishing female teachers for the South*," "*The American Woman's Educational Association*," (of which Miss Beecher is president,)—" *The Woman's Rights Society of Utica*," and some others all bearing onward in a career of usefulness, and effecting much towards the regeneration of old maids. But yet their efforts, mixed up as they are with other measures of reform, have not that extent and efficiency of design which the importance of the subject demands. Associated effort needs prompting in a directer line towards the accomplishment of its object. The reformer who is to fill the largest space in the eye of the nineteenth century, will be he who cures that anom-

aly in our society—*involuntary celibacy*! The ancients struggled against this evil by legislative effort, and the great American utilitarian philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, looked to that source for a cure of the evil among ourselves. Rome had her Poppæan law, by which the honors of the state were graduated according to the number of a man's children, and which excluded the unmarried man from half the privileges of citizenship. "Cæsar gave rewards to those who had many children. All women under forty-five years of age, who had neither husband nor children were forbid to wear jewels, or to ride in litters; an excellent method," continues the historian, "thus to attack celibacy by the power of vanity." But a most unreasonable one, he might have added, thus to punish in woman that which all experience teaches us, is more her misfortune than her fault. Franklin understood the principles of our nature better, when in the dim light of a then just dawning, but now soon to be developed philosophy, he expressed the wish that "*the legislature would order an electrical machine, large enough to kill a turkey-cock, at least, to be placed in every parish, at the cost, and for the benefit of all the old bachelors of the same*." But the individualism of this age will not permit us to rely upon legislative aid in curing the evils of our society. As humanitarians we are bound to take a more extensive view of the question than that of individual happiness subserved by philanthropic efforts in behalf of old maids. We must look to the interests of civilization, and the welfare of communities, and take into the account the aims, hopes, and final destiny of man. How will the successful execution of any project to provide husbands for single ladies of an uncertain age affect the advancing interests of our civilization? What tale will it tell upon future generations?

It was such a train of reflection as the above which led the writer of this report to the determination to set on foot a project for the accomplishment of a long cherished idea of effecting something in the behoof adverted to. He claimed no exalted rank in the scale of humanitari-

me, but simply position as an humble but ardent member of the universal brotherhood of Philanthropical Reformers.

Accordingly early in April last, he set himself to working out the outline for the plan of "The Marriage Promoting Association, for the benefit of Middle-aged and Elderly Single Ladies." Having satisfied himself of the eligibility and feasibility of the plan, he collected around him a band of chosen and tried confidential friends, and with their aid completed the details of the plan, and opened the way clearly for its execution. He has to thank Providence that the germ he so anxiously cultivated is now firmly established in fruitful vigor, and that his novel experiment is now a brilliant success.

The Association have founded an "*Old Maids' Asylum*," the details in the plan and conduct of which are simple, but effectual. We have a large and commodious building in the heart of this (Boston) city, with chambers, and drawing-rooms, elegantly, and fashionably furnished. Our Association is classified into *Working* and *Sinecure* Members, the former class being comprised in what we style *The Executive Committee*. This committee is subdivided into the *Matrimonial* and *Bachelor* committees, with duties assigned partly separate, and partly concurrent. The Executive Committee consists entirely of married gentlemen and ladies, to whom is entrusted the whole conduct of our institution; while our sinecure members consist exclusively of bachelors and widowers. The separate duty of the Bachelor Committee, is to hunt up bachelors and widowers of good character and standing, candidates for matrimony, and induce them to join our Association. Upon doing so, they record their names, connections, professions, and fortunes in the appropriate register, and then, upon performing certain initiatory ceremonies, the principal of which, (as in most societies), is a pecuniary formality, and promising to conform to our regulations, and faithfully to perform the duties imposed, they are entitled to all the privileges of membership. These privileges and duties are the following: they are bound to visit the asylum regularly, and as fre-

quently as their business will permit: they must attend all parties, and entertainments given at the Asylum, unless prevented by reasonable necessity; they must be polite to the ladies, and particularly attentive to those recommended to their notice, and thrown in their company; they must cultivate an internal marriageable disposition, and a lively sentimentality, and endeavor to make themselves good conductors of animal magnetism;—in fine, we bind our members over in a sort of matrimonial recognizance to use all honest endeavors to get married, and select a bride from some of the ladies whose company they enjoy at our Institution.

A word on the régime of our institution, and our mode of selecting beneficiaries. Among the almost overwhelming number of applications, the Matrimonial Committee perform their duty honestly and fearlessly, by selecting only such as come up to our standard of education, position, age, &c. The Asylum is intended solely for the relief of *old maids*, and hence the applications of widows have been uniformly rejected,—long experience having taught us that they are abundantly able to take care of themselves. And here let me, once for all, remark as to the term *old maid*, which to some has, in its homeliness and familiarity, something of offence; the Committee, after mature deliberation, determined not to discard it, nor to sacrifice a term without a synonyme to silly prejudice. But our chief difficulty was in fixing upon the *proper age* at which this advanced stage of female single-blessedness should be said to commence. The various views entertained on this interesting point were really surprising. One thought *twenty-five* the proper chronological stand-point; while another contended that woman's life had only properly commenced at that age, and cited in support of this view the laws of European nations in latitudes not more northern than ours, which only allow ladies to be *marriageable at twenty-five*. Some fixed upon *thirty-five* as the middle of woman's three score and ten years, and hence the turning point of her destiny; while one

er two looked to *another limit* which nature herself has marked out, and drawing thence a significant conclusion, were ready to say with the poet :

" So let your list of *she-promotions*
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation age* ;
That is, (as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates) full *fifty-six*."

The opinion of the majority, which in the end prevailed, seemed to be that this point in woman's age was controlled by external circumstances, and varied like the length of the second's pendulum, according to latitude ; and that, looking to the locality, climate, and social customs of Boston, celibacy prolonged there beyond *thirty*, would properly entitle the single dame to the name and character of an " old maid." This decision, though concurred in by a majority, and sanctioned by the written opinion of several distinguished old women of New England,—[among the rest, that of Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, editress of Emerson's Magazine,]—whom we consulted, did not give universal satisfaction. Indeed it occasioned us the loss of one of our previously most active female members, who having herself married at thirty-five, was outraged that we should pitch upon *thirty* as the entering point of an old maid's life, and left our society because of this (as she chose to call it) "*bald anachronism* in our proceedings."

We admit no applicants, then, under the age of *thirty*. They, when admitted, oblige themselves to obey the regulations of the Institution. They are placed upon the confessional before the females of the Matrimonial Committee, and must commit in sacred confidence their ages, healths, fortunes, family connections, &c.—all of which are duly registered. Being thus inducted into the Institution, let us explain the manner and philosophy of their preparation for, and introduction into the married state.

Primarily, then, we regard celibacy in a female after attaining a certain age, as a *disease*. Woman was created for practical results ; she is neither a pla-

tonic deduction, nor a physiological abstraction. She is dual in her nature, and a parasite by first intention. The German language designates the unmarried maid by a term of the *neuter gender* ; thus in its admirable philosophy, voting woman a sexless cipher until married. What think ye of a mateless dove?—or a barren fig-tree?—or a bell without a clapper?—or the half of a pair of scissors? Woman unmarried is not less an abnormal curiosity than these. We regard celibacy, then, in the old maid as a *disease*. Her disease admits of but one cure, and that is marriage. But if she has been long suffering from it, she is every day removed further and further from a cure. Violent symptoms are developed which, without removal, render a cure next to impossible. Some of the most prominent of these symptoms are spleen, melancholy, dislike of her sex, affectation, friskiness, fickleness, swimming in the head, and fainting fits upon the near approach of men, feline proclivities, intense piety, gossiping, garrlity, and many others too numerous to mention. Our first care, then, is to remove as far as we are able these symptoms. We do this by removing, if possible, the original causes connected with them. Thus spleen and melancholy are readily traceable to neglect and despair, and their natural remedies, therefore, are society and attention. When the despairing old maid is thrown into the company of gentlemen who are polite and attentive, hope revives, her spirits return, and a gentle breeze and buoyant waters seem to lift up her stranded bark, and bear it onward in the broad road-stead towards the haven of matrimony. Then, the attention of the members of the Association being gratuitous, and assiduous, she leaves off her old and disagreeable arts to attract attention upon finding them supererogatory. Cats are carefully excluded from the Asylum. Mirrors, also, after several months of experience, have been banished, and our patients are dressed by waiting maids in a style appropriate to their ages. Looking in mirrors, we found, excited that vanity in some which it was our design to soothe ; others it

rendered fretful and peevish,—and for some again it seemed to weave mourning weeds for roses faded, and beauty departed. Our discipline discourages *sentimentality*, as we generally find it unnaturally developed. We exclude all novels and poetry, Milton, Shakespeare, and Hudibras excepted. Our diet is simple and wholesome, condiments being avoided as much as possible. We have musical instruments of all kinds, with carefully selected music, such as “*Love Not*,” “*Twenty Years Ago*,” &c. Italian and opera airs have been latterly excluded, because they seemed to act unfavourably on the nerves of many patients.

So much for the details of our plan, and our discipline, and mode of treatment; now for the results of our experiment.

Upon opening the Asylum, the committee fixed the number of inmates which our present means enables us to accommodate at *fifty*; which number we always keep full by supplying vacancies as soon as they occur. The number of members of our Association, including the Executive Committee, varies from twenty-five to one hundred. We opened the Asylum on the 1st of April, 1857. Our two drawing-rooms are constantly open and full of company,—none, however, having access to them but members of the Association. We give parties regularly, and balls occasionally, adopting, in short, all the approved routine of fashionable city entertainment. The *Sine-cure* Members, who, as I have remarked, include only bachelors and widowers, being obliged to attend our entertainments, they are never insipid for want of company or a disproportion between the sexes. If any bachelor is peculiarly *diffident* he is placed under the patronage of some experienced member, who introduces him, and does not desert him until association has worn off any uneasy sensibility, and thus, in a short time the most bashful bachelor will find himself at ease in any company or society. The true parent of that sympathy called *love*, is association. Proximity produces love between man and woman as naturally and certainly as it produces assimilation and attraction

between any other two magnets. Recognizing this secret, the constant aim of the Committee has been to keep up a constant and hilarious communion between the members and our patients or maids. In this way the Association married off no less than *twenty-five* maids during the first three months of its existence! And since the 1st of August, there have occurred in the Asylum no less than *thirty-one marriages*!

Another great secret to which the Association ascribe much of their success is *this*: the membership pledge is, if possible to get married. Hence none join but those who have long mourned the vacant chair by the fire-side, and who dare not look the coffee-pot fairly in the face, because they have so long failed to provide it a mistress. Hence they join with the determination of marrying. They visit our ladies *animo matrimonii*, attacking them with marriage prepense,—that is, with sedate, deliberate purpose of committing matrimony. And this disposition, one may readily believe, meets with no damper on the part of the old maids. The parties being thus predisposed to marriage,—all we have to do is, to bring them together; association does the rest.

Many men spend their prime in such close application to business, that they allow themselves no time for society. At middle age the bachelor finds himself independent in circumstances, but with no partner to share and no family to enjoy the fruits of his labour. But, alas! he knows no more about getting a wife than a Fejee cannibal does of medical jurisprudence! He has neglected the opportunity of acquiring confidence and ease in society. He has never been initiated into all the delightful mysteries and easy elegancies which are the very life of fashionable intercourse. He knows nothing of all those delicate and graceful offices of gallantry which mark a polished gentleman, such as offering the arm, holding the prayer-book, turning the music, adjusting the shawl, &c., and he is weighed down by an oppressive sense of ignorance on those points. He has no *fund of small-talk*, and is not posted

on the current gossip of the neighbourhood. He can discourse of nothing but prices, or markets, or politics,—or if he ventures on literature, he is repulsed by ignorance, or routed on *Hiawatha*, which he has never been able to get through with. He has been accustomed to connect converse with *thought*, and perhaps has fostered no slight pretensions to wit among his gentlemen associates. Vain man! Instead of, in conversation with a lady, keeping up a merry random fire of rattling musketry, he brings out his heavy metal, gets a forty-two pounder to bear on her, and consumes a long time in loading, and having pointed it with great formality and precision, pours such a broadside into her as to silence her at once. He knows nothing of the nature of woman—her ways are to him a sealed book. He worships her with a distant veneration, which she invariably fails to appreciate, mistaking his diffidence for stupidity, and his formality for coldness. He wants a wife, but does not know how to get one. Who shall aid him? The Marriage Promoting Association! He is the very man we desire for membership. We introduce him to the Asylum, place him in the hands of ladies accustomed to society, sprightly, witty, and abounding in delicate tact at putting people at their ease. If he is discouraged, we cheer him, if elated we flatter him; we force him to attend, and he soon becomes acquainted; his diffidence forsakes him, and intoxicated by the novelty and delightful excitement of a new phase of existence, he is in two weeks a married man! With the unworn susceptibilities of youth, and the discretion and constancy of maturer years, he is sure to make an attentive husband and a kind father.

Another principle which the Committee have adopted with great success, is that *perfect frankness* shall govern all their match-making. *Flirting*, and all other practices *contra bonos mores*, are unheard of in our institution. Moreover, when a gentleman becomes particularly interested in one of our patients, and advises with the board as to courting her, he is given her position, family, age, and fortune, copied from the register.

Candid dealing, (however absurd and incredible it may seem to some), we believe to be the shortest road to matrimony, and we think we discover in it a conservative principle, affording considerable security against unhappy matches. It leaves no room for disappointment. The circumstances of our inmates being carefully concealed except from him who has made his selection, we have in this a protection against *fortune hunters*. Contrary to the established usage of society, the attention of our beaux is directed in *personam*, and not in *rem*.

We believe that if many of the principles we have fairly put in practice could be brought to bear in society, one half the connubial misery of the world would be saved.

Marriage is at best a lottery.

"Where how few the prizes, and the blanks are countless!"

In society the middle-aged marry from avaricious or speculative motives, while the young are dragged into matrimony as oxen are pulled into the care of Cacus—in a retrograde manner. With us, avarice finds no field to operate upon; and love, in losing its poetry, gains much in more substantial prose.

Fifty-one marriages in six months, out of one hundred and fifty-one old maids we consider a brilliant success, and yet we do not believe that a single match has been effected that will be other than a source of happiness to both parties.

Were it not for invading the sanctity of private life, we might mention several most happy and conjugal matches made up on an acquaintance of two weeks, or a shorter time. To one we cannot resist the temptation to refer briefly without giving names. Among the first of our patients, was one lady in her fiftieth year. Miss Katharine T. had devoted the prime of her life, (as to what true woman does not?) to getting married. She had failed! *Licet saepe requæsita*, (and what old maid has not been *saepe requæsita*!) she was still unmarried, and was fast settling down into a confirmed and despairing celibacy. All the more violent indications of the disease were prominently

developed. She was highly educated, and gifted with genuine talent, attended with not less genuine homeliness, heightened by a few of the stealthiest wrinkles of age :

"Ah! how had Disappointment poured the
tear,

O'er infant Hope destroyed by early frost!"

Her symptoms did not yield to our usual treatment, and our most skilful appliances failed to give relief. Weeks rolled by, and still no beaux. Her case seemed growing desperate.

In looking over the arrivals of the different hotels one morning in June, we saw the name of an old acquaintance—a wealthy widower from a Planting State. An idea struck us immediately, and with irresistible force. We repaired immediately to the hotel, found our acquaintance and plied him to join our Association. He complied with that alacrity which widowers usually discover. The Matrimonial Committee at our instance recommended Miss Kitty to his particular attention, and after giving her due notice, we introduced him. Miss Kitty seemed determined to summon all her energy for a last desperate effort. The whole attack of this veteran upon the widower was one succession of brilliant strategic manoeuvres. Now she marched boldly up and attacked him in front; then she feigned a retreat so as to inveigle him by stratagem, as it were, or cut him off by ambush; again she ventured a desperate effort to turn his flank, and anon effected a diversion in his rear. But it was all to no purpose; the widower was impregnable. All her skill, her tact, and her invincible pertinacity were lost upon him. Days rolled by, and the time for his departure was at hand. What was to be done! Woman's ingenuity came to the rescue. Miss Kitty had some relations living in a city a thousand miles (at least) from here, who had often pressed them to pay her a visit. Here was an opportunity, for our friend passed through that city on his way home. We lost no time in suggesting to him that his services might be à propos. He promptly tendered them, and after some well gotten up

hesitation on the part of Miss Kitty they were accepted. She hastily packed her three band-boxes, one bonnet-box, two trunks, and a dry-goods box, and she and her escort were soon *en route* for the sunny South. We heard nothing of them for about a week, when a letter arrived from my dear Miss Kitty, informing us that she was so delighted with her escort, and our friend so well pleased with his companion, that they had mutually agreed to continue the relation on their journey through life, and accordingly the contract was sealed with due solemnity at the house of her relative, on the fifth day after her departure.

This is only one of the many astonishing cures affected by a residence in our asylum that we might cite. Many an old maid, whom her family and friends have long given up as hopelessly incurable, has been turned out of our Institution, in a few weeks, a happy wife. But we forbear, and must bring this already too lengthy report to an end.

In conclusion we must be allowed to say something as to our designs and prospect in the future. The feasibility of our plan having been demonstrated by success, there is no impediment to our progress on the same scale on which we have thus far conducted the Institution. Too much praise can not be accorded to the Executive Committee for the manner in which they have husbanded our resources and our old maids. But can we be content within our present limited sphere of action? Can we, as philanthropists, consent to stand in the midst of suffering, and have no ambition to redouble our efforts to alleviate it? Sixty single females rescued from certain and eternal celibacy! What tender heart does not beat in sympathetic joy with ours at this result? And yet our joy, and just pride, and exultation are marred by the reflection that our necessities have compelled us to reject an *innumerable* host of applications. Will an enlightened community allow us to be thus cramped in our operations? Will not the clergy exert themselves to forward our enterprise? Will not the ladies aid us in establishing branches of our Institution all

over the New England States? The ladies who have done so much noble work in combatting the evils of our Society!

We appeal to humane married persons, (who of all others are best able to appreciate the benefits we confer on the suffering), to come forward and join our Association, pour funds into our treasury, and take an active part in our labors.

Finally we appeal to the *people* by every consideration, selfish, patriotic, or philanthropic,—by the well known Ameri-

can philanthropy—by the hopes of future generations—by our boasted enlightenment—by the annual visit—by the perverted nature and defeated destinies of thousands of innocent women—by our civilization—by Miss Beecher, and Miss Murray—by every consideration which ought to influence human conduct, we call upon the public to sanction us in our enterprise! All which is respectfully submitted by Rev. Isaiah Parish, President of the Boston Matrimonial Association.

Nov. 1st, 1857.

CHRISTMAS BALLADS.

ALTERED OR IMITATED FROM THE OLD ENGLISH.

I.

THE LORDE CHRYSTMASSE.

1.

I am come, the Lorde Chrystmasse.
Give me welcome, Lad and Lasse,
For I come to heale trespassse.

Hurts of soul to heale;
Tydings of greate joy I bring,
And ye neede, with welcomynge,
To rejoyce the manne I sing,
Born for sinner's weale.

2.

'Tis Chryste's comynge that ye see,
He who dyed upon the tree,
That your soules, from sin sette free,
Myght be his once more;—
In this promise make ye cheere;
Yet of evyle joys beware;
Satan spredde his fatal snare,
Though his sway be o'er.

3.

Welcome me, the Lorde Chrystmasse,
Make ye happy, lad and lasse,
Yet, beware ye, lest ye passe,
Bounds of precious grace;—
Peaceful be the pure delyghtes,
That make gladde these merrie nyghtes,
So that on Chryste's holy heights,
Ye may all have place.

II.

IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

1.

When in Beth'lem, fair citie,
 Chryste was born to die for me,
 Then the angels sang with glee,
 In excelsis gloria!

2.

Ah! with what a radiance bright,
 To the Shepherds shone the light,
 Where he lay, in lowly plight—
 In excelsis gloria!

3.

Heavenly King! to save his kind,
 As in Holy Writ we find;
 Bear we still his birth in mind;
 In excelsis gloria!

4.

Praying, as we sing, for grace,
 To behold, in Heaven, his face,
 Whose dear coming saved his race—
 In excelsis gloria.



III.

MARY MODER.

1.

Mary Moder, meek and mild,
 Thou who bor'st the Holy child.
 In a manger, mean and wild,—
 Gabriele nuncio.

2.

Thou who lay withouten dread,
 While the Son, with straw for bed.
 From thy virgin bosom fed,
 Cum pudoris lilio.

3.

Little dreaming then, that He
 Should be nail'd against the tree,
 Ere he rose to Majesty.
 Fulget resurrectio.

4.

Did'st thou think that, when he rose,
 From the vault they vainly close,
 He had borne, of Hell. the woes?
 Motu fertur proprio.

5.

Mary Moder, with thy Son,
 Thou the heights of Heaven hast won,
 Troops of angels bear thee on,
 In celi palacio.

THE SUN AND RIVULET.

A coquettish and lovely stream which had its rise in a beautiful mountain spring, was one morning coursing its way, as usual, through scenes with which it had been sometime familiar; smiling meads, forest-studded vales, and darksome dells. The meadows were still clothed in green, but ne'er a tree in all the forest had even a withered cover of leaves to shield it from the approaching blasts of winter. It was then a morn in early winter. The sun shone with a warmth and splendor unusual to the season, and the air possessed the balminess and freshness of the spring time. A blind person might have mistaken it for that season, so much did it seem like a day borrowed by Winter of May. As the streamlet pursued its graceful, yet somewhat haughty course, sparkling and glowing in the Sun's splendid beams, it would, ever and anon, in musical ripples, murmur against that luminary for showering its rays so broadcast upon her; not permitting one feature to go unrevealed. In some part of its course, it met with a happy obstruction, happy I say, because the whole stream thence poured on and formed one of the most bewitching cascades ever witnessed. Here the plaint of its waters took the tone of capricious and angry remonstrance.

Why, O Sun! am I pursued in this

untiring manner? For how long a time is it that I have been stared out of countenance by thy unfaltering and dazzling gaze? Canst tell me when it will please thy Imperial Boldness to withdraw somewhat the fervor of thy regards?

Foolish and thankless Rivulet! Art thou not aware that all the beauty, on which thou so much primest thyself, is brought into notice by my gracious influence? In the silence of the night, when the moon shineth not, where is then the brilliancy which my rays discover in thy waters? The Moon, too, owes its radiance to me, and did I but choose to withdraw my favor from her, thou couldst not be viewed even in her inferior brightness. Were I then blotted out, (as I suppose it is thy present most ungrateful wish that I might be,) who would e'er behold thy charms?—and not to be observed to thy vain spirit would be worse than never to have been. Thou poor, proud creature! because I did but regard thee with an ardor which it is my custom to observe towards thyself, as well as all things about thee, thou must fancy something particular in my gaze on this especial day. But pshaw!—it is unbecoming to feel angry with one so far beneath me as your own tiny, pretty self. “Go and learn wisdom.”

The Rivulet, at this long harangue, was almost beside herself with indignation.

She foamed and splashed, yet each foamy spray seemed divided into diamonds by thousands in the rays of the audacious Sun. Occasionally, too, tiny rainbows were painted in the falling showers, the extreme beauty of which she was too much blinded by her rage to appreciate, or else her wounded self-love might have received some balm. Gradually, however, the effervescence of her anger subsided, and she again resumed the usual characteristics of her flow. Ere long she had cause for regret in her foolish dispute with the Sun, whom, too late, she was willing to acknowledge as her truest friend. A canopy of dark-hued clouds began to overspread the skies. The keen, North blast came on with a rush, causing the trees to shiver throughout all their naked branches, and to sigh for the returns of that genial season, which would again give them their vibrating robe of green. Such of the skyey songsters as had not yet sought the balmy groves of the South, now winged their hurried flight thitherward:—and the Rivulet, so lately careering along in the haughtiness and flush of conscious beauty, assumed in unison with the dark aspect of the

heavens, a leaden appearance. All around looked gloomy, disconsolate;—and, horror of horrors! Winter's icy touch fastened upon the lovely stream, and drop after drop froze in the chilling contact. Too soon, but an extended sheet of ice pointed out the course along which this most coquettish of all streamlets had been wont to sparkle and ripple. 'Tis true, an undercurrent was enabled to pursue a sad, slow, and painful passage beneath the frozen surface; but how it longed for the friendly beams with which it had so lately quarrelled, how it sighed for reconciliation, how it resolved upon amendment!

But this state of things endured for several long months, and then the icy press was lifted from her bosom, and the stream, all forgetful of her recent thralldom, went on in the same pride, joy and capriciousness, which she had so lately abjured. The Sun, with his searching gaze, saw through her shallowness, and inscribed in broken characters upon her surface, "One of the natures which learns by no experience!"

ZEPHYR.

TENNESSEE.

Editor's Table.

Mr. Thackeray's "Virginians," now before the American public, to the extent of eight chapters, in Harper's Magazine, has not proceeded far enough to be very animated or entertaining. In England we hear it is thought the reverse of this, but some allowance must be made for the new theatre (altogether new to Englishmen) upon which the author's puppets are set in motion. For ourselves, we see in these eight chapters the promise of a most interesting story, in which the long-buried manners and customs of our Virginian ancestors, with all their aristocratic pomp and courtly etiquette, will be vividly presented to us. We shall have the Colony reproduced, the faded ribbons will be fresh again as they flutter around cheeks once more lighted

up by the glow of youthful beauty, and the old brocades, years ago consumed by the moths, will rustle in our hearing as their stately and lovely wearers move through the minuet or bustle into the family pew of the parish church. There will be colonial snobs and colonial coquettes introduced to our acquaintance, and all the loves, jealousies, hates, strivings, ambitions, sorrows, and triumphs which every generation of our race has experienced since the world began, will be acted over upon the soil of the Ancient Dominion, and under the sky of romance which bent over that soil in the eighteenth century. Does any one doubt that there were social bickerings in the circles of Williamsburg, that cruel fair ones slew confiding hearts

entrusted to their keeping in those old days, that the comedy of life under different forms went on then as now with numberless manifestations of the weakness and folly of poor human nature? And does any one doubt that the great, remorseless Mr. Thackeray, rummaging among the relics of that age of powder and pretension, of vices and velvet, will fail to catch at these things and show them up in his dreadful satire? We say, then, there is rich promise of entertainment in "The Virginians," since already in the character of Madam Esmond, and the intrigues of Mrs. Mountain has he developed his peculiar faculty of recognizing the foibles of other people, as exhibited under different aspects of civilization, and making us merry over them. Mr. Thackeray will have to deal, however, as his story advances, with some of the loftiest manifestations of the nobility of nature, and the portraiture of Washington, as delineated by him, inspires us with the hope that he will do this worthily. But, have a care, Mr. Titmarsh, how you evoke that mighty shade from the dominion of the past! It is a dangerous affair you have undertaken, to involve Washington in the machinery of a work of fiction, and you must recollect that your most eminent talent can not be employed upon him. You have dealt somewhat freely with reputations heretofore, though Swift and Marlborough may have merited the odium you poured upon them, but while the great fame of Addison may be impaired by the recollection of an amiable weakness, Washington's character has come to us spotless, and if you impute to him the little follies that have belonged to other great men, the majestic apparition you have called up may visit you, pure and white as you seen him in Houdou's statue, and freeze you into silence with his calm, reproachful gaze.

So far what we must consider in "The Virginians" most curiously is the historic fidelity of the descriptions and the narrative; and here we have reason to apprehend that the work will not come up to the standard of "Henry Esmond." A serious anachronism has been committed, already, in the employment of an imaginary letter, which in itself is most ingeniously contrived. "Colonel Washington" is represented as a guest at the house of Madame

Esmond, just before going with Gen. Braddock upon his fatal expedition against the French and Indians. George, one of the sons of the fair widow, is very jealous of Col. Washington whom he suspects of being in love with his mother. His suspicions have been heightened by Mrs. Mountain, who has found the fragment of a letter in Col. Washington's room which seems to refer directly to designs upon the lady. The Colonel has just left the parlour preceded by Madam Esmond, when George, who has been giving himself some very absurd airs in their presence, holds this conversation with Henry—

"Harry Warrington remarked their friend's condition. 'For Heaven's sake, George, what does this all mean?' he asked his brother. 'Why shouldn't he kiss her hand?' (George had just before fetched out his brother from the library, to watch this harmless salute.) 'I tell you it is nothing but common kindness.'

"'Nothing but common kindness!' shrieked out George. 'Look at that, Hal! Is that common kindness?' and he showed his junior the unlucky paper over which he had been brooding for some time. It was but a fragment, though the meaning was indeed clear without the preceding text.

"The paper commenced 'is older than myself, but I, again, am older than my years; and you know, dear brother, have ever been considered a sober person. All children are better for a father's superintendence, and her two, I trust, will find in me a tender friend and guardian..'

"Friend and guardian! Curse him!" shrieked out George, clenching his fists—and his brother read on:

"'. . . . The flattering offer which General Braddock hath made me will, of course, oblige me to postpone this matter until after the campaign. When we have given the French a sufficient drubbing, I shall return to repose under my own vine and fig-tree.'

"'He means Castlewood. These are his vines,' George cries again, shaking his fist at the creepers sunning themselves on the wall.

"'. . . . Under my own vine and fig-tree; where I hope soon to present my dear brother to his new sister-in-law. She has a pretty Scripture name, which is,'—and here the document ended.

"Which is Rachel,' George went on, bitterly. 'Rachel is by no means weeping for her children, and has every desire to be comforted. Now, Harry! Let us up stairs at once, kneel down as becomes us, and say, 'Dear papa, welcome to your house at Castlewood.'"

The intelligent reader will remark that this letter is artistically constructed so as to adapt itself exactly to the lady whom Washington afterwards married—Mrs. Martha Custis. The two children—the lady's age—the pretty Scripture name—all have a happy adaptation to the true historical marriage, but it is impossible that we can cheat ourselves into fancying such a letter was ever written, since we know that at the time of the foregoing imaginary dialogue, Washington had not been brought within the charmed sphere of Mrs. Custis's attractions. It was not until after the "whistling of the bullets" had been music in his ears at Braddock's Defeat, that he came, and saw, and was conquered by, the accomplished woman who presided with so much dignity in subsequent times over the delightful household of Mount Vernon.

It may be said that the same accuracy of dates and occurrences is not demanded of the novelist as of the historian and the biographer. But the interest and success of Mr. Thackeray's "Virginians" depend greatly on the confidence inspired in the reader that his picture is an accurate one—we must have faith in a novel or it will never satisfy us, and we trust, therefore, that Mr. Thackeray will be more careful in the historical management of the rest of his romance.

We have a lively desire, in which we think it quite probable many of our readers may share, to preserve the following letter of Governor Wise, addressed to the Committee of the New England Society, upon the occasion of their recent festival at New York City, and we know of no better way of doing this than by giving it a place in our "Editor's Table." It seems to draw in a few strong lines the character of the Pilgrim Fathers more faithfully than the portraiture has ever been done in any of the annual New England orations—

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 6, 1857.

E. D. Morgan, Esq., Chairman of Committee,
 &c.:

DEAR SIR: Your invitation of the 4th, in behalf of the New England Society of the City of New York, is so kind and hospitable in its tone that I am almost constrained to promise that I will meet you at dinner

at the Astor House, in December, as you propose. But, Sir, it will hardly be in my power to fulfil the engagement. Our Legislature will meet next month, and be in session on the 22d December, and I must be here at my post; Christmas, too, will be near, and the head of a true Virginian household is never absent about that holy time. I must, then, decline. But it is not for want of any respect or gratitude to the "Forefathers" of New England. They were solid, practical men, who looked to the real substance, and not to the shadows of things. They were men of God, whose walk and conversation were founded on the morality of the Gospel. They were persecuted and long suffering for the cause of religious freedom. They were brave and hardy, and earnest and honest, and manly and persevering in maintaining human rights by the observance of law and order and decency in all things. If they were at all deluded and practised any delusions, it was always in their hearts and consciences on the Lord's side. They were against the devil and all his witches. They kept the faith and laboured, and suffered, and fought for it. And they gloriously triumphed over their physical and spiritual foes, and handed down a legacy of liberty and law worth preserving for all ages, at all hazards, by their descendants. And they were BROTHERS of our Forefathers of Virginia, and in the last struggles were bound to our Fathers by more sacred ties than brother's blood. They bound themselves and their heirs forever. Time, events, other struggles, renewed covenants, more bloodshed, greater interests, higher responsibilities, weightier trusts, brighter hopes, grander prospective scenes, greater dread of worse disasters than could once be contemplated—all, everything which has grown up or come after, or is gone, or now is, or is hereafter to be, binds us, the heirs, co-heirs and descendants of the forefathers of this Republic, to each other more than they were bound together. Do we feel it so? Are we brothers, and more than brothers, in devotion to country, our whole country—its honour, its rights, its equality, its peace, its separate State independence, its Union? Let us but imitate the example of the forefathers, and all will be safe in the bonds only of fraternal affection, and harmony, and peace. These pious celebrations revive these reflections and feelings, and I therefore would honour them with the mite of my influence. For your Society and yourself, Sir, you have my best wishes, and I am,

Truly and gratefully yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

The Editor of the *Messenger* had thought never again to refer to his book of European Travels, concerning whose destruction by fire and the subsequent discovery of one single copy, the readers of the magazine have already been informed. That we refer to the work now is due to the fact that our gifted contributor "Amie" has inscribed

ed to that copy a poem so very beautiful that, in spite of the extravagant compliment it contains, we cannot forbear giving it to the public. The volume seems to the editor when surrounded by the shining crystals of Amie's verse like a fly in amber. Here is the poem, that all may see how great a matter a little fire kindleth—

TO A RARE VOLUME.

BY AMIE.

Charmed Volume! rare and only—
Thine shall be a two-fold fame,
For the miracle's completeness,
And the garnered wealth that came
Pure and lustrous and unsullied from the baptism of the flame.

Though the world is full of beauty,
Though great thoughts about us rise,
Thick as starry hosts that grandly
Throng the highways of the skies,
Yet a void one pure thought leaveth that in secret silence dies.

Like the Three of Sacred Story,
In the lurid furnace cast,
Through the fiery ordeal
Safe and scathless thou hast passed,
And thy scattered leaves, like jewels richly set, are shrined at last.

Through thy lips we catch the murmurs
Of the silver-rippling Rhone;
Hear Chamouni's hymn of worship,
While in sacred awe alone
Towers Mont Blanc, as if its summit were the gateway to the Throne.

Saintly eyes of meek Madonnas
Flood us with celestial light;
From the infant Saviour's tresses
Thorns seem struggling to the sight;
Soul of rare Apollo flashes through the prisoning marble white.

O'er the rugged Alpine passes,
How the sunset glory lies—
Rocky wall and cliff transfigured,
Magic towers and turrets rise,
Lofty crags, like spires uplifted, win rare lustres from the skies.

Scaling treacherous steep and chasm,
Now we pause in chill affright,
Till the purple mists are lifted
From the Furca's dizzy height,
And its lights like shining fingers beckon upward through the night.

We can see the broad Campagna
Blossom out from one sweet line—
Scent the daisies, as the grasses
Stir with tremulous whispers fine;
Lulled by spells of soft entrancement dream delicious dreams divine.

Now St. Peter's solemn grandeurs,
Hush to wordless awe the heart;
Now rare dyes like sudden rainbows,
From the illumined pages start,
For the pen hath caught the mellow magic of the painter's art.

We can feel the soul-full silence,
 When the reverent lip grows calm;
 See each white-winged aspiration
 Like a censer's drifting balm;
 Hear each thought of pure devotion rising like a silvery psalm.

But for thee,* warm glowing pictures
 To the eager vision brought,
 Bathed as with noon's fervid splendors,
 Had been haplessly enwrought,
 Gleaming only in the sumptuous palace of the author's thought.

Charmed Volume! rare and only—
 Thine shall be a two-fold fame,
 For the miracle's completeness,
 And the garnered wealth that came
 Pure and lustrous and unsullied from the baptism of the flame.

Notices of New Works.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE KITCHEN. *A Physiological Cook-Book.* By Mrs. HORACE MANN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

We are not prepared to question the value of the recipes given in this volume, from which we make no doubt as good a dinner may be prepared as was ever spread before the "solid men of Boston," but we must be allowed to enter a protest against the title and to dissent from the absurdities of the Preface. Setting aside the irreverence of "Christianity in the Kitchen," it is all nonsense to assert that excellence of *cuisine* and a high sense of religious responsibility are germane to each other. The French are the best cooks and the worst religionists in the world, yet we should hesitate to base upon this fact a theory that gastronomy as a science and scepticism are in correspondence; that truffles predispose the mind to reject truth and that original sin is served up in a *filet aux champignons*. It may indeed be true that the first effort of the missionary among savages is to persuade his hearers to change their diet in relinquishing cannibalism, but when Mrs. Horace Mann tells us that "wedding cake, sweet plum-puddings, and rich turtle soup are masses of indigestible material which

should never find their way to any Christian table," we start back from a dietetic expounder who seasons her teachings with so large a quantity of cant. All that Christianity enforces upon us in respect of the dinner-table, after grace, is temperance, and whoever seeks to go further than this, whether vegetarian, or Brahmin, or New England house-wife, commits a folly and mingles sacred and vulgar things in a manner wholly unwarrantable.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Selected and Edited by the REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, Incumbent of Bearwood.* With English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Editor of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature." Illustrated with One Hundred and Thirty-Two Engravings, Drawn by Eminent Artists. New York: Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main St.

A more dainty volume than this has never come from the American press. As a gift-book for the holiday season it seems to us to excel any of its competitors, though there be many of greater ostentation in style and embellishment. But there is a graceful

* The MS. was likewise destroyed.

adaptation of the contents to the externals in this beautiful publication which displays the most refined taste in the Editors and publishers. The original of it was put forth last year in England where it excited universal admiration, but the Messrs. Harper, while faithfully reproducing the text and illustrations of Mr. Willmott's volume with all the delicacy of British art, have greatly enlarged the work by adding liberal selections from the American Poets down to as late a period as the appearance of "Nothing to Wear," which poem appears in its concluding pages with a spirited portrait of Miss Flora McFlimsey. We need not commend the discrimination with which the American Editor, Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, has chosen the poetical gems of our native literature to adorn the luxurious volume. We cordially commend "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century" to our readers, and we congratulate any young lady who has received a copy of it as a New Year's present.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA: *Including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, &c., &c., &c.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D., D. C. L. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have nothing but unqualified praise to bestow upon this remarkable work. So modest and manly and clear a narrative we do not remember to have seen among the recent additions to the literature of travel. Dr. Livingstone went to Africa in the service of the London Missionary Society, and for more than sixteen years labored among the benighted people of that mysterious continent, learning to speak their dialects, and thinking in those dialects so long as to distrust the purity of his English, joining in the every-day sports and occupations of the nomadic races with whom he was brought in contact, and undergoing perils as incessant and as various almost as those recounted by the apostle. He made a journey entirely across the continent from the Atlantic to the Eastern Ocean, whereby he met with many strange and novel adventures, some of which we might transfer to our own pages but for want of room. Dr. Livingstone is an earnest, practical man, who takes strong common-sense views of things, as evinced in his belief that commerce and civilization will prove the surest pioneers of the

Christian Religion in Africa. And so desirous is he of turning his African experiences to the best advantage of mankind, that he is now engaged under the employment of the British Foreign Office in negotiations with the Portuguese Government for opening a communication with the interior of Africa from some of the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The Harpers have published his work in a very handsome form.

We have received from Mr. Jas. Woodhouse "The Monastery" in two volumes, being the regular issue for the month of the exquisite Household Edition of the Waverley Novels commenced last spring by Messrs Ticknor and Fields of Boston. We have so often heretofore bestowed the highest commendation on this admirable series that we are now bankrupt of terms in which to speak of each new novel as it appears. Suffice it to say that the promise given in "Waverley," both as to paper and typography, is faithfully kept, while the same tasteful embellishments, vignettes, ornamental pieces, &c., are employed as in that specimen publication. It is gratifying to know that Messrs. Ticknor and Fields were in no manner affected by the late commercial crisis, and that their numerous and important engagements with the public will be as ever punctually discharged.

We take great pleasure, at this favourable season for commencing or renewing subscriptions to periodical publications, in calling the attention of our readers to the excellent Reprints of Blackwood's Magazine and the Edinburgh, Westminster, Quarterly and North British Reviews, published by Leonard Scott & Co., of New York. The price of subscription to these five works in England is \$31, but Messrs. Scott & Co. furnish the whole for the sum of \$10. Blackwood, alone, is worth that amount, with Bulwer's new novel coming out in it. The Reviews are very neatly printed, and are issued very promptly at the quarters, supplying the American reader with a fund of entertainment not to be procured in any other way. Mr. James Woodhouse is the Agent for this city, but persons at a distance from an agency can obtain the Reviews and Magazine, or any of them separately, by addressing Leonard Scott & Co., No. 54 Gold Street, New York.

the military art, were embraced in one human brain, sheltered under a cowl, which almost all men respected. In the course of time, this arrogance of all learning was ascertained to be without solid foundation; and at the present time, in our country at least, any priest or practical theologian who should assume also the functions of statesman, physician and merchant, would be suspected of lunacy. Yet in some departments we still find, under particular or peculiar circumstances, men exercising two or more kindred pursuits; but no instance now occurs to the writer in which a man attained excellence in both; he who makes jack-boots is rarely skilful or famous in the manufacture of ladies' dress-shoes.

It is either the good or bad fortune of Americans to believe, that one man may be skilful in a variety of avocations at the same time; and it is truly surprising to witness the versatility of genius which is manifested by certain men in the United States. A man may be a boot-maker of moderate skill during a year or two after adult age; but if we follow him through the next ten years of his life, we shall probably find that he forsook boot-making to become a saddle and harness maker; that as this "did not pay," he wrought as pressman or compositor in a printing office; then, as manufacturer of printer's ink; became a contributor to the daily press; invented a pill of transcendent virtues; traded in horses "out West," and that he has now a cabinet ware-room, and expects to be rewarded for his services in the late election by the office of postmaster. He has also been successful in his military studies, and advanced from the place of a respectable private to be a Major among the citizen soldiers, or militia of the country.

It may be averred, though not entirely without fear of contradiction, that every native male American, of the age of twenty-one years, believes himself to be more or less a soldier, and to possess sufficient knowledge of the military art to serve his country as a Captain, or Lieutenant at least, though ready to serve in the ranks, should he fail to be selected or elected to office. Indeed, military pur-

suits, with a large number of our citizens, are paramount to the civil vocations through which livelihoods are obtained: military spirit finds a place in the bosom of every American, and gives to every American an hereditary right to discuss military topics.

In the preceeding remarks the writer expects every reader will find an apology for him in venturing to express crude notions about the Navy, gathered from various sources, and some little personal observation. The writer thinks the Navy is merely the aquatic department of our military system, differing in some of its details from that of the terrestrial or land forces. On land the privates are drawn from all walks of life; they are men who have laid down their vocations to take up arms; but in the Army afloat (or Navy) all the privates are seamen of more or less skill, or should be. And the officers, too, must be seamen, because they are required to navigate and manage the ship as well as to direct the military exercises and operations on board of her. Every man in the Navy combines in himself the vocation of sailor with that of soldier. It follows from these premises that, from the prevalence of military knowledge and spirit among us, the officers and seamen of our merchant marine would soon be converted into very stout men-of-war's-men in time of need, either in public or private armed ships. Our past history records that American privateers exhibited, on very many occasions, military knowledge in a very respectable degree.

But this fact does not in any degree lessen the propriety of maintaining a fountain of military knowledge for the Navy, analogous to that for the Army. The Academy at West Point is a source of pure military science for the entire republic, to which we may safely look for what is correct in the principles of organization and management of military forces. The benefits derived from that institution were manifest during the war with Mexico, and were very generally recognized and acknowledged by some who had been previously its opponents. There is no reason to suppose that the influence of the instructions imparted to

the Naval Cadets, at the Academy at Annapolis, will not be equally apparent hereafter in our naval operations.

The debates and enactments during the two last sessions of the last Congress indicate that the condition of the Navy—at least that department of it which is composed of its officers—is unsatisfactory, and needs amendment, in order to increase its value to the nation. Upon this point there are various and conflicting notions, though it seems to be very generally agreed, there is some part of the system wrong. The debates show that very few members of Congress, including those who serve in the naval committees, are accurately informed in detail on the present organization of the naval service. The Chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate, who is regarded as authority on details, asserted more than once in debate (July 10, 1856,) on a bill to amend the “Act to promote the efficiency of the Navy,” what was and is erroneous. He stated that a Captain had authority at any time to supply any deficiency of Midshipmen which might exist on board of his ship by appointing Masters’ Mates, selecting them from among the crew. “The Daily Globe” of Washington, for July 11, 1856, contains a report of the debate referred to. Mr. Mallory said:—

“I will answer my friend on the spot if he desires it. If he had looked deeper into the subject, he would have seen the errors into which—I say it with due respect to him—he has fallen. It has long been the practice in the Navy to appoint Masters’ Mates. They are men grown; they are seamen; they are *rated one grade above ordinary seamen, and get low pay.** These men do the duty of Midshipmen. *Midshipmen are useless. They have been felt to be so ever since the last war.* The number is decreasing rapidly. Even the Midshipmen in the Naval Academy, until they graduate, see

four months’ sea service in a year, but they go in a practice ship, not in a man-of-war, as officers, to do the duties which Midshipmen did under Nelson, when a Midshipman was twenty-five or twenty-seven years old. The ship-master, by the authority of every Commander of every ship in every port of the United States, employs a Master’s Mate to do the duties which Midshipmen did formerly, and they are necessarily much better done. We do not want these young men of whom the honourable Senator speaks, and the appointments of the Naval Academy are regulated accordingly.”

“Mr. TOOMBS. That is entirely delusive. The gentleman is informing me on a subject that was not up. He need not suppose that, by the Senate constituting him the head of the Naval Committee, he is exclusively informed on all the details of seamanship, and that I know nothing about them except what I get from him.” * * *

“Mr. MALLORY. * * * I thought I had explained them. I will do so again; first, on the point of Master’s Mates and Midshipmen: He does not appreciate the fact which I asserted, that the appointment of a Master’s Mate, to do the duty of Midshipman, depends on the Master of the ship; and he may change them and alter them at pleasure, and they are among the seventy-five hundred seamen allowed to the Navy. The honourable Senator from Georgia seems to regard them as a grade of commissioned officers, who have to be appointed perhaps by the President, by and with the advice and counsel of the Senate, and who are in the line of commission.”

“Mr. TOOMBS. I said no such thing.”

“Mr. MALLORY. I did not say the Senator said so; but I thought he was under the impression, because he called them officers; I say they are seamen; and of the seventy-five hundred allowed for service, the Captain takes one of these men and makes him a Master’s Mate.” Again: “I have corrected the honourable Senator from Georgia’s statement about the Master’s Mates, and I hope he understands me

*The pay of Masters’ Mates on “leave of absence,” or “waiting orders,” is \$300 a year, and employed on sea or on shore, \$150.

The pay of seamen is \$216; of ordinary seamen \$168, and of landsmen \$144 a year. Masters’ Mates are named after Midshipmen and before Boatswains in the pay table, contained in the Navy Register for 1856.

thoroughly. They are not officers; they are appointed by the Captain of the ship, and come out of the seven thousand five hundred seamen."

"Mr. Toombs. I know about that!"

Had it occurred either to the Senator who asked information on this point, or to him who so confidently assumed to impart it, to have consulted the Navy Register of that date, it would have been discovered that Masters' Mates constituted a grade of "warrant officers," and that their names were recorded as a permanent part of the Navy, and as "warrants" are signed by the President of the United States, a Captain in the Navy could not have power to appoint them. That errors of the kind should occur is not a wonder; but it is a little surprising to obscure and humble people, such as the writer, that an experienced Senator should state as fact anything which can be controverted, because we suppose that legislators are so habitually accurate that it is almost impossible for them to mistake, or fall into inadvertence. Yet, they are liable to be deceived whenever they confide in mere verbal statements of technical points by interested sophomores who, from lack of knowledge themselves, or from a hope to secure a legislation to suit their views, misinstruct their listeners.

The reader may not know that in the organization of the British Navy, from which ours is copied with slight modification, the Sailing-Master, or Master, is not in the line of promotion. He has especial charge of the sails and rigging, anchors and cables, and the stowage of the hold and spirit-room; and he keeps the ship's reckoning, or in other words, navigates the ship, and during battle manœuvres the sails under the direction of the Captain. The assistants of officers, in nautical language, were termed mates. The assistants of the Master are called Masters' mates, and their number varied according to the size of the ship. We had a Master's mate of the hold and spirit-room, of the berth-deck; of the gun-deck; of the orlop-deck, &c., &c. Thirty years ago, in our Navy, the elder Midshipmen were assigned the duties of

Master's mates, and received the pay which was greater than that of Midshipmen, because the responsibility and labour were greater. Gradually the number in the grade of Masters' mate decreased, and now the grade itself may be said to have become extinct, as well as that of Master, for this grade has been brought into the line, although the duties properly pertaining to it are in military classification, staff duties.

The affections of the heart obscure from us defects in friends, which in strangers would appear salient. We receive, without examination, statements from a mere dinner acquaintance, which we would scrutinize when offered by an unknown man, especially if they touch our interests.

Legislators are men, and it is supposable that men who possess power to grant favours are liable to be approached by those who seek to induce them to exercise such power unfairly, as well as by those knowing fops who think themselves adroit teachers of sage statesmen. It may happen—such an event is quite within the range of possibility, and therefore the suggestion is pertinent to our purpose:—It may happen that some of those vagrant sophomores or prattling literary dandies who sometimes, to sustain their assertions, venture to stake money, may form either dining-room, ball-room, or card-room friendships with men of Congress during the sojourn in Washington, and thus, for reasons just hinted at, acquire a claim to be respected in some degree by their legislative friends, as reservoirs of information very useful in making laws. It may sometimes happen—the writer cannot assert that it has happened—that men of heedless habits may assist their law-making friends in the preparation of reports and speeches, by hunting up authorities in the Library, and copying statistics and doing other services of a character analogous to those of the professional "crammer" who, it is said, whether truly or not the writer cannot affirm, finds profitable employment in the vicinity of certain British Colleges and Universities. Mingling with this class of ready assistants to Congress may be found here and

to the common effect of any proposed act of legislation, but limit themselves to considering how they themselves will be individually affected by it. All those who fancied that their own promotion would flow from the act "to promote the efficiency of the Navy," warmly advocated the creation of a "reserved list," never dreaming in any instance that they themselves might be "reserved," "furloughed," or "dropped," by the action of a secret, recordless, oathless and irresponsible board. The effect of the law has been to divide the line of the Navy into two classes, the active and reserved. But the effect does not cease in this division, for it has created and possibly perpetuated an antagonism of a bitter character between the two classes, and there is discord and suspicion and conflicting interests where previously a common interest and harmony prevailed. The law to amend the "Act to promote the efficiency of the Navy" cannot efface this unhappy condition of feeling. It is the interest of those on the active list to oppose the restoration of any from the reserved list to their former positions, because every restoration must retard the promotion of some at present on the active list. Nor is it to be supposed that the officers restored can ever hereafter cordially cooperate with those who were not reserved, for the reason that they must always feel themselves to be labouring under a stigma, and that they are ever exposed to have it cast in their teeth, either flatly or by inuendo. Thus a constraint is fastened upon all those officers who are of a sensitive nature, which will surely not favour their exertions to acquit themselves well.

A vague notion that in the course of a few years another board may be assembled to retire officers, will probably found a system in the Navy of mutual observance and suspicion, and even of "note-taking," which must destroy that confidence which men embarked in the same profession should be willing to repose in each other. Under such a system, co-operation for the common glory of the Navy and of the Country, or reliable friendships, are not to be looked for in the ser-

vice. Legislation has extinguished the soul of the Navy, and left it a mere automaton, embarrassed in its motives by conflicting interests and individual selfishness.

It may be pertinently asked, has the Navy acquired increased efficiency as a direct consequence of the creation of the reserved list? It is asserted in reply, there is less experience and less professional skill on the quarter deck and in the cabin now than prior to the passage of the law; and the habits of the newly promoted, generally speaking, are no better, and their courage is no greater than were those of officers of the period when general promotion was proclaimed to be the remedy for the unsatisfactory condition of the service. In corroboration of this assertion it is sufficient to allude to the Courts-martial trials which followed the return of the U. S. brig, *Bainbridge*, from the coast of Brazil. Analogous support may probably be found in reports and records of trials filed in the Navy Department since the law to promote the efficiency of the Navy was carried into effect. Yet, let it not be imagined that excess of conviviality and jollity is now either greater or less than it was; or that such vices only are in the way of Naval efficiency.

Scrutiny will show probably that the condition of the Navy is indebted more to the system, the policy observed, than to the vices or virtues, the ignorance or intelligence, ascribed to individuals in the Navy. But who will attempt such scrutiny? Is the subject of sufficient interest to command the attention, the time, the labor, of the members of the Naval committees, necessary to make such a scrutiny as will surely exhibit to them the errors as well as the means of correcting them? The work to be accomplished is not of a nature to bring fame or profit to those who may assume the task. Yet until such investigation shall be made, of all that is on file in the Navy Department which partakes in any degree of the nature of complaint or of offence against the law, by the committees, after the papers are printed for their use ex-

clusively, no legislation profitable for the Navy need be expected.

Discreetly read, the Navy Register will communicate some few important facts, which exert a strong influence for good or for evil, over the Naval service. But a hasty glance will convey very little information, because the arrangement of the volume conceals rather than fully exposes the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Including the lakes, the Navy afloat January 1st, 1857, was 26 vessels of all classes, bearing 536 guns. As usual it was distributed in six squadrons, each under the command of a Captain, who has the title of Commodore.

A squadron is defined to be part of a fleet, consisting of two or more ships. The Captain whose commission is oldest in a squadron, commands, and while he thus commands, he is distinguished in the British and American Navies by the title of Commodore; and in our Navy a courtesy and a custom observed by the Navy Department continue it to the officer forever, just as some men remain Honorable after being in Congress. The statutes of our Navy recognize no such grade as Commodore. Of later years, however, we find in the Navy Register, what indicates to unprofessional readers that there is a grade of Naval officers designated Commodore. We read in it as follows: "African Squadron—Commodore Thomas Crabbe, Commander-in-Chief." Finding that this "African Squadron" consists of two sloops of war, and a brig, bearing an aggregate of forty-six guns, only an armament for a single frigate, one may question the taste or fitness of applying so much paper "pomp and circumstance" to a position comparatively small and unimportant. To designate a Captain in the Navy both "Commodore" and "Commander-in-Chief," seems calculated to inflate the vanity of the individual rather than to add to his official quality and power, which are generally estimated by the number of ships and guns under his command. The words Captain Thomas Crabbe, Commodore, would make a true statement, conveying to all interested, the information

that this gentleman commands the squadron on the coast of Africa. The Constitution tells us that the "Commander-in-Chief" of the Army and Navy is the President of the United States. To apply the same title to a Captain who commands only a small detachment of our fleet is inconsistent with propriety. A recent law requires that Captains in command of squadrons shall be denominated "Flag Officers." In conformity to it we may read in the next edition of the Navy Register,—African Squadron; Captain Thomas Crabbe, Flag Officer, and Commander-in-Chief; or, Flag Officer, Thomas Crabbe, Commander-in-Chief. It might not be in conflict with good taste or good sense to state it, simply, Thomas Crabbe, Flag Officer. Possibly this recent law may be effectual in removing from the record six Commanders-in-Chief of the Navy of the United States, by substituting six Flag Officers.

Let us now seek in the Navy Register of January 1st, 1857, for such statistics as may form data upon which statesmen may base opinions.

A question has been discussed, whether ships of war, including their armament and appurtenances, or the officers and privates employed on board of them, constitute the Navy? If public ships and Navy yards are the Navy, then we may declare that fortresses and barracks constitute the Army? The discussion of the question is waived here. Ships, Navy yards, &c., will be first considered, and then the men employed in them.

We have ten ships-of-the-line. Of these four are still, "on the stocks," three are "in ordinary," and three are in use as "receiving ships," in which recruits are entertained until required for service at sea. The armament of these ten ships is an aggregate of 872 guns. They are all at home.

Of our thirteen frigates, three are at sea, and ten are "in ordinary." The aggregate of their armament is 656 guns, of which 156 are abroad.

Of nineteen sloops-of-war, six are "in ordinary," that is, "laid up," twelve are abroad, and one preparing for sea. The

aggregate of their armament is 378 guns, of which 246 are afloat.

Of our three brigs, one is at sea, and two are laid up. The aggregate of their armament is 16 guns,, of which 12 are at home.

We have one schooner, of three guns, laid up at the Navy Yard in California.

We have five store-ships, carrying 16 guns in all. Three of these vessels are at sea, and two are permanently moored, one at Valparaiso, Chili, and the other at San Francisco, California.

Besides these fifty sailing ships, a considerable number of which are unavailable for service at sea, from age and decrepitude, we have screw steamers of three classes, and side-wheel steamers, of three classes.

There are seven screw steamers of the first class. Two of these bearing 80 guns, are at sea. The others are preparing for sea.

There is one screw steamer of the second class, armed with 13 guns, and now at sea. And there are two of the second class, one of which, bearing 9 guns, is at sea.

There are ten screw steamers in all. Four of them carrying an aggregate of 102 guns, are employed.

There are three side-wheel steamers of the first class. One, of 15 guns, is employed.

One side-wheel steamer of the second class, not employed.

Five side-wheel steamers of the third class. One bearing one gun, is cruising, and another is employed as a "receiving ship" for recruits.

To these may be added three steam tugs, without arms. Including these, the whole steam Navy of the United States consists of twenty-two steamers, of which only six are at sea.

The Navy afloat, and employed cruising, consists of sixteen sail ships, bearing 406 guns; six steamers, carrying 118 guns, and three store-ships, carrying 12 guns; in all, twenty-six vessels, and 536 guns.

The entire Naval force enumerated in the Navy Register, consists of 50 sail, and 22 steam vessels; in all 72, carrying 2247 guns, less than one fourth of which is actually afloat.

The daily "National Intelligencer," for May 27, 1857, contains a comparative statement of the French and American Navies, as follows:

"THE FRENCH NAVY.

"The Navy Department has received some interesting facts with regard to the total disposable marine of the French service, which we compare with our own Navy, for the convenience of our readers:—

(TABLE—NEXT PAGE.)

	FRENCH.		AMERICAN.	
	No. of vessels.	Guns.	No. of vessels.	Guns.
SAIL VESSELS.				
Ships-of-the-line of every kind.....	31	2,866	10	872
Frigates.....	61	3,028	13	656
Corvettes, (sloops).....	46	1,038	19	378
Corvettes, (de charge,) or transports.....	14	448
Brigs.....	67	1,006	3	16
Schooners.....	38	228	1	3
Cutters.....	33	132
Store-ships, (gabares,).....	28	444	5	16
STEAMERS.				
Ships, &c.....	27	2,680
Frigates, (16 guns each,).....	21	336
" (new construction, 50 guns,).....	4	200
First-class steamers, (screw, 40-50 guns,).....	7	210
All others.....	12	92
Sloops, (25 guns,)	33	925
Dispatch-boats, (avisos,).....	76	456
Floating batteries.....	4	64
Canonnières.....	19	76
Transports.....	25	150
Total.....	527	14,077	70	2,243

“We also append the number of officers of each grade in the French Navy in 1857, which we also compare with the American Navy, as given in the Navy Register for the same year:—

	French.	American.
Admirals.....	2	..
Vice-Admirals.....	13	..
Rear-Admirals.....	22	..
Captains.....	113	64
Commanders.....	235	96
Lieutenants.....	679	311
Masters.....	..	24
Passed Midshipmen...	24
Midshipmen (Enseignes de vaisseau).....	550	30
Candidates of the 1st class.....	109	..
Candidates of the 2nd class.....	165	..
Total.....	1,888	549

“The above tables clearly show the vast inferiority of ‘the right arm’ of our power to that of other nations with whom we may have to struggle for supremacy in the future.”

It may not be uninteresting to carry this comparison somewhat further.

According to the above tables, the French have 527 ships, and the Americans 70; that is 7-52 times as many ships; and they have 6-27 times as many guns, but only 3-43 times as many officers.

The French have for each ship an average of 3-58 officers, and the Americans an average of 7-83 officers, which is more than double.

In the American Navy there is, on an average, one officer for every 4-08 guns; and in the French Navy, one officer for every 7-45 guns.

But, as already stated, we have less than one fourth of our force actually employed. We have 536 guns afloat, and the table says we have 549 officers, which is more than one officer for every gun, and an average of 21-96 officers for every ship afloat.

Looking at the statement of ships and officers employed in the six squadrons,

(including, of course, six Commanders-in-Chief of the American Navy,) we find there are 26 vessels and 212 officers of the grades named in the above tables, or an average of 8-15 officers of the line for each ship in commission for service at sea. Only officers of the line are named in the above tables.

The inference from these statements is, that if the French have a sufficient number of officers, the Americans have either too many officers, or too few ships and guns employed.

An analysis of the Navy Register should state that on the active list of officers of the line, there are 64 Captains; of these 12 are employed at sea, and 15 at home, in all 27.

There are 96 Commanders; of these 18 are employed at sea, and 27 at home, in all 45.

There are 311 Lieutenants; of these 121 are employed at sea, and 74 at home, in all 195. Of the Lieutenants, 39 are engaged on the coast survey, and 15 at the National Observatory.

There are 24 Masters; 14 are employed at sea, and 5 on the coast survey;

There are 24 Passed-Midshipmen; 16 at sea, 1 on shore, and 2 on the coast survey.

There are 30 Midshipmen at sea, and 145 Acting Midshipmen, (who should be styled Naval Cadets,) at the Naval Academy.

There are 8 Navy Yards; 2 Naval Stations; 5 Rendezvous for recruiting; and 5 receiving ships.

The Naval Academy employs 1 Captain, 1 Commander, 6 Lieutenants, and 1 Passed-Midshipman.

The Ordnance employs 2 Captains, 7 Commanders, and 9 Lieutenants.

The coast survey, 3 Commanders, 39 Lieutenants, 5 Masters, and 2 Passed-Midshipmen. This shows an aggregate of 76 officers of the line employed in duties which, in military parlance, are properly termed "staff duties."

There are 38 Boatswains; 18 are at sea, and 11 on shore duty, in all 29 employed.

There are 40 Gunners; 18 at sea, and 13 on shore, in all, 31 employed.

The Marine Corps.—All the officers are employed. Of 13 Captains, 6 are at sea; of 19 First Lieutenants, 4 are at sea; and of 20 Second Lieutenants, 11 are at sea. Those not at sea, are employed on shore.

The staff officers of the Navy are thus recorded:

There are 69 Surgeons; 20 at sea, and 24 on shore duty, in all 44.

There are 80 assistant Surgeons; 30 at sea, 15 on shore, 6 on the coast survey, and 1 on special service; in all 52.

There are 64 Purser; 23 at sea, 16 on shore, 1 on special service, in all 40.

There are 24 Chaplains; 6 at sea, and 7 on shore, in all 13.

There are 17 Chief Engineers, 3 at sea.

There are 24 first assistant Engineers; 8 at sea.

There are 20 second assistant Engineers; 8 at sea.

There are 35 third assistant Engineers; 11 at sea.

There are 48 Carpenters; 20 at sea, 13 on shore, in all 33.

There are 39 Sail-makers; 19 at sea, 7 on shore, in all 26.

The law to promote the efficiency of the Navy, did not extend into the staff. Therefore its lists still retain many, who, from advanced age and decrepitude, are incapable to discharge the duties of their vocations.

The military branch of the Navy includes all those who are governed by military laws, and who are amenable to military tribunals. The division is into line and staff; but the compilers of the Navy Register are not yet sufficiently familiar with military technicalities, perhaps, to recognize either these terms or divisions, or, they may disdain such refinements. Besides the military officers of the line and staff, there are several grades of *civil* officers engaged in the Naval service. They are termed *civil* because they are governed by civil laws exclusively, and are amenable to civil, and not to military tribunals. The civil officers of the Navy, embraced under the definition first given,

are the Secretary of the Navy; the chiefs of the bureaus and clerks employed in the Navy Department; Navy agents, Naval store keepers, Naval constructors; secretaries and clerks at Navy Yards. agents for the purchase of hemp, of coals, &c.; agents for the preservation of live-oak, and other timber. It is believed that although these officers are necessary to the Naval establishment of the country, they are not subject to be arraigned before any military tribunal for neglect of official duty; they have no military character or attribute, and are, therefore, properly denominated civil officers of the Navy.

As already stated, we have employed 25 vessels, and 536 guns. The Secretary of the Navy states, in his report, that the "expenditure for the support of the Navy and Marine corps, for the year ending June 30th, 1856, was \$8,427,356 97." This is an average of \$15,741 33 for every gun afloat.

These data merely imply that the Naval system is susceptible of improvement, and that it may be possible by a wise policy to obtain the services of a larger force for less money. The excess of cost is not attributable to the officers of the Navy, but to the system of purchasing materials and supplies of different kinds. Wise men, such as perceive in anticipation the condition of the future, believe that we require now a larger Naval force, a more competent Naval power, and a better system applied to the management of Naval affairs. We do not need to maintain a Navy as large as that of Great Britain, or that of France; but we do require an active force afloat of

more than twenty-five sail. If we should keep in commission regularly sixty ships, fifteen hundred guns, and fifteen thousand men, the force would be less than one half of that of England afloat at this time. Nothing promises more for the efficiency of the Navy than increase of its ships, guns, and privates, provided no addition be made to the numbers now in the several grades of the line. The officers now on the active list need professional employment to make them in fact, what they are in name. The active list embraces the names of one hundred and sixty-one Captains and Commanders, whose particular and especial vocation is to command our public ships at sea; and to fill up the professional time of these men, we keep in commission twenty-five vessels for all of these one hundred and sixty-one Captains and Commanders to command, each in his turn for a period of two or of three years. Arithmeticians may determine how many times each one will command during three years in the course of twenty, provided each one is permitted to take command when his turn comes; and they may further reckon how many Captains are required to command sixty ships constantly at sea, allowing an addition of one third for necessary repose and to take the places of those who may be temporarily disabled. On such a basis one hundred Captains and Commanders would be enough for sixty ships; now we have one hundred and sixty-one for twenty-five ships. The attention of the Naval Committee is invited to this fact, and its influence upon the energy and activity of the Naval service.

AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

No. I.

"MY MUSE, 'TIS TIME FOR MOVING."

I.

My muse, 'tis time for moving:
 What's here should make us stay?
 Thought should be free for roving,
 When Fancy would go play.
 Here Mind but works in shackles,
 With never a cheer of mirth;
 Wit, like the fire that crackles
 Upon the Pauper's hearth.

II.

We'll break these bonds of custom,
 And feel our wings in flight:
 These routine laws, let's burst 'em,
 And make of Thought delight.
 It is not Thought, this bondage,
 To what is writ and done;
 And Genius means brigandage,
 Where unknown spoils are won.

III.

Sweet Fancy, we shall range ill,
 If bent on noble toils,
 We meet not with some angel,
 And wrestle for our spoils:
 There broods the Old Tradition,
 A miser on yon height;
 Come on, it is our mission,
 To rob his trunks to night.

IV.

And yon's a secret valley,
 And yon's a mystic grove,
 On these, with sudden sally,
 Their hidden wealth we'll prove.
 The Elves in these have treasures
 Deep buried from the sun;
 We'll keep no timid measures,
 When such are to be won.

V.

The spoils of Thought require
Such courage as will brave
Worn saws of ancient sire,
Dull maxims of the slave;
And he who hopes to forage
In realms of Fancy still,
Must arm himself with courage
To wander where he will.

VI.

The path-ways worn and travelled
He still eschews, and finds
In realms unblazed, ungravelled,
New routes for other minds:
He dares,—and that's Dominion;
He soars, and in his flight,
He wins an Eagle pinion,
From every starry height.

No. II.

"SONG BE OURS."

I.

Oh! Song be ours, though flying
The rapture evermore be;
For, wooing and winning and dying
Are ever the destiny.
Beauties, that now enkindle,
And glory that now upsprings,
Still, ere the daylight, dwindle
Into mere mortal things.
Yet, who is it scorns the treasure,
Because, as he uses, it flies?
Song be ours, and Pleasure,
Though the bliss in its budding dies!

II.

Zephyrs of light have shaken
From off their golden wings,
Odours that lately were taken
From the depth of Sonora's springs.
Tampa's flowers have given
Sweets, that even as they fall,
Make us still Fancy that Heaven
Hath somewhere a blessing for all!

Oh! moments winged and gilded,
 Ye will all too soon have pass'd:
 Souls of Passion, be yielded,
 Now, while your raptures last!

III.

Hark, as the Song ascending,
 Kindles the dreaming heart,
 'Till, with Love's own phrenzy blending,
 Tears, all of rapture, start!
 Oh! never count you the minute,
 As a minute already known,
 'Till all the joy that is in it,
 Hath been certainly made your own.
 He who midst Life's growing flowers,
 Wrapt in delight like this,
 Stops to measure the hours,
 Was never decreed for Bliss.

No. III.

"EYES, EYES, YE HAVE LED ME TO RUIN."

I.

Eyes, eyes, ye have led me to ruin,
 Yet still ye are lovely, and still I adore;
 Lips, lips, ye have been my undoing,
 Yet still would I feed on your sweets evermore.
 Ye are fatal to Fame, and I give up ambition,
 Content but to breathe of the balm ye impart,
 To sigh away life, in a dreamy condition,
 Forgetting the soul, in the calls of the heart.

II.

Eyes, eyes, ye behold without feeling,
 The ruin ye make, and the ills ye have done;
 Lips, lips, in the smile o'er ye stealing,
 I see but the sense of the triumph ye 've won.
 No tender emotion subdues the expression,
 That Vanity wears o'er her conquest complete;
 No tear starting forth, at the mournful confession,
 Consoles the poor victim that sighs at your feet.

III.

Why, why, so cruelly sinning
 'Gainst all that is lovely in beauty and youth?
 Eyes, why so beautiful, lips why so winning,
 Still so denying to Passion and Truth?

Know'st thou not, proud one, that proud gifts in woman
Are precious alone when they kindle with heart;
And the moment that Beauty forgets to be human,
All the beautiful gifts of the woman depart!

No. IV.

RIVER SERENADE.

I.

The blue wave mounts our packet's side,
The breeze blows sweet and free,
And the rippling gleams of the moonlight glide,
Making pathways through the sea:
And in gushes sweet from the orange groves,
O'er the longing senses the odours swell,
And O! that Song, it is surely Love's,
Breathing fond promise and sad farewell!—
Passionate promise of meeting soon,
Sworn by the zephyr, and sea and moon!

II.

Oh! sweetest of all, in this sweet hour,
Would mine were yon happy minstrel's art,
Then with strain of a wild and witching power,
Would I win away thy heart:
Would I sing thee a song of love, so true
To the kindred glories of sky and sea,
That moon and zephyr and star should woo,
In a fond sweet song with me,—
'Till thy lips should murmur with fond return,
And thy breast with a kindred passion burn.

III.

Oh! could I sing thee what now I feel,
With voice subdued to this realm of bliss!—
Make the moon's tenderness o'er thee steal,
Waft thee mine with the zephyr's kiss!—
Teach thee, through scent of the orange grove,
How hearts should be loving and maidens true;
Spell thee to dreams of a faithful love,
By waters so bright, 'neath a sky so blue!—
Till through zephyr, and sky, and moon, and sea,
Thou would'st share all the passion I feel for thee!

No. V.

"DEATH, BUT NEVER DISHONOUR."

I.

Death, but never dishonour!

If Freedom we now must resign,
Be the fields where our fathers first won her,
Her burial-place and her shrine!
There let us marshal our powers,
Sworn to our ancestors' fame,
And if victory may not be ours,
At least we shall sink without shame!

II.

Sons have forgotten their mothers,
Traitors with foes have allied,
And those we have cherish'd as brothers,
Shrink in dismay from our side:
Realms that still share in our danger,
Tremble to share in the strife;
Yield up the field to the stranger,
Liberty selling for life!

III.

Never, for us, the foul story,
Unless from the Past you may tear,
Every record that tells of the glory
Of sires whose weapons we wear!
The birth-right of place which they gave us
Is nought to their birth-right of Fame!
Foes may crush, but they shall not enslave us,
Hate may conquer, but never shall shame!

No. VI.

"I HAVE HAD DREAMS."

I.

I have had dreams of bowers,
Far off, beautiful, bright and blest,
Fill'd with rich fruits and the sweetest flowers,
That delight but disturb my rest:
Ever with rapture smiling,
They spread themselves, wooing and wiling,
To very madness beguiling,
The passions that fill my breast.

And, though I fear them, I fly not,
 I have no strength to depart;
 I would try, but I try not,
 To drive their spells from my heart.
 And my hopes of ambition are dying,
 And my promise of fortune is flying,
 Still on these visions relying,
 I am spell'd by the cruellest art.

III.

Thus the bright serpent he's coiling,
 Watching the forest tree,
 While the poor bird, won by his wiling,
 Fluttering, comes down to see:
 Like that fated bird, the lover,
 Round his danger will hover,
 Till the charm's complete, and over,
 And he droops to his destiny!

No. VII.

"TO-MORROW WE PART."

I.

To-morrow!—O! to-morrow!—
 With that fearful word, my heart,
 Grows to agony from sorrow,
 With the morrow we must part!
 The pleasant dream which made us,
 Of our doom forgetful long,
 Hath deliver'd us, betray'd us,
 And the madness follows wrong.

II.

Oh! deeply for the error,
 Must our thoughtless hearts atone,
 When, from tenderness, in terror,
 We start up to feel alone!
 With the stays that bound us shiver'd,
 With the hope that warm'd us fled,
 Our summer vessels severed,
 And the horrid storm o'er head!

III.

Ah! how blind, how deaf, each bosom,
 To the warning voice that told
 How the beauty of Love's blossom,
 Should not shield it from the cold;

How in Passion's generous error,
 Never heeding human bound;
 Love should rear her fruits in terror,
 And no plea for mercy found.

IV.

But in vain the cruel-hearted
 Would our true affection shake,
 We may perish, not be parted,
 May be sunder'd, not forsake!
 The one solace still is left us,
 In all other things undone,
 They have not of love bereft us,
 And they cannot—we are one!

No. VIII.

“LOW SLEEPS THE BARD.”

I.

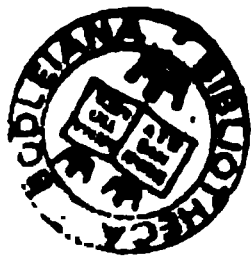
Low sleeps the Bard, no stone above his rest,
 Far in the unbroken forests of the West;
 No Pilgrim seeks the spot, with generous care,
 With flowers, the glossy hillock to repair.

II.

But far, in happiest hours, his song is heard,
 While gentlest hearts with sweetest woes are stirr'd,
 And memories that embalm the name they keep,
 Even while they murmur his, in homage weep.

III.

Well they remember, with rebuking sense,
 How great his toils, how small his recompense;
 How long he lived—unhonour'd 'till he died,
 A people scorn in life, in death their pride.



VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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CHAPTER VI.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
 And weep that trust and that deceiving,
 Than doubt one heart, that if believed
 Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
 The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth ;
 Better be cheated to the last,
 Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Mrs. Butler.

He who can take advice, is sometimes
 superior to him who can give it.

Von Knebel.

She trusted him and the morrow's sun rose like any other brilliant morning sun from his golden bed in the east, peeping daintily through his embroidered curtains to see if the earth were the same as when he left it yesterday, if the flowers blushed at his coming, and the diamond dew glittered on the long, bending spear-grass; if the laborer blessed him as he wended his way over the smiling fields, and the birds greeted him with a morning carol. Then he glanced at Sybil's window, flushing the curtain with a rosy glow, to see if a white-robed maiden stood there watching for his rising. In truth he saw her there with the glory of the early morning around her: then boldly gazed his majesty from his gorgeous couch, parting the drapery with his jewelled fingers; right royal were the robes he donned, right glittering his regal crown: then higher and higher he rose in his azure-paved path, more brilliant each instant he shone, until all the visible earth acknowledged his presence, while he smiled at his reception, and the smile was reflected on hill, and plain, on rill, and river, on the tall tree tops, and the blue-eyed violet, and a busy murmur of life joined the silent welcome, while Sybil, shading her eyes, watched his triumphant passage in the heavens.

Yes, she stood there, watching, but alas she was scarcely the free-hearted, happy Sybil of yesterday, and the sun

saw no welcoming smile upon her gentle face. She felt that she had undertaken something gigantic, and as though a little bird of the woodland had promised protection to the eagle; but what she had promised, now that her word was passed, that she determined faithfully to perform.

It was a new experience for Sybil to be gloomy and thoughtful, for her disposition was one of those bright and happy ones "which mourners even approve." And yet that placid temperament by no means betokened a perfect character, for there can scarcely be perfection of character without trial, and Sybil had had no trials. She had received none of that chastening which is necessary to the formation of a proper religious spirit; she was what she appears to us rather from circumstance, from native disposition, than from any effort of hers; she had seldom known what self-denial was, had never been thwarted, and having had no young companions, she was a stranger to those little differences, which are so apt, while they tarnish the fair heart of childhood in some instances, to cause others to rise superior to them.

But then on the other hand, had these early trials indeed come, Sybil was well fortified to meet them by the watchful training of her good grand-mother, who had passed through many a furnace of affliction, and who had but one abiding thought, a future world, and how to prepare herself for it. She took every opportunity to teach to Sybil the simple duties of life, and had made the Bible a part of her daily instruction, and Sybil knew that it spoke of a wrong path and a right one, of evil and good, pride and lowliness, lip service and heart service, worldly love and christian love, and she chose from its mingled elements *the better way*. Then with a practical piety which linked itself with the minutest circumstance in life, Mrs. Gordon had interested her young charge in every day stories drawn from the chambers of fiction in

her own fertile brain, the burden of which was, that life was a battle that had to be fought, that even in that battle we should be as much concerned about small things and trifles as about more important considerations, that a hasty word, a petulant spirit, an unforgiving heart were the commencement of crimes of a deeper dye, and that the murderer was once an innocent child sleeping upon its mother's breast.

"Stop the first thought of evil," she would say to Sybil, who stood by, listening attentively, more for the sake of the story than the moral, "'an angel could do no more,' and there will be nothing left to repent of; and above all be careful of those household sins, impatience, fault-finding, petulance and coldness, which do not so much affect your own happiness as that of those around you; at first they may be but a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but those clouds very often grow and cover the whole heavens."

It was by thus being daily fortified that Sybil early learned the lessons of truth and goodness.

As she stood by the window musing upon her first real trial, and watching the upward progress of the sun, it did not occur to her, occupied as she was with other thoughts, that the plan determined upon the night before, was to have their morning meal an hour earlier than usual on account of their projected excursion, and it was not until she heard Vernon's voice busied in giving orders for their pleasure trip, that she hastened down to meet him.

"You are late," he said coldly, as she bade him good morning, "and I have been waiting some time for you; before one learns any thing else in life, he should learn by heart the lesson, '*be punctual*.'" Mrs. Gordon does not feel well enough to come down to-day, and you must take her place as something of a house-keeper and general overseer, which, by the by, will be quite in accordance with your promise of last night. Come, we will wait no longer, and after breakfast you can inquire if she needs any thing before we go."

Sybil's face grew as white as her morn-

ing robe, first because Vernon's tone was abrupt and impatient, and it reminded her that she was a slave to the bond of the night previous, and next, because this hinted surveillance over the household was an unexpected duty and not at all to her taste; then to be absent from her place at meal-time was an unusual thing for her grand-mother, and though her first impulse was to fly to her and ascertain her exact state of health, she felt that Vernon expected her to remain where she was, and mechanically she obeyed what she thought was his wish, and yet the restraint annoyed her, and she felt angry with herself for yielding so quietly to what she knew was wrong, nevertheless she led him to the breakfast-room and officiated with grace and sweetness in her novel position.

It was a great effort to her, too, to control her varied emotions, but that which affected her most, was the illness of her grandmother, because it always distressed her to see her suffering, and disappointment, also, was added to her other little troubles, for she felt that her proper place was at her bedside, and that the excursion must be given up, and this last subject she broached to Vernon.

"By no means," he answered hastily, to her proposition, 'to postpone the picnic;' "our arrangements are all made, the carriage is at the door, and one of the servants can remain with your grandmother until we return."

Sybil's eyes filled with tears; "I never leave my grandmother while she is suffering," she said, "and cannot think of going to-day; some other morning will be just as bright and lovely."

"I have already said," he retorted in a tone so stern that Sybil started, "that to-day we go, and on no other; I shall expect you to accompany me;" and calling his servant, he left the room before Sybil could frame words to answer.

"Trifles do, indeed, make up the sum of life," she said to herself, as he left her alone, "what unhappiness a single selfish, imperious will can create!" She wondered where her courage had fled to, her determination to correct his faults when in opposition to her ideas of right.

mother well and cheerful, I would have braved your displeasure and would have remained at home with her."

Vernon smiled in derision, then frowned. It was a new thing to be found fault with, quite new for any one to dictate to him what he should or should not do or be, and he spoke bitter words of sarcasm, forgetting quite the bond of the night before.

"You display a wonderful dignity," he said, bowing low to Sybil, "an extraordinary propriety; why not have displayed this unparalleled and heroic devotion *before* we started, and I could easily have dispensed with your reluctant presence; but stay, we are not harmonious, I perceive, with these elements; they betoken any thing but a *pleasure trip*, I will order John to return."

"Stop, Mr. Vernon," said Sybil with a trembling voice, "I have a few words to say to you before you give your order. I *do* think that you were wrong this morning, and I determined to tell you so, because you bestowed upon me the right to criticise your faults in our new relation of last evening; and besides, let the question come home to yourself; do you think that I would have left *you* had you been lonely and in pain, for any fleeting party of pleasure? *No, upon my word I would not!*"

The soft accents of the truthful voice fell like dew upon his angry heart. Ah, then, he had a claim upon some one who would remain by his couch were he suffering; some one other than a paid menial to attend to his wants. There was positive comfort in the thought. Lonely, deserted, afflicted, he still had one friend, a bright, companionable being, who would not forsake him even for her own pleasure. The idea had a wonderfully soothing effect, while common-place thanks seemed wretchedly out of place after her earnest tone, and "God bless you, Sybil," came struggling through his quivering lips.

But that was not enough for Sybil. Was she infatuated that she could not be satisfied with his softened mood? She wanted the whole letter of the law fulfilled; she wanted him to confess his

fault like a little child, to say that he was sorry and would do so no more, to do any thing that evinced repentance.

"Then do you not think that you were wrong this morning? Oh, Mr. Vernon, only say it, and feel it too."

Vernon was silent, Sybil half frightened for fear that she had ventured too far, but it was not that which annoyed him. The words refused to come to his lips because he could not understand the new sensation; he could not realize how he, a man of the world, an independent actor and thinker, sat there swayed and influenced by the remarks of a simple country-girl.

"Then you will *not* say it," she said mournfully, "I can answer your question now. The sun does not shine brightly to-day, nor are there myriads of birds who sing joyfully in our path. The earth is a very gloomy place; come let us return, since we both wish it."

But the order was not given, and in its stead four little words were spoken by a manly voice, which brightened wood, and blossom, and sky, and birds, and more than each and all, Sybil's downcast face.

"*I was wrong, Sybil*"—four little words, but quite enough for her who heard them, for buoyant with life and happiness, laughing, talking, singing, she now showed to Vernon a new and fascinating phase of her ever-varying character.

As the carriage left the beaten road and entered the shaded wood, Sybil's tone became more subdued. "Do you not perceive," she said to her companion, "by the cold dampness of the air, that we are close upon a deliciously sheltered spot, where the boughs almost meet and mingle overhead? It puts me in mind of some lines that I met with the other day—

'Scarce doth one ray
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage,
steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of the deep arcade;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellowed hue
Of glow-worm coloured light.'

How beautiful is that description of such a place as this, and then add to it, but alas in my own cold prose, that a stream gleams at intervals through the

trees, and that the rippling murmur that you hear, is the flowing of its waters over crystal looking pebbles, and you have a rural picture unsurpassed for quiet beauty. You have lived in the city, Mr. Vernon, and I sometimes think seem to prefer its crowded streets to this hush of nature, but to me it appears as if no art could equal the delight, the peace that the country brings."

"In days past," returned Vernon, "when the world was to me what it is to you, it is true that I preferred a more active, busy life, a life among men; *now* I would not make the exchange, but let me have my sight again, and I would gladly return once more to the domain of art. Think of the luxuries of a city life, its amusements, its resources, its pictures, its architecture! You do not know my friend Linwood, Albert Linwood, but were he here he would convince you with his eloquent words of your mistaken choice, for he, too, loves a city life and its advantages, and only visits the country occasionally for inspiration, returning with renewed zest to his pictures, and that artificial life which you are so ready to condemn."

"You betray both him and yourself," said Sybil quietly, "when you say that he must needs come to *the country* for *inspiration*, for, from whence do poets and painters obtain their ideas and images except from the study of nature?"

"I am afraid that I have given you a false idea of Linwood's predilections; he is scarcely a devotee to nature, unless it be human nature when he studies it to give a life-like reality to an expression in the face of a portrait. Although he occasionally transfers a landscape view to canvas, (for instance, that exquisite picture of Evening, which hangs in your chamber, and which you admire so much for its peculiar colouring,) what most engrosses him is portrait painting, or sketching ideal faces of angelic loveliness, for he is a perfect worshipper of beauty in woman."

Vernon stopped, bent his head downward for a moment, as though he was ashamed of trying to hide the flush that covered his face, then raised it while

Sybil noticed that when he spoke again, it was no longer with his clear, measured utterance, but with a quick out-pouring of word after word, as though he must say, and that in a given time, a certain number of sentences.

"He painted a face once for me, Sybil," he resumed, "not an ideal, but a living, breathing reality, a face so exquisitely lovely, so queen-like in its majestic grace, that to see it was to love it, and I loved it, fearfully, madly, until I discovered that what was so fair, so innocently fair, could be false too. You have heard that the pious monks of La Trappe have ever before them the painted form of a beautiful woman, and that on the other side of the portrait, a hideous skeleton is depicted;—this is fixed by machinery so as to revolve continually in a way that makes the figures blend in disgusting proximity, a type of the rottenness and insecurity of all earthly beauty, a warning, that even thus, most surely mingles life's divinest creations with death's unsightly carcass;—so I would have had some monster, some fiend of the shades of darkness painted on the reverse of Linwood's picture and have called it by its fitting name, *Deceit*."

Vernon's breath came quick, and he gasped out rather than spoke his closing words, while Sybil watched him in mute wonder. She would have been glad to hear more of that mysterious picture which had moved Vernon so, and the description of which had given him a death-like pallor, and brought out cold drops of dew upon his brow, but he appeared indisposed to reveal any more than he had done, and sinking back within the carriage, covered his face with his hands and seemed to give himself up to thought.

Sybil sat statue-like, fearing to annoy him even by a movement, and thus he dreamed, perchance of some terrible hour of the past, perhaps of an uncertain future, until they found that they had reached their destination, the Ruined Church.

CHAPTER VII.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild

And terrorless as the serenest night :
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child

Sporting on graves, that death did hide
from human sight,

Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

Shelley.

Wasting storms

Have striven to drag it down ; yet still it stands,

Enduring like a truth from age to age.

Barry Cornwall.

Sybil and her companion alighted in silence, words seeming superfluous to convey to each other the impress which their minds had received from the solemn stillness that reigned around them. They both felt that they were treading on sacred ground, and that besides being the home of prayer, the place where in time past, songs of praise had mingled with the carol of the birds, the graves of the dead were around them and in their very path. She led Vernon at once to the shaded church-yard, and there, seated upon a half-defaced slab, thick with the mould of years, they listened awhile with a deep sense of tranquil enjoyment to that unceasing forest requiem, the rustling of the shivering leaves, now full like a chorus of mournful voices, and then dying away as if echoed from spirit-land.

"Here the weary rest," at last said Vernon, breaking the long silence, "yes, there remaineth a rest; the Bible says that, does it not, Sybil?"

"Yes," she answered softly, and with an audible sigh, "but only for the people of God."

"Does Sybil sigh for herself, or others?" asked her companion. "For myself, myself," she answered eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Vernon, in such a place, in such an hour as this, does not the earth and all its scenes seem a dream, and only what follows after, the reality? And yet how, how much we care for the

fevered dream, how little for the solemn reality! It is only when some experience like this overtakes me, and presses upon me a solemn admonition, that I feel the true significance of discipline, and that

'This life of mine
Must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly won.'—

"If you in your purity are not fit for the rest of the grave and the peace of another world, then who on this wide earth is?" said Vernon.

"Hush, hush," answered Sybil earnestly, to what she thought Vernon's almost impious remark, "you know not what you say; ah, no; good enough for those pure skies! One could scarcely be good enough without some severe trial like yours, Mr. Vernon, if you would only view it aright, or the death of some beloved friend bringing anguish and desolation with it. Sometimes I am rash enough to wish that some great trial would overtake me, or that a fearful temptation might assail me, so that I might indeed be like those to whom the Scriptures declare, *and to him that overcometh I will give a crown of life.*"

Sybil's whole soul shone in her face as she uttered these words, not her everyday soul of cheerful gladness, but her *Sabbath soul*, with a halo of holiness around it. This would-be martyr spirit gave to her countenance a lustre that it had never worn before, and had even Linwood's critical eyes beheld her, she would have been to him a picture, an inspiration!

"You are an eloquent preacher," returned Vernon, "but you must remember that we are not within the church, you as pulpit orator and I as audience; besides, you forget that I hold my own peculiar tenets, and that like Faust I would say, 'that I know enough of this life, and of the world to come we have no dear prospect; what need is there for man to sweep eternity; all he can know lies within his grasp.' Your preaching therefore will not reach my case; moreover, you must remember that I am ignorant of the beauties around, which, no

doubt, you are enjoying, and that I brought you here for the very selfish reason that you might describe them to me."

Sybil sighed again; she could have spoken longer, more eloquently still upon the forbidden subject, but she felt that Vernon neither understood nor appreciated what she said.

"Sighing again, Sybil," said Vernon in a half-bantering tone, and speaking recklessly, as if he cared not whether she applied what he said to himself or her,— "he who sighs because he has no misfortunes, will soon find that they will come to him unbidden; let one be ever so happy in life, his paths all sunshine, his existence so joyous that he will be ready to exclaim 'let me be earth's denizen forever,' and in a night, in a single hour, a hand will come and smite him to the ground, perhaps closing his eyes to the beauty of life, and so closing his heart to holier influences forever. No, let him enjoy while he may; why fight the never ending battle of existence to be what the world calls 'good?' Why even try, when daily as he tries he fails!"

"I have read somewhere," said Sybil sadly, pained by Vernon's levity and indifference, "that what we earnestly and truly aspire to be, that, in some sense, we are, and the mere aspiration by changing the frame of mind for the moment realises itself! Oh, let us never give up trying even to the end."

Sybil spoke earnestly, and Vernon seemed to listen with interest, then as if desiring to dismiss the subject altogether, he renewed his request for his companion to describe the scene.

"It is wild enough," she began, "to be the very haunt and home of the Dryads, and old Pan himself might take shelter beneath these enormous trees, which are fit

——— 'to be the mast
Of some great admiral,'

and which shoot up from the gnarled, exposed roots into a straight, tall growth, interlacing their boughs overhead. This is their appearance near, but as I look

through the wood, myriad gothic arches meet the eye, until their line of beauty is lost in the distance. Here and there, long vines, some of them almost as thick as a sapling, hang from the trees, trailing their shaggy barks in varied festoons, or creeping like dark serpents on the ground. Around us are many slabs, some broken, some preserved entire, but all worn with age and covered with damp, green moss. Then by the inscriptions it would seem that husbands and wives lie side by side, and soldiers rest here peacefully from war and bloodshed. Here, too, at our very feet, are little children sleeping, and tender words show that some home was darkened by their early flight. To the right stands the Church, which is indeed a Ruin, but very picturesque, as you said, in its decay. Scarcely an arch is preserved entire, and the sunshine glances down into the unsheltered aisles below. Here and there, the young, fresh green and the weather-stained leaves of the ivy mix their shades in charming contrast, and entwine around the crumbling and broken pillars."

"Fit types of my fresh, young Sybil and her weather-beaten friend," interrupted Vernon playfully.

Sybil looked at him fixedly for a moment. One peculiarity of hers was, that though she appreciated wit and brilliant repartee, her mind could not take in the equivocal meaning of badinage. Her own nature was so transparent, that she looked for the same transparency in others. The soft breeze lifted Vernon's brown hair from his brow, and his face wore such a calm, happy look, so free from any aspect of care, that Sybil said gently, "you are not so very old, Mr. Vernon; at least you do not look so today."

"No incredible amount of years has passed over my head, certainly," he answered, "but the last of them, ah, the last of them have been weary, weary years, little Sybil. If one does indeed live in feelings and heart-throbs, and not in years, mine should be reckoned at nearly a century, while the young, tender ivy upon which not even a rude breath has blown, is in the very spring of life,

and I must persist in comparing you to it and myself to the old, sere leaves."

Sybil smiled at that adjective "little" which Vernon almost always prefixed to her name, for though not yet arrived at the medium height of woman, in the last three years she had developed wonderfully, and she felt that to any one save Vernon, she would be *little Sybil* no longer. She liked to hear it come unconsciously from his lips, assuming as it did to her ears a character of endearment.

"And yet," she answered thoughtfully, looking up to the Ruin, "they twine together in perfect harmony, and one would lose half its fitness and beauty without the other."

She thought only of the ivy, while Vernon thought but of her, of her gentleness and goodness, and her ever-watchful care of him, and he wondered mentally, how long the tender green would be content to dwell side by side with the weather-stained leaves, and what rude shock would come at last to tear them asunder. But the subject was too painful for him to dwell upon long, and he hastened to direct his thoughts into another channel.

First they had their rural feast, where Sybil's ingenuity was called upon in many ways to supply the place of home comfort, and then Vernon, after praising her for her usefulness and activity, suggested that upon their programme her composition should be next placed.

"What more fitting time could we have," he said, "than when the Spring herself breathes over us, to read an essay upon her charms? I suppose that it will be as good as all your compositions are," he continued, "but I think that I must excuse you from saying any thing original upon the subject."

"I knew it, I felt it," said Sybil eagerly, "I knew that I could only say what others have said, and so, though perhaps you may not quite like it, I put my thoughts into rhyme as a sort of change from my old beaten track of prose, but you have taught me to keep my ideal of poetry so high, that I am half ashamed of them, and if you do not like my ambitious attempt, I can only promise

never more to soar in a region so much beyond my powers."

Vernon was neither pleased nor displeased, he was simply curious about Sybil's verses, and for the first time for months, he had a passionate yearning for sight, so that he might see her expression, which he felt if it were not one of beauty, must be one of perfect confidence in him and trust in his judgment, but a darkness like the night only answered his impracticable wish.

The group was a striking one; the Ruined Church and broken arches, the shaded spot and giant trees, and the grave-yard, upon one of the tombs of which Vernon reclined, his head resting upon his hand: then at his feet on a mound, which might have been a grave, sat his companion, trembling, looking up for sympathy, even from those sightless eyes, ere she began the reading of her verses.

"Stop," said Vernon as she unfolded the paper, while his old sarcastic mood, almost unbidden, rose to his lips in chilling words; "the verses must have a name, of course; surely something original might have been aimed at there. Have you not called the piece by some such cognomen as this—'The Jubilee of the Year' or The Birth of the Verdant Leaves!'"

"No," said Sybil, falteringly, while the hot blood dyed her face crimson, and the paper rustled in her trembling hands, "it is simply Spring-time."

"Read on," he said, and obediently she read what she had written.

God of the hours, God of these golden
hours!

My heart o'erflows with love
To thee, who giv'st with liberal hand these
flowers;

To thee, who sendest cool, delicious show-
ers

Fresh from the founts above.

God of the hours, the fleeting, checkered
time,

When nature smiles and weeps,
Thou paintest sunset clouds with hues sub-
lime,

Thou tunest bird-notes to the joyous
chime

That all creation keeps.

Pale, emerald trees, how gracefully ye
twine

Around your boughs a wreath;

Or does some angel hand, with touch di-
vine,

Bring from celestial bowers your verdure
fine

To deck the bowers beneath?

How silently your leaflets old and brown

On undulating wings,

In autumn months, came floating, floating
down,

To form a carpet as they formed a crown

For you, ye forest kings!

Well may ye bend with proud and haughty
sweep,

For sunbeams love to lie

Upon your boughs; the breeze ye captive
keep,

And even the dew-drops, which the night-
clouds weep,

Upon your leaflets die.

Last eve the moon on modest twilight
beamed,

And told the stars 'twas Spring!

She swept the wave, deliciously it gleamed,

She touched the birds, and woke them as
they dreamed

A few soft notes to sing.

God of the April flowers, how large thy
gift—

The rainbow of the skies

That spans the changing clouds with foot-
steps swift,

And "rainbows of the earth," that meekly
lift

To thee, their glorious eyes.

And not content with flowers rich and fair

Thou givest perfume, too,

That loads with burden sweet the tender
air,

And comes to fill the heart with rapture
rare.

Each blushing morn anew.

God of the Spring-time hours, *what give we*
Thee

While thus thou bounteous art?

Thou owest us nought, we owe Thee all
we see—

Enjoyments, hope, thought, health, eternity,
The life-beat of each heart.

This morn came birds, on pinions bright
and fleet,

A lullaby to sing

To Winter as he slept,—but other voices
sweet

The low dirge drowned, and warbled carol,
meet

To greet the waking Spring.

Thus trees, and birds, and buds, and skies
conspire

To speak unto the heart,

"Renew thy strength, be fresh; be pure;
desire

To be new-touched with purifying fire,

That Evil's growth depart."

God of the heavens! from our bosoms blow

The sin-leaves, and plant flowers

Bedewed by gentlest rains, that they may
show,

How tended by thy love *alone they grow*,

God of these golden hours!"

Gradually Vernon's face was turned away from Sybil's view, for he did not care that she should see what was impressed thereon. Interest, and wonder at the correct collocation of words, had given place to a softened mood, which moistened his eyes and busied his mind in retrospection, and the words,

"Renew thy strength; be fresh; be pure;
desire

To be new-touched with purifying fire

That Evil's growth depart,"

woke a strange chord of yearning in his breast, to be pure, and fresh, and strong. Words were not at his command just yet, and after a minute's pause he turned to speak, to criticise the verses, as Sybil seemed to be waiting for praise or blame, but his intention was interrupted by the words, "hush, hush," and Sybil's moving nearer to him and checking him with a cautious whisper.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon," she said in the same guarded voice, "if you could only see it, only see the bird that has alighted on one of the arches! It cannot belong to our woods at all, for I have never beheld another like it. So bright and

gorgeous is it, as the sun glances upon it while it peacefully folds its wings, that one can scarcely help fancying that it is the guardian angel of this spot, or some spirit in disguise watching over the dead."

"Oh!" whispered Vernon, in return, the excitement of a sportsman shining on his face, "a bird, did you say, *not common to these woods!* Oh, for one moment's sight to these blind eyes! Sybil, child, run noiselessly to John and bid him bring hither his loaded gun; I had forgotten for an instant what a good marksman he is, and that he never misses aim."

Sybil's face flushed for shame, and she stood rooted to the spot. What! kill that bird that like an angel of peace stood poised above them; never, while she could prevent it. Kill it for a mere sportsman's love of game or an idle curiosity! the thought was desecration, and her spirit grew bold in the exigency.

"You would not, you could not kill that bird," she said with passionate pleading, "it seems as if it were never made to die, at least by hand of man; never did a king wear such a jewelled crown as its glittering crest. To kill it would be wanton cruelty, and would, in my estimation, gratify no feeling but a base and unworthy one."

"You speak as if you were the special protectress of the bird," said Vernon in low, smothered tones, and in his turn excited; "because it is so beautiful and peculiar, is the very reason why I must and will have it."

Must and will! Sybil trembled for the unconscious creature.

"Think of the holy place," she whispered again, glancing around, "of that solemn church, of these graves, of the little children sleeping around; think of this home of Death desecrated by an unholy sound, polluted by a senseless act! Oh, Mr. Vernon, call it romance if you will, ridicule it, pour upon me your anger and indignation, but for this time grant me my wish and spare that feeble life. There, thank heaven, it lifts its wings as if about to fly, and will soon be safe from your cruelty, but no, it only turns its beautiful arched neck to the

sunlight, and pleads for life and liberty with a song."

Truly Vernon's evil spirit was in the ascendant, and a demon seemed to urge him on. Thrusting Sybil hastily but gently away, he arose, and in a subdued but audible voice, called to his servant, who was at some distance, to load his gun and hasten thither.

Then a storm of anger shook Sybil's slight frame. Her will, "full statured," showed itself in her lightning glance. Fiercely the fire of scorn flashed from her eyes, and her words dropped like hot lava upon a plain.

"Mr. Vernon," she said, imperatively, taking a strange sort of pleasure in uttering the scorn that welled in such an endless stream to her lips, "Mr. Vernon, it has come to *this*; you have taken *your* resolution, *I, mine*. That bird *shall not* die, *shall not* be wantonly destroyed, and the moment that sees John approach with loaded gun one step this way, sees also the bird frightened away from his resting place by me, floating far out of the reach of the best marksman's aim."

"How dare you thwart my will?" returned he passionately, "how dare you put your weak, child-nature in opposition to mine?"

"I dare," she said, her heart beating wildly and her voice trembling with the storm that had shaken her, "because I think that I am in the right; because the bird is happy, and the place holy; and again I dare," said she, in softened accents, "because what a *sister* could say to a *brother*, that alone have I said to you."

Then she put her little hand kindly in between Vernon's clenched fingers in a caressing way, not knowing whether he would let it remain or rudely cast it away, but her silent prayer was heard, and it lay not rejected, but safe under that broad, strong palm, like a nestling under the parent-bird's wing.

But ah, who could turn away from Sybil's offered hand! Vernon did not, but crushing it softly in his, he said gently, "you have conquered; my little sister has conquered a proud, rough, unfeeling man, who came well nigh forget-

the letter, which was post-marked *Florence*, she thus began:—

“DEAR VERNON:

“As you feared never to become accustomed to the necessary third person, you made me promise to write to you only in extreme cases,—that is, if I ever found myself supremely happy or supremely miserable; as the former sensation is preëminently in the ascendant now, I can refrain no longer from imparting to you some of my experiences, and from telling you how, each day, a prayer ascends from my heart to heaven for the welfare of my generous friend.

“You have opened to me a new field of beauty, such as I never dreamed of, both in the province of art and nature. My eyes feast on loveliness, my heart beats with fuller pulsations than in my own land. I feel that I am treading on enchanted ground, and associations from the past come thronging in endless procession from the chambers of my brain. Oh, Vernon, to have seen the Lake of Como, the Cathedrals, the Laocoon, St. Peter’s, and the paintings and statuary in the old world, is to have lived no ordinary life.

“I might go on enumerating the beauties which arise on every side, but I know that with you it would be familiar ground, and might weary you, still, I could not help feeling that you ought to have a realizing sense of my deep thankfulness, and it is for this merely that I write to you.

“When I think of your sympathy, which will meet me on my return when we can talk over my experiences, I am doubly grateful to God that you were permitted to see this world-wide panorama of wonders, and that you have travelled from snow-crowned Russia to the vineyards of beautiful Spain. Even in your blindness you could never be entirely lonely, for after a visit to Europe memory would ever be a busy companion.

“To me this living in the past is enchanting, and and of course to the artist-mind the enjoyment is double. It seems to me, too, that I would never have cared to journey abroad, unless I had received

a refined education, so that I might appreciate every classical allusion, and feel at home in history. There are men around me now, ignorant, soulless men, in whom the curves of an exquisite piece of sculpture rouse no feeling of admiration,—whose eyes see no glory in an Italian sunset, who travel merely because it is fashionable, and in whom no grateful religious thought is awakened. False men are they, Vernon, and, oh, if I could only sit by you for an hour, I could tell you how the sight of all this beauty, natural and artistic, appeals to my religious nature, and how my heart beats more fervently to God and man, and my whole soul is bared to receive divine influences from heaven. No, I have not come here, even as regards my spiritual welfare, in vain.

“I have painted one work since my arrival in Florence, which the critics honour me by praising very much. It is an ideal, *my* ideal of a perfectly beautiful woman, and I call it my *Inspiration*. Need I tell you, my friend, that I mean to be yours when I return? Would that you could *see it*, and criticise it, for upon your judgment I have ever depended; but I will not murmur, for I believe that all of God’s dispensations are for the best.

“Send me a line through your amanuensis, if you do not incline to forward a longer communication, and tell me something of your welfare,—if you are still in the country, and whether you have any companions.

“Yours, in all sincerity,

“ALBERT LINWOOD.”

“I should like to know him,” said Sybil quietly, as she refolded the letter.

“And why?” asked Vernon.

As a man of the world Vernon had used that little monosyllable with great effect; it had been more powerful than many words, and joined with a sympathizing look of interest in his fine eyes, had extracted many a confession which would otherwise have remained unrevealed, and now the force of habit led him to use it still. There is often magic in one word, calling out many in answer.

"Because," was the answer, "it seems to me that I would like to talk to him, and tell him of my faults ; still better, too, would I love to hear him speak of that religion which he prizes so much. Ah, if he had sisters, how happy they must be."

What an incentive was this, to any one who loved Sybil, to be worthy in her eyes.

"It is worth the trying," thought Vernon ; but thinking on his part, in the present instance, was far from acting.

Not many days after this, Vernon summoned Sybil to his side, and told her that the time had arrived when she could be really useful to him, and that he had some work for her to do ; he wanted her to answer Linwood's letter. Such an appeal she could not escape from, and she sat down and wrote under his direction the following words :—

"You are astonished, dear Albert, at this lady-like hand-writing, instead of John's bold chirography, but 'tis only little Sybil Gray's, who writes at my dictation, therefore be mystified no longer. Now, Sybil is the grand-daughter of my mother's early friend, Mrs. Gordon, both of whom have, at my invitation, made my house their home. Mrs. Gordon, when her health allows her, is an admirable manager in my bachelor establishment, and Sybil has masters, gathers flowers, dresses the roses, and, as you see, writes for the dismal blind gentleman.

"I cannot express to you how much pleasure your letter gave me, and now that I have Sybil as writer and reader of our correspondence, let me hear from you often,—and do not be particular about the number of your sheets, for the dear child's good nature will bear her through them all, even if their name were legion.

"You ask me about *myself* ; I think, I know that I am happier than when you were here. I can trace this change to no particular cause, yet on the whole I enjoy life more, human nature seems better, and I am not quite the worldling that you left me. I begin to be recon-

ciled in some slight degree to my misfortune, and sometimes, remember, Linwood, only *sometimes*, I even bring myself to regard it as a blessing,—for, had I still retained my sight after that terrible fever, I might have remained in the city, constantly in the presence of her whom I have by this means avoided ; and so weak is the human heart, that even knowing what she is—even having seen her unmasked, her wonderful beauty and fascination might have bound me to her prisoner for life, whereas there is now no danger in absence,—and, oh, Linwood, reflect upon the almost hell upon earth that I should have endured had I passed my life——"

Sybil made a movement that arrested Vernon's words,—she rose from the table and laid down her pen. She was embarrassed beyond measure ; she thought that Vernon had lost sight of the fact that she was writing, and not he himself ; and she was an unwilling listener to the secrets of that proud heart, and interrupted him by reminding him that his letter was too much of a personal nature for her to continue writing it. "You forget, that I know nothing," she began,—but she was not allowed to proceed, for Vernon silenced her with words which rendered her mute.

"No, Sybil, I do not forget anything ; an irresistible impulse leads me to tell you that part of my life's history, which I have more than once alluded to in your presence, and to which you are a stranger. I know not why it is that I thus make you the confidant of my most sacred experiences ; I know not if your eyes are gentle and compassionate,—and yet they *must* be, Sybil ; I know not why I am led to unfold my inner nature to the scrutiny of a young girl who knows nothing of the world and its passions,—but it would seem that a kind of fate, from which there is no escape, drives me on, and it is your destiny to listen."

"Florence Percy," he continued, after a slight pause, "is my sister's dearest friend ; it was nature, then, that with such a tie between them, I should be constantly thrown into her society. She was an orphan, with no one to guide her

but an aunt, whose life was one tissue of fashionable folly. When I say that Florence was a fit scholar for so apt a teacher, I exaggerate nothing; but unaware of her faults at the time when I first made her acquaintance, her beauty,—which is fitting for a queen,—and her winning manners, captivated me, and made me her willing slave. The old proverb says, that ‘love is blind,’ but more blind than I am now bodily, was I to her defects; mad and blind until,—but I will not anticipate, Sybil, you shall hear the story from beginning to end.

“Florence was poor and yet she loved wealth better than life itself; ‘rather die,’ I doubt not was her motto, ‘than be deprived of certain luxuries and comforts.’ To struggle to keep up appearances was her one great object, and she was determined that her impoverished and aristocratic race should yet flourish through her means among the wealthy of the land.

“She chose me, then, as her instrument, her victim,—and threw her wiles around my unsuspecting nature. I need not tell you that I am rich, you must see it by the style in which I live, by my retinue of servants, and my lavish expenditure of money, and she knew it—knew my income, and laid her plans.

“We met almost daily in my sister’s house, and as it was her great ambition that Florence and I should eventually be married, we had many opportunities of becoming conversant with each other’s tastes and opinions. Isabel loved and loves Florence with a blind infatuation which is second only to what mine was, although I must do her the justice to say, that she never knew the extent of the plot laid by her fascinating friend.

“When I look back upon that eventful period of my life, it seems to me that I must have been living in a dream not to have discovered the base motives which actuated the conduct of Florence. Affection for me she had not; cold, passionless, calculating, I scarcely think that any one could inspire her with love, and yet what a master-piece of acting was her feigned joy in my presence, while

she had but one passion; to that she bowed as a heathen to his idol, and that passion was to lift the fallen fortunes of the Percy family.

“I have sometimes in my earlier years dreamed that I might be loved—dreamed of a home where a gentle wife, with loving children at her feet, would greet me at my fireside; that that home would be little short of a heaven, while Florence Percy would be the angel of my Paradise; but, alas! how was I mistaken! Sybil, look at me, is there anything chilling or repulsive about me? Now, indeed, there may be with these closed, sightless eyes,—but fancy me in the prime of youth and health, with a happy, buoyant temperament, think you not that *then* I might have inspired love?”

He waited not for Sybil’s answer, but hurried on.

“I remember the time when the truth first came to me,—not with the crash of a storm, crushing me with its suddenness,—but with only a certain foreshadowing of evil. We were not publicly engaged, the word had not been quite spoken, for we were waiting for her aunt’s return from Europe to sanction our love, but she expected the question to be asked which would make her my betrothed, and I intended it. I had told her, however, that I loved her, and I had heard the blessed words that I was in return beloved by her; I had pictured our future home, where, not the least among the changes that were to happen to me, I was to become under her guidance a useful, pious man. She had received many presents from my hands of great value, and had worn diamonds which were my gift. In the meantime our mornings were spent together, and our evenings in the round of amusements that a crowded city always affords.

“One day we were seated in Isabel’s luxurious parlour, with the light of the room softened to that mellow shade which is so becoming to a complexion like hers, and I had never seen the beauty of Florence displayed to such advantage; I even mutely thanked God for the creation of such wondrous perfection,

and that I was permitted to behold it. I have not told you that she was a clear brunette, and that the crowning grace to her fair face was a rich, glossy colour on her cheeks, which gave additional lustre to her superb eyes. On the morning of which I am speaking, she was dressed simply, yet carefully, while her glossy dark hair, unadorned, was to me more beautiful than if encircled with a diadem of brilliants. In passing I must mention that her dress usually was anything but simple, for her love of display showed itself forcibly in her toilet arrangements.

"Her quiet morning robe, with its loose hanging sleeves, disclosed an arm which was faultless in its proportions, —and as she held it towards me that I might clasp around it a ruby bracelet of curious workmanship, her eyes,—ah, those glorious eyes,—beamed with the light of what I thought was love—deep, unchangeable, grateful love to the donor, but which circumstances have showed to be only the love of gems and of display.

"Lovers are proverbially eloquent, and I was picturing to her how her affection brightened my life, and how I wished that all our days might be as tranquil and happy as that which was passing, when she whispered in return that it would be the study of her existence to make me happy, and that she had no wish in life which was not breathed in reference to me! Emboldened by this delicious confession, I told her playfully that I would put her upon trial, and then altering my tone to a serious one, I remarked that she had it in her power to grant me a favour,—a speck in comparison with the sacrifices of a lifetime. It was only this,—that, instead of attending a famous ball which was to be given in the evening, she would spend the hours at home quietly with me.

"An almost imperceptible frown passed over her brow as I said these simple and not very exacting words; but the smile that succeeded was more brilliant for the sudden shadow that had preceded it, and with all the apparent love of a loving heart gathered in her earnest eyes, which looked straight into mine, as I knelt before her, with her lips all rosy in

their freshness, and her voice tender with affectionate words, she bent towards me, and laying her perfect hand upon mine, promised what I had asked.

"Just then Isabel entered from a walk, glowing with health and excitement, and full of some important intelligence. I can scarcely think that she meant to pain me by what followed, and I can attribute her words only to that fearful proclivity which women have to making conquests, and in having those in whom they are interested count their triumphs in numbers.

"‘I have glorious news for you, Florence,’ she said, ‘you have gained another conquest by that queenly beauty of yours; you have made Lord Cummings your slave for life. He could talk of nothing else this morning but your superb air, your divine eyes, and the midnight gleaming of your ebon locks. To be sure, it is in rather a vulgar way that he swears you are an angel, but that we must excuse in a titled man; by the by, with a little French expletive, he made me promise to take you to Mrs. Maitland’s to-night, and you must go,’—then turning to me as I made a gesture of impatience, she continued: ‘Now, Richard, for shame, I verily believe you are jealous; my lord is awkward, you are refined and graceful; my lord is a fright, and you, you know, are a beauty;’ then warbling a lively air, she threw herself at the feet of Florence in a beseeching attitude.

"‘I was jealous, maddened,—but I kept silence and waited for the result, incensed against the presumptuous stranger, but secure in the constancy of my peerless Florence, upon whom I gazed, almost sure of her reply. What had transformed her so? Her cheeks glowed with a crimson which I had never yet seen kindled there; her eyes sparkled with delight, and she uttered a joyous exclamation; then, as if remembering herself, she said to Isabel, ‘But it is not so easy to meet him at Mrs. Maitland’s, for I have just promised Richard to stay at home with him,—Darby and Joan fashion!’

"‘Would you indeed like to go?’

I said calmly, though with a volcano raging within my heart. 'If you would, pray do not consider yourself bound to me, and do not let a whim of mine keep you at home.'

"'Oh, if it is only a whim,' she returned, twisting my bracelet-gift upon her arm with her long slender fingers that she might examine it more minutely, 'then I *would* like to go.'

"'As you please,' said I coldly,—*and she went!* and so the first link was broken,—and so at length were all. Yes, she went to the ball and met my lord Cummings. His fortune, the world said, doubled mine; he wore finer diamonds; he sported carriages and horses unequalled in the land; he paid his court to the queenly beauty, and was accepted. It was then, that with a constitution predisposed, by the excitement under which I laboured, to fever, I was taken ill with an epidemic which was raging, and which, though it affected many only slightly, prostrated me almost to the grave, and left me blind, with no hope of restoration to sight.

"After my recovery from this illness, many friends came kindly to break the monotony of my darkened chamber, and among others a young man, who had been sported with awhile by Miss Percy, and then rejected. This man I *know* to be true, and partly in bitterness of spirit—but chiefly in revenge for the treatment he had received, for men are affected differently by a rejection, some turning to melancholy, some maddened and reckless, and others careless and light-hearted still; he, in revenge, and ignorant of my attachment to Florence, told me, wantonly and only to show her off in the worst possible light, of a speech that he had heard her make; it was this, mark it, Sybil, and it will be a key to the character of the woman who might have been my wife: 'Well, what matters it? Though he has lost his sight, he has not lost his fortune!'

"From that moment my love turned into scorn, my scorn to indifference. You may like to hear the sequel; my lord Cummings proved to be an adventurer, a fortune-hunter, and he had mistaken

Florence for a cousin of hers who was an heiress. When he found out his mistake, he disappeared no one knows whither, and Florence was left to her own wholesome reflections. Since then she has not been much sought in society; but still her glorious beauty remains to dazzle a few lingering worshippers, who, however, have the misfortune to be too poor to be rewarded by her hand.

"I have not met her since her engagement to Cummings, but strange to say Isabel is devoted to her, and even dreams of her being my wife and her sister; and she in her turn repays Isabel by her admiration and flattery.

"I have suffered, you see, Sybil, almost more than my share, and you must bear with my mood when you think that I am morose and gloomy; sometimes, indeed, I may be both naturally, but oftener that selfish depression of spirits under which you see me labouring, is the memory of the past, rising up in wave after wave of bitter feeling, which will not be stilled by any endeavour on my part. You wished the other day for some misfortune, some temptation to ripple the calm current of your days. Oh, Sybil, you know not what you asked. But I am sure that you need no experience in suffering in order to make you feel for others, and sympathise with them in their sorrows,—and the thought of this is why I disclose mine to you."

Sybil drew a long breath, and the tears came into her eyes; she had wept over romances often, but here, before her, was a man who had loved and suffered; here was something real, something that she knew was true, and she looked pityingly upon one who had now in her eyes assumed the dignity of a hero. She longed to show him in some way how truly she felt for him in his double bereavement, but knew not how.

"Sybil, tell me," asked Vernon anxiously, "is not mine a tale of many sorrows? Come near me, and say to me that you think that I am not to be disappointed in you, too. I want no maledictions showered upon the head of Florence Percy; I care not even to bring to mind the thought of her terrible retribu-

tion, or that Dante has placed in the 'lowest deep of the lowest deep' those who have betrayed trust: only speak to me,—say one word of comfort, one earnest word. Sybil, friend, sister, fail me not now, but give me what I need more than parched traveller a cooling draught,—give me your sympathy."

Sybil rose and approached him where he sat, and then with no syllable of comfort but with a heavy sob and shower of tears upon his outstretched hands, she wept because he had suffered so; and Vernon was grateful for those tears, and understood their meaning almost better than if they had been words. He had never seen Florence weep,—her artificial nature had never been thus moved, and he knew that the fount of feeling which was the source of tears must be deep indeed.

"Poor child!" he said, as Sybil knelt before him, her hands clasped in his; "I did not mean to move you so; you must weep no more,—at least not for me, but you must spare your tears for your future self; for suffering is the condition under which we live and breathe, and you know not what the coming years may have in store for you."

But Sybil still wept on; the sight of that disappointed, blind, forsaken man, was a deeper tragedy than what the books ever told her of,—a story whose last page ended very sadly.

Then Vernon smoothed back her long, luxuriant hair tenderly, and drew her nearer to him until he felt her breath upon his bowed face, and a passionate prayer for her welfare escaped from his lips. "Oh, God," he said, "spare her, shield her; let not my fate be hers; pour upon me any amount of suffering, but let misfortune pass her by, and, above all, guard her against a sorrow such as mine."

Vernon prayed—it was something unusual; not indeed for himself did he pray, but for Sybil, kneeling before him, her bright face uplifted to his, and her hands fast locked in his strong grasp; then her voice broke the silence which followed that earnest appeal to a higher power, and it came to his ears like the

voice of an angel answering his prayer.

"I would take your sorrow from you, if I could," she said, "and bear it for you."

What could mortal ask more than this, what need had he of closer sympathy? Life could record no instance of greater sacrifice than such as she had offered.

"God, I thank thee," he exclaimed, while his frame trembled at those simple words from the kneeling girl, "Thou hast at last sent to me what my soul has most needed through three long dreary years,—the *gift of perfect sympathy*." But even as Vernon spoke, a bright crimson flushed his face, and a terrible revelation came to him; he loved her—loved her kneeling and weeping there. The truth came like a knife, cleaving heart and brain; no doubt, no shadow of suspicion of the nature of his feelings came to question him as to their sincerity. Florence he had loved for her beauty, and what she might have been to him when the gloss of fashion had given place to domestic ties,—but Sybil he loved for herself, for *what she was*. She might be as beautiful as an angel, or almost repulsive in appearance; these considerations did not affect him; he only saw the purity of her heart and loved her,—ah, how fondly, how truly, she must never know. He would never, he said to himself, be so ungenerous as to throw himself with his blindness and blighted life, his soured temper, and uncongenial disposition upon her mercy; no, he would not sacrifice upon the shrine of his selfishness that young, budding life, that pure, lovely heart; to keep his affection all untold, to educate her, to bestow upon her every grace that wealth could bring, and then to yield her calmly in after years to another with the outward quietness of a brother, even when there would be a mad worship burning on the altar of his heart within, would be the crowning suffering of his life, his last terrible sacrifice.

But love, love,—man is impotent when entering the lists against thee, and what a tyrant thou art! Vernon struggled bravely and well, but there came hours in that long and intimate intercourse

when his secret would rush from his heart to his very lips, and only by strong, persevering will be kept prisoner there, and each day and month grew with a mighty strength that pure, devoted passion for one who, he had determined, should be to him *forever*. as far as word or act of his was concerned, only *his well beloved sister, his little Sybil Gray*.

But to return to the systematic development of our story. The sheet lay unfinished on the table; with one strong effort of self-control, he put her, whom he longed to clasp to his beating, lonely, yearning heart, away from him, and requested her calmly to finish it. Sybil obeyed, and wrote again at his dictation, folded, sealed, and directed the letter half mechanically, wondered in her young and innocent heart at the baseness of Florence, wiped her tear-stained face, and then left Vernon to attend to the wants of her grand-mother.

CHAPTER IX.

"Am I in Italy? . Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps
by him?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
And not a stone, in a cross-way, inscribed
'To Mantua—'To Ferrara'—but excites
Surprise and doubt, and self-congratulation.
O Italy, how beautiful thou art!"—*Rogers*.

Sybil saw with heart-felt anguish that Mrs. Gordon drooped daily more and more; she was, of course, under the care of a physician who paid her regular visits, but hers was a decay of nature which no physician could heal. Her seat by the fireside, or by the open window, in the more genial days of summer, had been exchanged for her own apartment, and Sybil noticed with regret, that her mind, which had been for so long a time firm and energetic, was showing unmistakable signs of decay and imbecility.

Her memory, too, which had been so well stored with dates and anecdotes of the past, failed from day to day, and she

scarcely seemed to be conscious of those around her who ministered to her hourly wants. The most cheering view of her decline was, that she suffered no pain, but Sybil would often retire to the retreat of her own room with tearful eyes when she saw that her grandmother failed to recognise her, or called her by her mother's name or by that of some friend of her childhood.

Although Mrs. Gordon had ceased to recognise her grand-child, and knew no difference between her kind attentions and those of the domestics, Sybil's constant ministrations ceased not; she always dedicated to her the larger part of her mornings, and reserved her afternoons for her daily walks with Vernon, while her evenings alone were devoted to study. Faithful to each avocation she proved, and Vernon looked forward with scarcely restrained impatience through his long, solitary mornings to those sweet hours of converse, which were characterized by subjects always earnest and instructive, as the happy period of his long and weary day.

A singular state of things had arisen from the part which Sybil had played as amanuensis, for Linwood, in reply to Sybil's letter dictated by Vernon, had addressed his answer to her. This arrangement was agreeable to him in many respects; first because he knew that she had never been in Europe, and therefore would not be wearied when what he saw there was his theme, and moreover, because his warm, genial heart longed for sympathy, and to the so called child whom Vernon had described as quick and intelligent, he thought that he might write without reserve, and by that means please Vernon by imparting to her some of his experiences in the world of art.

As far as Vernon was concerned, he was quite satisfied with the correspondence between his friend and Sybil, and this state of things seemed quite natural to him; he thought of Linwood only as engrossed in his love of the occupation he had chosen, without any other of the emotions incident to human nature, and contrary to Linwood's expectations, he heard with pleasure the letters read,

although it was all to him beaten ground. Besides it was a positive pleasure to him to recall the scenes which he had visited and enlarge upon them to Sybil, who, with ever-ready attention, listened with increasing interest to the descriptions of that land which is the day-dream of aspiring girlhood.

At first these letters were simple and formal, and then when Sybil's answers, which were no longer dictated by Vernon, came, showing such a just appreciation of what he had written, and such an interest in all that he saw, such a knowledge of the details of art, and above all, so pure a religious faith, Linwood's day was not happily ended unless he had written in his journal to his "little friend;" and soon the words "little friend" were changed to "Sybil," and "dear Sybil," and theories, opinions and faiths were discussed, and had they seen and been well acquainted with each other, there could not have been more perfect confidence between two friends of different sexes.

The change came on so gradually that to the correspondents it appeared perfectly natural, while Vernon, deceived like those most concerned, regarded the letters as being merely intended for him, a very agreeable journal of passing events mingled with other subjects of interest, and did not perceive that each "white-winged messenger," sent across the Atlantic, carried a chain with it that linked the young artist and Sybil, with her gentle and loving nature, nearer and yet nearer together.

"Another letter from Mr. Linwood!" said Sybil one morning, dropping a bouquet of choice flowers to the ground in her eagerness to receive it, "just what we were wishing for! There is no *small* pleasure so *great* in life as the breaking of a seal, which secures from all other eyes words meant alone for one's very self."

Vernon smiled at her delight, and fully as anxious as herself to hear the contents, besought her to lose no time in reading them.

"What a fine correspondent he has after all proved?" said he; "you know

that I told him never to write except when he was very happy or very wretched, but this I think is his fifth letter."

Yes, five letters had passed between Linwood and Sybil; a dangerous number for hearts so young, so sympathising as theirs!

Sybil read—

"You do not write like a child, dear Sybil, though Vernon calls you one, and I shall persist in taking you with me in imagination to places into which a child would not care to enter, for you appreciate my descriptions so fully, that I feel encouraged to unfold to you more of my wanderings than I would alone to that hard, cynical guardian of yours, but I hope that he will condescend to listen to them sometimes, and you must assure him, that whether he desires it or not, he is always included in what I say and feel.

"What would I not give to have you both here with me to day, that we might journey through this thrice beautiful Italy together! I would lead you to its lakes, and lingering around their magic shores, we would build an air-castle of life there, amid their beautiful scenery, their villas and terraces, their varied trees and picturesque people. Then I would take you by the hand and stand with you in the Cathedral of Milan, which some traveller from our own country has declared he would rather bring to his native land than anything else in Europe, and we would feel together that it is a temple of God whatever faith it symbolizes, and from your child-heart a prayer would arise, which would find its way through its gold and silver, its niches and statuary, to the Christian's home of prayer.

"I would have you pause before Da Vinci's Last Supper, and sigh with me over its defaced condition, and then upon Raphael's Spolalizio, that exquisite gem of highest art. These we certainly would not omit in our pleasure tour.

"Then we would haste to Venice, (no, we would not *haste* in Italy), and under its skies, in its mysterious streets, to the dipping of oars, you should sing for Vernon and me, with your best accent,

some of Italia's own songs. (Are your eyes dark, Sybil, like those of her children?) Then as you see the church of St. Mark's, your voice would be hushed, and yourself bewildered by its peculiar beauty, in which the architect has seemed to defy all criticism.

"From thence I would guide you to the feet of the master-painters of Venice, Titian and Paul Veronese, and many another saint of art, to drink in the beauty of their undying creations. Then we would stand in Verona at Juliet's tomb, and Vernon with his deep, exquisite voice would bring Shakspeare to our memory, and under the influence of the almost inspired words we would give a sigh to buried love and constancy, and pass on.

"Then, Sybil, you would forgive me, if with an artist's worship of such things, I lead you to Parma and Correggio's creations, to his Holy Family and tender Magdalen, and forward to the galleries of Bologna to follow the flights of the immortal Guido in his Sampson and his Crucifixion, and on to the Saint Agnes of Domenichino, and the Saint Cecilia of Raphael, and lastly, over the Apennines to beautiful Florence.

"Were you weary, dear Sybil, with your long and eventful journey, we would pause to rest upon the hill of Fiesole and mark the beauties of the city as it lies stretching out before us like a panorama; then entering near the Palazzo, we would gaze upon the Fountain of Neptune, and in the Tribune pause before the Venus, the Knife Grinder and the Wrestlers.

"Arrived at last at the Gallery, where La Fornarina holds her undisputed sway, I should depend upon your fresh, unbiassed impressions to recall to Vernon's memory the beauties of Raphael and Titian by your descriptions.

"But, Sybil, you must not expect me to conduct you in one letter over the whole of Italy, or even Florence alone; the path that I have marked out to you in this single epistle, if faithfully trodden, would consume a year, and in Florence itself one could spend years

with perfect satisfaction. What mad devotion to science did I think it once, when I heard a naturalist declare that he could remain, with profit to himself, on a desolate island for months, examining the habits of a single fish; perhaps you would say that I am as thorough a fanatic, were I to tell you that in the study of a single picture by one of the great masters, I could consume a much longer time in Florence.

"Vernon is more cheerful, then? Who could refrain from being cheerful were he living in the sunny atmosphere which seems to surround a certain Sybil Gray? A heavy trust is yours, my little friend; guard and guide him well. God, for some wise purpose, has afflicted him; let us not dare to try to lift the curtain which conceals the purposes of a higher power, but bend humbly to His will.

"I forgot to mention that you must not be surprised, if at some time during the latter part of this year I drop down upon you as from the skies, for at times the Switzer's own longing for his native land comes heavily upon me, and I feel that there is no cure but to see my own home once more.

"Think of me sometimes, dear child, as striving to be and to do good, or I should not be worthy of a place in your pure heart."

It would be almost superfluous to say that Sybil read these letters of Linwood's with intense pleasure, but it must be understood that they were not always of the character of that which has been transcribed above. Sometimes a single epistle would be filled with a description of only one work of art, and then again one would scarcely have imagined, from the entire absence of all allusions to such things, that Albert was a stranger in a strange land, for books criticised, people commented upon, and theories discussed, would form the prominent part of his correspondence, and Linwood's written communications really educated Sybil as much as the verbal teachings of Vernon and her masters.

WHO TOOK SEBASTOPOL?

(*"Who killed Cock-Robin?"*)

Who took Sebastopol?

We! cry the fighting French;
Nought could our fiery ardour quench,
We beat the Russ from tower and trench,
And ~~we~~ took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

We! shout the English, stout and tall;
We stormed the Redan—but it did not fall;
So it must be confessed that, after all,
Our share in the business is rather small:
But we *helped* to take Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

We! grumble the lazy Turks;
We prayed cross-legged within our works,
Armed to the teeth with swords and dirks;
And so we took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

We! simpers the vain, mercenary Sardinian,
With his hand the omnipotent gold British guinea on;
We know it is not the general opinion—
But ~~we~~ took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

'Twas I! replies the proud Ruler of France;
When I pipe all the rest of the world must dance:
I ordered the course of time and chance,
And I took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

I did! exclaims Arab-smoking Pelissier;
I had a principal hand in the dish here.
I knew 'twould be ruin if I should miss here
Like poor Canrobert, who caught no fish here;
And my men fought as well as the devil could wish here:
So I took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

It was I! mutters the fierce M-Mahon:
I headed the Zouaves, and led them the way on
To the lines and the forts, where the foe we did lay on
Till we left them no possible ground to stay on—
So I took Sebastopol.

Who took Sebastopol?

I! says the dashing, brave Bosquet;
I was always foremost in the fray.
Cutting and slashing by night and by day,
Which made the garrison run away:
And I took Sebastopol.

Who lost Sebastopol?

Alas! alas! groans grim Gortchakoff;
That I should suffer such shame and scoff?
The Frenchmen worried and drove me off
From the Mamelon and the Malakoff;
And I lost Sebastopol.

Who lost Sebastopol?

Mournfully sighs the youthful Czar;
And his father's corpse, though distant far
On Neva's bank, felt the terrible jar—
The earthquake shock, of destructive war—
When Russia lost Sebastopol.

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

FIRST LETTER.

From Fomvil to Washington, by way of Richmun.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. the 14, 1857.

*To Mister Billy Ivvin, Kerdsvil, Buck-
ingame Cty., Ferginny:*

DEAR BILLY—You reclect lass summer arter I had puffetid my skeam and had detummined to go to Washington city, I promist you to rite freekwently if not oftner, and to give you an acount uv all I seen and dun. Well. I've bin hear more'n a weak and has writ nar time yit, fur the reesin that I has seen so much, and has bin so bizzy I kuddint think much mo rite. Billy this is the dirndest place on the fase uv the erth. But I'm a going to begin at the beginin.

I took the car at Fomvil on Friday, a onlucky day. It were the fust time uv-
er I took the car, but I warnt skeered becos I had seen the car a menyer time befo. The sensashun preduced upon the mine are that uv rapid travlin, but no man, I doant keer how good a reth-
metishun he is, kin count the pannils uv the fense a going along. But the mile stones aint like it twas in a grave-yard—that's a lie, and aludes to the telegraf posses. The High Bridge did'nt skeer me nuther, and I wunder it skeer enny-
body, fur the injine goes over it so slow that ef the blame thing was to bust throo, we'd all be dead befo we could pos'bly git akross. Bimeby we reecht the Junkshin, whar I techt about three fingers uv ball-fase whisky which I kinnot admier. Never do you mend yo drink at the Junkshin.

Leevin uv the Junkshin, my hed a buz-
in with the striknine whisky, we got upon the Damdvil rode, and there the car farly'ript it along, going a bumblin like litening upon what they call the strop wrail, which is not a sollid wrail, sich as they have on the Sowthside rode, but nuthin mo nor less than a wagun tire nailed down to a rafter.

I notised that the peepel in the car sot their eyes on me mighty keenly, and fur a time I wus alarmed, feerin I had

let loose my skeam which corntinually orkupide my mine. But it wus nuthin but the atentshun which a stranger naterally adtracks. I shill not dwell upon the minushee uv the jerney: sufice it to say, that, twards dark, we bulged down frum the piney ole feelds and the cole pitts to the rivver which we skeerted with rapidity, the injine setting up a loud shout as we went howlin into the toun uv Richmun. Plegg take them bridgis! it takes no less than fo bridgis to cross the rivver at this pint, and you ketch a sight uv toun jest in time to git intoo a nuther bridge and see nuthin.

Billy, I kin not furgit the howr I enterd Richmun. Ef the fac uv being the fust time I had paid my visit to a toun of great dimenshuns had not bin the fac, the okashun would still have bin momentious and foevver imprest itself upon my memry, frum this suckumstance. I wus skeered too deth—littrilly, and no joking, skeerd too deth!

Skeerd? Mozis Addums don't git skeerd about nuthin. But I wus tho'. I sot thar tremblin and sweatin, not know-
in whether to move hand nor foot, whar-
as the rest snatched up thar little um-
brellers and things and put out like a gang uv wild turkies. I did'nt budge. Sertny, I felt my insignifance in the midst uv them thousings uv rich mer-
chonts and edjucated peepil, not knowin nar, single, livin I uv 'em. But twarnt that that skeerd me, Billy, and I warnt afeard that somebody was going to hert me, for I has bonier nuckles than most men and you know the size uv the frog in my arm. It were the all-fired, the ow-dashus, and tremenjus noise that skeered me. It wus enuf to uv skeered me. May be you've heerd two injines hollerin at once. You've heerd the wind bellowin in the woods like a bull travlin to a cup-pen throo a bresh pile, and peepel shout-
in at camp meetin and 'lectshuns, and crows holdin uv a debatin sciety in the

evenin. You've hearn them things. Also you've knode the devil to git into the fowile, and the turkees git to gobblin, and the geese to cacklin, and the Guinea chickens to havin uv the hiccups all at the same time, hard as they can stave. Well, jest imagin all these noises tangled up like a fishin line and comin right slap into yo' naked ear when you didn't pretend to ixpect it. Taint nuthin, taint beginnin to be nuthin compard with what I heerd when the car stopt in Richmun. And what od you reckon this horrud racket wus when I come to find it out? Why, it preceedid frum a passel—I don't think thar wus mo'n two duzzen uv 'em, but I kuddent see strait at the time—a bout two duzzen uv the wust, the derndest, sassiest, big-mouthdest carridge drivers hollerin at the peepel to git to carry thar things, trunks and so forth, to the taverns. Nuvver, nuvver, did I heer the beet uv it. It mighty nigh distractid me—and I have sense bin told that thar is forty odd deff peepel in Richmun and 9 in the loomattick from these very carridge drivers—but, for some reesin or ruther, I spose there is a reesin, they calls a carridge in toun a hac. May be the carridges thar is made uv hacberry. I don't know. But these plegg-goned drivers ought to be whipt day and nite, pennytenchrid in fac.

Kunsultin the importance uv myskeam, and havin heerd uv the place befo, I went into the crowd uv them drivers all hollerin "take yo' baggige, sir;" "carridge, sir;" "hac, sir;" "Poter fur the Sin Charles;" "Poter fur the Merrykin;" "Poter fur the Ixchain;" went right into 'em, and havin getherd my sensis, gradually discuvered the nigger uv the Ixchain and kollerd him.

Says I, "I want to go right home with you."

Says he, very politely, "gimme yo' check, yung marster," and I not knowin the meenin uv check, follered whar he pintid, untwel I come to a splendid, painted, kind uv a sirkuss waggin with a heep uv windows and real velvit seats on the sides, and steps to git up at the hind part uv it. But the Ixchain nigger he come right behind me, and got arter me

agin 'bout my check. Billy, the very devil was to play, and I mighter knowd it fur startin on Friday. I can't take time to tell you what check is. Think I hadn't lef my confoundid ole trunk, mar's best har trunk, at the Junkshin? Fust I wus distrest, becos I thought I were lost, fur you know what wus in that trunk wuth money; then I snortid and cussd myself into vulger frackshins. In the eend I paid a telegraf to the Junkshin, and the cussid trunk come down the rode the nex mornin befo day.

The Ixchain are a magnifeeshint bildin. Thar is two uv 'em, knectid by a bridge, which spangs the street and which is better'n a house in Buckingame county. One side the street is filled with 1 hous and the other side is filled with the other hous; the bridge jines 'em, is I sed. The hous on this side has pillows higher'n a tree, and the hous on that side has, I reckon, more'n a thousun winders. All Fomvil could git in that tavern, and it not feel it. Inside the hous, Billy, it jus' dazzles you right up. Marbul floes, laid in dimunds; lamps uv solid gold, hangin doun like the branchis uv a white oke, and lightid with what they call gas, a kind uv nothin, like the ar, which smells very loud when it aint lightid, but when it is burnin, makes every thing like broad day. Then thar is lookin-glassis, framed in gold, big is the side uv a con-hous, and picktchers and paintins, and a splendid bar-room and a eatin shop filled with tables, and mo niggers and people and trunks and hacs and sirkuss waggins, (which is called hominy busses,) comin and goin and talkin and smokin and drinkin and eatin and chawin tobacco and goin up stars and a comin doun and ringin uv bells, than you uvver heerd uv. I kuddent eat nothin the night I got thar, for lookin. They've got a thing thar to tell when supper is reddy which it is called a gong, a roun peece of sheet-iun a little bigger'n the hed uv a flowr barril. A nigger comes along holdin uv the dredfil thing in one han' by a string uv twine, and in the other han' he's got a kunsern with a handil sumthin like the handil uv a skroo driver with the little eend uv it stuck into a trabball. He

pole, I knox. They says, "Come in," and openin uv the winder I see a heap uv lookin glasses, two or three likely m'latter boys, with kombs in thar bar and apurns on, and a feller standin befo a glass tyin uv somethin round his neck.

"Are this the Inquirer Offis?" I says.

The m'latter boys they lafft, but the feller at the glass says,

"Yes, this is the Inquirer Offis. What kin we do for you?" he says.

"I want to see the editor."

"Well, he aint here."

"Whar is he?"

"He's ded and berrid—berrid bout a fortnit ago."

That frustrated me a good eel, and I didn't know what to do, but jest to be sayin somethin, I says:

"What did he die uv?"

"Well," he says, "I can't say that I issackly kno, but ef you want to suscribe, I'll take yo munny jest as ef he was livin."

I tole him, "No, I didn't rede mighty well, and hadn't no money to spar."

With that follerd a cunsiderbul uv talk betwixt us; he apeerin verry ankshus to find out my bizniss, and I not lettin on. I has sense learnt that that warnt no Inquirer Offis atall, but a barber's shop. So I didn't see the Guvner, nor Mr. Richy nuther.

Arfter I left the barber's shop, I reckon I went into 20 bear rooms lookin fur edters, and bein constantly fooled; fur the peepil uv Richmun has no better cents than to think it mighty funny to fool foax from the kuntry. But I did git to see some edters, and had some chat with um, but as I was afraid to let out about my skeam, I didn't learn nothin what I wanted.

Bein satisfide I couldn't do no bizniss, I started roun to sea the curostes. They tole me Rockits wus a pritty plais, and I went thar, and seen a number uv sale vessils, which is amuzin to a man what nuvver seen nun befo, but aint so mighty pritty ether. The merchunt's mills, in my apinyun, is the best lookin things in Richmun. By George! they is busters. Billy, thar is mo brix in one uv them

mills than in Fomvil and Ciry put together.

I heerd thar wus some fine grave-yards in the subbubs uv the city, but I didn't go to nun uv um, prefearing a sircus which thar warnt enny in town.

The Captul bildin, whar they make the lora, aint is hansum is the Ixchaing. Inside uv it thar is a likeniss in white rock uv Ginrul Washington, with a kane in his han and a plow pint, and some mo things at his feat. I seen no object-shun to this likeniss, exceptin they have drawd his stock ruther tite, givin uv a choked look to him. On the fur side uv the Captul I foun two tremendous brass men, histed on the bottom part uv the bannisters uv the steps. One wus Potric Henry, and the uther wus Tom Jeffesun. Potric Henry wus an orrytur, and Tom Jeffesun he wus the fust demmy-crut, except one, which is Abraham, which didn't beleave in no guvvermint at all, but went wharever he dirn pleased and didn't pay no taxis.

In lookin at these gentlemen, I was struck by the fac how much bigger peepil used to be than they is now. And I atribated the fallin off on our part to the use uv bad sperrets.

Goin on a leetil further from the brass men is what they calls the Washington monumint, and on the rite side uv it the biggest box I uvver heerd uv, tilted up agin the monumint. Inside uv this box they tole me wvs another likeniss uv Ginrul Washington, straddlin uv a rarrin hoss. I reflectid apun the suck-umstance a good eel, and come to the detummination that ef the ole Ginrul wus alive to sea the wickidniss uv these times, he'd be rarrin instid uv his hoss. But I dunno,—peepil always thinks these times is wuss'n them times.

Thar is a crowd mo uv things, Billy, to tell you uv Richmun, but I shill not tell you uv now. When we all gits to gether agin, I shill tell you. But the wust uv it all come about by my runnin aroun to sea the things, and the fust thing I node it were night. I had dun miss my dinnir, which they made me pay fur all the same as if I had eet it. This is cheetin uv the wust kind. But

Mr. Ballud he didn't seam to agree with me on this pint. But he didn't make nothin out'n me at suppur. I jes tell you I laid in a kord.

That big red-face feller which invugiled me into the barber-shop in the mornin, he was thar, and sot right acrost the tabil frum me. Seain uv me how I eet, he spoke up mighty peart, he says:

"You don't seam to have no appytight."

I says to him, "No, and ef I didn't have no mo appytight than you've got mannus, livin would be cheep whar I wus."

I sed this mighty perlite and meely-moutht, but he seain uv a kind uv a growl in my eye, shet up.

Arfter awhile I was out on the steps smokin uv a seagare, he come at me agin. I wus lonesum and warnt sorry he come.

"Stranger in the city, I presume," he says:

I says, "Yes."

S'e, "Buyin uv goods?"

S'I, "No."

S'e, "Leave yo fam'ly well?"

S'I, "Tollibul, I thank you."

S'e, "I wuddent take you to be a mar-rid man, ser, you look mighty young."

S'I, "You're rite. I aint mar-rid yit."

Arfter that he didn't say no mo for some time. Peard like he wus studdyin about somethin. Pres'ly he commenst agin, he says:

S'e, "Goin back to Fluvanner in the mornin?"

S'I, "I thank you, ser, I don't live in no sich a place as Fluvanner, and I aint a goin back in the mornin. I'm a travlin."

S'e, "Fur yo helth?"

S'I, "Skeersly."

He shet up agin. Pretty soon

S'e, "Sold yo mules?"

S'I, "How in the name o' sense did you no I had enny mules?"

S'e, "Oh, we foax in town nose everything. Did you git a good prise?"

S'I, "Only far." But how he uvver come to no about them mules I sold yo pa, is a mistry to me. He walkt off like he wus goin away, but all uv a suddin he turned roun and says:

S'e, "How'd you like to take a littil turn this ev'nin?"

S'I, "Turn at what?"

S'e, "Tapistry, velvit."

S'I, "I don't ketch yo meenin."

S'e, "Gran plazzer, copper in the vessil, froshus anemil in the jungil. You no."

S'I, "Mistur, I don't understand French, and you no it, and ef you think you're goin to redikewl me, you'll find you've got the rong sow by the year. I'm a mighty chicken-hearted man, but thar is some things I won't put up with, as you'll find out pritty dirn quick ef yon keep a foolin arfter me."

Then he beg'd my pardon,—sed he didn't mean to hirt my feelins, and all that. But I told him to clear out, I didn't want to have no mo to do with him. And I didn't, fur you no, Billy, that when I'm mad I'm mad.

That wus the last I sean uv him, and the last advencher I had in Richmun, from which I shuck off the dust uv my feat the follerin mornin, takin the North car a leetil arfter sun up.

Yo afecks'nit fren, trooly,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

THE TWILIGHT BURIAL.

The pensive gleam of twilight's tranquil hour
 Steals with soft magic o'er my saddened soul ;
 While waked by fond remembrance' busy power,
 The sigh will heave, the starting tear will roll.

In memory's light glad dreams of other days
 Like moon-lit pageants sweep across my mind ;
 Revealing to the spirit's earnest gaze
 The silent tracings joy has left behind.

Daylight's last blush yet lingers on the sky
 Tinging with crimson gleams the cold grey sea ;
 The sweet South wind comes softly stealing by,
 Rippling the long grass on the silent lea.

Silent—for field work sounds have died away,
 Homeward has turned the tiller of the soil,
 Asking from Him whose love has crowned to-day,
 Sustaining strength to meet to-morrow's toil.

Hark ! from yon grey old turret, in slow peals,
 The village bell sends forth its silvery toll—
 O'er leafy glade, and peaceful homestead steals
 Its vesper requiem for a parted soul.

Who, in the dreamy hush of this dim hour,
 Come bearing hitherward their cherished dead ?
 While the pale star-light, like a sheeny shower,
 Sprinkles the velvet sod on which they tread.

Is it e'en so ! Sweet Margaret, hast thou come,
 Beside thine household treasures here to sleep ?
 In this, thy simple, sweet, ancestral home,
 The long, long Sabbath of the grave to keep ?

Ah, well we know, in beauty's vernal flush,
 What wrenching sorrows thy young spirit wrung ?
 And how, serene amid their wildest rush,
 Round riven hearts thy shielding love was flung.

Ah ! well we know, when in thy matron pride,
 Life's new-born joy was throbbing on thy heart ;
 How fell the bolt that left thee widowed bride,
 With love's strong fetters rudely rent apart.

Now, on the sunny hill-side thou shalt rest,
 'Neath the green turf thy footsteps oft have trod ;
 At home with those whose love thy childhood blest,
 While scented dews keep fresh the sacred sod.

With solemn sighing cadences, the wave
 Shall hymn its ceaseless dirge o'er thy repose ;
 And sleepless stars shall sentinel thy grave,
 Till in God's time its portals shall uncloze.

TWIN ROSES.*

"What's in a name?" asks Juliet; but the poor girl had soon sad cause to find that names have a great and sometimes terrible significance. Nor do they affect mankind only. They affect *book-kind* fully as much, and with more reason. A man is in no degree responsible for his name. It is like Iago's purse, "Twas mine; 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands." But a book is part of the author's mind—a scrap of his individuality; and the name is the label which tells us what scrap it is. It may be a bit of the head—it may be a bit of the heart—an eye—an ear.

"TWIN ROSES" is evidently of the heart, and though other titles, perhaps more attractive to the mass, might have been found, none more appropriate than this could be selected. So far, so well; but then again the book is called, "a Narrative;" and a juster description could hardly be given; for it is neither a novel, nor a romance, a play, a poem, or a history. There is enough of reality apparent, to take it off the fairy ground of fiction, enough of *dream-life* to bring it forth from the hard dry realm of history. It is a narrative—a narrative which leads us through scenes and circumstance, new probably to most of us, but which yet bear about them the garmenture of truth—a narrative sweetly and poetically told, which carries along with it the heart of the reader as well as the mind, and from the perusal of which both come refreshed and purified—a *narrative with a moral*.

We know that this is giving great praise; but we write the last words deliberately, after having read the whole book. Perhaps the devourer of novels and romances may not think the commendation so remarkable, although none probably will deny that it is deserved; but when we say that it is a narrative with a moral, we mean that it all has a moral—that every word which it contains tends to what is pure and good. Now where can we lay our finger upon works of which we can affirm the same? In lone

and solitary places, far apart. We little think—we seldom very strictly examine, what are the subtler tendencies of the books we read ourselves—nay nor even of those which we are more imperatively bound to scrutinize; the books which we give to our children; and yet upon these are formed or modified habits of thought, by which the whole stream of conduct is affected through life. We generally take it for granted that, if an author have a good name, the work cannot be detrimental. If there be no glaring vice in it, we accept a great deal, without repugnance, which sullies the purity of the young mind, as the slightest touch of a hot hand brushes the bloom from the ripe fruit, or begins the withering of a fresh flower. If the conclusion be all virtuous and right, we care not much through what muddy paths, youth wanders to reach it. Nay, more, a funny story, or an exciting scene carries our perceptions of the moral effect away, and induces us too often to read and recommend that which leaves upon the rest of life the worst impression which any writing can produce: a carelessness of wrong. Even the very fairy tales which we give to the merest children, from Jack the Giant Killer to Puss in Boots, are, nine times out of ten, calculated to pervert the moral sense, and to show that success is, here below, attained by fraud and wrong.

We are no puritans in literature. We are not of that bitter school which has affirmed that even the novel *Telemachus*, written by an Archbishop for the instruction of a Prince, is an impure work; but we do wish that we could say of all, or even of many of the books which the press daily furnishes to the world, as we can say of this, that purity breathes from every page.

But in the eye of the general world this commendation, did it stand alone, would do little to recommend. It would be poor praise to those who think that good books are always dull; and there are many who think so. But that this is

* *Twin Roses: A Narrative.* By Anna Cora Ritchie. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

a great mistake, Mrs. Ritchie has sufficiently proved in the pages under our view.

"*TWIN ROSES*" has its defects, and we shall presently point them out; but nobody can call it dull. A light, dancing, brilliant style, poetical allusions playing through the pages, like little rippling waves in the sunshine, with, every now and then, a keen and witty but good-humoured stroke at some passing folly; and some beautiful paintings of scenery, amuse and interest us as we go, without withdrawing the mind from the tale or the characters.

With the tale we shall not deal closely. Every author has a right to demand that no critic should forestall the effect of his plot upon the reader's mind, by giving even a sketch of a book's contents. Nevertheless it is perhaps with the tale that, in one respect at least, we are the most inclined to quarrel. Let us say it in a word. The conclusion is too sudden—too rapid. The mind of the reader is not sufficiently prepared for it. Not that there is anything unnatural in it, except in its quickness. Was the author weary of her labor of love? Could she not spare us five-and-twenty pages more? We can assure her, we should have read them with great pleasure.

With the characters we may use our functions more legitimately. Nothing on earth can be more sweet than the picture of the twin sisters—the roses, though one has more the character of the violet; and we confess that we love the violet best. The shade of misfortune that hangs over her path from the very first, cheered by only one earthly light, (too soon to be extinguished,) engages the sympathy more strongly than the happier daylight—though not unclouded daylight—of her sister, Jessie Garnet. Then again, the self-denying, uncomplaining, placid spirit, which triumphs over misfortunes and disappointments by the strength of love and faith, sheds an almost angelic lustre round the character.

We cannot admire the hero, however. We never did admire handsome fools. It is true there was a necessity for his being handsome, and for his being a fool; other-

wise the story would not have been written, and neither Jeanny nor Jessie could have been placed in those circumstances which give the deepest interest to the narrative. The character of Mr. Landon, his father, however is charmingly depicted; and Mrs. Ritchie has shown great skill and judgment in avoiding all those commonplaces which generally bedaub opposing fathers in love-stories. He may be a little too credulous, perhaps; but he is a good old man, God bless him! The son, also, amends in the end; and obtains, under the rough handling of the world, a sufficient portion of sense to make, perhaps, a tolerable husband; but not one worthy of the sweet being, with whose fate, his fate is linked. At all events he has this superiority over most romance heroes; he is not one of the "faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw;" but such a frail piece of flesh and blood as we see too often in nature.

The two sisters, with Herman, and his father, are the characters most largely dwelt upon; but the picture of stage life—of dramatic society, has its deeper shades also under Mrs. Ritchie's hand, and the character of Hawkwood, the sneering malicious villain, is very powerfully sketched. There may be persons who will think that there is not sufficient cause shown for the persevering evil that he does; but those who live long in the world will learn that the malignity of a black heart is always cause sufficient for calumny, and will recognize many a trait of Hawkwood amongst all orders of society. The other characters, and there are many, are drawn gracefully and truthfully, though lightly, so as to amuse as we go, but not to withdraw attention from the principal group in the foreground.

We do not altogether approve of the very common practice of writing reviews with paste and scissors rather than a pen; but after having spoken of the many beauties of this work, we must justify ourselves by a few extracts. The following short passage affords a fair specimen of the author's power of blending in harmony, poetical thought and moral reflection.

"Could it be that a being suddenly smitten down in the plenitude of health and beauty—isolated—condemned to labor in seclusion and poverty—so sorely, hopelessly afflicted as Jeannie Garnett, could be content? That tranquil, furrowless countenance, over which soft smiles are rippling as she lifts her eyes to the flowers, the pictures, the simple statues, the caged songster, give an unmistakable answer. The truths she has learned from her mother are treasured in the calm depths of her spirit, and enrich her life with that wealth which alone purchases happiness. She believes—she feels—she *knows* that every being has his allotted part to fulfil in the grand scheme divine—however humble yet important to the great whole. She labors in one remote corner of her mother's vineyard—the ground is rough—the soil unfruitful—the corner dark—but the lord of the vineyard bids her toil *there!* *that spot* needs most the labor she can bestow. She is content to perform the task assigned her, and humbly deems that it must be the one for which she is best fitted."

Again, what could be more solemnly true, or more beautifully expressed than this:

"In the furrows ploughed through the heart by such sorrow, angels sow the seeds that spring up trees of paradise and bear fruits of eternal bliss. The brightest rainbow of promise in our earthly sky is formed of tears."

Or what would afford more sweet teaching from woman's heart, to woman's heart, than this:

"No truly manly nature was ever yet impervious to woman's forbearing, smiling patience. It is the invisible sceptre which she never wields in vain."

Again, a little farther on, (page 154,) the author says, speaking of a widowed father,

"He had ventured to give his daughter an almost masculine education, but had not committed the common error of *drawing drafts upon her head which would impoverish her heart.*"

And in this mood, partly playful, partly serious, partly poetical, she leads us on, giving us something besides an inter-

esting narrative, something that does more than interest for a moment, something we can carry away and ponder.

But we have spoken of Mrs. Ritchie's powers of description, and here we must justify ourselves too. Sometimes it is by a few short powerful lines that she does the work of the painter, as thus:

"There was a striking dissimilarity between the two old men. The benign face, smooth, ample brow and simple manners of the country gentleman, become impressive in their calm dignity when thrown in contrast with the sharply furrowed, hard visage, the speculative eyes, and sneering, thin-lipped mouth of the player."

Sometimes there is minute detail of every shade and hue, as in the following passage.

"It is not three o'clock when they commence ascending the Blue Ridge, which they must traverse before they can reach Buchanan. The winding road runs through a forest of gigantic growth. At every instant new views of the wonderful mountain-chain burst on the enraptured gaze of the travellers. And what marvellous variety of coloring! One mountain appears tinged with a rich purple hue so dark that it becomes almost black contrasted with the ethereal blue against which it reposes; the neighboring mountain seems a shelving sea of vivid green, with the shadow of the clouds trembling on its bosom. And that mountain yonder—a pearly light drops down its sides between long streaks of gray; its bride-like companion is robed in a filmy white garment, with misty folds of opal."

But enough of extracts. We trust we have given sufficient specimens of what this book contains, to induce the reader to seek and find beauties for himself. Let us turn for a moment to the more important matter: the object of the book; for a book without an object is a mere puppet show.

We have heard the work called—and we cannot but suspect there was a sneer in the expression—"Mrs. Ritchie's defence of the stage." Nothing could be less appropriate; and we presume that Mrs. Ritchie thought no defence necessary for a profession the grand object of which is

"to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." At all events there is no effort to defend the stage traceable in any one page of the book.

We are not ourselves great play-goers; and are very seldom seen within the walls of a theatre—never indeed except when we have good reason to think that the intellect will find a treat sufficient to compensate for a headache. But we hate fanaticism in all things, and more especially that too common and indiscriminate fanaticism which condemns a whole profession for the errors of some of its members, and rejects a highly intellectual amusement which may, and often does, have the highest moral teaching, because of some blemishes which the bad taste of the public itself has forced upon the drama. The fondness of that public for all that is *spicy* affects the stage as well as the literature of every period; but thank Heaven, a purer feeling is springing up, and gradually ameliorating both.

Foulness, which once would have been

perused by even the virtuous with *ou* the blush of either shame or indignati *on*, is now driven into the dark haunts *to* which only it is congenial; and plays, which we ourselves have seen received with applause, before this head was white, would now drive one half the audience from the theatre. Such works as that now under review, must do much to promote this important change; and, by showing actors themselves that they are followers of a high and ennobling calling, impress their great responsibilities upon them, and purify more and more the stage itself. Still there can be no doubt, that there are many who include the stage, drama, actors, and actresses together in one harsh and sweeping denunciation, and if it be the object of "Twin Roses," as perhaps it is, to show that perfect purity of mind and heart is compatible with the profession of the stage, we can only say that the tale, the sentiments and the author, all establish that good moral alike.

FIRST LOVE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, "THE LOVERS' ROCK," AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE OPEQUON.

But though bright golden moons had come
And shed soft glory o'er her home,
Though many a time the gorgeous leaves
Were piled in dusky, glimmering sheaves
Within the woods she knew so well,
No love within her heart did dwell.
The blue-bird came in early spring
And clove the air with phantom wing.
Or, perched upon the budding trees,
Aroused with song the slumberous bees,
But in her heart no song was heard,
Love's nest contained no singing bird.

The pale-face that clear Autumn night
Came like a glory on her sight.
She sat expectant at her tent
Watching the death of day, and bent
Her dark eyes towards the forest's gloom,
If she might see ride proudly home
Her father and his warlike braves.
When her quick ear detected staves

Of a familiar war-song, sung
In odorous dells, where roses hung,
She knew they came in triumph then.
They nearer came—they crossed the glen—
And forth she sprang as mountain-deer,
Singing a ballad sweet and clear.

All through that night, in tender dreams,
She heard low waterfalls and streams,
And clear, sweet voices in the gloom
Singing like maidens at the loom.
And ever 'neath low, shady trees,
Or by the marge of silver seas,
She saw two figures slowly move,
Entranced in all the joys of love.

The Captive was a sun by night,
Shedding soft radiance on her sight,
By day he filled her splendid eyes,
She saw nor woods, nor streams, nor skies.
Her own dear birds to her were mute.
They called in vain; but as a lute,
All stringed with magic, which the fays
Touch lightly in wood-fringed bays,
A voice sang ever in her ear
Full and melodious, soft and clear.

In sooth, it was a dragon rare,
Guarding ripe fruit of lustre fair,
This moon-eyed maiden, dark as eve,
With all the powers that deftly weave
Strong hearts in love-wreaths, 'neath large moons,
Singing the while wild, fitful tunes,
Guarding the youth, lest he should stray
And steal her woman's life away.

And oh! she sang her natural tunes
In silvery hushes of mild noons,
While down her neck the long hair hung,
And like a palm's leaves slowly swung,
Swaying her lithe form to and fro,
Unto her rhythm's fitful flow.

SONG.

L.

O, Swallow! with golden-chorded throat,
Sit awhile in the russet tree
And sing a sweet song to me,
Oh! ravish the air with thy liquid note!

II.

O, swallow! thy nest was fresh in spring,
 Green leaves and music were there,
 And smooth little breasts, oh! so fair,
 I could hear the deep-hearted old woodlands loud ring.

III.

Oh, swallow! has love been so short-lived to thee?
 The leaves and the music are gone,
 The nest is all cold and forlorn,
 And sad you must seek a new home o'er the sea.

IV.

Oh, swallow! my love is as fresh as the dew,
 His voice is as sweet as the cuckoo's note,
 His words are as tender as poet e'er wrote,
 Oh, swallow! poor swallow! my heart grieves for you.



THE FATE OF THE BUCKINGHAM REGIMENT.

The bane of history is its tendency toward colorless generalization; its neglect of, or contempt for, those picturesque and dramatic incidents in which human nature stands forth, warm, breathing, and with throbbing pulses. The historians lose sight of the hero in the crowd—the true material in the mass of “important facts,”—and thus what is most illustrative and speaking either disappears in the back-ground or is thrown aside altogether.

Doubtless the difficulty of arriving at these dramatic incidents is one cause of this neglect—and thus, I think it is the duty of every one to record what they learn, whether from tradition or other private sources. When the hour and the man arrive, the material will then be awaiting the investigator and composer. However unimportant and even trivial these brief incidents may appear—however beneath the much talked of dignity of history—they cannot be considered by the true investigator of the causes of events, unworthy of the notice of the

gravest; great men and great events thus played their parts; and every new detail is an additional color in the great picture.

What I am about to relate is only a brief incident touching the “Last War” of 1812: but if it serve no other purpose, it will abundantly show the justice of the few words hazarded upon the deficiency of our friends, the historians. One of the most elegant of these, in his account of the doings of the infamous Cockburn on the Chesapeake, and the losses of the Virginians, says: “A considerable English fleet was collected in the Bay, near the Capes, and in Lynhaven Harbor, * * * to meet the emergency, large bodies of militia from the upper counties had been ordered down to the seaboard. *Unused to the ‘malaria’ of the summer season in lower Virginia, these brave men fell sick in numbers. Many of them died in and near Norfolk, and the sick list bore an appalling face.*” What is here generalized—the simple fact stated—my brief relation will illustrate. The authority is

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES.*

It was our intention to review the work of Dr. Livingstone on Africa for the benefit of our readers, but we find the task already so well performed in the *London Times*, that we beg to avail ourselves of the foreign article in lieu of preparing a domestic one.

[ED. *SOU. LIT. MESSENGER*.]

The volume before us contains the results of no less than sixteen years' residence and travel in the interior of Southern Africa; although the great feat of the author—the traversing the entire continent, from Loanda on the West, to Quilimane on the Eastern coast—was reserved for the three last of them. Dr. Livingstone originally embarked for Africa as early as 1840, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. A genuine simplicity of mind, which peeps out continually in the course of his narrative, has induced him to prefix a few pages of introduction, containing the history of his previous life. Like many other men of mark, he is almost self-educated. He was put into a cotton factory as a "piecer" at the age of ten, and with part of his first week's wages purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*. Although engaged in his work from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night, the thirst for knowledge induced him to attend an evening school for two hours more. This seems not to have been at all an uncommon case at the factory; and the circumstance is an encouraging one for those who hold that the exigencies of our manufacturing system do not preclude a high degree of mental culture in the artisan. The fact is, that when an occupation is purely mechanical the mind of the labourer may occupy itself with much that is entirely foreign to the operation in hand without any detriment to the latter. Dr. Livingstone used to place his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work.

"Thus," says he, "I kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery, and to this part of my

education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages."

His early ambition was to proceed to China as a medical missionary, but when he had qualified for this office, the opium war was raging, and some friends induced him to change both the character and the sphere of duty he had proposed to himself, and the upshot was that, after a course of theological training both in Glasgow and England, he proceeded as a clerical missionary to Kuruman, then the furthest inland station of the London Society. That energy which carried him subsequently through the hardships and perils of travel exhibited itself at the outset of his career. The first step he took was to retire to a solitary spot called Lepelole, and there cut himself off from all European society for six months, gaining by this ordeal a complete insight into the habits, ways of thinking, and language of the tribe, which was subsequently his main instrument in obtaining access to regions that would otherwise have been barred to the boldest explorer. In 1843 he removed to Mabotsa (lat. 25° 14', long. 26° 30'), a site which he had selected for a missionary station, in a beautiful valley, and there and in the neighbourhood for nearly six years employed himself in the performance of his duties in a large and liberal spirit.

"Sending the Gospel to the heathen," says he, "must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary,—namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attend-

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, by David Livingstone, LL.D., D. C. L. London, John Murray, Albemarle-street, 1857. 8vo. pp. 683. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square.

sellors, entreating that the victim might be allowed only to make a few showers; for, unfortunately, this Bakwain chief had enjoyed the reputation of being an extremely skilful rain-maker, and the despair of his subjects at the condition to which they saw themselves reduced was such that one feels surprised they should have confined themselves to expostulations with the supposed cause of the mischief.

“‘We like you,’ said Sechele’s uncle, a very influential and sensible man, ‘as well as if you had been born among us, but we wish you would give up that everlasting preaching and praying; we cannot become familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, while those tribes who never pray as we do obtain abundance.’ ‘Only let the chief make rain this once,’ groaned the deputation, ‘and we will all—men, women, and children—come to the school and sing and pray as long as you please.’ Sechele himself, however, remained stanch to his new creed. His only doubts were as to the method of conversion best adapted for his subjects. ‘Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them?’ he said once to the patient teacher. ‘I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like I shall call my head men, and with our *litupa* (whips of rhinoceros hide) we will soon make them all believe together.’”

This central strip of Southern Africa is inhabited by Bechuanas, of which the Bakwains are one tribe. Dr. Livingstone considers them as of the same stock with the Caffres, but inferior to them in physical development as well as in carriage, although in both these points they are superior to the inhabitants of the westernmost of the three divisions—a level region of vast extent, including the Kalahari Desert, upon which scarcely any rain ever falls. It is inhabited by Bushmen and Bakalahari, the former being the remnants of the aboriginal race of South Africa, the latter of a swarm of Bechuanas, who in early times emigrated from the central region. These still retain the love of their ancestors for agri-

culture and domesticated animals, even under the unfavourable circumstances of their present location; but the Bushmen are real nomads, never rearing any domestic animal except the dog, or cultivating the soil. They follow the wild animals in their migrations, as wolves are said in America to accompany the herds of buffaloes, and prey upon them as they range from place to place. Our author describes them as possessing thin, wiry forms, capable of great exertion under severe privations, of low stature, but not (as is commonly believed) absolutely dwarfish. They, as well as the Bakalahari, possess an intense love of liberty; and the scarcity of water in the desert they inhabit is a more effectual guarantee for it than the most powerful armies or fleets. The manner of procuring water is very singular. The country is remarkably flat, but intersected in different parts by the beds of ancient rivers, cutting through a soil of light-coloured soft sand, nearly pure silica. These beds contain much alluvial soil, and this being hard baked by the burning sun rain water stands in pools here and there for several months. Sometimes the Bushmen cover these with sand for the sake of security, and even make a fire over the spot, but this does not prevent the attainment of the precious liquid.

“When they wish to draw water for use, the women come with twenty or thirty of their water vessels in a bag or net on their backs. These water vessels consist of ostrich eggshells, with a hole in the end of each such as would admit one’s finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An eggshell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker, and a straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The whole stock of water is thus

rough the woman's mouth as a
d when taken home is carefully
have come into villages where,
acted a domineering part and
l every hut, we should have
hing, but by sitting down qui-
waiting with patience until the
were led to form a favourable
[us, a woman would bring out
of the precious fluid from I
where."

a was certainly right in making
a hunter "bless his stars and
luxury" when he chanced to
'an untasted spring." This be-
water, however, is by no means
t modification of the element
traveller in Africa is compell-
pt with thankfulness. At one
hocotsa),—

water was bitter, and presented
is not to be mistaken of having
rough animal systems before."
ther (Koobe),—

s was such a mass of mud in the
rked up by the wallowing rhi-
o the consistency of mortar, that
reat labour could we get a space
t one side for the water to ooze
and collect in for the oxen.
e rhinoceros come back, a sin-
e the great mass we had thrown
de would have rendered all our
in. It was therefore necessary
guard the spot by night. On
at flats all around we saw in the
try glare herds of zebras, gnus,
asionally buffaloes, standing for
ding wistfully towards the wells
re of the nasty water."

r its own children the Kalahari
not without resources. There
s quantities of grass rising in
th bare spaces between, which
e food to some species of ante-
t can subsist for months with-
ing. In the stomachs of elands,
led, there is sometimes found a
ible quantity of water, although
ossible that the animals while
old have access to any. Other
s such as the steinbock, the gems-
d the porcupine, are enabled to
y digging up bulbs and tubers

containing moisture. One of these, nam-
ed *Leroshua*, is a real blessing to man as
well as beast. It appears above the
ground in the form of a small plant with
a stalk not thicker than a crowquill, but
on digging down a foot or eighteen inches
a tuber is found of the size of a child's
head, containing a mass of celular tissue
filled with fluid like a young turnip. An-
other kind called *Mokuri*, a herbaceous
creeper, deposits underground a number
of tubers as large as a man's head, at
spots in a circle of a yard radius around
the stem. The natives strike the ground
on the circumference with stones, and
when the difference of sound indicates
the existence of the water-bearing tuber
beneath they dig down and find it about
a foot beneath the surface. Yet more re-
markable is the water-melon, which,
when a little more rain than usual falls,
covers vast tracts of the country. In
1852 an English traveller took advantage
of their abundance to go straight across
the desert from a point a little south of
Kolobeng, lat. 24 deg., long. 26 deg. to
Lake Ngami. His oxen subsisted on the
water-melon for no less than twenty-one
successive days without drinking, and on
reaching water at the expiration of that
time appeared indifferent to it.

It was on the 1st of August, 1849, that
Lake Ngami lay expanded before the
eyes of Dr. Livingstone and his compan-
ions, the first Europeans who had ever
visited it. They had left Kolobeng on
the 1st of June, but only about half of
the interval had been consumed in cross-
ing the desert. Early in July they came
upon the Zouga, a fine river running out
of the lake, and on which, after following
its banks for nearly a hundred miles,
they embarked in canoes navigated by
the friendly inhabitants of the country.
Nothing could be more erroneous than
the opinions which have been entertained
of this part of Africa except, perhaps,
those relative to the tract north of
the equator, which have been refuted by
the almost contemporaneous discoveries
of Dr. Barth. Instead of being the cen-
tre of a sterile plain, Lake Ngami is the
lowest point of an immense tract of coun-
try, all excellently watered and thickly

wooded. It is in fact the reservoir of a number of rivers which drain a surface extending from 12 deg. to 21 deg. of latitude, and 18 deg. to 23 deg. of longitude. Estimating the elevations above the level of the sea by the temperature at which water boiled, Dr. Livingstone calculated that he had descended two thousand feet after leaving Kolobeng before he reached the lake.

Sebituane was unfortunately about two hundred miles to the north of Ngami when the travellers arrived on its banks, and the jealousy of a native chief succeeded in opposing an effectual obstacle to any further progress. The next year Livingston renewed the attempt, but on reaching the lake his children fell sick of fever, and he was obliged to return to "the pure air of the desert" on their account. A third trial was at last successful. Instead of going westward to the lake, a northern route through the desert was taken under the guidance of a Bushman. The risk of this proceeding may be imagined from the circumstance that between certain springs and the country of Sebituane the guide gave no hope of water in less than a month. Happily he was mistaken in this particular, being in fact altogether disqualified for the task he had undertaken, for on the second day he lost himself. On the fourth day he vanished altogether, and the party were left to their own resources. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of the servants, and there was none to satisfy the pressing demands of the missionary's children. At last they saw some birds, and afterwards the trail of a rhinoceros, an infallible evidence of the existence of water. The oxen were unyoked, and at once rushed off to the westward towards a river which was found in that direction. It was not until the afternoon of the next day that some of the people returned with water, and in the meantime there was every prospect of the poor children perishing before their parents' eyes. Indeed, although rescued from the horrible fate which seemed impending, the travellers were not to escape scatheless. The oxen, in their rush towards the river, had passed

through a small patch of trees haunted by a kind of fly called *tsétse*, the bite of which, although producing no more pain to man than the sting of a mosquito, is nearly certain death to horse, ox, or dog. The animal is not startled by the bite, but in a few days the eye and nose begin to run, the coat to stare, a swelling appears under the jaw, and sometimes at the navel; emaciation commences, and at last purging comes on, and the creature dies in a state of extreme exhaustion. Sometimes the disease is months in running its course; at others, especially when the animal is in good condition, staggering and blindness come on soon after the infliction of the bite, as if the brain were affected. The strangest part of the whole is that the poison affects neither the mule, the ass, nor the goat, nor yet calves while sucking. The wild animals, too, appear to possess an immunity from ill effects, at least zebras, buffaloes, and antelopes are seen feeding quietly in the midst of *tsétse*, although here it is possible that death may follow after a time, either naturally or by the agency of some of the Carnivora, to which herbivorous animals generally fall victims as soon as their activity diminishes. The apparent inadequacy of so insignificant a cause as the bite of a small fly to produce such terrible effects, and of such an anomalous character, made some of the party imagine that the mischief must be caused by some poisonous plant. But one of them settled that point by riding a horse up to a small hill infested by the insect, and remaining only long enough to take a view of the country and catch some specimens of *tsétse* on the animal, which was not suffered to graze. In ten days the horse was dead. The adventure we have just related cost Dr. Livingstone forty-three of his own oxen. Fortunately, they lasted out till he reached Sebituane, who received him with a warm welcome, but added, "Your cattle are all bitten by the *tsétse* and will certainly die; but never mind, I have oxen and will give you as many as you need." Yet the animals had been carefully watched, and while under the superintendence of the travel-

lution at which our traveller arrived, to return to the Cape, send his family to England, and, freed from the *impedimenta* which wife and children involve, even when, as in the case of a missionary's family, they are "to the manner born," to explore alone the new region that offered itself.

In estimating the amount of difficulty surmounted by Dr. Livingstone in the performance of his great exploit—the crossing of the entire continent of South Tropical Africa—the reader must not forget to take into account the hardships he was compelled to undergo in reaching the base of his operations, Linyanti, the capital of the friendly chief of the Makololo, without whose support all progress to the north would have been hopeless. To arrive at this place from Kuruman—itsself the frontier station of missionary enterprise when he first went to Africa—occupied him more than six months, although no longer encumbered with wife and children. On arriving in latitude $19^{\circ}16'$ he was brought to a stand-still by African fever. All his party, except himself and a Bakwain boy, were laid up by it. Fortunately, two or three days before he fell in with a number of bushmen, who proved very serviceable in his emergency. The boy managed the oxen and the doctor attended to the sick, keeping the Bushmen in good humour by going out occasionally with them and shooting a zebra, or buffalo. Sickness was not the only danger to be apprehended. The luxuriant growth of the grass in the hot weather succeeding the rains always has a peculiar effect on draught oxen. They become uneasy from fear of surprise by wild beasts, and one night during the detention occasioned by the fever, the sight of a hyena made the whole of the Doctor's cattle dash away into a trackless forest in the neighbourhood. The boy followed, and nothing was seen of either during the whole of the next day and night. On the morning of the following day, which was a Sunday, the lad returned, bringing about 40 head with him. He had found them late in the afternoon of Saturday, and been obliged to stand by them as a guard all night in the midst of

a region full of wild beasts. "It is wonderful," says the Doctor, "how, without a compass, and in such a country, he managed to find his way back at all."

During his last visit to the Cape with his family, Dr. Livingstone appears to have received some instructions from Mr. Maclear, the astronomer there, and to have been supplied by him with instruments to enable him to lay down the geographical positions of important points. These, in the latter part of his journal, are frequently noted; but in tropical Africa the atmosphere is so often clouded that the opportunities of taking an observation occur very rarely. If the atmosphere were generally clear, the intense power of the sun by day and the dews consequent on the radiation of heat from the earth by night would perhaps render the neighbourhood of the equator literally uninhabitable. Even as it is, the description of the heat is something fearful. At lat. 20° south the thermometer at the surface of the ground in the sun marked 125° Fahrenheit. When the bulb was sunk three inches below the surface it rose to 128. The hand cannot be held on the ground, and even the horny soles of the natives' feet must be protected by sandals of hide. The water in the ponds at the surface is 100° , but the thirsty traveller contrives to get a cool draught by taking advantage of the fact that fluids do not readily conduct heat downwards. He walks into the middle and lifts up the water from the bottom with his hands.

In order to reach Linyanti without passing through the region of the *tsetse*, the poisonous fly which is so fatal to cattle, Dr. Livingstone pursued a course directly north. This involved a great deal of pioneer's work, for the route lay through a thick forest, and the feebleness of his convalescent companions threw the duty of felling trees chiefly upon their master. Here he was again fortunate enough to fall in with some Bushmen, who showed him a pool of water when his own stock was exhausted, and assisted him in recovering his oxen, which again had run away in a fright, this time occasioned by a lion. The lion has a great dread of Bushmen, who track him

Moffat, and would perfectly justify them in the eyes of his countrymen. The "book" was, as may be supposed, a volume of his journal, and it is an unfortunate circumstance that this care for the reputation of the Makololo was the cause of its being lost to its writer; for as he was long without being heard of, the volume was delivered by Sekeletu to a trader, and all subsequent trace of it lost. The fears of the Makololo were certainly justified by the personal condition of their guest, no less than by the dangers of the country he was about to traverse. He had suffered from an attack of fever since his arrival among them, and, although he had recovered, his bodily weakness was still considerable. One manifestation of this was a strange giddiness when he looked up suddenly to any celestial object; everything seemed to rush to the left, and if he did not catch hold of some object he fell heavily to the ground. Yet in this condition, the best season for travelling having arrived, he determined to set out with the resolution "to succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa." He had with him 27 natives, subjects of Sekeletu, of whom two were genuine Makololo, and the rest natives of other parts of Central Africa. For his people he took three muskets, and a rifle and double-barrelled smooth bore for himself, a small Gipsy tent just large enough to sleep in, a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horserug as a bed. A Bible, nautical almanac, and set of logarithmic tables, a sextant, thermometer, chronometer watch by Dent, of the Strand, and two compasses constituted his theological and scientific apparatus, unless we should include in the one or the other a magic lantern, which was found exceedingly useful on several occasions. Depending for subsistence mainly on the supply of game, and anxious to lighten his baggage as much as possible, he took only about 20lb. of beads to barter for food in case of necessity, and about the same quantity of coffee, tea, and sugar. One very curious provision must not be forgotten. A tin canister, about 15 in-

ches square, was filled with spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, reserved to be put on when the party should reach civilized life.

On the 11th of November the travellers left Linyanti in canoes furnished by Sekeletu, who had also made provision for their hospitable reception as far as his influence extended. After sailing into the Zambesi, which here goes by the name of Lecambye,* they ascended that river as far as the falls of Gonye, where they arrived on the last day of November. The river above the falls runs through a comparatively narrow valley, inhabited by the Barotse, the tribe which has been mentioned as subject to the Makololo. They are a race of boatmen, and traces of their occupation appear in their large deep chests and broad shoulders, while the lower extremities are much less developed. For several miles below Gonye the river is confined within a narrow space of not more than 100 yards; the consequence is that in time of flood it rises no less than fifty or sixty feet there, and at all times runs in a boiling current. On arriving at this point the canoes were slung on poles and carried on the shoulders of the natives past the falls. The expedition proceeded prosperously, and everything appeared *couleur de rose*, with the exception of one circumstance which might have proved fatal to the whole object of the expedition. A subordinate official of Sekeletu, named Lerimo, had made a foray with a party of his Makololo countrymen to the north in the very direction in which Dr. Livingstone was going. The influence which the Doctor had acquired shows itself most strikingly in the circumstance that, although this outrage had taken place with the full sanction of the headman (or vice-chief) of the Barotse, he was able to prevail upon Sekeletu's mother to disown the act of the indiscreet officer and return the captives which had been made in the ill-starred expedition by his own hand. Thus he was enabled to turn the very misfortune which threatened to frustrate his plans into a confirmation of the message

* Both words simply mean "river" in different local dialects.

to the Mambari slave merchants for exportation by the west coast. The Doctor sent him a message, "that he was not so wise as his father, who had wished to govern men, whereas he, Masiko, by selling his people showed his desire to govern wild beasts only." He then proceeded up the Leeba as far as the influx of the small stream Makondo (lat. $13^{\circ} 23' 12''$), where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1854, amid heavy rain, the season for which had now fairly set in. This is the point at which the Mambari cross the river on their way to Masiko, and one of Dr. Livingstone's men picked up a bit of steel watch-chain of English manufacture, which had been brought thither by them. The Mambari are enterprising merchants, and bring Manchester cottons into the very heart of Africa. The natives, in their wonder, cannot believe them to be the work of mortal hands; and the information acquired from the Mambari on the subject is not likely to enlighten their minds, however it may satisfy their curiosity. The English manufactures are said to come out of the sea, and the beads to be gathered on its shore. The Doctor tried to correct this impression, but apparently with little success. To explain to savages the production of a manufacture by a description of machinery is a striking example of the principle *obscurum per obscurius*. The objection was obvious—"How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?"

Dr. Livingston left the river at this point, and continued his journey by land through the country of the Balonda. He had at last got among the real negroes, with wool on their heads and bodies, thick lips, flat noses, elongated heels, and very dark skins. The Bechuana are of a coffee and milk colour, with a European frame, and physiognomy. Nothing appears to have surprised the Balonda more than our traveller's straight hair. An explanation of the phenomenon was suggested to them by the idea that he, like the wonderful fabric, 'had come out of the sea,' and his own party, unwilling to waste so good a joke, afterwards always represented him as a merman, whose lank locks displayed the effects of the sea wa-

ter, which was his natural element. The Balonda had at first supposed him to wear a wig made of the hair of some animal. But a stronger contrast than that of person was presented by the habits of the two races. The Bechuana have neither idols nor any form of public worship, but among the Balonda every village has its idol, and fetishes are met with at every step. Artificial hives are placed in the trees and secured simply by a "piece of medicine" tied to a tree, which effectually deters all thieves. When a female chieftain, who received the travellers very hospitably, was about to cross a stream, her confidential doctor, who was in close attendance with her basket of "medicines," waved some charms over her before she ventured on the water. One of the Makololo talked rather loudly in the immediate neighbourhood of this basket, and was reproved for it by the wizard, who himself always spoke in a low voice, glancing back to the sacred package as if in fear of being heard by something inside it. The relative rank of the sexes, too, is quite reversed. Sebituane, the Makololo chief, had intended his daughter and successor to treat the men of his tribe as he had treated the women, and select a husband for herself at her own discretion. But this was so opposed to Bechuana habits of feeling that the individual selected was actually called her *wife*; and the annoyances arising out of the popular criticism of this anomalous relation operated powerfully in inducing the lady to abdicate in favour of her brother Sekletu. But among the Balonda female lordship is the most natural of ideas; it seems to prevail all across Central Africa north of the Zambesi. When Dr. Livingstone reached the neighbourhood of the Portuguese settlement on the eastern coast he had bargained with a native to be his guide in consideration for a hoe. Unfortunately, the man went to show it to his wife, and presently returned, saying she would not let him leave her. "Then bring back the hoe," said the doctor. "No, I want it." "Then go with us and you shall have it." "But my wife won't let me." One of the party who followed him to his hut heard him say to her "Do

of two huts one on the top of the other, and they had then felt puzzled to conceive how men could live in the upper story with the conical roof of the lower one in the middle. In describing a house of the Doctor's they said, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it." An English brig-of-war was in the harbour, and they were invited on board and allowed to fire off a cannon, Dr. Livingstone "improving" the occasion by telling them, "That was what the English put down the slave trade with." They were also taken to the service in the church, and remarked, "that they had seen the white men charming their demons," a phrase identical with one they had used on seeing the pagan ritual of the Balonda.

Dr. Livingstone returned to Linyanti by the way he had come, with the exception of making a detour in a part of the central plain in order to avoid some of the chiefs who had treated him very ill on his way out. He arrived there in October, 1855, after an absence of nearly two years, during which he had undergone 27 attacks of fever, and perils both from man and wild animals. One of the greatest of the latter befel him just before his arrival in the territory of the friendly chief Sekeletu. He had got quite out of the way of shooting, but his party having been for a long time without animal food, they landed from their canoe one day with the determination on his part of getting so close that he should not miss. The game was a zebra, and he unfortunately only broke one of the hind legs, the loss of which did not hinder the animal from going off in a gallop, followed by his men. The rest of the story shall be told in his own words:—

"As I walked slowly after the men on an extensive plain covered with a great crop of grass which was laid by its own weight, I observed that a solitary buffalo, disturbed by others of my own party, was coming to me at a gallop. I glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. I therefore cocked my rifle with the intention of giving him a steady shot in the forehead when he should come within three or four yards

of me. The thought flashed across my mind 'What if your gun misses fire?' I placed it to my shoulder as he came on at full speed, and that is tremendous, though generally he is a lumbering looking animal in his paces. A small bush and bunch of grass 15 yards off, made him swerve a little and expose his shoulder. I just heard the ball crack there, as I fell flat on my face. The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past me on to the water, where he was found dead."

There now remained, in order to complete the task which Dr. Livingstone had imposed upon himself, the comparatively easy achievement of exploring the course of the Zambesi eastward to the sea. He left Linyanti for this purpose on the 3d of November, and arrived in safety although again weakened by fever, in the Portuguese settlement of Tete early in the following February. The attention he received from the authorities here was equal to that which he had experienced on the west coast. By their kind aid he was enabled to reach Quilimane, although in miserable plight from the effects of long-continued fatigue and privation upon his health, on the 20th of May, 1856, and to reap the glory of having, first of any European, traversed tropical Africa from shore to shore. Our space prevents us from giving even a sketch of this last journey, but there was one portion in it which must be noticed. Important as the navigation of the Zambesi is for commercial intercourse with Central Africa, there are several points at which an interruption occurs from rapids, which render the transshipment of goods a necessity. At one of these the obstacle is caused by a wonderful cataract, which, putting all circumstances together, is probably the most astonishing natural phenomenon in the world. The whole river, which at the time the Doctor saw it was nearly at its lowest, pours into a fissure of the basaltic rock that forms its bed there, and at the bottom is forced to take a deflection at right angles to its former one. The lips of the fissure are only 80 or 100 feet apart, and the effect to the eye is that the whole body of a stream as broad as that of the Thames at Limehouse

reaching suddenly in smoke! There is an island on the very edge of the fall, and to this Dr. Livingstone was conveyed in a canoe, and, "creeping with awe to the verge, saw that a stream of 1,000 yards broad leaped down 100 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards."

Without approaching thus near to the gulf, the existence of the river cannot be perceived at all. The columns of vapour which arise were visible five miles off, and the natives, whose awe prevents them from going near enough to examine the locality, give the place the appropriate name of *Masiotunya* ("Smoke sounds there.") Dr. Livingstone conferred on it the title of the Victoria Falls, and indulged in the very pardonable "vanity" (if his own phrase is to be used) of carving

his initials and the date of his visit upon a tree on the island. But mindful, as he habitually was on all occasions, of the interest of the children of the soil, he also selected a spot upon it suited for his purpose, and planted therein about a hundred peach and apricot stones, and a quantity of coffee-seeds. The continual moisture from the spray furnishes a security for the proper irrigation, and if it only escapes the ravages of the hippopotamus there seems every prospect that our traveller's little nursery will be, as he hopes, the parent of all the many gardens which will come into existence in this new region, should its resources be rendered available by means of the discoveries which have rewarded his courage and perseverance.

KING RICHARD.

While in captivity he wrote the Sirvente: La! nus homs pris ne dira sa raison: of which the following is a translation.

If a poor prisoner may not tell his wrong
 But in the plaintive dialect of grief,
 He may beguile his weary soul with song.
 Friends have I; but they yield me no relief.
 For want of ransom these two winters drear
 I pine imprisoned here.

Let them all know:—my men, my barons proud,
 English or Norman, or my Gascons bold,
 There is not one so poor in all the crowd
 Whose dungeon to unbar I'd spare my gold:
 Yet none shall I reproach with words severe,
 Though pining captive here.

A captive hath no friend: all human ties
 Break in the hour of trial and of need.
 Men love their treasure more than him who lies
 Far and forgotten: yet let them take heed;
 How tarnished their fair honour would appear
 If I should perish here!

Friends whom I loved, and whom my heart loves still,
 Trust me, that heart, whate'er its faults, was true,
 Silver and gold, as chance and fortune will
 Their transient vicissitudes pursue :
 But to you all the unfaltering faith is clear
 Of the lone captive here.

You my proud foes, whose hearts have grown so vain,
 The day of retribution is at hand,
 Wait for the end ; for we shall meet again.
 Ay, tell them so, Caryl and Readybrand,
 My troubadours, who mourn with grief sincere
 The captive pining here.

W. R.

Editor's Table.

The noble Equestrian Statue of Washington by Crawford has been safely placed upon its pedestal in the Capitol grounds of our city, and awaits the day of its inauguration, which has been fixed for the 22d of the present month. All the arrangements for this interesting ceremony have been perfected, and we have every confidence that the proceedings will be worthy of the work as a glory of art, of the State of Virginia whose munificence has caused it to be made, and of the fame of the illustrious man to whom it has been erected. As we write, the closely fitting garment of canvass which the Hollanders placed over it, has just been removed and the Statue stands in the full majesty of its graceful proportions impressing every one with its power. The interest taken in it by our citizens has been daily manifested by the crowds which have gathered around the base. This interest will reach its culminary point on the approaching anniversary of Washington's birth, when

to the roar of artillery and the sound of the trumpet, saluted by lofty eloquence and tuneful poetry, the Statue will finally be exposed to view, and after the excitement will subside from the intense enthusiasm of the moment into a lasting admiration and a grateful pride.

Since the raising of the Statue we have been furnished with a letter and a poem that refer to it, both of which we derive great pleasure in laying before our readers. The letter is from John G. Chapman the distinguished American artist, addressed to the Governor of Virginia and narrates with feeling and spirit the circumstances attending the execution of the Statue by the lamented Crawford, and will be read with delight—

ROME, 135 Via del Babuino
 Dec. 26th, 1857.

MY DEAR WISE :

I address you in the confidence of old friendship, and as I should have done some twenty years or more ago, in a

cerns me much—not as touch-
dividual interests, as the world
or the love I bear the memory
dear friend. Were the Gover-
ginia another I should ask your
interest in the matter, and rely
introduction for favourable ac-

Allow me, therefore, to disem-
pself of your official position, at
as a more ample explanation
tive, and perhaps apology, for
unication might under other cir-
es be required.

s have reached me of difficulty
occur from misapprehension of
ion in which the work for the
on Monument was left by my la-
end Crawford which forbid my si-
the subject, to you at least, whom
less with confidence; conscious
ever influence or action you may
upon to exercise in relation there-
to the memory of Crawford will
d by placing you in possession of
of the matter.

he facts in relation to the pro-
is work, from its commencement
esent time, there is possibly no
an speak more confidently—none
Crawford more freely communi-
views, and to whom the means
they were carried into effect are
own. I consider it therefore a
h I owe to his memory, as well
gation to you, that I should as-
correction of any obvious mis-
tions in relation thereto that
or may be promulgated.

erest that I have felt in this no-
as not been incited by the fact
is achievement being entrusted
whose professional services I
the concern of a long and sin-
lship. The manner in which it
rtaken and carried forward by
the little boasting, and talk, and
was made about it—the frank
rable good faith in which it was
o an artist in all respects worthy
ble of its achievement, evince
inia, in the impulse to confer
her illustrious dead had assumed
nt elevation of sentiment, and
of action, worthy of them and
I own it took me by happy
for I have known so much of
rays of public dealing in matters
America, that I was scarcely pre-
ind that the Old Dominion had
e contagion of commercial bar-
r art with artists. I never felt so
he pride of my claim of birth-
er, as when she thus proved that
maintained the integrity of her
character, and set an example to

our States and public, which in the history
of art will place her forever in a promi-
nent and honourable position.

Crawford felt this; and with it a deep
sense of responsibility arising therefrom.
I can bear witness to the noble ambition
which it prompted to the utmost exertion
of his genius, and to the untiring industry
and ardent zeal in the execution of his
task which it elicited; and had his fa-
culties and life been spared but a few
months, even weeks, longer, the power of
successful completion of the Washington
Monument, in accordance with his well-
matured design, would have been placed
beyond hazard.

On his return last autumn from America,
although suffering more severely than he
was willing to acknowledge, or even to be-
lieve himself, with incipient indications
of the malady, which has resulted so fa-
tally, he gave himself at once to the com-
pletion of the work with even more than
his accustomed energy. During the time
of his absence from Rome he had not only
fully matured his purposes, and well de-
digested all the means and details of their
execution, but had fortified and refreshed
his strength by a tour of observation and
study through Germany, etc., and when he
returned to Rome he expressed to me the
relief which he felt in having at last a
clear conception of his finished achieve-
ment. All that remained to be done was
to give it reality. When this point was
reached by Crawford, a work came forth
from his hand like one of magic. Toil
and labour with him was in creation—and
how earnestly he laboured, how far his fer-
tile genius and imagination often ventured
to the utmost limits of the possible, it was
at times fearful to witness by those whom
love or friendship admitted to his confi-
dence. The mechanical operations of his
art were comparatively easy to him. Prac-
tically familiar with all their details by a
course of severe study and early training,
conversant with all the resources of his
art, quick in the apprehension and prompt
in the adaptation of expedients, no one
whom I have ever known could so hap-
pily and successfully avail himself of the
labours of others, which he did to an ex-
tent that, although perfectly allowable, has
laid him open to unmerited censure by
some, who have predicated the charge upon
the seeming, not the truth. If ever man
did his own work and that faithfully and
conscientiously, he did. The aid he de-
rived from others was restricted to the em-
ployment of the physical labour required
in the perfection of his works, and the ex-
tent to which such aid was absolutely ne-
cessary, in such works as he was engaged
upon during the last few years of his life,
must be obvious, even to those not familiar

with the means and methods of workmanship employed in plastic production. He needed not, and never sought or employed aid from incapacity or want of power within himself to achieve all that his genius prompted. If he appropriated the services of other hands they were under the direction of his own superior intelligence in all relating to his art. This all that knew him, as well as I, can answer for, and those who may say otherwise of him, are ignorant of the truth of his character as an artist and a man.

Before he was stricken down and obliged to go to Paris in the hope of receiving alleviation, if not remedy, for the malady under which he was suffering, the Mason and Marshall were put up in large in clay, the former very far advanced as would have been the latter, but for a catastrophe befalling the vessel in which a bust and certain materials necessary for its advancement, were sent from New York, and which have only recently arrived. Otherwise all the required material, as well as the general design of the two were fully prepared, and nothing remained to be done but to embody them in the finished work. All that concerned him at this period is vividly impressed upon my memory by the deep concern which the peril of his situation excited, which peril I feared was increased by his labours—which he continued, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends—to the utmost point of physical endurance. This period of advancement in the statues of Mason and Marshall having been reached, and his workmen fairly started in their labours, with ample data to carry them forward, before he began the last two required he submitted to a partial operation or rather surgical examination of his eye from which he hoped relief, or at least to have the extent and character of his malady fully ascertained; the unfavourable result of which, however, left no other advisable alternative than to abandon all other considerations and to go to Paris for further medical and surgical advice.

Before he left Rome, he made an attempt at the beginning of the figure of Lewis. At least I am under that impression from the repeated conversations we had on the subject of that one of the statues at the time—and the anxiety he manifested to get to work at it. The costume, which he had decided upon, he thought would tell effectively, and it is deeply to be regretted that he was unable to embody the matured consideration and study he had bestowed upon this one of the series. There is in his studio a very imperfect commencement of a figure that I am certain was intended for this statue—but not sufficiently advanced to afford intelligible data by which it could be carried on by another with any degree

of certainty of reaching the original conception. How his ardent spirit chafed under the restraint of physical pain and suffering at this period, I look back upon with sad remembrances which will abide with me forever. The long and uninterrupted intimacy which had existed between us, both personal and professional, ripened towards the close of his life to a degree that has left me possibly the power of speaking of him, not only as to a knowledge of his high character and worth as a man, but also of the nature of most, if not of all his last professional labours as few others can do. I know that at this period, he considered both the statues of Mason and Marshall in a condition to be completed by his workmen—and that he was fully prepared to go on with the last two of the series completing the monument.

During the past season the Mason has been completed and cast in plaster by his foreman and the assistants whom he had employed in the previous statues, etc., for the monument. How fully these men have proved themselves conversant with his purposes and ideas has been proved by the production of, in my humble opinion, one of the finest statues of the series, and as distinctly marked with the genius of its author as any one of them. It is in truth a most successful embodiment of character—as decided as that of Henry—and as a work of art of even a higher character. The statue of Marshall has been advanced in the clay, as far as it could be under the circumstances, and promises well. Now that the bust, etc., has been received, it may be speedily completed. It does not involve equal difficulties of execution as the Mason. Ample provision has been left by Crawford, by which his workmen may be guided, and the success with which they have carried out and realized his design in the one case may be taken, I think, as reliable premises for that of the other. Further, the advice and counsel of the most able sculptors in Rome may be readily elicited for any required supervision or direction: for, from the heartfelt sympathy that prevails throughout the body of artists here, of all nations, in all relating to Crawford, there is not one who would not cheerfully aid in any way the perfection of any work that he has left unfinished.

We are apt in America to misunderstand the meaning of the term workmen, as applied to sculptors' assistants, as well as the purposes and manner of their employment, and the extent to which their services are requisite and allowable. Such men are generally, as they must be necessarily to be efficient—accomplished artists: at least learned and practically familiar with all the mechanical operations of their art, however deficient they may be in the inventive faculties of genius. The very

Enflammant tous les cœurs d'un généreux desir
 Retabliissant enfin la Concorde et l'Union
 Raffermera l'empire de l'Old Dominion.
 Ainsi que le soleil après un jour d'orage
 Du laboureur inquiet ranime le courage,
 De ses champs dévastés reverdit les sillons
 Et couvre ses guèrets d'abondantes moissons.
 De même pour sa patrie l'illustre Washington
 Après deux quarts de siècle cet encore le rayon
 Qui dirige les cœurs, qui fortifie les ames,
 Console la vertu, dissipe ses allarmes
 Des mechants, des pervers excite les remords
 Et pousse l'honnête Homme à réparer ses torts.
 Puisse ce nom si grand conserver son prestige
 De nos politiciens éloigner tout vestige
 Des fils de la patrie ne former qu'un frisseau
 A conserver sans tache son glorieux drapeau.

20 JANVIER, 1858.

We are out of patience with Mr. Thackeray's "Virginians." It is not fair, we know, to judge a work from the first twelve chapters, but there is so much of carelessness and improper freedom already manifested in these, that we cannot indulge sanguine hopes of the residue of the story. We mentioned last month the anachronism involved in representing Washington as affianced to Mrs. Custis at a time when he had never seen that lovely and accomplished woman, and when she was actually the wife of another man. In the third number of the novel this mistake is brought into bolder relief, and we have others quite as bad to mar the interest of the narrative. "Mr. Franklin" is introduced to us as visiting Williamsburg just before Braddock's expedition, for which there is no historical authority, and the Governor is made to ride over with a large retinue from Williamsburg to Madame Esmond's in Westmoreland to a dinner party, as if the two places were within easy distance of each other. Colton's or Mitchell's map of Virginia, nay Captain John Smith's chart of the country, would have protected the novelist against such a geographical blunder. But these faults are trivial compared with the liberty taken by Mr. Thackeray in hurrying Washington into a couple of duels with a pair of drunken youths, which, though arrested before an actual exchange of shots with either party, place our venerated hero in a somewhat ridiculous position. Mr. Thackeray should never have ventured upon bringing Washington into his story farther than to permit him to cross the

stage and be no more seen. It has been said that the author of Waverley has set him the example of employing great men as characters in fiction, but Sir Walter never had to deal with but one personage as august as Washington, and then he forebore to put a word in his mouth. Our readers will recollect the passage in "Kenilworth" where the Earl of Leicester at Greenwich meets with Shakspeare. Passing from the palace to the barge at the river-side, he encounters a crowd of acquaintances.

"For all the favourite Earl had a bow, a smile at least, and often a kind word. Most of these were addressed to courtiers whose names have long gone down the tide of oblivion; but some, to such as sound strangely in our ears, when connected with the ordinary matters of human life, above which the gratitude of posterity has long elevated them. A few of Leicester's interlocutory sentences ran as follows:

"'Poynings, good morrow, and how does your wife and fair daughter? Why come they not to court?—Adams, your suit is naught—the Queen will grant no more monopolies—but I may serve you in another matter.—My good alderman Aylford the suit of the City, affecting Queenhithe, shall be forwarded as far as my poor interest can serve.—Master Edmund Spenser, touching your Irish petition, I would willingly aid you, from my love to the muses; but thou hast nettled the Lord Treasurer.'

"'My lord,' said the poet, were I permitted to explain'—

"'Come to my lodging, Edmund,' answered the Earl—not to-morrow, or next day, but soon.—Ha, Will Shakspeare—wild Will! thou hast given my nephew, Philip Sidney, love-powder—he cannot sleep

Gorgeous with glittering dome and sculptured towers,
 As if the stone had bloomed in giant flowers;
 And yet not one of these has charms for me,
 Like thy mossed-roof and green embroidery!

An indignant Postmaster in this State writes to us that the copies of the *Messenger* addressed to two gentlemen in his town are not taken from the post-office and adds—"This is the third time *I have* gave you notice and I hope will be the last." We hope so certainly. The next letter he has occasion to address to the magazine he will oblige us by directing to the publishers, and we trust he will not wound their grammatical sensibilities by an improper combination of the perfect and imperfect tenses. Bad temper does not excuse bad grammar.

A private letter from Joel T. Hart, Esq., the eminent American artist residing in Florence, gives us the gratifying assurance that the Statue of Henry Clay, which he has been commissioned to execute for the Ladies of Virginia, is in favorable progress and will be ready for shipment, without unforeseen accident, by the end of the current year or very early in 1859. A very long interval has elapsed since this work was committed to Mr. Hart's hands, and it was natural that some apprehensions should be felt in Virginia lest the sculptor would never complete it, but the delay has been owing to some extent to Mr. Hart's desire, before commencing the figure, to perfect a very ingenious machine for pointing, by means of which he hoped to make a far finer statue than could be wrought according to the old method. The head of Mr. Clay has long since been finished by Mr. Hart with a spirit and fidelity that we have never seen equalled by any statuary, indeed, it was the general sentiment in Florence, at the time of our visit to that glorious city, that the busts of Mr. Hart were unsurpassed even by the antique. Two of these, designed for Kentucky (but whether ordered by the State or by private individuals we know not) and representing two of her most distinguished men, Wickliffe and Crittenden, we conceived to be absolutely faultless. A bust of Mr. Fillmore, executed since, has received the tribute of universal admiration.

The idea of erecting a Statue to Henry Clay, in the capital of his native State, as the offering of woman to his genius and patriotism, originated with Mrs. Lucy Barbour of Orange, the venerated widow of the late Gov. James Barbour. We trust she will live many years to see the statue, after it has been placed upon its pedestal, recognised as the most fitting souvenir of the illustrious statesman of the West and one of the happiest expressions of womanly homage to commanding eloquence and incorruptible integrity.

We owe a salutation to our exchanges upon the opening of another year, and we have gathered them together upon our table with the view of paying this courtesy to each in turn.

Here is *Russell's Magazine* for January; let us make it our best bow and congratulate the Editors on the eminent success which has attended their efforts to establish in Charleston a periodical worthy of the high literary culture of that ancient city and honourable to the whole South. Certainly "Russell" has abundantly justified our confident prediction as to its interest and value—but has it met with that generous encouragement at the hands of our people to which it is so well entitled? We have our fears on this head. We do not speak advisedly of its general acceptance, but we know that it has not one twentieth part of the number of subscribers in Virginia that it deserves to have, and we do not hear it spoken of in literary circles around us as we could wish. In South Carolina, they do well to make each number, as it appears, the subject of table-talk and criticism. The work does not deprecate the most searching examination of its merits—it rather challenges such examination and draws from each reviewer the highest encomiums. Why should not every Southern man who values polite learning and who rejects with scorn the Northern taunt that we are intellectually sterile, send his name to the *Charleston Monthly*? There are perhaps thousands among us

for the musical clink of verse. And we have about them the very atmosphere of
cannot blame them when they produce Helicon and the sunshine that hangs
such rhymes as these by Holmes, which around its summit—

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a grey-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, and their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all!
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do!
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke
To please the grey-haired boys.

A more ponderous and dignified visitor grants us but four interviews during the
to our sanctum is the *North American Re-* year. The *North American* has not a very
view, which comes with the seasons and wide range of observation, rarely recog-

nizing anything in this country out of Boston, nor does it address itself often to subjects of immediate interest, preferring to play the part of *laudator temporis acti*, in which respect it might be called the "American Retrospective Review;" still we open it always with the assurance that we will find something worth reading, some gems among the fossils, some generous recognition of contemporary genius to vary its iterated homage to past greatness. None of the Reviews can escape occasional dulness, and the Edinburgh itself sometimes nods. Let it be said of our Homer that he is *now and then* wide awake to what is passing around him. Of course, we differ widely with the North American upon many points, yet we will do it the justice to say that its views are never set forth in opprobrious language or in unreasoning passion.

A very different publication in this respect is the *Methodist Quarterly Review* of New York City, which is as malicious and vulgar a slanderer of the Southern people as the worst abolition newspaper that disgraces New England. The January number of this work is a very model of malice. There is scarcely an article in it into which the writer has not ingeniously introduced some libel upon the slave States of the Union, while the Editor seeks in its concluding pages to surpass all his contributors in vituperation. We do not undervalue the ability of this periodical, but we cannot respect a work which, professing to uphold the Christian system, violates the truth while it discards the sacred law of charity as of no obligation whatever.

We are glad to embrace this opportunity of mentioning for the first time a highly-valued monthly, entitled the "Historical Magazine," devoted to the History, Antiquities, and Biography of America, which has just entered upon its second volume. It is published in Boston, but it does not disdain to push its researches in all quarters of the country, and has already enlisted in its behalf a corps of zealous antiquarians whose contributions cannot fail to illuminate much that is now obscure in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of our history.

There are others among our exchanges of which we wished to say a word or two,

but we defer our notice of them until some future occasion.

It is our privilege to announce that another volume of poems may soon be expected from the author of "*Leoni di Monota*"—Mr. James Barron Hope. This volume will contain "*Lord Rudolph's Courtship*," an elaborate poetical composition never yet published, the Poem delivered at the Jamestown Celebration, the terminal Ode for the approaching Inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of Washington, and a variety of fugitive pieces. It will appear very shortly after a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained to justify the expense of its publication; and we cannot permit ourselves to doubt that the lists will speedily be filled. These lists have been opened at the leading Richmond bookstores, where we hope every citizen of Virginia who visits us on the coming 22d of this month will call and enrol his name. A more patriotic deed he could not perform than to signify in this manner his encouragement and appreciation of one whose genius has already reflected the highest credit on the Old Dominion. We beg our brethren of the daily press to notice this announcement in their columns.

We take a special delight in transferring to our Table the subjoined article from the *Charleston Mercury* on Southern Poets. It is understood to be from the pen of W. Gilmore Simms, who, we believe, conducts the literary department of that long established journal. We are glad to reproduce it, because it does no more than justice to the gifted writers who are mentioned in it, and because it shows a generous heart, free from everything like envy, in one who has himself carried off the first honours in poetry as in fiction. South Carolina has indeed just cause to feel a pride in her sons who have turned from politics to literature as a field in which they can render her the most acceptable service.

"SOUTHERN POETS AND POETRY."

"We have two recently published volumes of Southern Poetry, which, we trust have already found their way into the

hands of all readers of taste and feeling; all who make any honest pretensions to sympathy with Southern genius. We allude now to the '*Songs and Poems of the South*,' a very beautiful volume, beautifully printed, of lyrical gushes, flights of fancy, and bursts of manly enthusiasm, by Judge MEEK, of Alabama; and '*Alusco*,' an Indian narrative, exquisitely descriptive of Southern woods and forests, and their inhabitants, with a variety of other pieces, felicitously descriptive of Southern objects, by Dr. WM. H. SIMMONS, of this State. It will be our pleasure hereafter to refer to these volumes more particularly. It is our pride that both of these gentlemen are natives of Carolina. We have pleasure also in apprising our readers of other volumes, either in preparation for, or in rapid progress through, the press. Mr. HOWARD H. CALDWELL, who made his debut some time ago in a very graceful volume, mostly lyrical, entitled '*Oliatta*,' has nearly ready for publication a second volume of the same character; but, as is generally believed by his friends and admirers, of very superior order to the first, which we should welcome with all eagerness. He is a young poet of great fluency and fine fancies. Mr. PAUL HAYNE, we learn, has been for some time engaged on a classical subject—'*Sappho*'—which is ready for the press. To those who duly recognize the purity of Mr. HAYNE's tastes, the simplicity of his plans, the musical clearness of his tones, his general symmetry, and strong but subdued vein of thought and feeling, it will readily be conceived that he must be singularly at home in handling a classical subject. That of '*Sappho*' especially, so tender, touching, wild, passionate, and melancholy, must, in his hands, be susceptible of the most exquisite uses, and we shall be anxious to realize, in perusal, the high promise which our knowledge of his own genius and of his subject must equally inspire. Mr. HENRY TIMROD, whose delicate and graceful lyrics have so warmly possessed the ears of all those who have loving sympathies, and to whom the language of the Poet of Love is still a living voice,—he, too, it is understood, has a volume in preparation, which we may reasonably look to see from the press sometime during the present winter. At all events, we trust that all these minstrels will come forth, with the birds of our forests, in the opening of the coming spring. Here, then, almost at the same moment, we have no less than five Carolina Poets, prepared to prove to the world how prolific in song and art is our region, shall we doubt our resources in letters, and in the noblest sort of letters, with these evidences of endow-

ment before us? If God has given the singing birds to our race, shall we not encourage them to sing—shall we not genially listen, and seek to understand, and to appreciate, and love, as well the peculiar idiom of each; for each has a voice particularly his own? Shall we not feed, nourish, and so entertain these sweet singers as that we shall have permanent songs of our own, with which we may rejoice our ears, and gladden, with sweet surprise, those of the stranger? Shall we suffer them, as we have done of old, to starve upon the boughs where they sing, until the stranger reproaches us with the lack of that very music which we might possess, and in the gift of which God has provided us most abundantly? Let us amend all this, dear readers, and in season, lest we lose utterly that fine faculty in art, which will surely not linger in the possession of any people who set no value upon it. The faculty perishes which we do not encourage; and, with the decay of every such faculty, we lose a portion of our own securities as a race. We forfeit a share of our permanent guarantees of long life and noble distinction. Let each of you, who can, make such volumes the proper gifts to your young ones at the holiday and other seasons. Let each person, having a Southern homestead, make it matter of pride that he can show upon his shelves, or his centre-table, every work of pure literature which has emanated from the mind of his own section, so that he may proudly say that God has endowed our race as bountifully as any other, and here are the proofs that we eagerly seek to develope, and to use properly his gifts. Only do this, each of you, and it will surprise you to see how soon you will create a native literature."

"The Southern Matron" desires us to say that not being able to prepare the Report of the Mount Vernon Association in time for its appearance in the present number of the Messenger, she will soon give it to the public in the columns of the Richmond *Enquirer*. We rejoice to know that the prospects of the Association are in the highest degree encouraging. The Masonic Fraternity of the Union have recently become Allies of the Ladies and a Bill is now before the Legislature of Virginia to authorize the purchase of Mount Vernon upon the terms heretofore made known by the proprietor.

Notices of New Works.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume I. A—Araguay. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 36 Little Britain. 1858.

This goodly volume inaugurates at once the most considerable and commanding work that has ever been published in America. It has been undertaken, we are confident, with a conscientious desire to furnish the great body of American readers with a trustworthy source of information upon all subjects connected with the progress of civilization, and so far has been prosecuted with the most gratifying success. The Editors, Messrs. Ripley and Dana, are men of large and liberal scholarship, exceedingly well qualified for the laborious and difficult task of compiling and arranging such a work, and though it might appear to a Southern reader, from their long connection with the *New York Tribune*, that the history, biography, industrial resources and political philosophy of our half of the Union would be likely to receive little justice at their hands, we are satisfied that nothing narrow or sectional will be found in the pages of this "Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge." As an earnest of the impartiality with which the plan has been carried out up to this moment, we may mention that the life of Mr. Calhoun which will appear in the third volume has been prepared by Richard K. Crallé, Esq., and that Mr. Simms and other eminent Southern writers have been enlisted in the corps of contributors. In regarding the amount of labor involved in such a summary of human knowledge, the mind is well-nigh overwhelmed, and we can only marvel at the splendid results that may be attained by a systematic division of subjects among many *litterateurs*, and unwearied industry on the part of those who are to combine the multitudinous facts and opinions into a congruous and useful shape. In the volume now before us, there is much new and valuable material illustrative of American affairs which may be sought for in vain in any English Encyclopedia, while the subjects arising out of the history of the Old World have been treated with a freshness and spirit that cannot fail to be relished by all English readers. The papers on Alfieri, Addison, Alma, the Alps, Amsterdam, might be adduced in proof of

the extent, interest, and accuracy of the foreign department, while those on Alabama, Annapolis, Aiken, the Alexanders, Allston, &c., show the fairness and amplitude of the Southern biography, geography and criticism. We have but one fear in relation to this Cyclopedia, and this is, that if it is completed with the fulness which characterizes the first volume, the editors will not be able to fulfil the promise given in the Prospectus of bringing the work within the compass of fifteen volumes. The letter A is by no means exhausted, and it must be borne in mind that facts and events as yet *in futuro*, battles that are to be fought, census returns that are to be generalized, changes in government that are to take place, in the coming eighteen months, will have to be chronicled and arranged in the concluding volumes. But we think the public will not be disposed to quarrel with the Messrs. Appleton if the work should exceed the limits which have been set to it *d'avance*. The debt of gratitude they have imposed upon the country by an enterprise of such magnitude and importance will be recognized, we trust, in a vast army of subscribers.

BACON'S ESSAYS: With Annotations by RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, Revised. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway. Boston: 53 Devonshire Street. 1857. [From A Morris, 97 Main Street.

The Essays of Lord Bacon are among the best emanations of the human intellect. They deserve the thoughtful study of all who would learn to regulate their lives to the order of a sound practical wisdom, and to their just comprehension thoughtful study is indispensable. A page of Lord Bacon is no light reading, but contains suggestions which must be pondered and which will set in motion trains of thought leading to the grandest truths. Archbishop Whately is an excellent expounder of the sage of Verulam, and his Annotations are of the greatest value and significance. The American publishers deserve well for having issued his volume in a style worthy of its inestimable contents.

The exquisite holiday edition of Bryant's Poems which the Appletons have

brought out for the New Year, is something for which every lover of the graceful in art and the beautiful in poetry should feel thankful. The illustrations are mostly delicious, showing the great advance which has been made of late years in wood-engraving and the sympathy which the eminent English artists who executed them have felt with the great American master of song. We need say nothing, of course, of the merits of Mr. Bryant in noticing an *edition de luxe* of his poetical writings. Collected in any form these writings have a permanent interest, but arrayed in such an attractive guise and embellished by such tasteful drawings as we now see them, they bless us like a glorious landscape or a golden sunset.

POEMS by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. From the last London Edition. Corrected by the Author. In three volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway. 1857. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A charming copy in blue and gold of the complete Poetical works of Mrs. Browning, including that striking novel in blank verse of "Aurora Leigh," which has excited so much remark in literary circles as the highest embodiment of her genius. We like Mrs. Browning and we like her not, "the reasons why" we might tell if limits were not prescribed to us here, but waiving any objections to her peculiar views of life and her affectations in composition, we rejoice to place so sweet a triplet of volumes upon the shelves of our library among the poets of the century.

To Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of Boston, we are indebted for several novelties sent us through Mr. James Woodhouse. Among these the "Twin Roses" of Mrs. Ritchie, would demand an elaborate notice, had the volume not been reviewed by a competent and distinguished hand in the foregoing pages of this number of the Messenger. Mrs. Jameson's "Sketches of Art" is another one of those anteo-cerulean duodecimos which these tasteful publishers were the first to issue, and which have become so popular. Mrs. Jameson is a genial and sympathetic writer and her art-criticisms

are worthy of being read by all who would form correct opinions upon the æsthetic. "The Abbot" in two volumes belongs to the fine Household Edition of the Waverley Novels already so frequently mentioned in this department of our magazine. The Poems of James Russell Lowell, (in two volumes uniform with the cabinet copies of Longfellow, Tennyson, Massey, Leigh Hunt, &c.) are of various merit, some of them informed by a delicate sense of beauty, and others characterized by excessive vulgarity and by an intense fanaticism. Mr. Lowell belongs to the worst clique of anti-slavery agitators, and his hatred of the South can excite only contempt and disgust embodied as it is in rhymes that betray the inspiration of the hags rather than the muses. A Sonnet to Giddings is certainly an unique performance—could not Mr. Lowell oblige us with one to Frederick Douglass? Two works for the juveniles, the one by Mayne Reid, the other by Grace Greenwood, and both excellent in their way, complete our batch of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields' publications for the month. We are glad that the operations of so enterprising a house have not been interrupted at all by the late financial troubles.

THE CHRISTIAN LAWYER; or The Claims of Christianity on the Legal Profession. A Discourse delivered at the Funeral of RICHARD W. FLOURNOY, Esq., in the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., December 1st, 1857. By REV. T. V. MOORE, D.D. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson. 1858.

A more touching and beautiful tribute to departed worth we have rarely seen than this discourse. Dr. Moore, had he chosen the law as a profession, might have won its highest honours, and in the views here presented of the Claims of the Christian Religion upon the legal fraternity, he has shown his high appreciation of the dignity and usefulness of the bar, at the same time that he has afforded evidence of the attention with which he has studied the lives and characters of its most distinguished ornaments. The body of lawyers in our city have done well to publish it in the handsome pamphlet now before us.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1858.

INAUGURATION OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 22 FEBRUARY, 1858.

OPENING ODE,

BY JNO. R. THOMPSON.

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis.
Post mortem ducibus; • • • •
• • • • clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Pierides; neque
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. *Horatius, Lib. IV. Carmen 8.*

I.

Virginians! here, with cannon's deafening roar,
And joyous throb of drum,
From mountain gorge and from Atlantic shore,
This hallowed day we come.

'Tis one of Freedom's Sabbaths; and we give
The time to Freedom's praise,
As here, in bronze that almost seems to live,
Our hero's form we raise.

O! it is well that glorious form should grace
Our own Capitoline—
Henceforth to all a consecrated place
That holds a sacred shrine.

The pomp of pennons, scarfs and tossing plumes
Is fitly here displayed,
Scattering the tints of summer's richest blooms
Upon the bright parade.

And worthy is it that with noble speech
Which glows with vital pow'r,
The laurel-crown'd orator should teach
The grandeur of the hour.

While yet in reverent mood the poet brings,
 Amid the brilliant throng,
 What he would never give to flatter Kings,
 His modest meed of song.

Not queenly Athens, from the breezy height
 Where ivory Pallas stood,
 As flowed along her streets in vestures white
 The choral multitude—

Not regal Rome, when wide her bugles roll'd
 From Tagus to Cathay,
 As the long triumph rich with orient gold
 Went up the Sacred Way—

Not proud basilica or minster dim,
 Filled with War's glittering files,
 As battle fugue or Coronation Hymn
 Swept through the bannered aisles—

Saw pageant, solemn, grand or gay to view,
 In moral so sublime,
 As this which seeks to crown with homage due
 The foremost man of Time!

Then let the gun from out its peaceful smoke
 Its thunder speak aloud,
 As when the rainbow of our flag first broke
 Through battle's rifted cloud.

Peal, trumpets, peal! your strain triumphant lend
 To stir the wintry air,
 And upward to the throne of God ascend
 The frankincense of prayer—

Not ours but His the glory ever be,
 While yet the ages run,
 Who, that His favored people might be free,
 Gave earth a WASHINGTON!

II.

Yes! the sculptor's work is finished, and to life the metal starts,
 Token of a people's love and crowning tribute of the Arts.

True, no need of molten image or of column skyward reared
 Had this Christian sage and soldier, to the world's great heart endeared;

Yet Virginia's deep affection she would to the world proclaim
 In this bronze and granite only less enduring than his fame:

And the Sisters—they who wander by the old melodious River—
 Honour still the few whose virtues live forever and forever.

Long in vain the Arts debated 'neath the amaranthine shade,
 How the fit apotheosis of our hero should be made:

When a Muse said "O my sisters, there are two of mortal birth,
Who are worthy to interpret all his greatness unto earth ;

"Regally have we endowed them with the 'faculty divine,'
Let us for this loftier service richer gifts to them assign."

Then came Eloquence, attended by the stately rhythmic choir,
And from her unfailing altar touched an Everett's lips with fire,

While the voiceless Muse of Sculpture, white and shining, raised her wand,
And a yet more wondrous cunning straightway thrilled through Crawford's hand,

And he left his nymphs and Hebes in their sleep of snowy stone,
With the grand old dreamy beauty of the Greek around them thrown,

Catching from his theme majestic, in his thought's enkindled glow,
Something of the forceful purpose marble-wrought of Angelo.

In his quiet Roman workshop months the sculptor toiled : at length
All completed rose the model in its glory and its strength.

Then beyond the Alps they bore it, statue of the deathless name,
To the distant German city there to be baptised in flame.

'Twas a glorious thing to witness, as the swarthy artisan
Set the fiery torrent free and seething in the mould it ran :

But great joy there was in Munich, when the metal, furnace-tried,
Came to sight a radiant image, perfect then and purified.

Thus through trials yet intenser and a more refining blaze
Passed our hero, pure and scatheless, in the Revolution's days.

Horse and rider, decked with garlands, now in lengthened jubilee
Journey through the pleasant Rhineland onward to the Zuyder Zee.

Under quaint and leaning gables stops at last the ponderous wain,
Where the dykes of Holland's seaport backward hurl the angry main.

Everywhere the youths and maidens thronged to see it moving by,
Grey-haired sires and matrons cheered it, on its joyous way—and why?

'Twas that men of every nation, in our WASHINGTON's career,
See their own commanding hero yet more gloriously appear.

William's calm and silent courage, Tell's imperious hate of wrong
Dwelt within and fired his nature large and resolute and strong.

Yes, and there Rienzi's passion grander-statured owned control
Unto Hampden's lofty virtues regnant firmly in his soul.

Therefore 'twas, the fair-haired children of the ancient Father Rhine
Gratefully around his statue freshest roses would entwine :

Therefore 'twas the honest Flemings deemed the bark that bore it blest,
Fading o'er the watery azure, sailing down the crimson west.

Now for us who claim to love him with a fonder, dearer love,
Upon whom he yet may scatter benedictions from above;

Us, who tread the soil his footsteps made forever holy ground,
Where his sacred ashes slumber, where his fame sheds light around;

'Tis to deck this noble figure, raised in airy grace on high,
With its final wreaths of homage, fragrant as his memory.

—Ah! the hand is cold that wrought it—fondly would the poet crave
Just to place a simple flow'ret on the sculptor's early grave.

Say not that the sombre angel stilled in death his manly heart,
All too soon for life's ambition, all too soon for Christian Art.

Well he laboured whatsoever here his hands had found to do,
And submissive to his Master passed away from mortal view.

Thus amid the wailing music of the Requiem, mournful, grand,
As with joyous hallelujahs sought Mozart the Spirit Land;—

Thus from faint celestial glimpses and from well-assured renown
Called to gaze on fairer visions, Raphael laid his pencil down.

Though for him the tearful Muses sorrow in their moonlit home—
Though a tranquil light has faded from the deep blue sky of Rome—

Gone before us he has given unto earth immortal grace,
And in Art's bright Hemicycle found among his peers a place;

Gladly they accord our brother lasting, monumental fame,
Blended in the bronze above us with earth's proudest, grandest name.

III.

O! 'tis a noble sight,
The fiery steed, just checked, that paws the ground,
As if impatient for the clarion's sound
That calls to deadly fight.

The war-horse says ha! ha!
And snuffs, in very insolence of pride
With high arch'd neck and furious nostril wide,
The battle from afar.

But sits our matchless one
Serene, as erst in war's intensest wrath,
And points forever to the golden path
Of empire and the sun.

The high and holy calm
That crowns his brow, there cast its aureole,
When dangers dire he met with equal soul
Or bore the victor's palm.

So 'mid the whirling snow
Where freezing Delaware rolled darkly by,
Beyond the shore he turned his eagle eye
Where duty bade him go.

So after sad defeat,
From hushed Long Island's camp he sent his hosts
At midnight o'er the tide like sheeted ghosts,
And glorified retreat.

And such his tranquil mien,
When over drenched redoubt and shattered wall
He saw the Briton's lion banner fall,
At Yorktown's final scene.

O! for that self-command,
That sweet serenity, that grace refined,
That wisdom throned within a lofty mind,
To save the freeman's land.

Here, venerated shade!
As proudly we thy mighty deeds review
And what, as well, thou didst forbear to do—
No trust by thee betrayed—

Impart thy love of truth—
Teach us the good and ill alike to bear,
So shall the State with Freedom's Goddess share
Her bright perpetual youth.

IV.

And now, my brothers, what to us remains
Of solemn duty which the day ordains,
While yet Virginia's gifted sons prolong,
In thoughtful eloquence and lyric song,
The fond ascriptions of a nation's praise,
Which my too feeble voice attempts to raise?
'Tis that we here in gratitude renew
The patriot-vows to country ever due,
And on this holy altar firmly swear
The blessed compact never to impair
Which the Republic's fathers gave, to prove
The boundless wealth of their undying love.
As when a planet, first in motion wheeled,
In placid circles sweeps creation's field,
Nor tumult causes there, nor haply fears
The angry jarring of its sister spheres,
But moves forever on its destined way,
In liquid music with benignant ray;
So may each added star, that makes in turn
Our constellated glories brighter burn,

Drop silently into its ordered place
To run its radiant and unpausing race ;
Blessing and blest, 'gainst every shock secure,
Through time's revolving cycles to endure,
Till, like Orion's belt, our ensign's bars
Shall blaze with countless multitudes of stars,
Their mingled light into one halo thrown,
But each a planet dazzling when alone !

But Time, alas ! still crumbles into dust
The brazen column and the marble bust ;
Dashes the image from its pedestal
And weaves for mighty States the funeral pall ;
Thus the proud Statue, which we rear in bronze
And wreath to day with Freedom's gonfalons,
May moulder into ruin, when the State
Which gave it birth is waste and desolate.
But truth uninjured shall forever stand,
And deathless mind can mock the spoiler's hand :
And so, wherever Law shall build its fane
And Learning push its humanizing reign—
Wherever o'er the future's misty seas
Men shall revere the name of Socrates,
And generous youth with rapture dwell upon
The shining page which tells of Marathon—
Into what climes remote the sacred ark
Shall yet be safely borne in Freedom's bark
Freighted with legacies of worth unpriced,
The truths of Luther and the creed of Christ,—
There WASHINGTON shall live, and there enshrined
Within the vast heart-temple of mankind,
Our honoured Commonwealth shall still receive
The purest worship grateful love can give—
Her praise according millions shall proclaim
And earth's remotest age shall bless VIRGINIA's name !

ORATION, BY THE HON. R. M. T. HUNTER.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

It must indeed be a great occasion which collects this vast assemblage of people, and which surrounds the scene with so many circumstances of pomp and pageantry. The Chief Magistrate of Virginia, the members of her General Assembly, the Judges of her highest courts of law, and these her sons and daughters stand here the hosts to receive as honoured guests high functionaries of the Federal Government, the representatives of the sister States who fill their chief seats of power at home and abroad, and these glittering files of citizen soldiery.

The State of Virginia this day responds to the demands of a world-wide sympathy for a shrine to which pilgrims from all the earth may resort to offer their oblations of love, gratitude, and admiration to the memory of her greatest son, and where the imagination may refresh its conception of that grand and noble character by the sensible impression of the scene around it. She is now about to discharge the last duty which she owes to that memory by celebrating it in yet another form of history whose monuments incorporate and make sensible to future generations the conceptions which its writings have fixed imperishably in the mind of man. To do this she builds no wondrous structure which speaks more of the arts and power of those who made it than of the life and character which it was designed to commemorate. She rears no vast pile like those in whose mysterious depths the ages as they fled have buried their memories as well as their dead, and which no longer tell the tale that they were designed to transmit, as was proudly supposed, from generation to generation, until the epos of humanity was closed. She seeks no remote valley to found her rock-hewn necropolis whose silent and awful chambers, as they lie shrouded in mystery and night, perpetuate nothing but the idea of death—making that even more sensible by the gloom in which they are clothed. But she has appealed to the hand of one of

the highest of the arts, to restore, in form at least, the type of that temple which none but the Master Workman can rebuild, and in which once dwelt the soul of her much loved son. She has invoked the aid of human genius, which cannot indeed relume that form with the Promethean spark so as to impart the charm of life and the grace of motion, but which can reflect through its own clear mirror the rays of that spirit-light which once made the human face divine, and which can yet give a living expression to marble or to bronze. And lo! there stands its work. "The animated bust," untenanted, it is true, by the "fleeting breath," but a mighty study—an incorporate tale, which speaks, and oh, how much! not only of that consummate character which it was formed to express, but also of him who made it, of that bright genius who, having married a mortal to an immortal name, like some of those victims of unearthly love of whom poets sing, has perished in giving birth to the mighty conception with which it teemed. His chisel now rusts beside the mouldering hand which once wielded it with almost creative power. But the work of his genius will live, and his name, connected now with one which can never die, will be borne through succeeding ages as the vine is supported by the oak which it crowns and adorns. They will live together,—and long may that union of grace and strength endure.

This day is eminently appropriate to the occasion which we celebrate. It was this day which gave birth to him who was not only "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," but whose name is the representative name of perhaps the greatest epoch in human history. Of all human nativities there is none other which connects itself more largely with the destiny of men. It was on this day one hundred and twenty-six years ago that Washington was born in Westmoreland county, the son of a simple country gentleman. No pealing artillery proclaimed his advent into the world. No churches re-

sounded with the *Te Deum*, and no procession of Priests and nobles paused on bended knee to thank God for the event which continued the succession of an imperial dynasty; neither *fête*, nor holiday, nor public rejoicing marked for him the expectation with which is received the birth of one of the princes of the earth. We do not know how far even the mother dared to hope, or whether she dreamed of more for him than the common success of life. How little prescient is man. In that humble chamber was cradled the minister of destiny. There reposed the infant in whose future career were to be garnered more of man's hopes for progress and improvement than had ever rested upon mortal conduct before; and there, too, were folded hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, if in heart and head he had not been too elevated to desire it.

Here, as in so many other instances, Providence appears to have left public expectation at fault in regard to its instruments. The very accidents of his position seem to have been arranged with a design to train and discipline him for the great struggle of his life. At a time of life, when others who were to be actors in the same scene with himself, and supposed perhaps to be more fortunately circumstanced, were pursuing their studies in the halls of learning, he was surveying lands in the wilderness. At the age of sixteen he was already clothed with the duties and responsibilities of manhood, and braved the perils and difficulties of that wild mode of life.

Thus early inured to danger and hardship and thrown upon his individual resources to encounter them, the experience of his life must have served to strengthen and elevate his character. It taught him presence of mind in the face of danger, and self-reliance in the midst of unexpected difficulties and trials. Nor were these the only teachings of his forest life. For doubtless in that close communion with nature and himself he learned lessons of manly virtue, and derived that knowledge of the secret springs of action which is so essential to a thorough acquaintance with human nature in gen-

eral. Nor could such an experience with the meditations which it suggested fail to increase his sense of the natural dignity of man, or to elevate the standard by which he measured it. The pioneer of that day, as he roamed through the wilderness was indeed the monarch of all he surveyed. Amidst the beasts of the forest, and savage tribes almost as wild as they were, he learned to stake his life upon his individual superiority over all he saw around him, and to depend upon himself for protection against all the dangers which might beset him. Unaccustomed to view man as he is seen in crowded communities, "ranked and sized" according to the orders of society, or dwarfed by dependence and the pressure of poverty or the accidents of his position, he learned to value him for himself—to measure him by the individual resources of his nature, and to look within rather than without for the means of defence and development. Above all, he thus imbibed that wild love of freedom and independence, and that stern sense of individualism which made him incapable of counting the costs of resistance if his liberty was at stake. Such was the school in which our fathers were best prepared for the great revolutionary struggle which awaited them.

The effects of this training upon Washington were manifested in the remarkable confidence which his State reposed in him at so early an age. When nineteen years old he was made Military Inspector with the rank of Major, in the little army of Virginia. At twenty-one he was entrusted with an important mission to the French commander on the Ohio, and placed, too, at the head of the forces raised by the State; nor did she ever afterwards abate her trust and confidence in him. But if she trusted, she tried him too. And, in charging him with the defence of her frontier with insufficient forces and means, she prepared him for the yet sterner difficulties which awaited him on another and greater theatre of action. He thus acquired a knowledge of the nature of his countrymen—of the resources in which lay their chief strength in time of war; of the difficulties which

were most likely to beset them; and of the best means by which they were to be rallied and supported under such trials. It was in this school that he learned to cultivate the heroic virtues of the soul,—moderation, fortitude, justice, and self-reliance. And here, too, he imbibed the faith that there is a might in the right too strong for the powers and principalities of the earth, which so characterized him in after life. There can be no doubt but that the meditations and experience of such a life, its close communion with nature, its hairbreadth escapes, and its sudden revolutions must have tended to cherish in the mind a deep sense of dependence upon Providence, and a more intimate conviction of its constant presence and interposition in the affairs of man. These were the qualities which ever after made him the master of the occasion, and enabled him to overcome its difficulties whether they lay in himself or others, for no man ever lived who could better command both. Who can look to the severe experience of his early life in connection with its after circumstances without feeling that Providence was thus training him for that mighty struggle in which he was to take the leadership and command?

He carried into this contest a natural genius for war it is true, but he was prepared for it by no careful study of the military science, by not much knowledge of the principles of strategy as established by the great masters of the art, and by no accurate acquaintance with the rules in which soldiers are taught for the most part to confide for success. He entered however upon this command with a knowledge of the secret strength of his country—with a perfect understanding of its resources, and a sufficient experience in the best means of developing them; with a modest but firm reliance in his own capacity to meet in the future, as he had done in the past, whatever difficulties might lay in his path, no matter how unexpectedly they should arise, and with a faith that never faltered in the will and the power of Providence to protect the right.

Perhaps if he had been accustomed to

study the experience of others more, and his own less, he might not have trusted so much or feared so little. But in that trust in the lessons of his own experience, and in that faith in the purposes of Providence lay the secret of his strength. I know that professional critics and the martinets of military service are not in the habit of referring to Washington's campaigns for great examples in the art of war. There were too few dazzling strokes in his military career to attract their attention to him as a great natural genius, and they can hardly believe that such an art could be acquired by experience alone and without a careful study and previous training. And yet if we measure his military genius by its actual achievements when considered in connection with their attending circumstances, we cannot fail to place him amongst the foremost captains of the world. If estimated by what he accomplished, he will take rank with the best amongst them all. He established no particular order of battle as did the Macedonian or Roman. He discovered no new principle in military movements as was done by the great Prussian or the scarcely less distinguished Theban, who in this perhaps preceded him. He created no new combinations of old principles so as almost to revolutionize the science of war as did the world's chief soldier, the Imperial Frenchman. But he knew the secret of his country's strength, and he had the genius so to plan his campaigns as to make that element in which its power consisted the predominating force in the contest. It was a new and untried field of military experiment, and yet he was fertile enough in resources to make head against overwhelming odds, without ever experiencing a crushing defeat or even a serious reverse. He understood the relative strength of the two parties too well to hope to achieve success by a series of great manœuvres or striking battles. But he saw that the superiority of the British forces could only be maintained at an immense expense, owing to the distance of her resources, whilst the Americans enjoyed a corresponding advantage in the support of their troops from their greater

proximity to supplies. Time then was for him the great element of success. To protract the war was to win the victory; and to do this without wearing away the spirit of resistance in his countrymen, to rally their energies and keep alive their hopes by making head against such odds, without receiving during the whole period a single defeat, was the unparalleled achievement of this great man. To carry out this plan, it was indispensable to avoid any great battle which risked enough to be decisive. For there the chances were all against him; but for a war of detail the relative superiority was rather on our side. The American, owing to his early training had more of individual resource—was better adapted by his habits to encounter the physical difficulties of the country, and could concentrate, for a time at least, a superior force to meet a particular emergency, which could not have been maintained permanently in the field. To decide this struggle by a mode of warfare in which the relative advantages of his countrymen were the greatest, and to avoid an issue in which the superiority of his enemy was incontestable, became the great object of his campaign. And what general ever pursued his ends with more ability or attained them more completely. With raw levies and inferior numbers, for many years he kept in check the main body of an army, which, in proportion to its size, was equal to any in the world; and struck at its detachments so constantly and successfully as to wear away its spirit and exhaust its energies; and when a fortunate alliance gave him a temporary superiority in the field, he availed himself of the occasion to crown and close the contest by a blow as decisive as it was glorious.

If the conception of the only plan of campaign which could have succeeded, and the prosecution of its objects with consummate ability, fortitude and success, and that too, in the face of unparalleled odds and difficulties be evidences of a high military genius, then Washington has exhibited them all. During the whole war, he held the line of the Hudson so as to keep open the communications between the Eastern and other

States, and to close them between the British army and their Northern Provinces. The ability and perseverance with which this was effected in the face of so many difficulties ought, of itself, to stamp him as a master in the art of war. From the siege of Boston to that of York he kept the field in the face of an army greatly superior in numbers, discipline, and all the appointments of war, and whilst he held it in check and circumscribed its operations within narrow bounds, he never suffered it to strike him even one decisive blow. He sometimes struck at it, but never did he afford it an opportunity to destroy him. If the battles of Long Island and Brandywine were the occasional blemishes of a long series of campaigns, who shall say that they were not forced upon him as necessary sacrifices to public opinion, and who has ever disputed the signal ability with which he retrieved his mistake? And yet it was not a month after the battle of Brandywine, before he fought that of Germantown, where accidents which he could not foresee, alone prevented him from achieving a victory. Well might the Count de Vergennes say in reference to it, "That nothing struck him so much as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army; that to bring an army, raised within a year to this, promised everything." But after all, the most brilliant period of his military life, was that of his campaign in New Jersey. With an army ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-equipped, and greatly inferior in numbers, he not only absolutely barred the march of the superior British force from New York to Philadelphia, but at a time when, according to all the rules of war, he had a right to expect annihilation, by a series of brilliant surprises and actions, he swept their detachments in rear, beat up their outposts and forced them to abandon the State. Indeed it may be said that, during the whole of the war, he so used his scanty means, and inadequate forces, as to hold the main body of the British army in a state of siege. It did nothing worthy of its prestige or its strength, it effected

nothing except the occupation of two or three cities which it held mainly by means of the British naval superiority, and the war which it maintained was chiefly for the means of subsisting itself in those places. And yet often during this period the regular forces of Washington did not reach one half the number of its enemies. In short, he entered upon this war with means so inadequate as to render the chances of success apparently hopeless. His army consisted of new levies which, according to the earlier usages of the war, were disbanded against his earnest remonstrances almost as soon as they could be trained and disciplined. Ill-equipped and ill-appointed, they were inferior even in numbers to the veterans whom they encountered. Out of such materials he had to create everything, a commissariat, a quartermaster's department and the entire military organization, and to maintain the army for many years by a system which was little better than one of voluntary contribution. The civil organization to which he must look for support, was still more defective for the purposes of a long and difficult war. A loose confederacy of States was governed by a congress of deputies which acted upon the States themselves, and whose laws had little more force than a mere request. It had neither money nor such a recognized position in the great family of nations as to enable it to command credit abroad, whilst its means of collecting such scanty supplies as the people could furnish at home were only persuasive. Behind all this he had to look to the public opinion of the country for the only power which could sustain him through the long and wearisome years of such a struggle. It was he, and he only who could command it—who could animate its fading hopes, rally its failing energies, nerve its determinations, purify its aspirations and reason with its wayward moods. He himself became the point of union, in his wisdom and justice, in his patriotism and fortitude, all trusted; to him they looked for counsel, and by his faith they measured their hopes. It was he only who could mediate in the dan-

gerous disputes which sometimes arose between a suffering army and a destitute government, or quiet the irritations of sectional jealousy. The States raised, as far as they could, their quotas of men and money in the confidence, which was never disappointed, that the common means would be justly administered by him for the common benefit.

None but a character constituted like Washington's could have commanded the public opinion of such a country through so long a course of adversity and trial, and nothing but the force of such a public opinion could have encountered successfully the combination of civil and military power which was opposed to it. Such an achievement is unparalleled in the history of the world, and what is still more remarkable it was consummated without one violation of law or a single departure from the rules of virtue or the obligations of patriotism. Nor could he have thus continued to command this public opinion and confidence by his moral qualities alone; it required the union of these with high military talent to constitute the consummate leader for so remarkable an emergency. This talent he did exhibit throughout the whole of that war; paralyzing the main body of the British army with inferior forces, he stripped himself of men and means at the expense of some of his own noble aspirations for fame to maintain the American superiority in the war of detail, upon which he mainly rested his hopes of success. To hold them in check in one place and to overwhelm them in others were the great objects of his strategy, from which, with a rare and noble perseverance, he suffered no temptation to seduce him. And yet no man could be more enterprising, or strike more daringly where the conjuncture of circumstances justified and required him to stake so much upon the event. It is remarkable that he ventured most when his situation seemed most desperate. It was when all seemed lost that he struck those blows at Princeton and Trenton, which were the more deadly for being entirely unexpected. It was soon after the defeat at Brandywine that he made

the attack at Germantown, at the first moment that the division of the British forces afforded a prospect for success. It was when the public hope was lowest and the public mind was most despondent that the trumpet of the Leader proclaimed loudest, and with no uncertain sound, his faith in the aid of Providence, and the ultimate success of the cause. Then indeed it was that the shout of a king was amongst them. These things he did because he knew the chief strength of its defence lay in the public opinion of the country whose forces whilst maintained were the true reserve on which his army might depend with absolute confidence. Such were the means with which he wrested a mighty empire from the most powerful nation on earth. If then, as I have said before, military genius is to be measured by what it accomplished, need we fear the comparison between Washington and the most distinguished Captains of the world. Alexander manœuvred upon a larger scale and conquered in battles where multitudes were engaged, and there were greater numerical odds against him, but he led a people and an army far superior in all the arts of peace and war to the subjugation of inferior nations, who had no common bond except the fact of acknowledging the same master. He struck with his mailed hand at a social system mighty it is true, but it was a decaying structure which crumbled into fragments under the force of the blow, and yet he built up and constructed no new organization, leaving it to his successors to form other combinations out of the ruins. Washington wrested an empire as large in extent, from a greatly superior power, with undisciplined troops and inferior means. Nor did he fail to complete his achievement. For he was mainly instrumental in erecting upon the ruins of the old, a new social system, which, from his time until the present, has been daily developing new combinations of beauty and of strength, and has become the study of statesmen, and the hope and the delight of the friends of liberty throughout the world.

Hannibal attacked an equal, and with

troops perhaps but little superior to those whom he encountered. Breaking over the barrier of the Alps he passed through Italy with a series of battles and manœuvres far more striking than anything in the war of our Revolution, and constituting, perhaps, the most wonderful military achievements of antiquity. But he failed in all the objects of the war, and was baffled in the final result of his campaigns, which ended in his defeat by Scipio at Zama, and the entire subjugation of his country to her hated rival. If Washington could not have freed the barriers of the Alps and fought the battles of the Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannæ, as did Hannibal, it is perhaps still more probable that the latter could not have conducted successfully the war of the American Revolution with such means as were placed at the disposal of the former. I hazard perhaps little, in saying that Washington would have made a more skilful use of the disaffection to the Roman power, which prevailed amongst so many conquered Italian States, than did Hannibal; nor is it probable that he would have permitted an entire army to march unmolested before his face to the destruction of his brother's forces on which rested his only hope of success.

The great Cæsar who has been denominated as the foremost man in all the world by the greatest master of the human heart who has ever swept its chords, can hardly be said to have failed in any object of his serious pursuit; but he, too, always commanded troops who were superior to their opponents in discipline and efficiency, except at that battle in which he was so near suffering defeat from the sons of Pompey. His wars were mostly with barbarians, in which it is true he accomplished great results and made few or no mistakes. But if his results were large, so were his means, and in his case the two were far more equally proportioned than with Washington. He was the first of his countrymen to comprehend the fact that the Roman empire had grown beyond the capacity of its municipal institutions to govern it, and upon their ruins he established an organization of centralized power, which for its duration and

effects is the most wonderful of all the social systems which have been tested by time. But he did it at the expense of the Roman people, their power, their prestige, and in violation of all that they esteemed most glorious and sacred in their old traditions. Rome was to become the seat of a greater power than it had ever known before, but it was no longer a Roman power. The conscript Fathers must now make a place for the Gaul and the Spaniard, the imperial seat of power itself might be filled from the provinces, and the mighty dead sleeping beside the Appian Way, whose ears had been so long used to the grateful shout of pride which ushered in the barbarian chained as a captive to the car of triumph, must have stirred in their graves to hear him marching to the chief seats of Roman power, and to feel that the consulships and curule dignities which for so long had been represented by the images that were the sacred ornaments of their houses, were now equally open to the grasp of the stranger. The ashes of the Servilii, the Metelli and the Scipios must have lain in uneasy companionship with those of the freedman and the parasites, whose monuments so far out-topped and outshone their own.

"Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet; at Cato
parvo
Pompeius nullo: credimus esse deos."

Mighty as was this creation of Cæsar's genius, it attests the fact that either he was unequal to the task of making popular government consistent with exclusive empire, or else that he wanted the elevation of soul to prefer the good of the Roman people and the glory of his race and his country, to the possession of imperial power. Washington's memory lies under no such reproach, it is his great achievement to have contributed mainly to the organization of a social system which has developed the capacity of popular government for extensive empire, and it is his glory to have proved that he worked rather to place power where it would be best administered, than to keep it in his own hands, or to use it for selfish purposes. If I chose I might run the paral-

els between Washington and the great Frederic, or the still greater Napoleon, and show by comparing their achievements with their means, that the proportional success of Washington was, perhaps, greater than either. They made war on a larger scale, their manœuvres were grander, their battles mightier and far more imposing, yet neither of them produced results from their military operations, so important in their probable effects upon the future destiny of man, or so likely to be permanent and enduring. Both of them possessed large means and neither respected moral restraints or barriers, if it was necessary to free them for military success, and the same may be said of nearly all the great captains of the world, with the exception of Washington. Upon his military escutcheon there rests neither taint nor blot. Amongst the shields of all the great military chiefs, Washington's needs neither name nor motto to identify, for it is to be known by its spotless brightness.

But I pass from Washington the soldier, to Washington the statesman, from the rude scenes and bloody strife of war, to scarcely less trying difficulties in peace. I follow him as he passes from the anxieties of the hot pursuit, the heady fight, the long drawn march, the night alarm, to the not less painful task of harmonizing conflicting elements in society, and constructing out of the ruins of the old a new political system, which might suit the peculiar circumstances of the case, and satisfy the aspirations of a people so anxious for free institutions as were his countrymen. It is far more common to find amongst great military men, the capacity to destroy old social systems than the organizing genius which can create order out of chaos, and devise institutions which are adapted to the wants and national character of a people. There have been none who so thoroughly completed this great round of human achievement as George Washington.

During the war, he himself had formed the great central point of union, in whom were reposed a common love and confidence, which enabled him to command and direct the common exertions for the

equal benefit of all. During that period there had been for all essential purposes a unity of will, because it was his will which governed, not by force or by law, but through the rare and exalted virtues of his character. When he resigned his commission, that bond of union was gone and the work of disintegration commenced. A loose confederacy whose government wanted the power to secure even those interests which were common, called in vain for the means of sustaining its credit and redeeming the sacred obligations of the revolution. The separate States each acted upon its individual policy, and without a just regard to the interests of its neighbours. The elements of great social strength and happiness were wasting around them, and the best hopes for human freedom and progress which the world as yet had seen, were threatened with annihilation. Had he conducted his countrymen through long years of anxious toil and bloody strife in vain; were the proud hopes and noble aspirations which had borne him and them triumphantly through the darkest night of the revolution to be disappointed at last; should the rights and liberties which he had so painfully succeeded in wresting from the reluctant grasp of British power be lost from our want of ability to secure them against violence and the effects of dissension at home? The crown and the sceptre as emblems of sovereignty, we had cast far away upon the seas because our people believed themselves to be capable of self government, and were we now to convict ourselves of presumptuous boasting, by exhibiting the spectacle of the most pitiable of all imbecility, that of the strong man who is incapable of ruling his own spirit? No—a thousand times no. The great and calm spirit of Washington was amongst them as commanding in peace as it had been in war. Every where his voice was heard expostulating with his countrymen on the condition of affairs and exhorting them to union. His appeals were to their pride of country, their love of liberty, their hopes of happiness and a mighty future, and they were made in the name of common traditions, and all the associations of

a common peril and a common glory. Nor were they made in vain, our own great State was the first to move, by calling a convention at Annapolis, and the work was prosecuted from time to time, until it resulted in the adoption of our present form of government. If it be true that it is to Washington more than any other man that we owe the existence of this government, it is a still more undoubted fact, that to him chiefly is due the credit of its successful commencement and the foundation of our great principles of public policy. Who else could have steered the ship of state so consistently and successfully amidst the divisions of party; who so able or resolute to take issue with popular prejudice, when the public good required it, and who else was capable, through the influence of his character, of calming down the fury of the people when an evil spirit possessed it? Of all the public men of the day, he alone had moral influence enough to rule in such a crisis, and by a rare coincidence, if not by a Providential direction of events, his of all the characters known to history, was best adapted and most admirably constituted to encounter successfully the difficulties over which he triumphed. But to do this, although more sensitive by nature than most men, he sacrificed all his sensibilities upon the altar of his country's good. For their own sakes he submitted like a man of iron to the buffets of those he loved, and inexorable to all, but the calls of duty and patriotism, he moved like some minister of fate, in all the patient fortitude of a mighty spirit, to the accomplishment of his own high purposes, which he fulfilled by laying broad and deep the foundations of a fabric combining more of social strength and human happiness, than any which had been conceived before. Oh, rare spectacle! Oh, most wonderful man! Who before, through a long career of unparalleled difficulties and trials, has ever presented so sublime or so constant an example of patient fortitude and of imperturbable magnanimity! Superior to all misfortune and quailing under no reverse, he was the master of every occasion. The very constitution of his cabi-

net gave evidence of his peculiar genius and his own consciousness of power. He sought no unit cabinet, according to the set phrase of succeeding times. He asked no suppression of sentiment, no concealment of opinion; he exhibited no mean jealousy of high talent in others, seeking for inferior instruments, because such only he could expect to command. But he gathered around him the greatest public men of their day, and some of them to be ranked with the greatest of any day. He did not leave Jefferson and Hamilton without the cabinet, to shake perhaps the whole fabric of government in their fierce wars and rivalries, but he took them within, where he himself might arbitrate their disputes as they arose and turn to the best account for the country, their suggestions as they were made. Either of these great minds was, perhaps, more inventive than his own, but he had the rarer and higher faculty of judgment, which enabled him to perceive truth however and wheresoever presented, and which held with an imperturbable hand and an unfaltering eye, the airy balances in which are weighed the suggestions of human reason. It is this, after all, which constitutes the greatest faculty of a statesman, because it enables him to gather tribute from the universal mind, and to command resources far more various and inexhaustible than those which could be furnished by any one man however gifted he might be. I do not mean to say that his judgment was infallible, or that I accord, at this day, with every measure of his administration; and yet, with all my admiration of Mr. Jefferson, and with all my partiality for his general scheme of politics, I must say that the policy of Washington, when viewed with its connecting circumstances, was the masterly work of a statesman, great in his own day, and who would have been great in any time and in any land which he might have been called to rule.

It is to be remembered that he was the pioneer in one of the greatest fields of human experiment which has ever tried the power of man. Every thing was new, nothing had been explored. New and untried theories of government were

afloat. Nations were in strange positions of which history had no examples, and for whose proper treatment experience furnished no rules. On one Continent the fountains of the great deep of human passion had been broken up, and were sweeping away so many of the barriers which had been raised by laws, ordinances, and governments, that it was difficult to say how much would probably survive the general wreck. On another a young people were setting out on a new career, and under circumstances unknown hitherto to civilized society. Its interests and sympathies were those of the forest, but its traditions and lessons of experience were drawn from the old world, from whence it sprung. Nature led them in one direction, whilst education pointed to another. To have governed such a people by these old-world traditions, would have been to take from David his sling and to clothe him in the armor of Saul. No man saw this more clearly than Washington, or felt more deeply the necessity for burning the ships to cut off all hope of return to systems which had been left behind them. The rules for their government were to be suggested by the occasion which required them. The law of their self-development must depend, after all, upon the peculiar circumstances which attended it. "I want (said he) an American character, that the powers in Europe may be convinced we act for ourselves, and not for others." Accordingly, after having established securely the government credit, and organized the great arm of the public service so as to command respect abroad, and inspire confidence at home, he cut loose from all embarrassing and entangling alliances with the political systems of Europe, and turning the head of the American column to the wilderness, he directed it upon that independent career of self-development, which has made us what we are. And yet how much did it cost him to establish that great principle of non-intervention in foreign affairs which was necessary to secure us those opportunities which we have used to such advantage. On the one hand, he was to hold in check the aggressive

spirit of powerful nations abroad, and on the other, he must encounter the surging waves of popular violence, which had risen so high that none but he could have breasted them. In vain the roar of the people came up demanding to be assigned a place in the great melee of nations, which was going on around them. Calm and unmoved, he held fast against the press of this angry throng the door of the temple of war through which, alone, they could have passed to the accomplishment of their purpose. A commanding spirit, his voice alone could have settled the raging fury of that storm. He conquered peace for others; but to do it, he encountered the shock of war, and a war which, of all others, was the most cruel in its consequences upon himself; for it was a war upon the popularity won by the hard service of anxious years, and upon his supremacy in the affections of a people whose love he prized beyond all earthly considerations. It struck the soul, and not the body—it was a wounded spirit which he bore, without one word of complaint or reproach to those whose ingratitude had caused it. Nor did he relax the reins until he had discharged all his duties and fulfilled his high purposes. When he did lay them down, he left it to posterity to defend his memory, and to his own deeds to vindicate themselves by their consequences. A noble confidence which experience has shown to have been not unwisely bestowed. He left order where he had found confusion, harmony instead of discord, a government of law where he had found one of influence, and for divided counsels and the weakness of separate action in the States, he substituted a union of them all, and combined a sufficient strength to accomplish the purposes of their general welfare, and their common good. The constitution was placed in his hands, a dry parchment, a skeleton form. He breathed into that form the life which gave it motion, and organized a social system, which was fitted to the healthy discharge of all the functions that are necessary to a high and progressive civilization. Well might he leave it to such deeds to speak for themselves,

and to posterity to assign him his rank and his order amongst the great names, which are the consecrated objects of human love and admiration in the Pantheon of history. Far be it from me to pronounce that high judgment upon the great names of the Past. Indeed it is difficult to find amongst the captains and soldiers of the world with whom he is to be classed, any who afford a parallel for him. So far as what the world calls genius is concerned, there were many superior to him, but if men are to be measured by their achievements, he may bear a comparison with the best of them all. He had none of that high literary culture which has ripened the tastes and improved the minds of some of the greatest soldiers of the world, nor was he endowed with the lofty imagination which seems to be one of the characteristics of that order of genius. He had no Aristotle for his preceptor, he slept with no Homer under his pillow, and cared, perhaps, for no such companion of his dreams. His imagination teemed with none of those mighty conceptions which are sometimes the guiding genii that lead to greatness, but far too often the illusions which mislead to destruction. He had neither the learning, nor eloquence, nor high intellectual training of Cæsar, nor had he anything of the burning words and fervid thought of Napoleon which so often captivated the hearts of his followers. Like Numa, the great Roman statesman, he loved to commune with nature, and doubtless drew lessons of wisdom and virtue from his lonely meditations in the wilderness; but his mind could never have been so rapt in the spirit of that communion as to become the sport of its own illusions. His imagination could never have called up an Egeria from those silent fastnesses of shade and solitude, nor impersonated what he believed to be the voice of Nature into a creature whose love indeed was human, but whose wisdom was divine. Washington's nature, doubtless, grew under such circumstances as Providence provided for it, but its growth was not on the ideal side; it grew in its moral and intellectual faculties, in its love of virtue.

h, in fortitude, temperance
om, and above all, in that
lty of judgment in which he
aps, unrivalled amongst men,
read clearly the passing event
ion that could not be disturbed
the false lights of selfish desires
ouring of prejudice or partiality
others might seek to clothe
t. He stood in the midst of
l strange events, and if they
in the range of his vision, he
with a judgment which was
to be deceived. The difficulties
sition, appalling as they often
met with a fortitude which
s shaken. When emergencies
wisdom seems rarely to have
ult in devising the true mode
g them. In regard to the future
affairs, he claimed none of that
e with which, upon some occa-
man genius in its highest forms
have been strangely gifted. A
hich, after all, is rarely given,
ys in stinted measure, and in
e greatest human intellects have
out to fall. But Washington
r the lights which were to guide
o a higher source than to the
ns even of his own intellect, he
em in the maxims of experience
laws of virtue. Never did he
the principle, that the end may
e means, never in the greatest
and civil emergencies did he
the temptation to do evil that
ght come of it. He did not
direct the future; to deal wisely
events of each day was the great
his life. In his opinion, to deal
as to do what is right to day and
event of to-morrow to Him who
issues of human destiny. He
that the laws of virtue constitute
which Providence itself has de-
human action, and that it is
edient for man to pursue it. His
th was, that the surest mode of
g success, is to deserve it, for it is
ee alone which can bestow it.
s the secret of his success, it was
h which led him to a course of
that gave him so much influence

over men, and which produced good
results because it deserved them. In
this respect his example stands alone and
unapproached by those men who have
been deemed the greatest in the conduct
of human affairs, for which of them has
not at some time thrown down the barriers
of law and the restraints of virtue to
accomplish objects which they believed
were not to be otherwise attained, and by
whose attainment they have vainly sought
to justify their faults? He never yielded
to such temptations in any emergency,
and yet no man has achieved more.
Faith seems to be the necessary accom-
paniment of high genius, perhaps there
has been no great achievement without it.
The greatness of Columbus, it has been
said, consisted not so much in the dis-
covery of America as in the faith, in his
own idea, with which he prosecuted his
voyage. But much depends upon what
that faith is founded, for when united to
great capacities, it may lead to almost
unlimited good or ill. Washington never
could have trusted blindly to his fortune,
as did Caesar when he invoked it to bear
him safely through the winds and waves.
Nor could he have stood like him irreso-
lute on the banks of the Rubicon, medi-
tating upon the consequences of that one
short step at which he halted until his
mind had lost its balance in tossing about
on the sea of its own uncertainties.
Never could his soul have become so
much the victim of its own great desire
as to have conjured up that phantom,
which at one time wooed his approaches
from the other side of the river with the
strains of his aerial flute, and at another
seized the trumpet from his followers to
blow that unearthly blast which sounded
in the ears of Caesar as a summons of
Fate, and before which fell all the barriers
of his country's laws. Nor could he
have placed his faith, like Napoleon, in
the star of Austerlitz, which culminating
over that field of blood, began gradually
to descend, until it was lost on the fatal
days of Leipsic and of Waterloo, when
he who owned its influences, invoked
them in vain. Washington's was a
higher faith, a nobler hope, for it rested
on his belief in the strength of a good

cause, and the will of Providence to protect it. "The rapidity of national revolutions," said he, "appears no less astonishing than their magnitude. In what they will terminate is known only to the great Ruler of events; and, confiding in His wisdom and goodness, we may safely trust the issue to Him without perplexing ourselves to seek for that which is beyond human ken; only taking care to perform the parts assigned to us in a way that reason and our own consciences approve." In these words spoke the whole man, telling the entire moral of the story of his life, a moral that deserves to be studied by all who have been assigned an important part in the conduct of human affairs, or who seek to improve their own characters by lessons drawn from the great example of others. For it has well been said of Washington by Guizot, "that of all the great men, he was the most virtuous, and the most fortunate." He might have said further, that of all the great public men, his is the character most worthy of imitation by those who are to succeed him. Is this not the highest praise which can be conferred upon man—is it not above all Greek or Roman fame to be thus held up as the character which, of all others, is most worthy to be perpetuated in the future actions of men? Here it is to be remembered that he not only attempted great things, but performed them, whilst his alone is the glory of passing through so many trials with an escutcheon unspotted by crime, and undimmed by the breath even of suspicion.

But men are great not only for their individual qualities and faculties, but as representatives of mighty movements in human society with which their names are indissolubly associated, because they have initiated and directed them. Such characters are rare indeed in human history. There have been men enough who have founded dynasties and conquered kingdoms, but to initiate movements which impart an onward progress to the whole column of human society, is the rare achievement of ages. Such a fame was perhaps Alexander's, because he carried the lights of Grecian civilization so

far over Asia and Africa as to have given a general movement probably to human society. Such undoubtedly was the fame of Cæsar, for he who founded the Roman empire and its institutions made the deepest and most sensible impression upon human society of all the men whose names have as yet been known. But such was not the fame of Hannibal or Frederick the Great, or even of Napoleon. The last, it is true, destroyed much, but he created nothing permanent in the way of social organization. He was indeed the great iconoclast of old systems, but whether the field upon which he operated, when cleared of its ruins, is to be sowed with seeds from the East or the West, remains yet to be seen.

The greatest representative name in the history of public men, other than religious reformers, with the exception perhaps of Julius Cæsar, is that of Washington. Second he is to him in the order of time and in the permanent effects, so far of his system, but not second even to him if we may trust our hopes in regard to the magnitude of the movement which he conducted. If the first has been the most permanent in its consequences, it is perhaps because there has been more time for its development, but the last has effected the greater moral revolution of the two. It has enlarged the capacities of a popular form of government for extensive empire beyond any thing that was known before; it has opened up new avenues for the pursuit of happiness, and it has infused a fresh and a mighty hope into the human heart, whose quickening impulse is destined to be felt by all, for it is to pass along the entire line of march, and impart a universal progress to civilized man. To have conducted and organized beyond all other human agencies this great forward movement is the singular and unparalleled glory of Washington. That there was a long course of Providential preparation for this great movement, in which he was made the chief instrument, is to be gathered from the whole history of American discovery, colonization and independence.

It was as if he had been warned of God

at Columbus embarked full hope upon that most wondrous and adventurous of human enterprises, with no chart save his own faith, with no guide but his own will, with no support but a faith in Providence, as to have imparted to him a superhuman strength, he sailed in pursuit of the "course which westward takes its way," with the determination to follow it until he should discover the unknown realm which lay cradled a new and a better world for man, and open up a way to the hidden fastnesses of human progress which his race were to find for themselves on vast and unexplored fields of experiment, in a career which was to become the wonder and delight of all who feel an interest in the progress of humanity. Throughout a long season of dreary days the morning sun shone on the same monotonous expanse of sea, the evenings closed in, the sun shone anew to set its broad circle in the red and shadowy confines of the East, as if to interpose an insurmountable barrier between the human gaze and the mystery into which it proposed to intrude. The hopes of all the days continued to close in deepening shadows of repeated disappointments, and new uncertainties with the night to darken the room, the soul of man. He held his purpose and true to his path, he held his course; westward, and he steered his way until on the Salvador gave token of approach to shore, and shed the light of human habitation and of the glow of souls which had been dark and longing for the sympathy of kind. Thus closed the career of perseverance and the demonstration of the power of the human will which lies in human faith as yet has seen. The eminence in which it closed its mission was one of light. The great of human empire seems arrested as it were from the grasp of Nature. The genius paused to contemplate the

mighty field before it, ere it erected the altars of its civilization and the temples of its worship, or organized the institutions of its discipline and proclaimed the order of its future march. What but Providence could have inspired the thought or quickened the faith which led to such an achievement? A new field was to be opened to human enterprise, and a new form to be given to human development. Hitherto man's progress had been mostly confined to the social side of his being. Governments had directed their efforts mainly to social strength and improvement. Society was the whole of which the individual was a part. If he had rights and power it was because society had given them. Such was eminently the genius of the organization of the Roman empire and of Roman law, whose impress is still so deep on the institutions of the old world, and to which social progress owes its most forward step, so far as human agency is concerned. But Providence opened here a new theatre and reversed the order of the march of human improvement. Man was thrown into a situation entirely new and all the circumstances of his position were adapted to the development of his individual nature. Unsphered as it were from organized society, man was thrown into the wilderness with the wants, the arts and the strength of civilization, and was yet exposed to most of the rude necessities of a state of nature. For his government he was mainly directed by his own will, for his support and protection he was chiefly dependent on his own resources, and his communion for the most part was with himself. Self-reliance, an intense love of independence, of thought, and action, and opinions of human nature, and of human rights, formed from the study of man as an individual, rather than as a creature of society, must have been the result of such a culture.

It is not surprising that a new form of organization should have arisen out of it, in which the individual was the unit and society but the multiple, and in which society derived its rights from the grant of individuals, who reserved what was not

given instead of conferring upon the individual whatever he possessed. With such views the individual would be likely to deal out his powers to government with a sparing hand. He would be apt, too, to demand that the powers thus granted should be exercised by those only who were likely to be governed by the same interests and feelings with himself, and that he himself should participate equally in this exercise. Out of this would naturally grow a division of the powers of government amongst different social organizations, whose bond was that of common interests and feelings. The communities thus organized would probably become the social units of a new government, upon the basis of a common interest, whose powers were to be exercised as far as possible by those only who were identified in political interest and feeling. Such would be the natural and orderly growth of the seed of individualism which was providentially planted in the virgin soil of the new world, and in whose development George Washington was the chief human agent. The law of progress here is one of self-development. No man of his day perhaps, understood this so well as Washington. He saw that the right of an individual to manage his own affairs in his own way, if they concerned only himself, implied a corresponding obligation on him not to intervene in the affairs of others where they alone are interested. He appreciated, too, the rich and rare opportunities for this self-development which were afforded by our position. To these he directed the attention of his countrymen when he exhorted them to institute an "American policy," and to work out their own destiny under the impulses of their own peculiar genius, and with a due reference to the circumstances which surrounded them. To afford free scope to this law of self-development an unlimited field was opened to human competition. All the prizes of life were offered to a free and fair competition, and were awarded to the victors in the great struggles which tried their strength to the utmost.

These were so splendid as to tempt

sometimes the organized efforts of States, but for the most part they constituted the reward of individual exertion. The greatest possible stimulus was thus given to the development of human energy, and a teeming, struggling world it has made for us. There is scarcely an object of human aspiration which the genius of our institutions does not hold out as a reward to tempt individuals to exertion. It imposes no condition upon his attaining it except that he shall be worthy of the prize. He who claims the place of Ulysses must be able to bend his bow. Did he demand a field for his labours and a place on which to found his family, it pointed him to the wilderness, and giving him an axe and a rifle, bade him to conquer it with the sweat of his brow from the unwilling hold of nature, and to keep it when conquered by the strength of his heart and the cunning of his hand. Does he sigh for maritime adventure, it bids him to spread his sails to the breeze in whatever direction his fancy may take him, and guarantees to him that the harvest which he may gather shall be his own, and shall not be wrested from him by the hand of force at home or abroad. Does he covet the seats of power or the honours of life, it says, "Lo! there they are—prove yourself worthy and you shall have them; measure yourself, and if you feel strong enough for a contest in which you will find so many rivals, enter upon it, for the prizes belong to the strongest." Stimulated by such impulses, our progress has presented a spectacle of human energy unequalled in the history of the past. The march of the restless column is ever onward. Forward is the cry which still resounds along the line, and if those who head the column ever halt again, it must be in the grave. Nothing can stay that column in its mighty march even for a moment; it stops neither to bury its dead nor to care for its wounded; it pauses at no obstacle; it cares for no odds which it may have to encounter; its steady tramp and its hum of men have already scared the silence of the remotest solitudes of the wilderness, and the shout of its war-cry will soon

s the seas. What a resistless energy is thus sweeping on to fulfil the decrees of fate! What an embodiment of power is thus organizing, it may be said, the supreme direction of the human race. Tell me not of Alaric or of Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan; of Goth, of Hun, or of Tartar; whatever other destroyers of empires have vexed the earth for awhile, but the tempests come and so depart, leaving you that the greatest danger is now abroad, before whom more of the old organizations of government, more of the traditions which fetter the freedom of man, and more, too, of the prejudices of the earth unless they can be brought within the scope of its protection, than have ever existed beneath the conqueror's rule. But its conquests will be such that it will leave no ruins behind them. It will destroy the time-worn organizations of old civilization to rebuild from the materials others which shall be adapted to the wants of the new world of the earth when it passes on. It will cheer that glorious column as it falls, pulling down the old and building the new, until humanity shall have new institutions of society the fulfilling all its aspirations and the aid for the development of its faculties.

When human agency is concerned, no man who, more than all others, may be said to have organized and led this great movement of humanity, there is one name which, above others, represents this mighty story, and that is the name of George Washington, the son of Virginia, the best and the wisest of all who have ruled among us of our race. A name which has won more of human fame because it has so deeply affected human destiny than any other which figures in the annals of man.

It is the duty, then, which Virginia owes to herself, and to posterity to tell the story of his life in all the forms

in which it can reach the hearts and minds of men. Let it be told in the graceful numbers of the poet; let it be carried down in the everlasting traditions of history; let it be imaged forth in the highest impersonations of the painter's and the sculptor's genius. There is a great moral in that story which ought to be felt by every human heart, for it is the story of one who alone, of all the great rulers of men, has proved by a consistent example, that in the midst of temptations and the most seducing opportunities for the gratification of a selfish ambition he preferred the duties of life, to its pleasure, its power, and even to life itself. Let, then, Virginia on this his natal day raise the effigy of her noblest son before the eyes of admiring men; and who shall blame her if some touch of maternal pride should be mingled with the tears of pious regard which she may shed for him who was the world's great paragon for all that is sublime in public virtue and all that is patient and brave in the human soul? She raises this image not to refresh the fountains of her grief, not to take tribute from human sympathy for the soul's deep wound, not to express the sad sense of bereavement in whatever form of utterance may be most enduring; but she on this day elevates it in the face of the world to consecrate his memory in the best affections of every heart, and to dedicate his name to the great cause of humanity, and as a common possession to all mankind. This is no idle ceremonial of grief which we celebrate to-day; but a State is inaugurating with the reverential sorrow which such greatness may inspire in even a mother's heart, the influence of perhaps the highest human example, which is to be as wide as the world in its operation and to command love and sympathy from every human heart. Long, then, may yonder expressive bronze continue to speak its lessons of virtue and wisdom to each succeeding generation of man. Let the mother bring her boy hither that she may teach him in this presence as her earliest lesson so much of the great story of Washington as he may be able to appreciate

and comprehend. Let the aspiring youth whose ambition, like Cæsar's, may have been fired by the study of examples of early successes so much greater than his own, pause to behold that calm face and consider its associated story of patient fortitude and noble perseverance. Or should he, in his eagerness for fame, find that he is in danger to prefer the prizes of ambition to goodness, let him pursue that story to its conclusion, and learn that it was Washington's unfaltering loyalty to duty and faith in virtue which endowed him with an almost superhuman strength, and made his name immortal among men.

Is it a man of maturer years, who disappointed in his aspirations and misconstrued in his best and noblest efforts for his race, begins to grow weary in the struggle and to despair of achieving anything great or even good, let him consider how sternly the great soul of which that statue speaks was tried and with what courage and faith it passed through the fires of a consuming strife, until every difficulty was surmounted and it stood purified and annealed by the fierce ordeal to which it had been exposed. Who amongst us all might not gather from his meditations, in this calm presence, precious lessons for the guidance and direction of his future conduct? Here then is the "genius loci" which should invite the universal pilgrimage of man, for all its influences are sacred to the great cause of Humanity itself. Touched by the inspired hand of human genius, that mute bronze pours forth its full tide of living associations which, like water from the rock of Horeb, may refresh the soul of him whose hopes and strength are failing under the toilsome, and it may be, the sad experience of his devious journey through life.

This statue is not merely a monument to Washington, but an altar erected to Heroic Virtue itself, before which the human heart may purify its own aspirations under the chastening influences of the great example of the Father of his country, and upon which it may sacrifice every wild or mad desire that may be adverse to the country's good.

And yet this monument itself will pass away when time, with slow corroding tooth, shall have dissipated, atom by atom, its consecrated dust. But when all its particles, fugitive on the winds, shall have disappeared from human view, there will still survive the monument which Washington's own genius has erected for itself, for there is a promise in which we all confide, that the good which men do shall live after them. How much of all that we admire in human achievement must lose its influence in the end, because it is founded in ill. The very process of its progress dissipates it at last, for the circles of its impulse grow fainter as they grow broader, until they finally disappear altogether on the face of the great ocean of life. But the good which men do in this life, and especially such as Washington achieved, shall live always as an efficient cause and a permanent influence in the progress of human affairs. The foot of the spoiler may trample down for a while what is best in the garden of life, but heaven, soon or late, will send its rains to wash out all traces of the step. Its tempered airs will visit the germinating seed, its genial light will guide the upward growth until by a full development of leaf and flower, and fruit and seed, it has not only completed the course of one charming circle of existence, but provided for the re-appearance of another. The work of him who planted the good seed shall live long after all traces of the destroyer shall have been lost and forgotten. If, then, the good which men do be the charmed seed of life, which must increase and multiply in the successive processes of a continued reproduction, who shall affix limits to the growth or existence of that which Washington planted as deep as the foundations of human society itself? Who does not believe that that the seed which he sowed will continue to bear the rich fruits of human happiness and social progress until man shall have completed his destiny upon earth? He who bequeathes a great moral influence to his race, whether it be the influence of precept or example, shall continue to repeat his existence through each succeeding generation of men, and

it will live and grow throughout the march of the great story of the world, until the book of man's life on earth is closed forever.

De nihil mundi compage tenetur, non regna hominum, non aurea

ad-capped towers, the gorgeous
temples, the great globe itself;
which it inherit shall dissolve,
the unsubstantial pageant faded,
leave a wreck behind—"

surviving all the good which
has been done on earth must live. It
is the eternal consciousness of
from which it emanated, the
may be, of a new life, which is to
be reproduced in the ascend-
ing of a continued succession of
developments from the old. But
it obtrude with profane gaze
stories so infinitely beyond my
is enough for me to have pro-
bat the influence of what is good
utation of man is alone immor-
e much I was bound to say in
the great memory which we
to day. For upon this great
and the prediction that his ex-
ll be felt beyond those of all the
nd of every other ruler of the
ut Virginia here raises monu-
more than one of her children,
e bends over that group of her
sons, she may well shed the
ears of pride and grief. Amongst
will place Lewis, her bold pio-
wrestled with the red man from
s of the Holston to those of the
nawba, and finally made good
f his State to the possession of
ern wilderness on the bloody
Point Pleasant, from which he
Indian beyond the Ohio. There
and Nelson, the patriotic Gover-
ginia, whose generous sacrifices
public services called forth the
Washington at the siege of
George Mason, too, is to be placed
be fondness of a mother's pride,
history will proclaim one of the

apostles of civil liberty, the author of the
Bill of Rights of Virginia, the orator and
the sage, whose vision was so nearly pro-
phetic and whose wisdom and patriotism
made him a great leader in his day. John
Marshall is to constitute another figure
in that great group, he whose qualities
of head and heart were bestowed by
Nature as if she were trying her most
cunning hand to constitute a perfect judi-
cial character. Unequal in learning to
Coke or Hale, or Hardwicke, or Man-
field, because he had fewer opportunities
to acquire it, he united the character of
Hale to the genius of Mansfield, and found
in his own resources those means of
mastery for which they were so largely
dependent on the assistance of others.
Patrick Henry already stands there, a
commanding figure in the group, the
"Homer of orators," whose mighty voice
comes ringing down with the ages to star-
tle the most listless of human ears with
those watch-words of civil revolution and
progress, "Give me liberty or give me
death!" And yonder contemplative figure,
who needs to be told that it is Thomas
Jefferson, the most intrepid thinker and
the greatest political genius of his day; a
man who was capable of committing him-
self, like Columbus, to the winds and the
waves in pursuit of his own great idea,
and of persevering until he discovered
new provinces of thought, and found firm
ground for the human mind beyond the
uncertain seas which others had feared
to pass before.

Still the representation of the revolu-
tionary family of Virginia is far from
complete. The statue of George Rogers
Clarke, like that of Brutus, is missing. The
Lees and the Randolphs, Madison and
Monroe, "*sapientum que ora priorum*"
might well constitute another group of
kindred greatness to these. May a long
succession of such chapters of monumen-
tal history continue to tell the tale of
Virginia's greatness and glory.

But I must not close this address with-
out one word of affectionate adjuration
to thee, Virginia and bidding you all hail,
oh most glorious mother! Take us, thy
children with thee to the tombs of your
mighty sons that we may learn from your

meditations something of the secret of your own great heart. Does it occur to you, as you bend in sorrowing pride over these monuments of your dead, that perhaps the wiser part was taken by the daughter of Scipio and the mother of the Gracchi, who refused to bear more children lest she should be shamed by the comparison of the younger with the elder born? Is it the sacred question of your bosom, "*Quid faceant stemmata?*" when you contrast your present with your past? I pray you, by all the love we bear you, to harbor no such reproachful suggestions in your bosom. The wealth of your achievements may lie in the past, but never was a mother richer in the affections of her children. Every drop of your waters and the very dust of your soil are as dear to them as if they bore the charm of life itself. Your great name and its associations constitute the fascination and the spell which call up the deepest emotions of filial love and pride in the hearts of your children. They may not add to the lustre of your name, but they will preserve and defend it against reproach and disgrace. They no longer bring curule dignities to your house, nor do lictors and fasces mark their approach to your door, but they bear you what after all is the richest treasure and best defence of a state, the loyalty and devotion of a united family, which knows no higher reward than a mother's love, and no prouder object of

ambition than a mother's glory. Permit me, then, to say, if the love which inspires it can excuse the presumption of the advice, that if you wish to renew, in some future generation, the glories of your mighty line, you must be true to yourself, to the traditions of your past, to the long established principles of your public policy, and the peculiar genius of your people. For how long did American civilization follow the line of their camp fires as your pioneers passed through the wilderness! Why may there not spring up again within your household the lights which may lead to a higher culture and to a happier, a more refined and a more powerful combination of the social and individual elements whose proper organization constitutes the strength of human government? I believe, in my soul, that such would be the results of the faithful and further application of the principles of your own great school. Equally firm is my conviction, that the lights which should direct that application are to be found in the lessons which have been taught by your own sons, whose teachings have in them more of prophetic wisdom than all the leaves of the Sibyl. Such are the achievements which place Virginia amongst the states and nations of the earth, where WASHINGTON, her own illustrious son, stands amongst men,—the world's great paragon, the cynosure of his race.

MARTYRDOM OF THE PATRIOTS.

ITALY 1830.

Ay, to the rack, the scaffold, and the chain,—
 Your thousand hellish engines—bear them on,
 Ye foul and coward hangmen! But, in vain!
 Ye cannot touch the glory they have won,
 And win,—thus yielding up the martyr's breath
 For Freedom! Theirs is a triumphant death!
 A sacred pledge from Nature that her womb
 Still keeps some holy fires ye cannot quench;
 Some limbs and nerves ye cannot rive or wrench,
 Some mighty souls incarnate, that shall burst
 Even from their place of agony and doom,
 As glorious, ay, more glorious than the first!—

And, in your cells of carnage—in your streets,
That reek with blood, and stream with winding sheets,
In which all vainly have your felon hands
Striven to strangle infant liberty,—
A bloody retribution, Heaven demands,
And the dread hour of vengeance shall we see,
When, in his might, the Giant, now in chains,
Wrapt in his aggregate terrors, o'er ye stands,
And, on the shrines and hearthstones of the free,
The slumbering of long ages,—rives his hands,
Avenging, in the black blood of the oppressor,
His limbs long thralldom, his brave nature's pains!
Shall such as ye be liberty's Confessor,
And at your feet shall men be taught to bow
In long established creeds of slavery,
Till they forget all laws of actual bravery,
All faith and freedom, generous will and aim,
The honorable impulse after fame,—
All the great gifts of Nature, while they vow
Allegiance to your rank and monstrous knavery!
Ye deadly charlatans, that school the heart
To its perdition; crush the unfolding germs
Of truth and genius, till they crawl to worms,
And foul all altars! Till Heaven's goodliest guise
Throned in man's form, and speaking in his spirit—
Where let to speak—shrinks into nothingness,
Or works in shame; till all that we inherit,
That might have kept us good, and made us wise,
And so it may be famous, in your art,
Grows rank as Sodom, and its rankness cries
To Heaven for purging fires, since nothing less
Can purify the nation, o'er whose breast
Ye've spread your foul pollution; through each nest,
Sending her vipers; through each head and brain—
Speeding the leprous taint, that searching deep,
Drugs heart and intellect with fatal sleep,
And suffers to the soul but practice vain—
Vain sports, and vainer services, that hush
Each noble aspiration! Or ye crush,
With fire, and steel, and cord, if, in the flush
Of manhood,—with a will that cannot crawl,
One generous spirit into action springs,
Resolute to break from the pernicious thrall,
And prove the soul triumphant on its wings!—
Consenting cheerfully to the death ye doom,
If not permitted life, as Heaven decreed,
That high estate, God-chartered, from the sky,—
The immortal birthright, always bade to bloom,
Preferring, if not blooming, still to bleed,
And struggling to the last for liberty,
Not vainly, since in very death 'tis freed!

Ye slaughter,—do ye triumph? Ask your chains,
Ye Sodom-hearted butchers! turn your eyes
Where reeks yon bloody scaffold, and the pains

Ungroaned, of a true martyr, while he dies
 Attest the damnèd folly of your crime,
 Even in its Carnival! His spirit flies
 Unscathed by all your fires,—through every clime,
 Into the world's wide bourne! Then arise,
 Prompt at its call, and principled to strike
 The tyrant and the tyranny alike!
 Voices against ye speak in all your deeds
 And cry to Heaven, arm Earth, and kindle Hell!
 A thousand freemen, where one martyr bleeds,
 Spring from his place of death and make his knell,
 A trumpet cry of battle! In your streets,
 Where Freedom robed in grandeur, in long hours
 Held her proud sway,—but now, where all she meets
 Are chains, and a fierce fury that devours;
 Upon the walls of yon great palace towers,
 The spattered brains of the slain citizen,
 The fresh blood-sprinkled marble, and the cries
 Of spine-distorted and limb-riven men,
 Bound on the revolving wheel, or in a cold den,
 Dying of thirst and famine;—find a tongue,
 Whose accent element-wing'd, forever flies,
 Crying for vengeance on the infernal wrong!—
 And in the bloody drops that from their brows
 Your racks wring out in life's last agonies—
 The carnage of your foul and reeking house
 Whose scarlet is a name for infamy,—
 Freedom hath put a tongue that still must cry
 With bitter taunt unto each passer-by;
 Point to the chains he wears—the blood thus spilt—
 The guilt of looking quietly on guilt
 Revelling in riot, while the good and brave,
 Scaffold the gory homes they died to save!

The curse, the swollen curse of cumulous ages,
 Ye have dishonoured—Heaven's curse—the curse of man,
 Past generations—those whose virgin pages
 Are yet unwritten,—all unite to ban
 And blight ye into blisters! Ye shall live,
 Immortal, in that Hell of Imprecation
 Ye won from tortured races; which shall strive
 In their full-roused, ne'er-dying indignation,
 To keep the memories of your guilt alive,
 In infamies, that Mercy shall not shrive!

For ye are Nature's by-word and her terror,
 The monste-spawned creations of her error,
 Fashioned in crime, with hearts and hopes as rotten
 As the foul sins in which ye were begotten!—
 Ye souls that gender snakes and do not perish,
 As ye are deadlier than the things ye cherish,
 Though venomous as loathsome! Be the doom
 Of life in horror upon ye! May ye live
 To seek, but never find, the sheltering tomb,
 Beholding the fair elements expire,
 The Earth that ye have striven to blast, survive,

To light and watch, as ye have built her pyre,
 And not permitted, in that final fire
 To purge ye of your poison.—but to stand,—
 Man's night—ye were his nightshade—with a brand,
 That puts ye on the verge of your own crime,
 Beacons betwixt eternity and time!

We mourn not for the Patriots! They have perished,
 As the good perish, for a deathless faith!
 Their memories, with their cause, shall still be cherished
 Beyond all fear of overthrow or scaith!
 Their blood hath grown a principle to guide,
 Onward, forever, in continuous flow,
 Restless, resistless, as the Mexique tide,
 The spirit Heaven yields Freedom here below!
 How should we mourn *them*, who as stars now shine
 To light the groping nations? 'Twere as wise,
 To weep that other Patriot of our line,
 The rock and vulture-tortured Titan sire,
 Whose crime and its dread penalty alike,
 Were his proud spirit's glory!—It denies
 All homage but in triumph—all triumph, save
 That single one, which, standing o'er the grave,
 And on the scaffold, to the nations cries,
 Even in its latest agonies—to strike!

CARADON.

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

SECOND LETTER.

Washington. Mr. Addums finds it difficult to obtain bode.

DEAR BILLY—Thar is too wais uv goin from Richmun to Washington, uv coas I took the rong way. Ef you go by one way, you kin sea Mount Vurnun in a steembote whar Ginrul Washington were born; in the other rode, its all rode and no water. It follers that I diddent lay ize on the berth plais uv the farther uv his country, but went along all day untwell we cum to Ellicksandry, a toun that ridin a hominybust thru doant apeer to be much. Ruther dry, ruther dry, and retched to live in fer enny lenth uv tiem. But as fer bizness, I reckon its a rite peert plais, jedgin frum the sale vessils in the rivver.

To git to Ellicksandry, you got fust to git on the Centril rode and then on the Orringe rode, which it brings yew finilly to the pint; passin sum po, flat lan, and agin a trac uv tip-top rollin country, with

mountings in the distans. Besides the lan and the rode runnin strait is a arrer,—thar aint so mighty much to reckmend this wrowt, ixceptin it are wun thing, Billy, konshentshusly, thar kin mo pritty gearls be sean on this rode then I reckon in the hole wirld, and it bein uv a good thing to sea um ennytime, it are p'tickly so in cummin to Washington which it is the po'ist plais fer pritty gearls I uvver sean, and that's sayin uv a heep fer a man bawn and raist on Willises. Thar is a appinted time evvry day fer the car to past the deepos, and knowin uv this the gearls asembils thar in sich numbus and vriety that it acurd to me thar must be a bodin school evvry ten mile along the rode. Certny, frum sum oos, thar is a cuyus celectshin uv luvli yung wimmin at these pints.

Leevin Ellicksandry, you take a steem-

bote, the fust I were uvver on, havin sean one at Rockitts a good eel bigger'n this one. Oneesy way uv travlin are a steembote, which it shakes with venjints in its innards all the tiem, like it had a agur, and the water belo, which, ef the consern got blode up, is boun to drown you certin, ixceptin you wus a mity good swimmer, which I aint, bein subje to the cramps uv the laags in a ordnerry milpon. It's 7 miel to Washingtun on the kontinyully tremblin steembote, but it doant look nigh so fur up the river, which it is broad here is* a hundud Appymattuxes at Fomvil, and nuthin to intrupt the vew but a few passin sale ves-sils.

The steembote skufflin along the buzsum uv the P'tomuck like a snaik-dock-ter, I stud and lookt at Washingtun, and lookt at it, and lookt at it. Billy, it shines in the distans uv a wintry evenin with a strange sort uv look. Thar it is, the grate big sitty, stretcht out upon the groun, with splended bildins and steeples and monyumints, looking like a picktsher which you know it is reeal; and how all uv it got thar, you doant know; and who's thar, and what's goin to bekum uv you thar, you doant know; and yew feal sorry fer yourself, home is so fur away, tho you left it like yistiddy. How it is with uther peepil, I cant say, but with me goin into a big sitty is atendid with a cents uv fear and danger, which is vaeg, and all the werse fer bein so. The housis look mitey fine, but the sky over the sitty and back uv it is dark and distrest. But the bottim part uv the sky evvrywhar is sad, evin in the mornin at sun up, ef you look at it good. I doant understand it.

Seein Washingtun in the ginrul, you doant know what you sea, unlest thar is sumbody thar to tell yew. I were two much ockyupied lookin, I did'nt ass no questshins. What most ingaged my atentshun wus the marvel bildins, and a thing that when I cum to find it out were another Washingtun monyumint, the same is that in Richmun, bilt in memry

uv Ginrul Washingtun, only this one is a heep higher and diffrintly shapt. A tremendjus tall, square post of white rock, this one is; with the frame uv a ben-hous on top uv it. It sets on the rivver bank, and a lonesomer, outland-isher thing you can't imagin. It taint finisht yit by a long shot. They tell me its to be 600 feat high, and were risin wrappidly, untwell the den No-Nuthins got holt uv it and stopt it, sense which nobody goes anear it, and it stands thar like the pizen tree we reed uv in jog-rafy which peepil are afeard to breathe the ar in the naberhood uv it. I declar pintidly, it are a shame fer the Amerry-kin peepil to do in this way.

Next to the desertid monyumint, my mine was drawd to the Capitul—Capitul uv the hole United States; a supub ed-dyfiss which I wont describe at this tiem. The reesin why I doant, it aint finisht. In fac, Billy, nuthin aint finisht in this toun, ixcept it is roskallity, which thar is no knead uv enny futher apropiashuns fer the ixtenshin uv.

When the bote reecht the warf, (warf is sum bodes nailed down on sum stoba, stuck in the bottum uv the rivver, runnin out from the bank, whar you stop and hitch the bote and git off at,) thar insood another sean, as the Him Book says, uv kunfewshun and creecher cum-plaint, with hax and hac-drivers holrin, and hominybusses and peepil gittin off, sumthin like at the deep O in Richmun, but not so bad and terryfine to a boddy. Now I did'nt know nuthin about Washingtun, and did'nt know whar to go to git to stay all nite, so I stretcht my year and skint my eye and nuvver let on but what I were intirely soun on the goos, all rite, upside up, good aag.

A fello goin by sais to another fello, he sais:

"D'ew reckon he'll be at Broun's?"

The other fello sais:

"Well, I dunno; I reckon so; Broun's is a Suthun hous you know."

And they went on, and I went rite

* Mr. Addums frequently uses "is" in place of "as."

arfter, gittin into Broun's hominybust, fer I liked the name of Broun, it soun-
did so naterul. But I didn't expeck
thar was a man uv that commun naim
in a big sitty like Washington. It jis
shows how fer from the fax uv the kais
a man's ideas is which spens his dais at
hoam, seein only his akewaintentsis.
Peepil is peepil, Billy, evverywhar, and
they aint much bigger nor enny better
one plais then anuther; ef ennything
they are wuss.

Dwant you think I had anuther fuss
about my chex, (a chek are a roun or
square or dimund shapt pease uv mettil,
pewter sumtimes, but ginnyrully brass—
a brass reseat the trunk man gives you
fer yo trunx when you git in the car,
wich you must give it back to him agin
befo you kin git yo trunx,) arfter all my
sufrin in Richmun? Its the trooth,
Billy, ef uvver I tole it; and it cum, is
I sed befo, uv startin a Fridy. I orto uv
give my chex to a man on the steembote
wich cleft them. I wont narate the
botherashin uv it all; but it perswadid
me mo and mo uv the vally uv that which
were inside the trunx which give me so
much trouble. I sais no mo at presint.

Way went the hominybust, goin to
Broun's, hax folrin behine, and sum run-
nin ahead, grate noise inside, and the
travlers sayin uv nuthin to I nuther, but
lookin out the winders to sea what they
could sea. Thar is housis and peepil,
uv cose, but nuthin wuth menshin un-
til you git to the Smithsonian Insti-
tewt, which it is on yo lef han is you go
to Broun's. This manshin are not a
gearl's skool, like the Buckingame Insti-
tewt, but what the meenin uv it is dont
seem to be ginrilly understood. Fum
awl I couod gether, the objic is to tend
to the wether; you've heerd uv the oluk
uv the wether; well, he lives in this
bildin, sumwhar; it bein vary large no-
body dont verry oftin lay eyes on him.
In regard uv its exturnels, the Institewt
reminea me uv a par uv easters. Its cul-
ler is wred, and when I has lookt at it
freakwently, it looks like a hole passel uv
steepills had got lost, and was kunsultin
together how to git back to the cherchis
whar they belonged. But I shill hav mo

to say on this pint in anuther letter.
Onqueschinubbly, it are a strange kun-
sern.

When we got to Broun's, which we
did pritty soon, I felt a sealin uv aw, fer
it wer a imments struckcher. Its lenth,
Billy, is neerly a squar, (but you dont
no what a squar in a sitty is; I'll tell
you sum these tiems,) and its about is
high is you kin fling a rock, bilt all uv
white marvel the frunt uv it, the back uv
it bein commun bric, and not so high in
the ar. Inside thar was the same krowd
and the same fuss that I tole you uv at
the Ixchain in Richmun, only at Broun's
evvrybuddy was a grate man.

I liked Mr. Broun. He was a small
man, with sandy whiskers on his jaw,
drest jam up, and very perlite. I put
my name doun on his book in my best
riting with pekewlyer sattisfackshin. I
follerd a Ishmun up stars loaded with
my trunk, ixpectin the same granjer uv
marvel I had sean on the frunt uv the
hous to pervade evvrywhar. But I was
disapintid cummin to my room, and
struck with reeal wunder and delite.
Evvrything were so intirely natchrul, fer
a momint I didn't know whar I was.
"Are this a room in Broun's marvel pal-
lis?" I asseed myself. Whar is the fush-
unubble trundle-bed with the rollin foot
hode, whar the marvel top washstan, the
splended bewro, the gold imbroyderd
kertins, and things? They warnt thar,
Billy. No, thank the Lord! The bed
were a good, narrer, high bed, high-
postid, but without enny teester and
vallins—jest sich a bed as the kuntry
afodes most ennywhar. In like manner,
the washstan uv plane wood, with a little
ole pitcher and bole that lookt so frenly
to me, well knowin uv thar familyur
patten. The white kertin uv the win-
der had the gинуine Buckingame frindge,
and Billy, the lookin-glass were identi-
cally the same which par bought when
he went to Richmun to see Lee Fate,
the French Ginrul which fot the Revo-
lushun with Washington. Ef thar had
bin a rag-carpit, split-bottom cheers,
and a fier-plais instid uv a great to burn
rock cole, the thing would uv bin kum-
pleat. As it was, it lookt so much like

hoam, I lade down and went to sleep befo I node it.

Nite had cum when I riz frum my slumbus. Tryin to git to the suppur table, I got out uv doors, fer Broun's in a komplekatid hous with many passagis and star-cases. The hac-drivers, standin outside with wips in thar hans, like to took me by vilents. Nuvver did I sea fools mo ankshus about I po man they had'nt heerd uv, much mo sean, befo. They wantid to show me the fashins, but what did I keer 'bout fashins, bein uv a sighintiffick man on bizniss uv the ut-mus impawtents? But a carridge-driver was alwais distracktid and opinyunatid, doun to a nigger which drives a ox cart fer fodder. I cust all uv um, and went to supper up in the second story.

Broun's dinin room aint eekul to Bal-lud's. Its kunsiderably bigger, dividid by foldin doughs, seperatin the ladis eetin room from the men's, and havin a vriety uv tabils. Powful eetin goes on here, speshilly at dinner, which they gives you an akount uv, printid on a peese uv papur, named a bill uv far. I wantid sum cole chine and turnup sallet fur suppur, but cuddint git enny. Uv the eetin at this tavun, which it is verry abundant day and nite, I kin dwell on it no mo, seein how long this letter drors.

Arfter supper I set in that part uv the hous in tween the frunt dough and the plais whar you sine yo name on the book, a paved plais, havin seets uv hoss-har roun the walls, and pritty orphan okyn-pide by peepil which asembils heer to set and do nuthin. I set thar tel mid-nite, reedin the fisonomy uv the crowd, and formin apinyuns which I shill diliver myself uv not now. Neether am I a goin to give you my thots uv the genual apeer-runts of Wushington as I sean it nex day day in the mornin and fur sevrul dais in sucksesshun. I tern to a matter uv higher impote. It are this.

I foun that Brown charged Too Dollus and a Haf a day fur bode, with a extry charge uv Fifty Scents fur fier uv rock cole which I had when the rain cum leekin intoo my chamber. Too hocksids, and three lodes uv loose, cuddent stan this long, you may be sho: wharpun I

flooded aroun to fine a wremmydy—in uther wirts, a cheeper plais, howevver much I diddint like cheep dooins in this pint uv vew, that it interfeerd with the dignitty and impawtents uv my skeam, which you understand very well, knowin is well is I doo the vally uv wrispectabillyty in this life.

Akordingly, arfter exercizin gratejudg-mint in slektin the man hoom to inquier uv in the kase, I, (as the Bibil sais,) drawed nigh untoo a sorter yung gentilmun which set aloan frum the kumpany, whar nobody cood heer me how ignunt I woz. He was a man of cents, evvydently; had him a clur, pale face, without enny beard; and his eye was soft and kunsiderin—not one uv them hard, sharp eyes that is alwais lookin out like a hungry shote fur shelled corn arfter it has eet it all up. His face was cole as well as pale, and when he shakt me by the han, he barly techt it. You'll say this are a bad sine, and I used to think so too. But I has ubeerved this, Billy.

A hickry cole has the whitest ashes, but arfter you git throo the ashes, it's the hottest kind uv a cole—and nuthin wraps itself titer roun a thing than a snaik. Tharfo I dont put no overwhelmin confidents in these heer warm felloes that shakes you so harty by the han, wroppin thar fingers tite and holdin you longer'n you wanter be hilt, and tellin you afeekanitly how glad and all they is to sea you.

Well, it turned out igzackly is I ixpectid. This gentilmun, which I has sense hecum well akwainted with him, arfter listinin indiffrintly to my cundish-in and lookin at me verry camly, took a interest in me and helpt me cleen throo to whar I am at this momint.

His name was Mr. Argruff, and he cums to sea me and I go to sea him. He's a frenly man, certin.

Me and Mr. Argruff was too dais goin roun to the bodin housis; I reckon we went to a hundud. But he diddnt goe with me to the fust one, becos I, bein like evvybuddy else, was afeard to let out all at wunst how I wurnt abil, for the presint, too pay fur a wrispecktabble plais, sech as my projick dimmanded,

She lafft so good nachud, I felt sorry I kuddent afode to stay thar and spit on her wall. When I went back to Broun's and had foun Mr. Argruff, (he dont bode thar,) I tole him about it, and he lafft and sed he must go with me and help me out. So he did. We went, and we went, and went, until we found a plais that he sed was the plais for me, which is the plais I'm now ritin in.

Two dais we wus at it, and Billy, the Lord now, (as yo Pa sais,) I diddent bleeve the sivvilized wirld cuntained the dirty housis, and dirty, po, miserbul, retchid, slip-shod, draggledy, har-uncombed wimmen that I seen them too dais. Sum uv um look so pittiful, and sum so meen and feerse; and skeersly one uv um wus drest desent. I swar I felt sorry fur the sittu uv Washintun; but then agin the ladies in the streat apear to have mity nise close, and sum uv um magniffysent. How to akount fur this, I dont no. Washintun is a unakountabul plais, men is well is wimmen.

All uv um wantid me to bode at thar housis, and all offud mesich indeusments that I wood have takin at the droppin uv a hat, but for Mr. Argruff sayin no. One po, kine-barted cretur almost beged me to take a garrit room at her hous, reckummendin it highly.

"It's a sweet, little room," she sais, "retired, and havin a good vew uv the Avnew," (that's the main streat in Washintun,) "and you wont bump yo hed in

it. Thar is no fire-plais, but it's rite warm ixcept in ixtreme cole wether, and you need'nt bump yo hed ef you be keerful to stoop. It's nisely furnisht, and the sealin slopes a little, but you wont bump yo hed in the middle uv the room, and you are rite tall too."

The po cretur seamed to think all wus rite ef I diddent bump my hed. I ixpect hern has been bumpd, and she is techt in the brane. Another reckmendid her attentive mades, another her nigger boy, another this, and another that. All had sum grate men livin with um, and all lookt as if they sufferd much frum sumthin or ruther. I inclien too the apinyun that menny uv them drinks. They tell me the hole town uv Washintun is a bodin hous, and that the po wimmen that keeps boders is increesin wrappidly evvry year, and with thar increase thar is a increase uv misry, you may rest ashode. In fac a bodin hous keepin wumun is a sine bode of misry, nuthin mo, igsept in a few kases.

When finely I got to whar I now am I sed to Mr. Argruff, it were hard work to git sootid. Yes, he sed, but I had had a eesyer time and better luck than most peepil that cum to this sittu to sojern, and I reckon maybe he's rite. I stop heer, sendin my luv to all inquirin frens, and keepin in resurve a thousan things fur my necks. Good-bi, Billy.

From yo faithful fren,

MOZIS ADDUMS.



VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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CHAPTER X.

I will away
 And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!
 There, as the breezes through the branches
 sweep,
 Is heard aerial minstrelsy, like harps
 Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
 Pour out their numbers 'till they lull in
 peace
 The tumult of the bosom.

Hannah Gould.

"On the road—the lonely road,
 "Under the cold, white moon,
 "Under the ragged trees he strode;—
 "There was a step, timed with his own,
 "A figure that stooped and bowed;
 "A broad white knife, that gleamed and
 shone
 "Like a splinter of daylight downward
 thrown
 "And the moon went under a cloud."

As Vernon became more accustomed to the loss of his sight and the night in which he groped, the footpaths more familiar and the strange horror of entire darkness less painful, he relinquished occasionally the companionship of an attendant, and learned to love the deep solitude of the woods, taking a kind of pride in being able to dispense with the surveillance which always seemed to him to be inseparable from the guidance of his servant. But just as he congratulated himself upon his freedom, an event occurred which made him realize to the full extent his helplessness, and that though of almost Herculean proportions, his strength now availed him nothing. This lesson he learned, and also with it another, of infinitely more importance; he learned that he had advanced one step towards self-government, and that his pride of character, which was one of his besetting sins, was, in a measure, subdued by the incident which is about to be related.

On the outskirts of Vernon's land, near the open road, there lay a spring, sur-

rounded by a rustic construction in a most romantic dell, over which hung large, drooping forest trees, shutting out the sunlight and making it a quiet and secluded place. The lulling sound of the tinkling water, as it coursed over the pebbles in a succession of endless rivulets, was music to Vernon's ear, and feeling quite at home there, he would dismiss his servant until some stated hour, when either he, or Sybil, freed from her attendance upon her grandmother, would seek him and conduct him home. The early stars or twilight moon often found him dreaming there, and his calmest hours of contemplation were spent in this favourite spot.

One evening as William Banks, the boy whom Vernon so unfeelingly had caused to be punished, was returning to his home, rather later than usual from his work, he noticed a man of suspicious appearance lingering around the precincts of the spring, and as he was evidently a stranger, he concluded that he could be there for no good purpose, and cautiously following his footsteps, he soon thought that he had discovered the object which had brought him to the place. The man, with noiseless tread, parted the thick branches which grew interlaced around the spring, and peering in, seemed, by the expression of his countenance, satisfied with what he saw therein, and soon disappeared, closely followed by William, who, the instant that he had command of the scene unfolded to him, stopped for further enlightenment as to the intruder's intentions.

He saw that Vernon lay on the soft, moss-crowned bank in a deep sleep, the moon lighting up his whole figure, and that the man, stepping forward, approached him softly, bending at length over him, as if to ascertain if he were really quite unconscious of his presence. Then William saw further that he drew a knife from his belt and laid it upon the mound beside him, ready it would appear, to use in an emergency; next the watcher

beheld him deliberately kneel by Vernon, and with some sharp instrument sever his watch from the chain, at last proceeding to rifle his pockets.

The spectator of this strange, bold proceeding, stood for a moment passionless and unmoved—there was a memory in his heart which had been burnt there, he feared never to be effaced, it was simply *a disgrace*, which he, the helpless one, at the mercy of a robber and an assassin, had brought upon him who was a witness of the scene before him, and he felt that he was at last avenged, but it was only for a moment; his better nature returned to him and he acted accordingly.

Watching his opportunity, and he had to be circumspect, feeling that though he was a strong, tall lad, he was no match for an experienced ruffian with a knife at his command, he leapt suddenly down into the ravine, and snatching up the knife, which he threw some distance away, caught hold of the kneeling robber's arms, and pinioning them from behind, forcibly held him down.

With a terrible oath, the man tried to extricate himself, and Vernon awoke only to grope about bewildered and alarmed. In a voice almost inaudible from the effort, very nearly beyond his strength, which he was making to keep the struggling man in his grasp, William made him understand the state of things, and Vernon, grateful to his rescuer, but unable to be of any service to him, had no other alternative than to call loudly to his servant, whom he expected momentarily. It would be impossible to describe the tumult of feelings raging in Vernon's breast as he stood there in his helplessness. Once, it would not have been thus; trained to feats of strength, surpassing all his companions in agility and skill, and in all that called forth muscular power, stalwart, tall and commanding, with a breadth of chest that seemed as if it would defy the blows that most men might be able to give it, he chafed like a caged lion, a very Sampson in an angry, inward struggle, but this agony of endurance availed him nothing. Happily, John was at no great distance, and has-

tened promptly to the spot, where, with the assistance of William, whose strength was now nearly overspent, he succeeded in securing the man.

He was a hardened looking ruffian, this intruder upon that peaceful glen, and Vernon discovered that he had but lately been dismissed from the county jail, and becoming acquainted with his secluded habits, had determined to replenish his purse from Vernon's before venturing into the world again. The man, in his confession, owned his intention of killing his victim had he made any resistance, but William's sudden appearance had defeated all his plans. It was thus that the boy, so persecuted once, found himself suddenly raised to a position of importance, but he looked for no reward or favor from him, who had so cruelly denied all favors at a time when he needed them much more than in the present instance.

When Sybil heard of Vernon's providential escape, her whole soul lifted itself in thankful prayer to God for his preservation, but when she learned to whom he had been indebted for his safety, and life perhaps, a glow of triumph lit up her face, for she had long felt a security in the boy's rectitude of character, and she was curious to know how Vernon would act towards his deliverer. Her interest in William Banks had been of no negative sort, for ever since his disgrace she had been a constant visitor at his mother's cottage, and in her own gentle way, she had soothed the inmates there by telling them that a first step towards evil was often the last, and that *she* had not lost confidence in the offender if he felt contrition for what he had done, and by timely counsel and gifts of books and needful clothing, she won the love and respect of the household, and the right to speak encouragingly to the boy. Now she felt that her trust had not been misplaced, for it was this apparent, entire forgetfulness of Vernon's punishment in defending him with so much bravery, which convinced her that the lad was not utterly depraved, and that she had not sown the good seed of advice and sympathy in vain.

strange, eager interest she saw some demonstration of gratitude on Vernon's part, but that reserve which was a mental barrier to every thing else, and thus a week passed, the week to Sybil, who feared no other faults of character in her adopted brother, would be ranked that of ingratitude at the end of the week, rather than summons from Vernon for her to sit in the library, made her

think that it would lead to some action on his part, which would result from this new charge.

"What is to be done about this William Banks," he said as she was in his presence, "you know it and Sybil, what must it be?"—

Sybil spoke out boldly for the boy.

"What the noble part of your nature is, you," she said.

"I send for this cottager, this boy, but two years ago"—

"Mr. Vernon," said Sybil, arresting him with her hand laid upon his arm, "leave that unsaid; do not speak of what he has been, but what he is."

Sybil trembled under that light but that gentle rebuke.

"Then," he continued, "you would have me send for this cottager, I know though you have not said one word to influence me, but I feel it here in my heart, Sybil, and tell him that I will give him my life, that his bravery was rewarded, his presence of mind extraordinary, and besides this, you would reward him by some post of honour—is it not so, Sybil?"

Sybil's face softened as he spoke, and she caught his hand gratefully—since she could not reply to eye, it was but a ray of showing her approval which he had said.

"Refer this all to me, Mr. Vernon," he said, "but you know it emanated from what is honourable in yourself, and that it, it will be just what is right and what is noble."

Sybil smiled, but his lip quivered, and some new and blessed experience was ringing the very depths of his soul.

"Send for the lad, Sybil," he said at last, "here and at once!"

A second time was William the cottager sent for to the house at Vernon Grove, but under what different circumstances! The boy advanced with a modest, though not downcast look into the hall, where Vernon and Sybil stood to meet him, the former holding out his hand to welcome him, but he scarcely understood the action in that cold, proud man, and Sybil, taking the hand of each, placed them one within the other.

"I owe my life to you, William," said Vernon in gentle tones,—“a young man of your age, and just entering manhood, needs sometimes a helping hand to lead him on to success; you must look upon me as your friend, and tell me your wants. Would you like to go to the city and earn a livelihood there, or would you rather be advanced to some station of trust here in the country? Only let me know your wishes and they shall be gratified, by one who, when in a passionate mood, was not generous enough to make an allowance for a first youthful fault.”

A thrill swept through the chords of Sybil's heart;—surely this was not the Vernon she had known, once so unforgiving and tyrannical, nor did she wonder at the glow of pride that lit the upturned face of the lad as he listened to Vernon's noble words.

"You thought that you were acting right," returned he, and so did your duty, sometimes I think, for the best, too; for it was my punishment, after all, that led Miss Gray to our cottage, and we have all been better and happier since she came. I would thank you, sir, not to allude to a reward for an act which any one with courage would have done; there is only one thing that I desire, and that is, that you would forget that I ever lost sight of my duty so far as to stoop to the wicked ways of a thief."

"I will forget it," said Vernon warmly, "only to remember that you are a noble and worthy being, and that you may count upon me as your friend for life."

Sybil lay down to rest that night with a grateful, happy heart, for besides the

conquest which she felt that Vernon had made over himself, he had empowered her to have the widow and her family removed to a comfortable cottage upon his own land, and William, besides overseeing his employer's affairs, was to be presented with a little farm which would yield him a certain income.

And Sybil, *Sybil*, was to be the Lady Bountiful, through whom the grand changes were to come to pass. No wonder that golden visions floated about her in her dreams, and that her day thoughts were surrounded with a rosy halo, for she was tasting a new pleasure, and that through Vernon's kindness, the luxury of practically doing good.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh! watch me, watch me still
Thro' the long night's dreary hours;
Uphold, by thy firm will,
Worn Nature's sinking powers.

While yet *thy* face is there,
(The loose locks round it flying,)
So young, and fresh and fair,
I feel not I am dying.

But while those pitying eyes
Are bending thus above me,
In vain the death-dews rise,—
Thou dost regret and love me!

Thy fond and pitying smile
Shall soothe my painful waking,
Thy voice shall cheer me, while
The slow gray dawn is breaking.
[*Mrs. Norton.*]

The shock that Vernon had sustained, together with his sleep in the damp neighbourhood of the spring, were more disastrous in their consequences than could at first have been imagined; for one afternoon shortly after, when Sybil came into the parlor equipped for a walk, she found him lying upon a couch with a flush like that of fever upon his face. He was seldom ill, and his powerful frame and strong athletic limbs looked as if they could not be bound by the chords of sickness; but while Sybil looked at him and

heard his heavy, irregular breathing as he lay with contracted brow, she intuitively felt that he was suffering, and questioned him. Vernon acknowledged a dull pain in his head and a burning thirst, treating the matter lightly, and making his usual preparations for his evening stroll, but a sudden faintness overtook him, and towards night his ill feelings so continued to increase, that he himself at last proposed to send for medical aid.

The physician at once declared that he was very sick, and that he required the most attentive care, and thus a new office devolved upon Sybil, who placed herself under the teaching of the housekeeper who was an excellent nurse and had attended Vernon in his former illness. With untiring footsteps she passed from her grandmother's room to his, and with her gentle ministrations relieved them both, winning many a word of approval from the more experienced nurse, who was glad of the young eyes and hopeful nature of Sybil to bear her company. The responsibility increased each moment, for Vernon grew rapidly ill, the fever raging with unabating violence, until at last he sank into utter unconsciousness.

To such anxiety of mind as Sybil now felt, she was a stranger, and the new experience bewildered her, and though she did not at first know the extent of the danger of her friend and guardian, she felt that such an illness was a terrible thing, and her heart was sorely troubled for the strong, proud man who lay bereft of strength and pride, and with unfailing patience she watched and waited upon him. Sometimes she thought that if ever there could be a return for all the benefits which she had received from him, the hour had come to give it, and that devotion on her part would be but a proper offering in exchange; but her motive at other times for thus expending her energies in watching day and night at his bed-side, was only what any sick and suffering fellow-creature might expect, namely, Christian kindness and sympathy.

Up to the time of his unconsciousness

ly content when she was in his , and was restless and complain- she left the room to attend to ndmother's wants, but now dlessness was over, the stupor d succeeded was oblivion to all passing around, and at this stage ness Sybil had a new and unex- ial.

ysician, who was a kind and man, called her to him one day , thought that Vernon, from some ptoms which had appeared, more r required her watchful vigils, ly laying his hand upon her fair, ad, told her that it was early in ach trials to fall to her lot, but must prepare her for the worst ing her that in all human proba- rnon would die. The disease led his skill, and although he y every endeavor to save his life, still, unless some almost as intervention, which he could so then, interposed in the natural events, he said, that his patient rtly breathe his last. He then a letter to her which he told her send at once to Isabel, acquaint- rith the sad intelligence, but in- her at the same time that it useless in her to attempt to see er, as should the worst happen, be before she could arrive at Grove. The physician knew g of Isabel's character, and felt, there been time, how out of would be by the sick man's ith her restlessness and worldly and manners.

ylbil, she received the dreadful ice with a cold chill which made bless, but the conviction that if not calm, and did she not put on , which she was far from feeling, ald be none to act, gave to her as a quiet dignity which even the kind-hearted physician, who r a heroine, and praised her self- n; but could he have seen her a after he left her, with a death- r on her countenance, and have e simple ejaculation, "God help uch burst from her white and

quivering lips, he would scarcely have called her a heroine then.

Still he might live, hope whispered, and if human care and attention can avail, he *must* live, she said to herself, even if her own strength and life were to ebb away by the side of Vernon's couch. What mattered it if he woke from that death-like stupor to find her dead; ay, what mattered it? Had he not made the world beautiful to her by his teachings, his sympathy; what would it be without him? Thus Sybil reasoned in behalf of her teacher, her benefactor, her brother, her friend.

The physician had told her that there was a crisis in his disease, on the other side of which lay either life or death; scarcely the former, however, and almost certainly the latter; should he die, he would pass away quietly and gently into another state of being, like a child going into a slumber, for there was no strength within him to do battle with the grim tyrant; but should he live, as quietly would he wake again to earth and its many trials, and as long as there was a ray of hope Sybil's hope was strong. She could not, would not, believe that Ver- non was about to pass away from her sight forever; she shuddered, too, at the thought of how ill prepared he was for such a change, and fervent prayers for his recovery were unceasingly upon her lips.

On the morning after her conversation with the physician, death indeed seemed to have the mastery over life upon the body of the unconscious invalid, for his high, white brow was whiter than before, and his hands seemed like ice within her own, but even then, when almost hoping against hope, a prayer burst from her lips in the fulness of her heart, and with a passion and energy which were almost foreign to her calm equable temperament, she inter- ceded for the life of her guardian.

"Oh, God," she said, in the simple language of her guileless heart, "spare him, spare *him* who has been to me a friend, guide, teacher, who has work upon earth yet to do, and who, though shut out from Thy blessed light, still sympathises with those who enjoy what is denied to him. If Thou dost take him he is in Thy

hands, Thou art forgiving, oh God; but if in Thy mercy Thou dost see fit to keep him here on earth, may this new trial and suffering have brought him nearer to Thee to do Thy will, for with Thee is life—without Thee and Christ, spiritual death—Amen.”

As Sybil knelt by the bed-side of Vernon, her face buried in her hands, and her sobs breaking out unrestrained from her over-burthened heart, she heard that soul-felt “Amen” echoed so softly, yet distinctly, that she started to her feet, wondering if the word had come from a spirit or from the pale lips before her. *He* had said it, he lived! He had passed from the shadow of the grave into life once more, and had heard that earnest prayer. A smile was on his face, but tears were silently coursing each other down his pallid cheeks. Softly Sybil wiped them away, and leaning over him, while trying not to show any emotion, she asked him if he needed anything, and told him calmly how great a danger he had passed and how necessary it was to his recovery that he should not exert himself at all.

“Oh, that I *had* passed away,” he murmured, “in that deep unconsciousness—it is so fearful to awake again to life, its disappointment and trials, and its *blindness*.”

“Hush,” said Sybil softly, laying her hand, with its velvet softness, caressingly upon his brow,” murmur not against what God has done—He may have brought you low to raise you again for some good purpose, some great joy.”

Joy for him! Ah, that might be, he thought, if she loved him, if the voice that had called him back to life had called him back to love, too, if he had youth and sight to win her for his own, but these were not the days of miracles. Remembering his vow of old, he put a check upon his thoughts and tongue, and answered her not, but his brow contracted with the effort as though spasmed with pain.

“We must not talk any more,” she said, lifting the waves of bright, soft hair that lay tangled upon his brow; “our good doctor will be here directly,

and he will ask me if I have been faithful to my precious charge.” Then he lay still and hushed under the heavenly spell of her gentle words and soft touch, as she smoothed into something like order the rebellious locks of his hair until she thought that he slept, and then sat down quietly, afraid to leave him and yet watching anxiously for the entrance of some one to whom she might impart the joyful tidings.

“Oh, Sybil,” he said at last with a voice of anguish and tenderness which almost betrayed his secret, “your watchfulness, your devotion, have cured me of this almost fatal fever, but there remains a pain incurable, which you know not of, here, deep, deep in my heart, which is beating forever with the same throb of anguish; God cannot still that and bid it be calm, though He *can* give life and take it.”

“Poor, tried, weary heart,” she answered softly, as though she were soothing a grieved child; then dashing away the tears that would come to her eyes for very pity of his weakness, she continued earnestly, “God *can* do all things, Mr. Vernon, for those who love him; do you not remember those beautiful words? ‘Tenderly His finger touches the stains of our hearts and defines the misery of our lives.’ But to be loved and cared for by Him, we must love Him too, will you not try to do this?”

“Yes, if you will teach me how, Sybil,” he answered. Sybil pressed his hand but did not answer. She felt a new joy in her heart; she might be the means of training a soul for a purer life; she was weak, truly, for the task, but God was on her side, and her reply to his question was simply that gentle pressure which the blind man understood, and a scarcely audible prayer breathed for him, for her, *for both*.

The entrance of the physician put an end to further conversation, and it was well that he came, for the unusual excitement was anything but beneficial to Vernon.

“By almost a miracle you are raised from a very critical state to one of comparative security,” he said seriously, “but

your little nurse must keep you very quiet, noting the slightest change, for a relapse would be fatal in your present weak state; and any conversation long continued, or any excitement, would be apt to throw you back again."

Thus warned Sybil did her duty to the utmost; she would neither converse herself, nor allow Vernon to engage in any conversation on his part, and a busy and important person she became, flitting like a spirit of peace from room to room, the servants looking up to her with respect, and even the old housekeeper praising her for her untiring industry and devotion. This self-abnegation had its reward, for Vernon gradually recovered his strength, and though not able to leave his room for some time, each day added fresh vigor to his wasted frame; and as gradually she felt that she was gaining a recognised influence even over that stern, unbending will.

"Is Sybil here?" asked Vernon one afternoon after waking from a refreshing sleep, "yes, I know that she is, for the air is softer for her presence, there is a balmier breath floating above and around me. Yes, Sybil must be here; where is she, and what is she doing?"

"You have guessed aright," she answered playfully, "but because you are feeling better and stronger with coming health, you must not be led away by your imaginings to pay such far fetched compliments. I am seated by a window looking at the last foot-prints of Winter sometimes, and sometimes reading passages from a good book."

"It is a long time since my pupil has read to me, will she read to me now? along with this fine elastic air around me, let her voice come to me like the tuneful reed of woodland shepherd, as it did in days of yore."

Sybil half smiled at his persistent complimentary tone, then looked serious enough as her eye rested upon the book that she was holding; history, poetry, novels, science, all these had she read aloud to Vernon, but never *that*. Would he listen patiently, or would he ask for something lighter, and to his ken, better? She would try him—it was worth the

trial, his displeasure was nothing compared with what she thought seemed clearly to her, her duty, and unfalteringly and feelingly she read from the page which lay open upon her lap.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Sybil made no comment upon what she had read, nor did she allow Vernon to do so, for she arose and left the apartment, imagining that he had food enough for thought in the beautiful words he had heard.

The next afternoon as she was seated in the same spot with the same book before her, great was her delight at hearing Vernon request her to read aloud again, leaving her to the choice of what it should be. She chose, as she had done the day before, feeling that one step was gained, and when he bade her pause so that he might speak of the beauty of some particular passage, she knew that the ice of indifference was broken; and it came to pass that after Vernon's recovery the Bible still continued to form a part of their daily reading. Vernon listened to it, but too often as a critic, though Sybil reasoned rightly when she said to herself that even then it was a great gain, and that perhaps when he came "to scoff" he would "remain to pray."

As the winter passed away and the Spring came in with joyous step, a very maiden in the first flush of youth, brightening everything she looked upon and

smiling upon earth and sky, Vernon's recovery seemed established, and each day added somewhat of his old vigor to his step, each day his proud look came back more strongly marked upon his face, not the defiant look which made Sybil liken him to a tree struck by lightning, and though blasted, towering upwards to the sky, but a softened pride, as though the tree were scathed only, and struggled, erect still, for life. He was happier, far happier, too, than he had been for years, for he had a tranquil security in the present which soothed and satisfied him. First he felt how exclusively Sybil was his own, at least until some one more fortunate than himself came to claim her, and again he knew that he was a better man. Gone were those quick flashes of temper which so often interfered with his peace of mind; gone was that miserable depression of spirits, which not only affected his own well-being but that of those around him, and those querulous repinings against fate had given place if not to submission, to a quiet acquiescence in his condition, and though he was far from his ideal of a good man, and farther yet from Sybil's, still the progress was upward not downward.

It has been said that "*the heart in waking wakes the mind*," and perhaps all of Vernon's happy change of character could be traced to Sybil's influence and the strong love which had budded a while ago, and had now burst into full flower, which he wore, truly enough, concealed; not *on* his breast but *in* it. Even granting this, Sybil might have been the instrument, the means which led on to such a desirable end. So that the change had really come, it mattered little whether Sybil's hand first touched the troubled waters, or whether an angel had looked within their depths with eyes that had power to calm. God has many ways to bring a wanderer home.

At this period of our story Mrs. Gordon remained in the same state, neither better nor worse, and Sybil was truly thankful to know that in her slow decay, though the mind was no longer active, the body of her dear relative was free from suffering, and with renewed ardor

she laid plans to pursue her studies and to devote as much time as she conscientiously could to her improvement in every branch of education, but an event occurred that entirely interrupted the even tenor of her life.

About this time a letter arrived from Isabel, full of regrets that she had been unable to leave her home at the period of Vernon's illness, congratulating him upon his recovery, and adding that as he was proof against all invitations to the city, she had determined to spend a month with him; but dreading the loneliness of the drive, as Mr. Clayton was unable to accompany her, he must be prepared to have a friend of her's for an inmate, who had been selected by her for agreeable conversation, brilliant qualities, and in fact for all that would render a tiresome journey agreeable.

"And this friend?" asked Sybil as she finished reading Isabel's letter.

"Only some artist or poet, I suppose," answered Vernon in his turn, though concealing his fears and anxious about any addition to their happy home of one who might interest Sybil, "Isabel is always surrounded by such, who are painting her beauty or making verses about her expressive eyes, that 'underneath that calm white forehead are ever burning torrid.'"

"You have so often spoken of your sister's beauty that I have a longing to see it, just as one longs to go abroad to gaze at one particular Madonna. I wonder if the sense of her loveliness will flash upon me like sunlight, or if it will grow upon me like the coming dawn. I cannot tell yet what my ideal of beauty is, only it seems to me now that I could scarcely be said to have one. As in pictures, so in living and breathing creations of beauty, I should think that one ought to be educated to enjoy it and to say at last, 'this or that face or form delights me.'"

"And yet, Sybil," answered Vernon, "I would not have you think that Isabel, with her surpassing loveliness, is my criterion. I admired but did not enjoy her face when I could see it. Her's is a restless, butter-fly brilliancy, a very opal

ing the gems; her friend, Miss
in talk of her without emotion
once my type of the highest
of beauty, calm, statuesque,
ipped, not so fair as clear and
estic; a rose, to the looker on
thing but most gorgeous colour-
perfect proportions, but to any
is fortunate enough to gather
; giving out the most delicious
I had my dream, you know
dissolved, how I did not win
r wear it."

know, I know," said Sybil
ring that the fresh opening of
unds might give him pain.

ot win nor wear it," repeated
nor am I the least regretful that
the possession of such a regal
uld have made me proud but
and what would it have availed
No, Sybil, even if I could see
ght again, and were I seeking
companion, I would search
he world not so much for a
but a truthful one, not so
Juno-like form to gaze upon
; as for one pliant and yield-
I could nestle in my heart of
d that would feel at home
t we have forgotten our first
e city guests who are accus-
e amused all the day and half
ht; all that we can do is to
a welcome in our quiet way,
eir visit as a dispensation by
agreeable, and do our best
circumstances; then you must
eekeeper to do hers, too, and
generally known among the
and I doubt not with their
f city habits, and your obser-
that everything will go on
and well. And Sybil"—
anon"—

yourself; send to the city for
on to your wardrobe that you
I; I would have my young
aking her best in my sister's

seemed lost for a moment in
ght, a new emotion stirred the
each, and Sybil was silent

too. "Was she fair and bright-eyed, and
would that sister look approvingly upon
her, or was she otherwise?" he said to
himself.

"Do I approach any of the types of
beauty which he has mentioned, Mrs.
Clayton's, or Miss Percy's, or that other,
the beauty of Truth, or am I far removed
from each and all?" she thought.

"You will look your best?" at last
he said again.

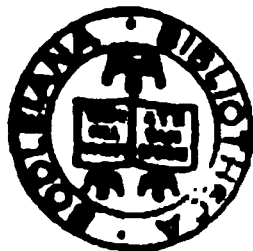
"As a moth flying around a star," she
answered somewhat sadly, as she thought
of what she had heard of Isabel and her
loveliness.

"Ah! is it so then?" he asked some-
what disappointed, though scarcely dar-
ing to confess it to himself, but it was only
for a moment; he loved her soul, not her
perishable body.

"You said that you liked the *truthful*
face best," she said timidly; "Mrs. Clay-
ton, I trust, will find truth and sincerity
in her brother's adopted sister."

"Yes, dear child, I know it as though
I could see it, and it is God's most pre-
cious seal imprinted on what He has cre-
ated; keep on the garments of truth, dear
Sybil, be what you are, and the moth will
not be overpowered by the lustre of the
star;" and with these kind, comforting
words he left her.

Many a moment of longing had Sybil
before the guests arrived to flee away to
her old cottage home, but she gradually
overcame her timidity when she saw that
no responsibility whatever would fall
upon her, for the well-trained servants
and excellent housekeeper soon had every-
thing in readiness, and even seemed to
apply themselves with additional alacrity
to their preparations at the prospect of
the monotony of their quiet life being
broken by Mrs. Clayton and her atten-
dants, and at last she not only became re-
conciled herself to the looked for innova-
tion, but anxious for it too.



CHAPTER XII.

"With silken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things."

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is divinest—
For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures to the tune;
And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the notes are finest,
'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light, and seem to swell them on.

[*Mrs. Browning.*]

On the day appointed, the party from the city arrived, but an hour sooner than was expected. Sybil had taken a walk, and Vernon alone remained to receive them.

Isabel loved her brother as much as such a heart as hers could love, with its evil impulses unchecked, and its good ones not encouraged, and rushing into his arms, she covered his face with kisses. Hers was a changeful nature, flickering with lights and shadows; not, perhaps, wilfully sinful, but too faulty to inspire much respect; she would do a grievous wrong to a friend, who, disgusted at once with her levity and inconsistency, would determine to avoid her ever after, but in another instant some kind act of Isabel's, and her lovely, winning smile would efface all remembrance of her folly. Such a character is not an uncommon one, and it is impossible to harbour resentment long against these April-like beings who have tears as well as sunshine at command. It was no wonder, then, that Vernon, remembering she was his sister, the only tie of blood that he had upon earth, and that they had been parted for years, returned her affectionate caresses with an almost equal warmth.

"And now," said Isabel, gracefully disengaging herself from his arms, "you must not neglect your other guest—give me your hand, Richard, and let your heart go with it in a welcome."

He gave it, and felt it placed by her in another hand, a beautiful hand, but not like Sybil's. A shudder crept over him

as he felt its clasp. It was one that he had pressed before, and cared never to press again. No, it was not like Sybil's any more than the heart was like Sybil's. The hand of the one was perfect in its proportions, like that of a statue, and artists had moulded their finest creations from its form; the fingers were tapered to a point, the well shaped nail polished to glossiness, but a certain hardness like the marble which it copied, a coldness, met your touch; but Sybil's hand was soft, tremulous, yielding, and warm, with a palm like the faint blush of a rose leaf; one felt truth there, but in that other hand, lying in Vernon's there was none.

"Florence Percy," said Isabel, but she might have left the words unuttered, for Vernon knew it before they were said, and he stammered out something which he hoped sounded like a polite welcome, but was it? Scarcely.

"Yes, I knew that you would be glad to see us, Richard, I told Florence so, and assured her that you had not forgotten those happy hours of the past," said Isabel. "I did my very best to bring Clayton with us, but he resisted all my fascinations; I even tried to charm back his romance, and talked touchingly of the woods and streams, but all in vain, and so I concluded to yield myself gracefully to the inevitable fate of coming without him. He is just as good, Richard, just as indulgent as ever, and has such a pleasant way of being obstinate that one cannot get angry with him. The day before we came I actually forced some tears into my eyes, by way of additional inducement, to show him how I longed for his company, but he either did not or would not notice them, and dried them most effectually by saying in a tone, entirely divested of all romance, that he could not come because he had some grand speculation on hand which would yield him, if attended to, several thousands; and then by way of comfort for my disappointment, he said that he supposed I wanted a new *robe de chambre* for the country, some unostentatious jewelry which would not dazzle the dwellers of Arcadia, and before I could answer no, he poured a handful of gold into my lap, and departed.

the way he always treats me, and when I know that I deserve a scolding for my giddy act of mine, he blesses me; but I must end with what I must tell you how it comes to pass that my presence is here; I did not want to trouble any of the lords of creation with the effort to entertain them with my tales but the skies and fields have annihilated me. Nothing remained but to bring some one with me who is so agreeable, and so chimes in with that is beautiful in art and nature as she would but seem as a part of the landscapes, while I might enjoy society as such; so I looked around, and Florence appeared and came."

"I forgot to say, however," said Isabel in return, "that she herself is the sun which brightens the landscapes, and every thing around."

"I thanked her friend with a grateful smile, for flattery was the food that I liked, and Florence knew it.

"I have been talking so busily," said Isabel, "that I had quite forgotten to look about upon the beauties and conveniences of your house before I came to our rooms. Really, you are quite a wife after all, living in a hut on a hill and water, but have a most charming situation here, which breathes unobscuredly of civilization. There is one thing, however, in your *ménage* which strikes me, and that is that you are to live here year after year without servants and that superannuated dame, and her rustic grand-daughter. It is bad taste, to say the least of it, if you are not utterly lost to taste and refinement, Richard, as one can see in your pictures. What an exquisite picture that is; did you ever behold any picture so soul touching as that Madonna's presence? and that," she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "I suppose is the picture that with good reason you gave me for last year; I must look at it now, and the next day, and the day after."

"I had at last made the circuit of the garden in her tour of curiosity, and when she was at length quite breathless at a spot, which looked out upon the ex-

tensive green lawn, which it was Vernon's pride ever to have in excellent order, and no one could fail to be delighted with its velvet smoothness, as it stretched in gradual slope to the woods beyond. Here Isabel paused for a moment, but her silence was not of long continuance, being broken once more with an exclamation of delight.

"Pictures within, and pictures without," she exclaimed: "Ah, what a vision of loveliness! Who is that exquisite creature approaching the house, Richard? Her hair is of that pale golden colour, so beautiful and so rare, her eyes the most heavenly blue, her cheek just flushed enough for refinement, and her complexion that creamy, healthy white which the painters love so much."

"I know not," said Vernon, amused in spite of himself with Isabel's interest in all around her, "unless you have made a vow to see only what is beautiful in the world, and colour every thing from within, or perhaps you have improvised some maid of honor to attend you as lovely as yourself; or stay, will you have one more suggestion, it may be that a naiad, fresh from her sylvan toilet, has come to ask your orders."

"You do but jest, Mr. Vernon," said Florence, "while Isabel is in earnest, and this apparition is as lovely as she has described—there, stand back a little, Isabel, and let her still be unconscious that we are here; see what a pretty pantomime she is acting as she approaches; now she weaves her flowers into a garland, and like a ballet dancer has thrown them over her head with a graceful movement; now she twines them into a wreath, and apes the graces of a crowned queen, and, ah—see again, how naturally she arranges them into an artistic bouquet, and offers them with a coquettish air to some imaginary swain."

"All that she does seems well done," whispered Isabel in return; "and, oh, what beauty, what perfect beauty, is hers! For the first time in my life you must forgive me for raving about perfections which are not yours, Florence. Hush, she is seating herself at the foot of that

huge, leafy tree; let us listen, our naiad is beginning to sing."

The truth was gradually dawning upon Vernon, and it came upon him with a glare almost too dazzling, as that beloved voice rose upon his ear. His strong frame trembled, he grew pale, then flushed. Every emotion of the human heart seemed to gather in his breast. Sybil, beautiful! she was his, his own. Sybil, beautiful! ah, fatal gift, the fairest flowers were plucked the soonest, and he would lose this flower he prized so much. Love, jealousy, anger, fear, tenderness, all were felt by him in their full intensity, but gradually as that perfect voice, singing the impassioned Italian music which he had taught it, came wafted in at the window together with the perfume of the flowers, every emotion was calmed save love, complete, undying love, a part of him then, and forever, and as the last note died away in the hush that followed, he found voice to say softly,

"It is my little Sybil Gray."

Then the curtains of an opposite window parted, making a frame for the strangely beautiful face that looked in, and which blushed scarlet at finding strangers there, and at feeling that they had heard her unbidden song: but Vernon, who had heard her light footstep, re-assured her by the kind tone of his voice, and she entered, offering her hand gracefully, but timidly, to the newcomers. A regular introduction, all intuitively felt, would have been awkward and out of place. Sybil herself felt it, and broke the ice by offering her flowers.

"How beautiful," said Isabel, glancing more at the fair girl who proffered them, than at the flowers themselves.

"Yes," she answered, "they are, indeed. I tried to gather the prettiest I could find to arrange in your rooms before you came, and as is the fashion in some countries, to crown your pillows with a cluster of sweet roses, but I fear that I lingered too long on the way."

"You are very kind," returned Isabel, "you must, however, not lay the defeat of your plans at your own door, but upon our horses, who were fresher than we imagined, and so we came the last few miles

more rapidly, arriving here an hour before the specified time."

"I hope, Sybil," said Vernon, "that in your zeal for others you have not forgotten your daily tribute to me."

"That, I never forget," she answered gravely, "it would be ungrateful indeed; here they are, your own favourites, and a cluster of more beautiful violets I have never seen."

"How wonderful," said Isabel quickly, "the violet is your favourite, too, is it not, Florence?"

Sybil was just extending her hand to place them in Vernon's, when both started, and the fragrant cluster fell to the ground.

He remembered that it was her favourite flower, and she—she was startled at the name spoken by Isabel.

Florence! it seemed familiar, it seemed linked with a host of cruel memories, a broken trust, desertion, pain inflicted by one whom Vernon had loved. Then the memories took a more definite form, and Vernon's past rose clearly before her, and lifting her glance to the face of that stately beauty before her, whose cold, searching eyes looked her through and through, her heart told her that there she stood, the destroyer of his happiness, the original of the glorious picture upon whose reverse might have been written the word deceit.

As Sybil stooped to raise the fallen flowers, she mechanically looked up once more; still that piercing glance was upon her, those hawk-like eyes watching the crouching dove, but she turned away from their strange spell, and again offered the flowers to Vernon.

"Take them away, Sybil," he said in a low tone of voice, "I had forgotten that *she* cared for them, take them far away."

Sybil left the room in obedience to that whisper, the guests thought for some domestic order from Vernon, but in reality to be alone. She knew not why, but her heart seemed bursting with some strange, new feeling, which she could not analyze. Florence Percy here, she thought, under this very roof! Florence loving the same flowers that Vernon loved! And then

As she was in her majestic Isabel was lovely, winning, fascinating. Florence was regal. Before right had she to look so tenderly upon Vernon, so curiously upon how imposing she was, how the mists that enveloped her magnanimity; how visibly a certain sort seemed to hang about her, a *dare and I will*," which awed and enthralled. Dared and willed *what?* The emotion swept over Sybil's face as she had ever before experienced emotion which she thought, if for many days, might kill her. No good angel near to tell her of the fiend of jealousy, and its influence burned strong and clear. She retired part of the garden near the lake, which flowed as clear as crystal at her feet, and a thought akin to revenge came to her, looked around with a guilty conscience it gave birth to a deed, to which was unobserved.

"I will not love what she loves," passionately, and with an impulse new to her gentle nature, she lowers one by one apart, and throws them into the stream.

When as the breeze wafted them, her mood changed, the reaction, which would not be delayed long, came to her. Now of bitter tears, and holding fast to herself to herself, she sought pardon, prayed that the hours would quickly away, pleaded for aid against temptation, and for more anxiety, despising herself for her weakness and most sorrowful for her forgetfulness of her duty; then fearing that her weakness would be marked, she entered the house once more, apparently as if she were floating upon the stream upon which the reflections were floating.

She looks when she beheld! Florence Vernon's society, and offering aid which he was too polite to refuse and which Sybil felt her right, examined her heart carefully, probing thought, its most secret depths, and to the following conclusion: "He has been to me as a brother; I have seen him in his blindness, I have read

to him, talked to him, sung to him; we two have been alone in joy and sorrow, and now another comes and takes my place; it is natural, then, that I should feel my rights infringed upon; but she is not to blame, she knows not what I have been to him, how I have watched him in sickness and health; no, *she is not to blame*—and to him there may be a fascination in being once more in the presence of one who has been so dearly loved as she has been, he may like to hear the tones of her voice, and feel the pressure of her hand; it may bring back to him the happy hours of his youth, when it was almost his religion to worship at her shrine; but, oh, how could she, how could she after all that has passed, after she has scorned him and been scorned alike in return, come into his presence, to his very hearth-stone again?"

After Florence had, as she thought, defined Sybil's position in the household, that is, after she had come to the conclusion that Vernon simply regarded her as an interesting child, whom he had trained according to his ideas, to womanhood; after she had considered the wide difference in their ages, which seemed to forbid anything like the perfect sympathy which she thought she herself could feel for him, and he for her; and when she saw that the retiring girl in no way interfered with her own plans, she, as well as Isabel, looked with wonder upon her singular loveliness and varied gifts, and assumed a patronizing air to Vernon's young charge. But though Isabel was most fascinating, and Florence kindness itself, Sybil did not feel quite at ease with them, and spent even more of her time than formerly with her grandmother, or in the quiet of her own apartment, while Vernon, who kept his secret so well, longed for the visit to be at an end.

He was weary of the rustle of silks and satins, the, to him, unmeaning city gossip, and for the jewels and gewgaws which they discussed with an interest worthy of a better theme, he cared not. Those busy fashionists seemed to him too much like a mirror of his former self, and while rejoicing that he had outlived their tastes,

he sighed for a return of his quiet evenings with Sybil. After a moment's reflection, Florence's course of conduct and singular intrusion ceased to astonish him, as he recalled what she had done in the past, but he shrank from the daily contact of her proffered hand, and avoided her whenever he could do so without marked rudeness.

It was with difficulty, however, that he could suppress his old irritation of manner, as he seldom had an opportunity of being alone with her, who by a word, could calm him; for in all his walks and drives, his morning and evening pursuits. Florence and Isabel were his constant companions.

"Here we have entered upon the Sabbath," said Isabel one bright morning in a languid tone, "is there no church in the neighbourhood, Richard, to which we can go? Of all things, what most wearies me is a Sunday in the country; the world is even more still here than it is in town, and nature seems to put her finger on her lip and whisper, 'hush.' Even a sermon from a poor drawling minister would serve to relieve the monotony of the day."

Vernon believed that there was a church somewhere. "But do you never go?" asked Isabel, "you did so when you lived in the city, and therefore have gone backward instead of forward as regards the culture of the soul, though, indeed, Richard, your *fields* there are patterns for agriculturists."

"With somewhat of your dread of drawling ministers, Isabel," returned her brother, "I confess that I have never gone, but Sybil can give you all needed information, for though the church is several miles distant, my ponderous family coach is ordered through rain and sunshine, and she makes a weekly pilgrimage in it there."

"But you will go with us to-day, since we desire it?" pleaded Isabel; though we *are* distinguished strangers, lions, we need some one to show us off. It will be so awkward to sail up the aisle unattended by an escort. I am sure that Florence will guide you carefully if we go."

"No, I cannot, will not," said Vernon

decidedly, "if I have one aversion above another, it is to hear a canting, mediocre preacher, and I suppose that they have one of the worst kind here."

"You are mistaken," replied Sybil, quickly, and with more warmth than was usual in her manner, "he is eloquent sometimes, and always solemn, and being young and ambitious, he is in a fair way to improve; besides, he told me one day after service, when we were speaking about a sermon which he had just preached, and which came home especially to my heart, that it was his aim and endeavor to excel, and he thought that much more good could be achieved by an intelligent pastor who kept up with the age, than by a man who trod forever the beaten ground of conservatism and hackneyed custom. His theme had been upon the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, which he treated in a new and powerful manner, at least," she added flushing at the notice that she had drawn upon herself, "as far as I can judge from my small experience and the sermons I have read in books."

Isabel and Florence exchanged significant glances.

"Your defence of the *young man*," said the latter pointedly, "is most eloquent, Sybil, and you appear to be very good friends."

"Yes, very," she replied quietly, quite unconscious of the weight put upon what she had said.

The words struck a harsh chord in Vernon's breast. He had often heard her mention the preacher whom she had listened to weekly, and sometimes as an exercise she gave him a synopsis of his sermons, but instead of being a young and attractive man, he had always fancied him a grey-haired individual, with a monotonous drawl and a puritanical air, but this revelation of Sybil's, inspired him with a sudden fancy to hear him preach and to judge for himself.

"I think that I will go to church to-day," he said suddenly. "I have a great desire to know if Sybil has not exaggerated the wonderful talents of her spiritual guide;" and he rang and ordered the carriage.

"I did not say that his talents were wonderful," returned Sybil gravely, "and I think that no one should go to church from curiosity, even to hear a celebrated preacher, for the most inferior preachers can impart to us some good if we choose to receive it. There may be something about a man's circumstances and character which impresses us favourably, and this is singularly the case with Mr. Clarke. He has been the support of an aged mother for years, and his sister likewise has been dependent on him. His support was very scanty until he came here, but now his salary is not only sufficient to maintain himself and them, but not long ago he went to the city to be married, and was expected to return last week with his bride, to whom he has been attached a long time, a beautiful girl, they say, who leaves the luxuries of her father's house to share with him his humble home."

Vernon breathed freely again. He had now no fear that the shepherd would steal his little lamb to nestle her in his own bosom, and his desire to go to church suddenly abated, while Isabel and Florence went to prepare their elaborate toilets, and he and Sybil for the first time for many days were left alone.

"How delightful it is to think that you are going to church, Mr. Vernon," said Sybil joyfully, "it will be so pleasant to have you with us."

"And why, Sybil?—your paragon of a preacher will discourse no more eloquently for my presence. I have just altered my mind, and am determined not to go."

Sybil's countenance fell.

"And will you not reconsider it and change again?" she said sadly, "one can afford to be fickle where a good cause is concerned."

"Wherefore should I change?" said Vernon seating himself more comfortably in the luxurious arm-chair into which he had thrown himself. "It seems to me that any change from this most easy posture would be for the worse."

"Think how objectless your Sabbath life is," she said, taking a chair near him. "I have long desired to converse

with you upon this subject, but have never had the courage to broach it; but now, to-day, the *sister-spirit* is strong within me, and I *must* speak. Dear Mr. Vernon, those words, 'Remember the Sabbath,' were meant to be observed, and not passed over lightly; and how can we better recall them than in a house dedicated to the worship of Him who commanded the observance of a day set apart?"

"I can carry on my religious services at home, Sybil; nay, I would be willing to compare my thoughts with those of certain church-worshippers to-day after the service, very much, I think, to the advantage of mine."

"I doubt it not," said Sybil still more earnestly because pained by Richard's manner, but think of the example you set. Suppose that all remained at home as you do, what would be the use of the solemn bells calling us to worship? All the charm and vitality of the Sabbath would be gone. Only go to-day—just to-day, Mr. Vernon, and I trust that what you hear and feel will take you there again."

Vernon silently mused awhile. He had not been an inattentive listener to her pleading words spoken so truly and in so good a cause,—and at length he replied to her.

"You are a sweet preacher, and a most persuasive one," he said, "and to answer your appeal candidly, I must tell you that awhile ago when I ordered the carriage, I had determined to go for a far different motive than any reason that you have given; but now I verily believe that you have convinced me that it is my duty, and moreover because you would like to have me accompany you I will go—but with one proviso, that you will promise to lead me in. I trust that I have not so far forgotten my early training as to enter a house dedicated to God with unholy thoughts, and only with your pure, devout spirit near me could I feel as I ought. If that hand all covered with jewels which has led me lately should guide me, I think that I should rebel,—and I want to feel humble to-day, Sybil."

How good and gentle he seemed to her to be growing; how that one wish for humility raised him in her eyes.

No louder sound of triumph rang from the silvery tongue of the humble church, no higher pointed the tapering spire up to the blue heavens, no greener waved the church-yard trees as the quartette from Vernon Grove alighted at the lowly portal; the only change that could be noticed was in the eyes of the simple villagers under Mr. Clarke's care, as the unusual rustling of silken garments attracted their attention, and for a moment made them forgetful of their prayers; but could the hearts of the new comers have been examined as faithfully, they would have had fresh cause for wonder.

First came Vernon leaning upon the arm of the beautiful girl, whom they have been accustomed to see treading the aisle with downcast eyes alone; then Isabel, arrayed in all the mysteries of fashionable attire; and lastly Florence, with a cloud upon her fair brow all unfit for that holy place.

And their hearts?

Vernon was conscious of being in a strange situation—glad, yet confused; satisfied, inasmuch as he thought that he had done his duty, yet awkward and nervous because it was all so new, not having entered among anything like an assemblage of persons since the visitation of his blindness, and knowing that many eyes were curiously watching him. Isabel was looking with a mixture of amusement and pity upon those "unfortunate people," as she called them in a whisper to Florence, whose bonnets were so many years behind the fashion, and whose scant dresses excited her sympathy as she swept imperially by,—while Florence, alike indifferent to place and people, only felt a bitter pang in her breast that her proffered hand had been rejected by Vernon, and his words, "I thank you, but Sybil will lead me to-day," continued to sound in her ears far above the peal of the Sabbath bells.

Even our pure Sybil's heart beat with a feeling that was not all religion; a joy scarcely dedicated to God shone in her eyes, for Vernon was with her, and it was

a triumph,—Vernon would soon be praying for peace and pardon at her side.

The minister, under the influence of his new found joy, preached solemnly and feelingly; his life was so full now of earthly happiness with his mother and sister well provided for at last, looking with pride upon their young son and brother, and his bride with downcast eyes listening to his words and rejoicing that she had chosen so well, that he felt the need of some solemn self-admonition as a counterpoise to his intense happiness, lest he should forget in his temporal felicity the heaven for which he was striving. It was then with a deep sense of his need of a reminder to keep him humble, that he chose for his text, the words *keep thy heart with all diligence*, as especially required by him at this time, not involving that part of his nature which was perishable, but the spiritual heart and affections which belonged exclusively to a higher state of being.

Life is full of contradictions, and Vernon, who a few short hours before had scoffingly spoken of religion as a thing to be put on and off at pleasure, now acknowledged to himself that it was the only one thing needful in life, and as the words of the young minister seemed to him directly addressed to him, laying bare his secret sins to his view, wounding sometimes but oftener healing with their gentleness and pity, he felt a glad joy within him that he had come with Sybil,—a new life dawned upon him, a new hope that even *he* might win the pardon which was so freely offered; and as they departed with the lingering tone of the solemn benediction in their ears, he whispered to his companion as he pressed her arm—"Thank you, Sybil, for this day's experience."

"Thank God, rather," she said softly.

"And will you guide me here again, even one so unworthy as I?"

"The wish proves you not unworthy," she said.

"And can I come with you always?"

"*Always*," whispered Sybil joyfully.

Then they issued from the porch out beneath the brilliant concave of the ra-

and the sun lit up Isabel's
ore dazzling light, and the
lume of Florence waved
rays, but to the angel at
e was a brighter glory all
rtal eye around the blind
entle guide.

CHAPTER XIII.

dome, the arch, the towering

hat greet us now on every

ild, so strange, so sweetly

's fancies formed of fairy

n are your works, mysterious

are o'er, around us, and

g aisles, these crystal fruits
ra,

ing grotts, and high-arched
bowers

leath!

Poems by Amelia.

e wondered at that the fair
re city soon grew weary of
ous country life; to be sure
ed that the roses had deep-
cheeks, and that Florence's
wing to early hours, had a
ress about it which it never
the crowded saloons of fash-
onth seemed to stretch out
before them, and Vernon
to find entertainment for

y were evidently disappoint-
he lacked any of the atten-
n a host, but a certain re-
ls Florence, who tried in
ate it, threw a deep shadow
ole party. No word had
about their former position,
hance illusion of Isabel's to
times; no one would ever
d that a tie as strong as an
had existed between Vernon
, and there appeared to be
standing that they were to

act as if their footing had only been a
friendly one; but behind this policy on
the part of the two friends, there was a
bold design which they hoped in time to
put into execution, while Vernon on his
side merely cared to be on terms of po-
liteness with the woman who had once
been so near and dear to him, and not to
reveal to her one secret emotion of his
heart. His aim was to be indifferent; he
wished not even to let her see the whole
extent of his scorn, and dreaded still
more to lift to her curious gaze the cur-
tain which shut out from her knowledge
his deep love for Sybil, but in this latter
calculation he *over-calculated* his self-pos-
session, for an event occurred which ma-
tured the plans of Florence, and showed
her how Sybil was not only his house-
hold angel, but that she guarded every
avenue of the heart which she had once
called her own.

Reader, have you ever visited one of
those curiosities of the world of wonders,
a natural cave? If you have, your remi-
niscences will be revived by the experi-
ences of the inmates of Vernon Grove;
if you have not, you must enter with
them for the first time on a dark and
mysterious scene.

Several miles from Vernon's residence
there was one of those freaks of nature
long famed for its extent and peculiari-
ties, to which many a long and weary
pilgrimage had been made by curious
travellers from all climes and countries.
Vernon, remembering what he had heard
of its famed statuary, its Solomon's Tem-
ple, its Pantheon, bethought him that a
visit there might please Sybil, and serve
to vary somewhat the visit of his sister
and her friend, who, though too well
bred openly to confess their *ennui*,
showed it consciously by many a word
and act. Vernon congratulated himself
upon the happy thought, and a party
was formed, consisting of the guests from
the city, Vernon and Sybil, the young
minister and his wife, together with John,
who, besides being indispensable to Ver-
non, was to act as *valet* general to the
whole company.

After a long but not tedious drive to
their place of destination, for their spirits

were high in contemplation of the experiences which awaited them, they engaged the services of a guide, and at once proceeded to explore the cave.

Each one was provided with a lantern, and the first step seemed that which was most to be dreaded, as the aperture was too small to admit them standing upright, and the darkness, in contrast with the light of day which they were leaving behind them, quite appalling. Isabel and Florence at first shrank from the undertaking as something impossible to be achieved, but their curiosity prevailed over their fears,—and, moreover, reflecting that they would be looked upon as heroines on their return to the city when they described the wonders of their visit to the cave, they entered trembling at first with the rest, but soon lost all sense of terror in enjoyment, for no account which they had ever received of the wonders there was equal to the strange, weird, mysterious scene before them.

In the first chamber that they entered, their guide assembling the party all around him, warned them of the perils which surrounded them,—the more dangerous often for being unseen. Sometimes, he told them, they would walk on the brink of a towering precipice on the margin of a river, flowing so noiselessly as to be unheard. Then he informed them that but few comparatively of the chambers in that wilderness of apartments had been explored, and that hundreds of passages were all around into which not even he had ever ventured; and then, in order to enforce upon them the necessity of their keeping together, and above all, keeping him in view, he related to them the sad story of a guide, who, like himself, had been in the habit of taking parties through the cave, but one day being alone, and having before expressed a determination to explore some untrodden ground, had never been seen again, being in all probability lost in some of those myriad chambers, or drowned in a silent and undiscovered stream. Then passing on to a still more fearful story, he informed the breathless listeners of the sad fate of a party of

students, who, rejecting his aid, and being determined to penetrate into the mysteries of the cavern themselves, had disappeared never to return. At the end of the period when he thought that they would require food and rest, and feeling somewhat alarmed regarding their protracted absence, he had gone in search of them,—and after much laborious investigation, had discovered only their dead bodies in a part of the cave which had never been explored before.

"These things I tell you," he continued, "not to frighten or discourage you," as he looked around upon our party, and saw by the light of the lanterns that their faces were blanched with fear, "but merely to warn you, repeating that there is no peril whatever if you keep me in sight and attend closely to my directions; and I promise you on these conditions, only pleasure, and something new under the sun to talk about when you return to your homes."

Thus re-assured, the party entered cheerfully upon their strange pilgrimage.

"Do I lose a great deal, Sybil?" were Vernon's first words when they emerged from the contracted passage through which they had passed, and stood upright in a fine chamber filled with figures that seemed by the lamp-light to resemble groups of statuary.

"That you do not see, is God's will," she said softly, while a feeling of awe crept over her at the magnitude and beauty of the scene before her. "You do lose a great deal, and it is beyond description wonderful; all around us stand upright stalagmites in forms as varied as the carvings and devices of art, and so correct is the deception, that one could almost fancy different expressions upon the carved faces of the figures. For instance, not far from us is a Hebe, pouring out wine from a glittering goblet, and yonder is a Neptune, with hoary beard hanging down to his waist, and now the guide beckons us onward; and we are entering another chamber, at the end of which is a throne, just as one might conceive a real throne looks, all spangling with jewels and crowned with a grand imposing seat, fit for a king."

listened to his companion with of pain and delight—it was not to behold what she sympathise with her; so sweet he was the special object of and leaning upon her arm to her unstudied words, which glad accents from her lips, that even though powerless Sybil moved nearer to his side for protection when the scenes which they passed assumed a forbidding character.

she continued, in a lower and audible to Vernon alone, so her voice might not interrupt the or explanations of the guide, gazing upon a scene of great this chamber seems to be ceilingless, all starry and brilliant hanging stalactites; the very heat to be overhead, and one feels he were in the open air when upward. Did I not *know* to say, I should think that I saw the constellations shining there, and that I can trace those three stars in Orion's belt; after all, it is natural heavens seen through the walls of this mystic cave." replied Vernon, "in that you mean, for I have often heard of a star-studded chamber and the perfection of its star-paved ceiling." Upon the guide now made them feel the air lingering footsteps.

"Securely here," continued Sybil, guided her companion carefully as they were entering a passage from which they shall have to ascend several times before now that we have left them, but we seem to be emerging into a remarkable scene. Oh! that I see for yourself its marked peculiarities.

Yonder in the distance is a pile of ruins, huge pillars lie clustered together, and broken arches appear as if one could almost fancy them lying to dust, so perfect is the work. We might, without a great stretch of the imagination, fancy ourselves walking amid some celebrated old world. I would like to see Mr. Linwood, with his varied

experiences, has ever visited a cave like this. Scenes far more grand I know that he has beheld, but scarcely could this be equalled in the peculiarity of its style."

"I think not," replied Vernon; "I think that Linwood has never been here or he would have mentioned it to me; the catacombs of Rome awe one with the same mysterious sensations, but then the associations and whole aspect there are so different that I doubt whether they should in any particular be compared. When Linwood returns we must pay another visit here on his especial account. Some people are so conscientious about having seen the wonders of this new world, as to refuse to travel abroad till they have been visited, and indeed there is often an awkwardness about confessing ignorance concerning scenes which are comparatively so near to us,—for almost the first question one hears who goes sight-seeing abroad is, 'Well, I suppose that you behold nothing here that surpasses your far-famed Niagara,'—taking it for granted that all Americans have seen it, and that it lies at our very doors."

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from Isabel, which betokened a sudden sense of delight, as they entered a large apartment which the guide called the Ball Room. Enormous stalactites hung pendant from the ceiling in the shape of chandeliers, while a gallery at the head of the room, supported by symmetrical pillars, seemed a fitting station for an orchestra. The simple light of the lanterns of the visitors was not enough to illuminate this large hall, the guide therefore lit a multitude of candles, and as he placed them in different points, the effect was curiously perfect. Festoons of garlands seemed to droop from the pillars, and candelabra to start from the walls.

"We only want music now," exclaimed Isabel to Florence, "and a few choice spirits, to enjoy a dance; how charming it would be!"

But Florence was in no mood to enjoy; she could not feel at ease while Vernon so exclusively appropriated Sybil to him-

self, and she was tantalized too, by the low-tone in which they conversed, apparently upon subjects of interest, and only waited for a fitting opportunity to place herself in Sybil's stead at his side.

After passing through the ball-room, the party proceeded down a wide flight of steps, on through a narrow passage, and from thence to a room called the Steeple Room, from its containing a perfectly formed steeple constructed of stalagmites rising to a considerable height from the ground; and then on, to perhaps the most beautiful scene in the whole cave, a stalagmite mass of white incrustations, which had the appearance of a grand fall suddenly arrested in its downward course. The timid bride, on beholding it, started back and clung closer to her husband's arm, as she approached it, for its overhanging masses were so like a sheet of water that it seemed as if it would momentarily inundate the whole chamber.

In the next apartment, which was named the Ghost Room, from the peculiar appearance which the light cast upon the walls which were cragged and irregular, the guide, taking away all the lanterns of the party, told them to remain quietly in their places until he returned, at least by no means to move to any distance on account of the dangers of which he had warned them before, and leaving them all in darkness, he withdrew into an adjoining chamber.

It was certainly the blackness of darkness in which they now found themselves; not a ray of light penetrated the vaulted roof, and a sense of loneliness and terror pervaded each heart.

The guide did not remain away many minutes, but during that time an incident occurred which lent a deeper gloom to the spirits of one of the party than even that which reigned about her; and could Florence have believed in earthly suffering as a retribution for the pains she had inflicted on others, she must have thought herself amply repaid then and there. She was standing near Vernon on one side, while upon the other was Sybil, ever faithful to her trust, whose arm was twined within his own.

A few words were uttered by Isabel, a few jesting, careless words, followed by her own silvery laugh, but no one joined it, the darkness seemed too solemn a thing to jest about—an incubus, a heavy hand, laid upon each, commanding a serious mood, and as the last echo of that ill-timed mirth died away, Florence bent forward to catch the whispered tones of Sybil, who was speaking to her companion.

"It was a thing *to feel*," she said, "this terrible gloom, darker than night, dark as fabled Erebus; to see it, to see this blackness is nothing, but to feel it, oh, it is terrible!"

"There is no difference to me, dear Sybil," was the low answer heard by Florence, as well as by her to whom it was addressed, "it is all alike night, chaotic night; but I am not sorry to have brought you here, for you can know in this intense gloom which you have described, better how to feel for me."

"It did not require this experience," she returned, "to call forth my entire sympathy; you had that from the first moment that I saw you, when, as a child, I gave you my garland of flowers, but I confess that now I realize what I never did before, the almost agony of your eternal night, no beauty, no sky and stars, no glad, cheering, cheerful light."

"Yes, there is one ray," he answered tenderly, "bright as the torch of an angel, a gift from God's own treasury of light, a ray as fresh and pure as that which first broke the primeval gloom."

"I thought that it was all darkness," said Sybil, with a glad tremour in her tone; "then there may be hope that one day in the future, science and skill combined may give you sight again."

"You mistake my meaning, sweet enthusiast," he answered, "that can never, never be. It was, as you say, all darkness," he continued, turning his face towards her until she felt his breath stirring the soft circlets of her hair, "until one day when *you* came, Sybil, and that blessed ray of light is simply what you brought with you. I would rather be blind *with it*, than in the full possession of my sight *without it*, God himself knows that I would, Sybil."

vere Richard Vernon's re-
hat was there in his words
breath upon Sybil's brow,
a unfelt before, that brought
right blush, though all unseen,
? Why did her little hand
it lay confidingly upon his
the quicker beating of that
ing heart of hers? Did he
to guard his very tones, and
were framing themselves to
r words, which following upon
ade so solemnly to himself to
outwardly ever as a sister,
made him guilty of perjury.
ed, however, from that sin by
ption unforeseen, unexpected.
had heard those strong, pas-
sions, another who stood near,
ght to her memory his love-
past; her soul burned with
id the madness of a disap-
re. If ever, *now* was the time,
t, to win him back to her away,
im from those invisible charms
l all unconsciously was throw-
him, and while he waited for a
agle word, or movement, or
Sybil in answer, he felt his
h was near Florence, caught
nally by another cold, untremb-
which he knew too well, and
words of tenderness sounded
ear.

d, Richard," said the voice
"forgive and forget the past.
in it all. She does not under-
she, that child, could never
depths of your soul as I have
ould do again. I was weak,
l to wander from you as I did;
and I will prove that I was
n only in appearance, not in
ey never loved who say that
once, and oh, Richard, I have
d loving you. Leave *her*, give
one more congenial in years,
in experience; she is no mate
l-tried, a world-worn man; re-
e who has always loved you,
heaven to witness her sincer-

ld not hear her, and if she
well could she have connect-

ed those half-murmured, half-whispered
ejaculations wrung from a maddened
heart, which had staked its happiness or
misery upon that moment, nor did she
see that he had dashed that intruding
hand away from him with disgust,
although she knew that he shuddered
as though suffering some bodily pain,
and his answering words, emphatically
spoken as he bent towards Florence,
reached her ear alone for whom they
were intended and dropped like melted
lead upon her quivering heart.

"Florence Percy, the time is passed
for such words as you have just uttered;
they are meaningless to my ears. Listen
and judge for yourself—what we might
have been is a dream, what we are a
reality; believe me when I say to you
that I feel each day more and more this
truth—the affection, which I thought I
had for you once, was merely a passing
fancy, unworthy even the name of love.
Stand aside, there is no ground upon
which you and I can meet; stand aside."

He had almost cursed her, and yet in
his heart of hearts he blessed her for one
thing; she had reminded him of his
duty. Thank God, he thought those
burning words to Sybil had remained
unspoken, thank God, she was standing
calmly by him still all unconscious of his
struggle, all unconscious of the bitter
words, "she is no mate for a world-worn,
world-tried man," which had brought
him back to reason and the memory of
his vow.

The guide returned with the light and
found a lady faint, but it was a common
occurrence, he said, in that fearful dark-
ness, where the coming lanterns made
such unearthly light and shade on the
walls of the Ghost Chamber, and taking
a cup of water from a neighbouring
spring, he presented it to Florence, whose
dry, quivering lips it moistened and re-
freshed.

From this point, the Ghost Room, our
party retraced their steps, and examined
with new delight the varied beauties of
the cave, finding many which they had
before passed unnoticed. In one of the
chambers, Sybil became quite interested
in noting the formation of some pieces of

rock crystal which she saw of singular beauty, and desiring a specimen, she left Vernon's arm for a moment, in order to examine it more attentively, and to try to break off a tempting cluster which met her view. Bending down apart from the others, whose attention was attracted by something else, and absorbed in looking at the glittering crystal as it seemed momentarily to take new forms of beauty, she did not hear the call from the guide, nor see that her companions had left the chamber in which she was, and had turned an abrupt angle, and proceeding quickly through an apartment which had nothing curious about it to attract their attention, had passed on still farther to one of more spacious proportions and extraordinary beauty.

Here the guide, as was his custom, began to call the attention of the visitors to the curiosities around, when he suddenly paused, and with a troubled expression on his face, counted the party as he had often done during the day, to see that none were missing; then in a tone which thrilled like a death-knell upon his listeners, he said words which they never forgot. They were these.

One of our party is not here!

Then came back to them his remembered words of warning, his terrible stories of death by starvation or drowning, and the question, *who is it?* rang like a clarion from every lip, and when each inquired for those who were dearest and missed them not, and Vernon for her who was his nearest and dearest, and heard no answering voice, his anguish escaped from him in one mad, fearful cry, that rang through the vaulted rooms like the voice of one calling the beloved dead back again to life. It was a cry of agony seldom heard by mortal ear, that one piercing, echoing and re-echoing word, "Sybil."

But no answer came.

Then all felt and knew that it was she; the guide, that it was the fair-haired girl, whose face and floating form seemed to him like an angel's; the bride and her young husband, that it was she whose voice rose on each Sabbath into praise and prayer, and from whose gentle eyes

beamed the holy joy of some saint-like Madonna; Isabel, that it was the child-woman who had presided so gracefully in her brother's house, and who had tried in every way to make their visit to the Grove a happy one, and who had read and talked to them or sang tune after tune to their craving ears, wearied never, so that they were entertained; and Florence, that it was that Sybil Gray, who had dared to step in between her and her ambition, and had plucked the only flower in her path; and Vernon, that it was she who was his *very life*.

"Sybil, Sybil!" that mad despairing cry, louder and louder now upon every lip, gave to Vernon a still more realizing sense of her danger, and he was about to go himself in pursuit of the lost one, when the guide, in a voice of authority, besought him and all, on the peril of their lives, to remain where they were. It would avail nothing, he said, for the whole party to go in search of her, even in company with him, for they necessarily would retard his progress, and departing alone in different directions would be madness, for to all who attempted it would come the same fate as that of the unfortunate students whom he had before mentioned. For his part, he concluded, in his little address as they stood anxiously around him, he supposed that she was waiting patiently for them in the lime crystal chamber, where they had last seen her, and he thought it the best and most practical plan for all to accompany him there, where no doubt they would find her smiling at their alarm; but if that room were deserted and no traces could be discovered of her, he would take the servant John, and at once proceed to a systematic search, while the party remained awaiting his return.

This advice was so plausible, and any other course of conduct seemed so wild and impracticable, that all acquiesced in his views, and Vernon, pale and anxious beyond all the others, could not but express his satisfaction in what he had proposed.

At every two or three steps, the guide, as he led the party back, sounded the peculiar *hallo!* which is heard furthest

dreary cavern, and the name of
sing one was shouted from time
by the different members of the
but alas, the only answer was a
silence, or a still more dreary
until at last they reached the lime
chamber.

Sybil was not there!

the guide, more anxious than he
acknowledge, hurriedly bade them
good cheer, and taking John with
appeared through one of the dark
es, though perplexed to know
one of the many led out of the
ment she could have taken.

Isabel's gay mood was softened,
th a transition common to such
as hers, felt from one extreme to
, and burst into a passion of tears.
ing minister and his wife, cling-
e closely together, as though fear-
t some fate might come to tear
art from each other, retired to a

distant part of the room, and their reli-
gious natures found vent in an earnest
prayer for Sybil's welfare.

Florence alone seemed calm and self-
possessed; yes, she who awhile ago stood
with colorless face and faint limbs in the
dark chamber, now appeared mistress of
a wonderful self-command; her cold,
searching eye looking around upon the
excited group with a heartless curiosity.
But upon Vernon she gazed most fre-
quently, as he sat with his head bowed
upon his knees in mute despair, lifting
his pale face at intervals if the slightest
noise reached his ears, or clenching his
hands as if his blindness were a curse
and the guide a cruel jailor to keep him
passive there, while Florence, from these
mingled emotions, read with a smile of
triumphant scorn upon her beautiful face,
only the tale of a love that would give its
life for the beloved one,—and she read
aright.

"O, QUOTIES DIXI ZEPHYRIS."

BY HOLT WILSON.

*languages are artificial: it has long been an inquiry, whether there be any such thing
as natural language. By neglecting the use of signs which address the imagination, we
lose the most energetical of all languages.*

[ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.]

How weak is language to portray
Love's passion which absorbs the heart:—
We strive its pathos to convey—
Its pathos words can ne'er impart.

The symbols which embody thought
Are but devices of the brain—
Like darkened glass thro' which we're taught
To view the Day-God's dazzling sheen.

His brilliance, like our passion's hue,
We cannot thus with eye behold—
And words—which we with thought endue—
Our passion's glow can ne'er unfold.

The deepest feelings are expressed
By sighs—which language cannot paint—
The heart thus yields to Love's behest
And murmurs to the winds its plaint.

Oh, were my sighs on wings of wind
To Eina's ears but once conveyed—
Would they not find her heart inclined
To heed such pleadings thus betrayed!

SIAMESE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Bribery—Trial by Ordeal—Modes of Punishment, &c.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Unlimited power has ever been regarded as too dangerous and subtle a weapon, to be placed recklessly in the hands of fallible mortals; and where the experiment has been ventured on, the most fearful abuse has ordinarily been the result. Yet it sometimes happens that too much power, acting like an over-dose of some virulent poison, becomes harmless from its very excess. Thus we find it in Siam, the most despotic of even oriental despotisms, where the Monarch's individual will is the law of the nation, and he is held amenable to neither code nor statute, to judge nor jury, for any enormity he may think proper to commit; no man daring to question the propriety of his acts, or to ask the *wherefore*, should it suit the inscrutable purposes of "His Serene, Infallible Majesty," to decapitate the highest noble of his realm, or the brightest ornament of his luxurious court.

Under a form of government so proverbially despotic, one would naturally expect to witness a constant abuse of his boundless power, and to find its unrestrained possessor luxuriating in the blissful consciousness of this freedom from restraint, glutting himself with the excesses he alone may venture on with impunity, and rushing with wild, ungoverned caprice from one enormity to another, till his very throne should be encircled in blood, and his potent sceptre dyed with the rich life-current of his hapless victims.

For, not only do the laws of the Empire recognize the Sovereign's right to this unlimited power, but every circumstance of his lot from the cradle to the grave, all the surroundings of his daily life, every epithet applied to him, and the cringing subjection of all about him, are calculated to foster and increase this supreme love of self, and the honest belief that he is really the greatest personage in creation, whilst all others are high and

honorable, just in proportion as they enjoy his favour.

Then those who frame the laws of the kingdom, even if intelligent statesmen and patriots, dare not incur the royal displeasure by inserting any clause which in ever so slight a degree may appear to limit the royal prerogative, or place any bar to the exercise of his sovereign will, well knowing that should they do so, not only would such unheard of temerity cost them their lives, but these offensive passages would at once receive the royal veto, and call down upon the devoted heads of the instigators, the bitterest maledictions of every loyal subject.

Of course, under such circumstances, it would be the very refinement of folly, for any statesman to suggest a revision or improvement of the legal code, a reckless casting away of his own life, with the fullest possible assurance that absolutely nothing would thereby be gained for his country; and equally, of course, the desire of self-preservation, the first law of nature, fastens down the subject in passive submission to a code, that any free-born American cannot regard but with absolute horror, whilst the unbound tyrant is left to revel in his unfettered freedom, and if it suit his caprice to do so, to draw down destruction upon himself, his country, and his defenceless subjects. This result would doubtless be realized, were this boundless power a *newly* acquired prerogative of the Siamese crown, or the reigning sovereign the first of his race by whom it had been enjoyed. But so habitual has it become that it has long since ceased to dazzle, and so entirely has it been regarded from his earliest remembrance as an essential portion of his birth-right, that no bewildering sensation is experienced on ascending the throne of his ancestors, whilst calmly and even carelessly he wields a sceptre on whose dread decisions hang the lives and destinies of the ten

f immortal beings who own him undisputed lord.

as, clemency, and a humane regard for the welfare and happiness of subjects, have marked the reigns of the Siamese Sovereigns; and we admit there have been exceptions, yet they are "few and far between," and the archives of few nations exhibit less of regal cruelty, and the ruthless exercise of power than do those of Siam.

royal acts of tyranny have occurred, all, they have ordinarily been referred to the head more than the result of errors in judgment and of design, and have arisen frequently from an inordinate display, an intense desire to maintain the bedazzling glare of power, or an undue regard to the decorum of royal court etiquette, than from a blood-thirsty disposition.

In the present sketch we design to notice the character of the laws, and of justice among the Siamese, together with their ordinary modes of punishment, and then to mention in concluding instances of extreme severity. The laws, last forming, as before stated, the basis, not the general rule to the regulation of justice in that country. The legal code, derived mainly from the laws of Menu, is wise and salutary, whether it would be salutary if it were made use of; but unfortunately no attention is paid to it, in the everyday government of the country. The Sovereign has the privilege of adding to this code, as he pleases, but they seldom trouble themselves with it in any way, and it has thus remained immutated, in all its perfectness, a beautiful but useless theory, wholly unadapted to the present condition of the country, and too far above the moral character of its rulers.

The prince of the blood, every member of the royal family, however distant, every officer of government, of every grade, is, in right of his birth, and as such, privileged to exercise

the functions of a judge without the formality of regular appointment to that office. He may also administer an oath, and decide without consultation with any other, upon any cause brought before him for adjudication.

The form of a judicial oath is as follows:

"I promise to speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If I do otherwise, may all the evils of heat and cold, fire and water, sickness and poverty, life and death, pursue and hunt down me and mine till we are utterly consumed. May wild animals devour us, may hunger gnaw and prey upon our vitals, may famine, waste and pestilence destroy, and every terrible disease known to our race, feed upon our lives till they are utterly wasted, and we brought down to irreparable destruction. May all the evil spirits of air, earth, and water drag us down to death, suffering us never to reach Nighan, but compelling us, through all future states, to live as monsters or loathsome reptiles, and at last plunge us down to hell, even to *Má-há-na-rök*, the lowest hell."

This oath is considered very solemn and imposing, and is never administered except on the most important occasions.

Each prince of the blood holds, in almost regal splendor, within the precincts of his own gorgeous palace, or stately castle, such court as he may deem requisite for his own family and retainers, and from his decisions, just or unjust, satisfactory or the reverse, there is no appeal. He may in his more circumscribed circle, exercise the same despotic sway that his sovereign does over the whole kingdom; inflicting such punishments and levying such taxations as accord with his own ideas of justice, without being amenable to any save the king, who never interferes, or in any way troubles himself with what is passing within the jurisdiction of his haughty barons, either taking it for granted that they understand their own business better than he can do, or else guided by the consideration that the continued good will of the noble and the rich is more to be desired than the cries

of the poor and unfriended to be deprecated.

If a noble of high rank commits a crime against the king or state, he is brought before the Supreme Court for trial, and his punishment is awarded by the king in person, surrounded by his cabinet, assembled in privy council. These cabinet meetings are always convened at midnight, and their proceedings are strictly private, all the members being pledged upon oath to reveal nothing that there transpires, and the penalty of death being annexed to the slightest departure from this rule. Except in these occasional cases in high life, every offender is judged by the peer under whose vassalage he lives, the strictest degree of etiquette being observed by each noble not in any way to interfere with those under the jurisdiction of another. Next to the courts of the Princes Royal, in point of magnificence, come those of the nobility and high officers of government, the surroundings of each more or less gorgeous, according to the rank of the chief, but all of them absolute in power, and unalterable in their decisions. In *these* courts bribes are wholly unknown, and the offering of one would in itself be considered an unpardonable offence, inasmuch as it would be regarded as an intimation that the vassal was in a situation to oblige his feudal lord, a condition of affairs not to be tolerated for a moment by these haughty Siamese nobles, with their highly-wrought notions of retenué and exclusiveness.

Where the offence has been a *personal* one, the chieftain may be unduly severe, but as a general rule, strict justice is accorded to all, whilst the innocent are seldom oppressed or unjustly punished. But the lower officers and inferior nobles being always amenable to the higher, they keep peace with their superiors, and ward off the interference of the latter by frequent costly presents, the object of which is fully understood and tacitly agreed to, though never a word is spoken on the subject. In fact, the whole government is one continued system of vassalage, from the king down to the petty village magistrate; and so vast and complicated

is the machinery, that the wonder is not that a petitioner occasionally fails of justice, but rather that it is ever accorded at all.

For the mass of the common people, who are not in any way attached to the households of the nobility, there are numberless petty courts, open at all hours, and superintended by the city magistrates, who constitute both judge and jury, and who are amenable each to the officer next above him in rank. These petty magistrates are put in office by the higher nobles, sometimes as a matter of favoritism, but more generally quite at random, and always without regard to fitness, either intellectual or moral. Neither are they educated for the office, but enter upon it from some other calling, without possessing the first qualification for the important duties they are to perform, and knowing about as much of statute or common law as they do of the inhabitants of the moon.

The offices of Attorney and Advocate are wholly unknown in Siam, where each man pleads his own cause, and the judge pronounces his verdict without leaving his bench, or consulting with any other on the merits of the question. It is in *these* courts that chicanery, bribery, and injustice exist in their fullest perfection, and he that can bring the highest fee into court is always sure of a verdict in his favor. One instance among many occurs to my mind as illustrative of this assertion, and others might be readily adduced without any very troublous ransacking of memory.

A Chinese cook and an Indo-Portuguese boatman chanced to be rival candidates for the hand of a fair lady, the daughter of a neighboring planter, of whose charms both the enraptured swains had *heard*, though neither had been permitted to feast their *eyes* upon her loveliness. The lady herself favored the claims of the Chinaman, because he was younger and said to be better looking; but the father gave a decided preference to the Portuguese in consequence of his enjoying a somewhat larger portion of worldly goods, and being able to pay a higher price for the coveted prize. Thus for

the matter remained in *statu quo*, the Portuguese, who, it must be said, was rather dwarfish in stature, squint-eyed, and lame of one leg, the father being equally obstinate the Celestial.

For a while forbore to press his suit, hoping that his daughter, in opposition useless, would prevail to his wishes, and nothing that as the enamoured swain was impatient of delay, he would offer a bonus, and thus the miserly father be gratified. In apparent reluctance to commission of his fair, young daughter matters were just at this gay Lothario met one day in the street, and in their capacity of rivals, as may be imagined, no very glances at each other. From indignation, soon grew taunting and blows followed, till the little Portuguese, being the weaker of the two, was unable to measure his diminutive opponent on the ground: and the incensed Portuguese stepping insultingly over the body of his wrathful opponent, and carrying him off, leaving the little Portuguese to recover at leisure from the wounds inflicted on his person and dignity.

Though the Chinaman was greatly inferior in point of manly courage, and use of his weapon, he was, by reason of his cunning, a match for the little Portuguese. The latter rose to the ground, vowing deadly vengeance against his victorious foe, and the dust from his soiled and bleeding wounds, he limped away in the direction which he had seen the Chinaman take at his departure, then pausing to reconnoitre the ground, he discovered the Portuguese standing carelessly conversing with his countrymen, and apprehensive of all that had so recently occurred. The wily Portuguese passed a fruit-dealer's stall, came up behind the rear of his foe, and ere the latter was aware of his proximity, he struck the Chinaman a blow in the face with his cudgel, knocking out a tooth

and gashing the upper lip in the most frightful manner, and then precipitately fled from the scene of his cowardly attack.

Almost stunned by the violence of the blow, wounded, bleeding, and wrathful, the Celestial, supported by two of his countrymen, repaired immediately to a neighbouring magistrate for redress, honestly stating the cause of their enmity, their first encounter in the Bazaar, and the subsequent cowardly attack of his opponent. Well knowing that the justice of his cause would be little in his favor unless backed by something more tangible, the Chinaman laid a purse containing ten trials (about six dollars) at the magistrate's feet, and then made his exit. The name of the Portuguese was well known, and his appearance being peculiar, he was readily identified, arrested, and brought into court to be tried for the unmanly assault of which he was accused. He came without demur, and learning from the magistrate's private secretary (who is always kept duly posted on these points for the express purpose of communicating needed information to those whom it may concern) the amount of the bonus paid by the Chinaman, he laid, immediately on his entrée, the sum of twenty trials at the magistrate's feet, and proceeded to state, in defence of his conduct, that as the lady had preferred his rival simply on account of his superior personal attractions, he (the Portuguese) had felt perfectly justifiable in reducing his opponent to a level with himself in this particular, adding the sage conclusion, that the loss of a front tooth and a scared upper lip would prove pretty fair offsets against squint eyes and a diminutive stature; and if not, that similar means to those already used, might be again resorted to for the purpose of reducing the rivals to the desired level. Blinded by the double fee of his second client, the magistrate deemed his argument logical, and his conclusions perfectly just, and so dismissed the case *ad libitum*, quietly reminding the Portuguese, however, ere he took his departure, that the Chinaman might think proper to renew the suit, and in that case the

magistrate, would as in duty bound, be compelled to a reconsideration.

The Portuguese safely out of the gates, a discreet messenger was immediately dispatched by this exemplary magistrate to the Celestial, to inform him, of course, privately, and merely incidentally in the way of general news, that his fee had been doubled by his opponent, and that as a matter of course, justice blinded by the golden sand thrown in her eyes, leaned now to the side of the Portuguese. It was also adroitly hinted that her vision might be *cleared in the same way it had been obstructed*.

Readily swallowing the bait, the plaintiff renewed his visit to the magistrate, and this time *forty* bright trials filled the purse presented to the eager grasp of this wily limb of the law, and of course, with this glittering prize, returned all the magistrate's prepossessions in favor of his first petitioner, whose star was now again decidedly in the ascendant.

"*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*" was certainly *not* the ruling maxim of our distinguished judge, whose plastic conscience could be readily moulded to suit every existing emergency. So the lapse of a few hours served to enlighten the Portuguese as to the position of affairs; and now thoroughly alarmed lest his opponent should continue to outbid him, and thus coming off victorious, should rise still higher in the lady's favor than before this unfortunate rencontre, he determined on a bold move that should set this troublous affair *forever* at rest, and leave him in undisputed possession of his coveted prize.

So drawing the magistrate aside, he offered to lay a purse of *five hundred* trials immediately at his feet on condition (sworn to and given in *writing*) that the plaintiff should not any more be allowed to outbid the defendant in the purchase of *justice*(?) and that, moreover, the Celestial should be openly condemned in court as the aggressor; and subjected to a heavy fine in money, and twenty-four hours' imprisonment in the stocks. To this arrangement this *just judge* readily agreed, mentally congratulating himself

at having so completely taken in *both* parties in this unrighteous quarrel, and pretty well satisfied that the Chinaman being poor, would not be able to go very much higher than he had already done; and that the fine of twenty-five trials (the fine being always one of the perquisites of the magisterial office) together with the sums already paid by the two, would bring up the entire profits of the case to about six hundred trials, or about three hundred and sixty dollars. Quite a passable fee for a job that had given him no trouble, and had served only to while away very agreeably a leisure hour or two that might otherwise have hung heavy on his hands.

The manœuvring Portuguese was not less pleased with his share of the bargain than was the officer of justice, for with the *written* contract in his hands, he knew he held the magistrate completely at bay, as he could at any moment bring disgrace upon the latter, which would lead to his expulsion from office, and the fear of this, would render that functionary perfectly plastic in his hands, and readily mould him to his every wish. True he had paid pretty heavily for his bargain, but wine and women are costly luxuries, in procuring which even misers forgot to quibble, and an *affaire-de-cœur* is proverbially a blinder of the judgment as well as of the eyes. But while these two worthy coadjutors were thus industriously plotting the poor Chinaman's ruin, and each exulting in the belief that himself had swallowed the oyster, and put off his associate with the shell, the sequel proved that *both* had reckoned without their host. The plaintiff was hastily summoned to appear once more before the tribunal of this exemplary judge, was fined and then placed in the stocks—not, however, before he had found means to dispatch a messenger to his *ladye-faire*, accounting for his disappearance, and informing her of the chapter of accidents that had befallen him. In her womanly eyes, he thus became a very *héros de romans*, and with the characteristic perversity of her sex, she declared she should now consider him far handsomer than ever, and these wounds,

inflicted because of his love for her, the very brightest adornments of his splendid person.

The Portuguese, on the contrary, had become more detestable to the lady than formerly, in consequence of his cowardice; and having now lost the means of satisfying the rapacity of the miserly father, the latter had no longer any disposition to receive him as his son-in-law, but signified his entire willingness to accept the rival Celestial instead.

The nuptials were accordingly celebrated with great *éclat*, as soon as the health of the bridegroom elect would permit, and the scarred lip (concealed in time by the growth of a luxuriant moustache) together with the general appearance of delicacy induced by his recent illness, only tended to make the handsome groom still more interesting in the eyes of his fair young bride and her attendant maidens.

The disappointed Portuguese, vexed now at having sacrificed his dearly loved wealth for nought, vented his spite by betraying the magistrate to one higher in office, who was induced to interfere only on the receipt of a fee of forty trials laid at his feet by the treacherous and unprincipled informant. The superior officer expelled the fallen one from office, administered the salutary discipline of forty stripes on the bare back, and then sentenced the wretched culprit to hard labor on the highways for the period of one year. Nor was this all. This impartial judge (forgetting that he had himself received a bribe from the same hands, or remembering it only to fear information being likewise lodged against himself) chose to consider our Portuguese as equally guilty with his accomplice, in seeking to corrupt by gold one of the officers of "the sacred and great kingdom of Siam;" and he consequently condemned him to a like punishment with the other, adding in the very refinement of cruelty, the ingenious expedient of chaining the accomplices together, and making them inseparable companions during the whole period of their well-deserved sufferings. Nor can we well imagine a more fearful aggravation of their doom than the galling

presence of each other, as in conscious impotence of rage and agony, they clanked their galling chains, gnashing their teeth, and uttering the most fearful imprecations against themselves, each other, and their vengeful persecutor. Himself now a condemned criminal, the testimony of the wretched Portuguese against the last magistrate would, of course, amount to nothing, and besides, the *written proof* was in this case wanting.

Such alas! is the protection afforded against petty tyranny under these despotic governments, and thus constantly is justice bought and sold to the highest bidder! Here we see one judge actually paid for deposing another from office, and condemning a fallen brother to hard labor on the highway for the very crime of which he was himself guilty just at the same moment. Thus too are effectually fostered in all, avarice, selfishness, and duplicity, and the most revolting crimes absolutely legalized by those whose ostensible duty it is to repress vice and inculcate virtue. The thousand petty acts of tyranny and oppression constantly practised by the subordinates of the government, render them a terror to the public, who whilst purchasing the forbearance of their officers by bribes, know not at what moment these very bribes may, for want of being sufficiently weighty to satisfy the great man's rapacity, be reported against them, and made the means of their utter downfall. And while they dare not withhold or diminish this "hush-money," the penalty, should they chance to be reported, is always in proportion to the amount of the bribe. Thus, if little is given, they are almost certain to be reported, whilst if much, and yet they should chance to incur the officer's displeasure from some other cause, the punishment is terrible; so that in either case the poor fellow is kept perpetually in hot water, always dreading vengeance, even though it should never come.

Another evil of this system is the utter heartlessness it engenders. If a man is attacked by a ruffian in the Bazaar, no one will venture to aid him, for fear of being involved in the scrape, and having

to hush suspicion by a heavy bribe. Should one fall down in a fit, many a passer-by, who would gladly come to his relief, is deterred by the fear that, when the man comes to, it may be found that he has lost something, and the "good Samaritan" in that case be repaid by being charged with the theft. And so in almost every imaginable case, every petty officer avails himself of the fears so readily aroused, as the best means of enriching himself at the expense of his credulous victims.

No officer of the Siamese Government ever receives a salary in *money*; but a certain portion of the public lands are allowed him for cultivation, and he enjoys certain perquisites in right of his office in the way of fines, fees, and the taxes levied on the people under his jurisdiction. These, together with other irregular emoluments, the amounts received as bribes, &c., make up for these exemplary office-holders very respectable salaries.

Trial by ordeal is not unfrequently resorted to, and is of several kinds. One method is to expose the suspected person to a conflict with several tigers that have been kept for days without food, and to exasperate which, every possible means is resorted to. The victim lightly clothed and provided with only a short sword as the means of defence, is turned loose in the pit with these yelling, raging monsters, and unless a man of giant strength, falls of course, and consequently is pronounced guilty, and his punishment declared just.

Another method is by compelling the victim to walk barefoot over irons heated to redness, and the slightest blister raised on the soles, being considered proof positive of guilt, he is dealt with accordingly. As no human being could escape unscathed such an ordeal, thus to test his innocence or guilt is the merest subterfuge,—a refinement of cruelty which seeks but to add this horrible torture to the ordinary penalty incurred for the offence with which the accused stands charged.

Still another means of trial by ordeal, is the administration of the most nauseating and revolting doses, and in such enormous quantities as can scarce be ac-

credited. If the stomach ejects them, the person is pronounced guilty, whilst if they prove of no effect, his innocence is firmly established. But alas! for the slender chance thus afforded the poor captive, the doses are such as nothing human could *think* of, still less swallow without the most distressing nausea. These doses are varied according to the supposed crimes, and most of them are of too revolting a character to be even mentioned on these pages.

The last method we shall speak of, and perhaps the most common of all, is by water. The suspected person is plunged suddenly and violently under, and held down for many consecutive seconds. If he strangle or choke ever so slightly, he is guilty; if not, he is innocent. Some expire under this barbarous treatment; others revive after a fit of strangling, only to suffer the severest penalty of the law; whilst seldom *one* escapes unhurt. For a person to be condemned to trial by ordeal in any form, is almost equivalent to condemning him to die, with all the added tortures that the most diabolical cruelty can suggest; yet for the honor of the Siamese be it spoken, this method of trial is becoming more and more rare, and is now seldom resorted to but in cases of the most aggravated description, where little doubt of the criminality of the accused can exist, though the evidence may be only circumstantial.

Among the lower class, tortures by means of flogging, squeezing the limbs in a sort of vice, and confining the whole person in stocks which effectually prevent the movement of a single muscle, are all frequently resorted to. Branding with hot irons, maiming, condemning to labour on the highways for a given term of years, and enslaving for life, are also common punishments among the lower orders, though never inflicted on the wealthy or nobly-born.

Convicts, when sent out to labour, are heavily ironed, and chained two and two, so that flight is impossible, whilst their limbs become terribly lacerated despite the precaution they take of tearing up almost every particle of clothing to wrap around the galled and ulcerated legs, in

pts to prevent the sharp, s from grating against the ng into the quivering flesh. s is reduced to slavery as the for crime, it is always for t the probability of redemp- ot only himself but his heirs, ; generation, become the vas- crown, suffered generally to : own houses and earn their t, but known every where as n, and liable to be called on ent, to fight, row boat, or per- other servile duty. This is with prisoners taken in war, o become enslaved in payment s these may at any time be y laying down the sum at are valued, and whether ran- st, their descendants are never s slaves, unless so expressly e contract.

mode of capital punishment iam, is by cutting off the head p sword; and so very adroitly ation performed, that life be- ct in a moment, whilst not ent of a muscle, a groan, or it contortion of countenance, indicate suffering on the part factor. Cases of capital pun- : very rare, and are confined asively to the higher walks of g considered less a disgrace nan to lose his head than to of the ordinary punishments the common people. High direct personal offences com- ist the King or other mem- 'royal family, are the only shed in this way. During the which covered more than a a century, there were proba- enty executions, and ten of e forfeit for a single offence— limentary words spoken by a young courtier to one of the : royal harem, to whom previ- becoming a queen consort, he nderly attached.

ig couple had been ruthlessly r only a few days before the summation of their nuptials, bition of the lady's parents

might be gratified in the elevation of their daughter to the royal harem. From that time the young couple did not meet for years, nor did the strictness of Siamese court etiquette permit them even to hear of each other's welfare. But their hearts were still united, and we can well im- agine the blighting of young affections, the soul-sickening weariness of those long years of hopeless love, the heart-aches and doubts and fears that preyed upon those youthful spirits, worn and wasted by hopeless separation from the beloved, and craving above every other boon the society of each other. But at last they met, unexpectedly to both, and within the palace enclosure—he retiring from an audience with the King, she returning from the bath attended by her maidens. Policy and the requirements of royal eti- quette would have led them to pass on, each without appearing to recognize the other; but more or less than human must he be who could expect such a course from this enamoured youth of twenty and his beauteous beloved of "sweet sixteen." The young courtier, thrown off his guard by the bright apparition that had so un- expectedly crossed his path, and for the love he bore this bright-eyed fair one wholly oblivious to the terrible penalty he was incurring, joyously saluted his former betrothed, and besought her to tarry for a few moments converse, that they whom Fate had so cruelly sundered, might have at least the mournful satis- faction of bidding each other a last adieu. To this the young lady imprudently con- sented, and though they conversed but a few minutes, and that in the presence of eight attendants, who all testified upon oath that no improper word was spoken or undue familiarity attempted, yet when the affair came to be reported to the King, he and his council declared the lives of the courtier, the lady, and the eight at- tendants, all forfeited to atone for the wound inflicted on the royal person and the honour of his harem. It signified nought that the meeting was wholly acci- dental, nor that the conversation was only of the past and without criminal intent as to the future; the King's honour had been compromised, and the laws of the

harem infringed, by a subject's daring to look upon the features of a queen consort, and the stain could be wiped out only in the rich life-blood of the offenders and their innocent attendants. And so in the flower of their youth they all perished by the hand of the executioner, the young noble scarce twenty years of age, and most of the others still younger. The Prince met his fate calmly and without apparent emotion, declaring that life had no longer any attractions for him, and that death in company with the loved one was preferable to life without her. The King of whom the young noble was an acknowledged favorite, was much more deeply moved, and piteously bewailed the sad destiny of one so amiable and accomplished, as well as his own in being compelled to lose, as it were, a son dearly beloved. Alas! for the caprices of the tyrant custom! The other nine victims, including even the lady herself, were deemed quite too insignificant to be spoken of by "His Serene Infallible Majesty."

Another instance of unusual severity, though of a different kind from the last, serves as an admirable exponent of the sentiments of his late Majesty toward his foreign friends, the few Europeans and Americans who resided at his capital. Mr. H., a British merchant long resident at Bangkok, and quite a favorite with the King, went out one day in company with several nautical friends on a hunting and fishing expedition. The trip was made in a pretty little cutter of some thirty tons burthen, and their first stopping place was at Pah-Nám, a picturesque little village situate at the mouth of the Ma-Nám river. Here is erected a spacious and costly Buddhist Temple, with the usual surroundings of zayats, pagodas, and priestly dwellings, whilst on the grounds, beautifully laid out, are groves of orange, mango, and other fruit trees, together with the pride of the tropics, the stately magnolia grandiflora, with its perfumed blossoms, and polished leaves of the deepest and richest emerald. About these trees swarm at all times myriads of wild pigeons, and seemingly conscious of the security afforded them by the Buddhist prohibition against taking animal life,

they build their nests in the turrets and pinnacles of the lofty pagodas, and all undisturbed by the noisy chants or busy footsteps of the numerous clergy, they rear their young, and live on generation after generation to extreme old age, with none to molest or destroy. Now these self-same pigeons proved all too tempting a bait to our English friends, who with a pardonable fondness for game and the characteristic "John Bull" propensity for doing as they pleased in spite of opposition, were for the time wholly unmindful of the Buddhist prejudice against the taking of life, especially in the immediate vicinity of a temple. So, armed *cap-à-pie* for the conquest, with guns in hand and well-filled powder and shot pouches swung jauntily over their shoulders, they leisurely disembarked, and proceeded to the shore, determined to lay in a good supply of the tempting game, sufficient for many days consumption. With the first discharge of their fowling-pieces fell a perfect shower of these beauteous birds, fluttering and whizzing past their ears in the last faint struggle or dying moan, and almost covering the ground at their feet. Another shot followed and with like success; but with the coveted booty came another crowd for which our Englishmen had by no means bargained—a party of incensed and excited priests, almost beside themselves with anger, and followed up closely by such a set of rude and clamorous cut-throats as would have done honour to the veritable "Five Points" of New York, or the East End of London itself.

Twenty-five or thirty priests, armed with clubs and spears, led the van, whilst the vagabond medley and their sticks brought up the rear; and so completely were the two or three Englishmen hemmed in by this murderous crew, that escape seemed for a time impossible. Nevertheless, fearful as were the odds against them, they valiantly determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and so fighting back to back, they for some time managed to keep the assailants at bay, and to lay prostrate several of that desperate gang. But the odds were too terribly against our little band of resolute

f whom were wounded; and exhaustion as well as loss of must soon have given in, coming from a source wholly appeared for their relief. A al, lying just outside the fort, ng and at a loss to account unusual occurrence, the cap- man of his best men pulled ashore to inquire its mean- as indeed a "God-send" for Englishmen, and more dead ay were rescued and taken ether, and her helm immedi- for Bangkok. On their ar- ty, they proceeded direct to their torn and bloody attire, an immediate audience with ry demanded full reparation ts and injuries they had re- Majesty was incensed be- e, for apart from his personal the foreigners, he was by satisfied that investigation me from another source, and a the form of cannon balls loors of his stately palace, as i Excellency the Governor idl come to be informed of

So both from righteous in- gainst the priestly culprits, Hoy with regard to his own King determined to make an these cowardly offenders that , alike a standing terror to , and at the same time evince peot for his foreign friends— g guns," that were supposed ready at their bidding. So gnor of the Pak Nám fort d from office, he and every his suite flogged most un- the whole posse of priests the sacred yellow robes, ex- the ranks of the clergy, and pper Provinces to cut grass 's elephants and perform for of their days other similar the and fatiguing duty. Instance only of this unu- on the part of "His Serene Nam," we shall cite—an in- , though near thirty years since its occurrence, is still

fresh in the minds of every native, is handed down from parent to child as an event too terrible to be forgotten, and which is never related but in a whisper with the addition of many an ominous shake of the head, and a fearful glance around, as if the troubled spirit were still lurking about and ready to pounce in direct vengeance upon any who dare profane his name or insult his memory by a careless handling of either. The very site of this dark tragedy is a dread- ed spot, which the superstitious natives avoid as they would a deadly pestilence. None could in the whole kingdom be found hardy enough to moor there his floating house,—and scarcely can they be persuaded to paddle their canoes past a spot invested, in their minds with so much of gloomy horror, whilst the very name of the principal actor in this dark tragedy, is said or sung by mothers to their crying infants as the surest means of terrifying them into silence. One of their simple ditties I have often heard, as almost convulsively the trembling mother clasped her screaming child to her breast, herself the more frightened of the two.

The little song runs as follows :

"Hush! hush thee, crying babe!
Thy wailing plaints be stayed.
The rebel chief is here!
Close thine eyes—softly sleep,
Nor ever wake to weep.
Would'st see *Peer-si-pi-feer*?

Nay, tremble not, my joy!
Nor weep thee, darling boy!
Thy mother holds thy head.
Rest thee tranquil—sweetly sleep,
Nor ope thine eyes to weep.
Peer-si-pi-feer is dead!

Why tremble so, my pet?
Why toss, and scream, and fret?
'Tis all in vain thy grief.
Thy diamond eyes so bright,
Need not start in fright.
Low lies the rebel chief!

Hush! hush thee to repose,
Thy velvet eye-lids close,
For still thy mother's here.

Softly slumber on her breast,
 Dream thee of thy chosen rest,
 Nor dread *Peer-si-pi-feer*!"

With a brief account of this terrible chief we conclude this sketch.

Something less than thirty years ago, there was appointed by His Siamese Majesty, as Viceroy of the Upper Provinces, a nobleman of the name of *Peer-si-pi-feer*. So far removed from the capital that he seldom made his appearance at court oftener than once a year, enjoying the perfect confidence of his royal master, and having under his jurisdiction nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the kingdom, *Peer-si-pi-feer* was in all but the name a sovereign, and in all the appointments of his court maintained a degree of regal splendor little inferior to that of the king himself. But all this instead of satisfying, served only to inflate the pride of this haughty chieftain; and presuming that his immense wealth and almost boundless influence among the people, would readily enable him to carry forward his treasonable purposes, he determined on a revolt against the reigning king, and to possess himself of the throne even though it should be necessary to wade to it through the blood of the nation. Some recent measures of the crown that had caused a temporary disaffection among the people, together with the fair promises of emoluments and favours held out by *Peer-si-pi-feer*, induced many to join him whom he had scarcely hoped for; and elated beyond measure at this unlooked-for success, he marched his immense army directly toward the capital,—and ere the terrified monarch was fully aware of his danger, the throne on which he sat so serenely was shaken to its very centre, and the beleaguering foe thundering at the palace gates. Witches, astrologers, and soothsayers had been consulted, and all reported favourably for the ambitious peer. Their omens were triumphantly repeated by the rebel and his suite in their onward march to the capital, which he entered at mid-day, crowned, decked in regal attire, and mounted upon a *white elephant*, which mode of riding was in itself a di-

rect assertion of his claims to the throne,—since none but the king, and he on extraordinary occasions, may presume to mount this sacred animal. The common people and the clergy, almost to a man, favoured the claims of the rebel—the former because they believed no change could be for the worse, and it might possibly better their low estate; and the latter from spite against the reigning monarch for some recent acts of severity against the sacred brotherhood. The nobility, except the immediate family of the king, were mostly neutral, and their retainers of course followed the example of their lords; so that the poor old king was left almost alone, except, as we said, by the members of his own household. Fortunately it was not a very small one, consisting at that time of some five hundred wives, forty children, and several tens of thousands of officers, servants, and soldiers. The reason of the neutrality of the nobles was found in the fact, that they regarded the reigning monarch and the new aspirant *both as usurpers*, and their petted favourite, the idol of the nation, and the legal sovereign, then quite a child, was living in retirement deprived of his natural birthright, (to which he has since succeeded,) and condemned to the occupancy of a position far below that to which he was rightfully entitled.

By withholding their powerful aid from both the contending parties, the nobles hoped that the rivals would mutually destroy each other, and thus the way be opened for their own favourite, the legal heir. Such might perhaps have been the result had the young prince been older and more ambitious, able to appear at the head of his own armies, and by his magical presence to nerve them on to deeds of adventurous daring; but it could hardly be expected of a boy of ten, who really cared not a copper for the throne, and who even since his majority voluntarily resigned the uneasy seat in favour of another and now only consents to occupy it from a high sense of duty to his country. But to return to our story.

Peer-si-pi-feer continuing almost unchecked his onward march, had already got possession of some portions of the royal city,—and in a few hours more, both palace and harem would doubtless have fallen into his hands, when succour came from a quarter the poor old king had never thought of. Mr. H——, one of the British merchants, suggested to the terrified monarch the propriety of turning to use the guns mounted upon the palace fortifications, and generously offered the services of himself and his few comrades to conduct the attack. This offer was joyfully accepted, and the few Siamese who were really capable of rendering any efficient service, were, by this unlooked-for succour, inspired with new hopes,—whilst the prompt and vigorous discharge of the guns upon his picked men in the very front of his army, carrying everywhere through the ranks death and dismay, caused the stout heart of the rebel chieftain to quail, and awoke for the first time in his breast fears as to the ultimate success of his daring revolt. Terror-stricken and in the wildest confusion, the besieging army fled before the mere handful of pursuers that their fears had multiplied to tenfold their real numbers, and whom they verily believed invested with supernatural powers, so deadly had been their onslaught. Scarcely pausing to look behind them, the retreating army reached Ayūthia, eighty miles above Bangkok, stripped of half their arms, baggage, and equipments, having lost most of their best warriors, and the rest so completely cast down that they had no spirit left in them, and were ready on the slightest pretext to surrender. They were followed a few hours later by the royal army, now since success was no longer doubtful swelled to a great host, and the guns having been shipped aboard the royal yachts and barques, they were brought to bear directly on the hostile army before the latter had time to prepare themselves for the reception of these most unwelcome guests, and as might have been expected, a complete overthrow of the rebels was the result. Hundreds fell in this fierce combat, that seemed more like the

desperate onset of enraged demons yelling and foaming and uttering the most direful imprecations of rage and despair, than like anything human.

Peer-si-pi-feer and several of his leaders were captured and taken in chains to Bangkok, where they were laid by his victorious nobles at the foot-stool of the enraged monarch,—now as much elated by complete success, as he had recently been cast down by fear. A mock trial followed, and of course the rebel chief was condemned to death, as probably was needed for the future tranquillity of the country. But *such* a death! One would have thought none but the arch-fiend himself, with the added ingenuity of his entire cabinet in infernal council assembled, could have devised a sentence—planned and executed with such a refinement of even diabolical cruelty, as might draw a blush of shame from the prince of the infernal regions himself. First the eyes of the wretched man were put out by the application of red hot irons; then the tongue, after being several times slit, was forcibly torn out by the roots; then the fingers and toes one by one were chopped off, and long gashes cut in the fleshy parts of the arms and legs, to which no soothing application was allowed to be made, but the gaping wounds were constantly exposed to the air, and to the attacks of the venomous insects with which those warm latitudes abound. After all this, the wretched criminal was placed, without one particle of clothing, in an iron cage, exposed in the spot we have before alluded to, on the river banks, whose cool waters he could *hear* rippling past him, but could not by any possibility *touch*, though often and eagerly was the mutilated stump thrust through the bars in the vain attempt.

There without food, water, or shelter, with the parching sun beating down in all its burning, tropical fury upon his very brain, and exposed to the jibes and taunts of the thronging rabble,—who in his prosperity had been but too eager to pander to his folly,—the poor old man lingered on for three long days and nights to curse the mad ambition that

d proved his ruin, and doubtless long-
g and praying for death to come to his
lief. His shrieks and groans, more
rible, it is said, than tongue can tell,
re heard during all the still hours of
e night; and when at last he expired,
aving maniac, his dying groans seem-
to linger on the ears of those who had
ard them, and the dark memory of his
cruciating tortures to rise before the
willing eye, till the very name of the
ngeful monarch who had caused them,
came a by-word, and was uttered only
th hatred and detestation. But though
little remaining affection of his peo-
: was wholly alienated by these acts
diabolical cruelty towards a fallen and
fenceless foe, yet the terrible example
ved effectually to nip in the bud

the spirit of revolt, and to the day
of his death no farther attempt was ever
made to wrest the sceptre from the hand
of the unrighteous usurper.

The spot where the doomed chieftain
perished is still avoided,—*the only vacant
spot* on either bank of the river for the
distance of many miles above and below
the city; and his troubled spirit is
supposed to roam about during the
smaller hours of the morning calling
in plaintive accents for "*water*," whilst
calmly and sweetly the noble river flows
onward, mocking by its cool ripple the
 parching thirst of the doomed man, and
evading ever his agonizing efforts even
to touch its swelling bosom.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 19th, 1858.

OUR SOLDIER BROTHER.

BY NABEL.

Oh! the restlessness of waiting, oh! the weariness of keeping
Rainbow smiles on lips that quiver with the agony of weeping.
Cold suspense, thou art a demon, certain sorrow is relieving,
For the soul gains strength and courage in the anguish of believing.
Where is sun-light there are shadows, hope is but a word of sadness;
For the fears which cling about it, fill the brain with bitter madness.
Save us, save us, from this trial, we can bear it not much longer,
For tho' Hope be full of sweetness, Fear beside it is the stronger.
Trembling hands we lift to Heaven, wildly asking for protection,
Surely, surely, the Almighty will not scorn us with rejection.
In the sun-light we are kneeling, Summer skies are spread above us,
But our hearts keep feebly waiting, "is there no one left to love us?"
Can we bear to tell each other, "there is no one left to love us?"

Shouts of welcome hail the victors, proud success is crowned with glory!
Where, oh! where is our beloved? who is here to breathe his story?
Yonder come his chosen comrades,—mother, mother, *he has perished!*
Vain was all our earnest pleading, mad were all the hopes we cherished.
All our strength is lost!—what comfort can we give thee, darling mother?
Best and dearest of thy children was our gallant soldier brother.

We, the fatherless, are with thee, but we're feeble children only,
 Oh! that we knew how to bless thee and to make thy life less lonely.
 Who can whisper words of calmness when the heart is full of sorrow?
 Yesternight we sat together, wishing for the coming morrow—
 Bursts of music—flaming banners—beauty round and light above us;
 Mother, mother, can we bear it? there is no one left to love us,
 Life is now a mighty discord,—*can we live with none to love us?*

Laughing, weeping, we have listened to our own one calmly telling
 Of his dangers—there is gladness, more than gladness in our dwelling.
 Round the fire, we sit together, all the night we have not slumbered,
 Twelve hours full of joy's completeness, in our life books have been numbered;
 We have spoken of his absence, of the long days chill and dreary
 Passed away since Hope forsook us, and our waiting hearts grew weary.
 Darkness reigneth in the city, on our door-steps snow is lying,
 Dirge-like winds are shrieking wildly, for the old year now is dying;
 But we heed not Nature's mourning,—what to us is wintry weather?
 We are happy, darling brother, let us live henceforth together—
 Thanks to God our hearts are hymning for His watchful care above us:
 Oh! assurance full of sweetness, thou art here to guard and love us—
 Brother, brother, *we're so happy*, thou art here to guard and love us.

Editor's Table.

We give the earlier pages of our present number to the Opening Ode and Oration written for the Inauguration of Crawford's Equestrian Statue of Washington, in this city, on the 22nd of February. We should delight in presenting, at the same time, the Terminal Ode from the pen of James Barron Hope, but for the fact that this gentleman expects to repeat it elsewhere, and on that account does not desire it to be printed immediately. At the time of our writing, the ceremonies have not taken place, but the preparations that have been made warrant us in believing that the pageant will be the most imposing and magnificent, apart from its moral significance, that has ever been witnessed in America. As a work of art, the statue will be classed by common consent among the master-pieces of sculpture, and will bring yearly many pilgrims to Richmond to look upon the majestic image of the *Pater Patrie*

rising in the midst of the beautiful capital of the State that gave him birth. The second day after the erection of the great mass of bronze, and when the canvass wrapping had just been removed from it, the sun, twenty minutes before its disappearance, broke through a rack of leaden clouds and threw upon horse and rider a purple radiance of indescribable splendour, while its reflected light gave to the vaporous bank in the west a glory against which the outlines of the figure were seen in noble relief. It was a moment for our friend, Hope, to have caught an inspiration for his Ode, and we could only sigh that the exquisite scene, combining the triumphs of Art with the richness of Nature, which was far beyond our own powers of description, was not witnessed by one who could have perpetuated it, in all its delicious tints and strong effects, in his glowing poetry.

We need not, of course, call the atten-

tion of our readers to the grand Oration of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter. They will need no invitation from us to turn at once to the page on which it commences and read it through. It is in itself monumental, and forever establishes Mr. Hunter's claim to the first order of eloquence. We have so often had occasion to cull from Mr. Hunter's literary and philosophical discourses passages of remarkable beauty and strength, that we are not sorry in this instance to be saved the trouble, (resulting from the *l'embarras des richesses*.) by giving his effort entire.

The following bit of humour was clipped by us, some months ago, from the columns of a Southern journal, as worthy of preservation. At the moment we had no room in the *Messenger* for it, and it has lain upon our table awaiting its chance to be taken up, until we have been reminded of it in a somewhat startling way. But let us give the "yarn" first, and tell about that afterwards.

We were teaching an "academary" down in the wire grass country of South Georgia soon after we left college—and among the "higher branches" taught in that "institution" were the Rudiments of Astronomy, to which advanced text book we had introduced a class of sand hill boys and gopher trapping girls, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years. A few recitations, confined principally to corrections of mutilated pronunciations, "stairs," "hevingli buddies;" "the yeath," "comics," "planics," &c.—and we made to the "advanced class" the startling and incredible announcement that the sun did not rise and set daily, that the revolution of the earth on its axis made night and day, &c. There were a few "open countenances" in that gaping, wonder-stricken class about them.

Next morning we were waited on by a grave, sage-looking patron of ours, who, with some asperity of countenance and, as we imagined, contemptuous severity of expression, thus delivered himself.

"We've emply'd ye here to larn our young 'uns, haint we?" We assented to the proposition.

"Well," continued he, "what's all this riggymarole and stronomy and stuff about the sun not settin' and risin', and the yeath turnin' upside down of a night, and sich like infidel talk ye've been foolin' the skollards with?" Now, thought we, for a triumph of science, a lighting up of this

benighted understanding. Inviting him into the "academy," we proceeded to draw a diagram upon the black board, for the purpose of illustration. "Now," said we, "the sun is ninety-five million of miles from the earth, and"—"stop," cried he—"how do you know that? Who's been ther to measure it? What surveyer's ever drag his chain over that route? Taint so." In vain we assured him that scientific men had demonstrated it, philosophers proved it beyond a doubt, and that all the learned and eminent men in the world admitted and believed it.

"They don't know nothin' about it," was his dogmatic response—"not a bit more'n I do, and they've never been any closter to the sun than I hev. Its agin reason, sense and scripser, to say that the sun don't rise and set—for that's a text, which mabbe you've seed, if you ever read the bible, which I kaint scarcely believe you ever did read it, sayin' 'from the risin of the sun to the goin' down tharof'—and see here, young man, if you kaint teach the children somethin' better'n sich fool talk and infidel argyment, you mout as well look out for a Dooly settlement, whar ther ain't no churches and the folks never heerd o' the bible." We caved, wiped out the diagram with our left coat tail, bowed out our indignant patron, and the next mornin' the "stronomy" class was advanced to Peter Parley's geography, and the sun permitted to rise and set as usual. There's everything in admitting and denying the premises.

We think few persons in reading this innocent piece of fun, would suspect that there was anything morbid or irregular in the mind of the writer. We should predicate from his humour a genial and sympathetic nature, and we should argue that such a man would take the ills of life, if not with religious submissiveness, at least in an easy, philosophic way. How we were shocked, then, to read, some six or eight weeks since, that he had committed suicide under circumstances of peculiar deliberation and in company with a friend! The teacher of the "academary," the writer of the foregoing pleasantry, was the Editor of the *Fayetteville North Carolinian*, William F. Wightman, and died by his own hand in that town in the latter part of December. A letter from him lies among a pile of similar communications on our table. He was an occasional contributor to the poetical department of the *Messenger*, and one or two of his compositions have been published beneath his name. Young, gifted and esteemed, there must have been

and defect in his moral training, such a man, we cannot but express the conviction that it betokens a radical error in the education of American youth which should "give us pause."

aning correspondent sends us the ly goes far enough for the most sanguine
g fillibustering lyric, which certain- believer in "Manifest Destiny."

LAY OF YOUNG AMERICA.

Imperium oceano terminet.—*Virg.*

—————veteres revocavit artes
Per quas ————— imperè
Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis ab Hesperio cubili.—*Hor.*

The happy time shall surely be
Our country will be ocean-bound,
Our people may look all around,
And *circum sese* see a sea.

Acquiring regions hyperborean
There's but little gain or glory in;
Franklin the clime inhospitable
Could not endure,—nor was Kane able.
But to Canada I can a day
Point out, when it shall be my prey,
And upon Cuba's little island
I'll land my men and make it my land,
Its cuffees and its coffees too,
Its sweet things, 'lasses, señoritas,
Ripe oranges and big potatoes,
Its luscious pines, and rich bananas,
Its puffed, but not e'er praised Havanas,
And all things that in climates grow,
Where, as unknown to winter's sky,
Folks coughing from their coffin fly;
For saying—"all these mine shall be;—
That Spanish castle that looks o'er the sea
I'll batter,"—think not I'm presumptuous and vain,
That I'm only building a castle in Spain.

And there too's Hayti,—how I hate
To see so Ethiop-dark its fate;
A land so lovely sure "by heaven
An earthly paradise 'twas given,"
For angel smiles—not Sambo grins,
For elfin wings—not "Ebo shins,"
For fairy—not for "gizzard-feet,"
For odors—not of sweat—but sweet!

As to the land of Montezuma,
I'll make a new day soon illumine her;
Those ills abate that now consume her,
E'en though at length they should entomb her,
I will right speedily exhume her,
And make her brightly blush and bloom a
Lovely bride for that old Turk,
Uncle Sam, who'll smile and smirk,
And seal the compact quite as glib,
As a Mormon sealing his fifth rib,
He'll stretch across Tehuantepec
His iron arm, as round her neck,

For an embrace most beatific,
And so to reach the sea Pacific.

And next a neck he will annex
Of land, which statesmen much doth vex.
Central American knot so Gordian,
Which Cass and Napier can't accord in,
The annexation knot shall blot:
Thus by a knot a knot is not,
And a tie doth untie a difficul-ty;
(I fear that's borrowed by-the-bye,)
And England then may fume and fret,
But the lovely prize can never get,
By Monroe and by Roman doctrine,
His arms he has so tightly locked her in.

But richer lands lie near the sun,
We'll quickly cross the *Rubycon*.
Then must the shell-fish quickly shell out
Those "pearls barbaric" read about.
Bright are the flashing gems of Brazil,
(Nor do its wide-spread pampas graze ill,)
I'll take its every mine for mine,
And Peru's too I will peruse,
By turns, the pick for gold we'll use,
And lasso for the "cattle line:"
Or, should we wish for more dispatch, a
Locomotive swift cow-catcher.

And Peru, then those Chinchy isles,
(Round which for leagues "old ocean smiles,"
So sweet the gales that o'er it fly,
Like those of Happy Araby,)
Must yield to make our wheat and corn grow;
Lament! a goner is thy guano!
And then, O ye monopoly fellows,
Will your occupation be like Othello's,
And twenty-five dollars—by the long ton,
The price of "Peruvian, A. No. 1."

'Tis said, and I must admit 'tis true,
It's dangerous living in Peru,
Because the earth so often quakes;
But then its bark is the very stuff
That never fails to cure "the shakes,"
And of that we'll have a *quantum suff*.

But all our wants at length obtained,
By distant Patagonia gained,
(If not, why then Cape Horn we'll take,
Just for the horn of plenty's sake,
And a plenty of horn 'tis too I should say,
Having been doubled so oft in its day,
By tars who whenever they double a horn,
You may know 'tis a rouser, as sure as you're born,)
The Pat-agony for liberty
Shall draw our armes across the sea,
And England then, who rules the waves,
Must waive her rule o'er Irish slaves.

• • • • •

A kingdom to a farm I bet,
All this and more some day I get,
And let the world say what they may,
I fearlessly do make this *lay*.

DUNWIDDIE, VIRGINIA, 1857.

We shall feel grateful to any one who will tell us the authorship of the following exquisite verses on the Rainbow, that glorious phenomenon which has inspired so many poets and imparted something of its brilliancy to the literature of all lands. Years ago, we met with them in a village newspaper, by which they were attributed, somewhat indefinitely, to an "English gentleman," but though we have searched all the anthologia of selected poetry ever since, we have never seen them assigned to their rightful author, who must have written other pieces worthy of being rescued from oblivion. Rainbow verses would form no mean chapter of English song, if all that have been written were collected together. Campbell's fine poem, Amelia's many-hued

stanzas in the same metre with the subjoined, Byron's lines in Don Juan concerning

"That airy child of vapour and the sun,"
and Wordsworth's

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky—"

will occur to the majority of readers upon the mere mention of the subject; but many other compositions there are which would fill a duodecimo in blue and gold, the only style in which such a collection should be published. Among them the verses we are about to quote would occupy an honoured place. Will somebody inform us who wrote them?

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious; and light thro' the trees
Play'd the sunshine, the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze;
The landscape, out stretching, in loveliness lay
In the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale,
And the smile of her promises gave to the hours,
While rank in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendors of azure and gold,
But one cloud, at a distance, rose dense and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes while around us they glow'd
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe like an angel of wrath,
And its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the fields, and the wood;
And river, fields, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they felt and afforded delight.

'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand
Whose grasp, at Creation, the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;
The black clouds his banners of vengeance unfurl'd,
And the thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world:

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
When the sword and the plague spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

Not *such* was the Rainbow, that beautiful one,
Whose arch was refraction—its key-stone the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile and it sweetly bent over the gloom
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on the source of my song,
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord,
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, and a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, on my heart,
That Bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.

The author of the very spirited and interesting memoir of the late General James Hamilton, of S. C., published in the annuary number of the Messenger, has sent us the following addendum to it, which we publish with great pleasure—

One of the most signal examples of Gen'l Hamilton's remarkable candor, truthfulness, and sincerity, was exhibited in his magnanimous reply to the numerous assaults of his opposition journals, during his distinguished career in Congress, charging him with a *change of political sentiments* since the period of his service in the State Legislature. It is a weakness of human nature or men to pride themselves on their consistency of opinion. This weakness was shared in by even our great Calhoun, and by all our great statesmen, who have at all times made the most strenuous efforts to reconcile their *present* with their *past* opinions. Whilst, on the contrary, the noble-minded and chivalric Hamilton *candidly and boldly acknowledged and avowed his change of political opinions*, from those in early life) of *quiescent conservatism* to those of the *strictest State Rights construction of the Constitution, as the only palladium of our liberties*. He boldly declared that a very few years' experience in witnessing the corruptions at Washington, had satisfied him that the Federal Government was

far too strong, and was fast encroaching upon and destroying the Rights of the States; and that the *most energetic resistance by the States* to such overwhelming corruption was necessary to save the liberties of our country. He gloried in this salutary and wise change of opinion; and closed his most eloquent and powerful address with the grand and philosophic aphorism of Lord Bacon—"He who never changes his opinions never corrects his errors."

The death of M'dlle Rachel is an event calculated to excite a sensation in literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic, since the last professional tour of her life was performed in the United States, and she made her final appearance on the stage at Charleston, South Carolina. The transcendent power of this extraordinary woman attracted to the theatres of the few American cities in which she played, many persons who are not habitual patrons of the drama, for it was a power adequate to the most remarkable triumphs, first among which was to have reanimated the artificial and pompous old classicisms of Corneille and Racine, and to have imparted to the waxen figures of

their dreary tragedies, the fire that belongs to the heroines of Shakspeare. There was but one opinion, we believe, as to the genius of Rachel. The little outcast who, during the revolution of 1830, was trudging the streets of Lyons from coffee-house to coffee-house as a singer of ballads, no sooner appeared upon the boards of the *Théâtre Français* than her gifts were acknowledged by the men who had changed the dynasty of a kingdom, and from that moment until her departure for America in 1855, a period of nearly twenty years, she brought to her feet by the inspirations of the Tragic Muse, the most fastidious critics, the most celebrated artists, the most illustrious statesmen, the proudest monarchs of Europe. In England, where for many years the appearance of Rachel was one of the regular events of the London Season, she was uniformly greeted with enthusiasm. Though her characters addressed the audience in a foreign tongue and moved in a sphere alien to British sympathies, though it was well known that the actress herself led the life of a *Messalina*, she never came before the foot-lights of St. James' Theatre without calling down the plaudits of that most decorous of well-gloved assemblages—the play-goers of the British aristocracy. As for France, if there was one national sentiment stronger than another, it was the universal Gallic admiration for Rachel. Frenchmen came from the provinces to see her, whom the splendours and dissipations of the capital had never before brought from the banks of Rhone or Loire. In the French Theatre her statue in marble, whose purity was satirical upon the excesses of the woman, challenged the attention of the visitor as the fittest representative of *La Tragedie*. When she left Paris, the *feuilleton* lamented her departure in melodious tears. Presents of the costliest description rained upon her from kings and emperors, and when she arrayed herself in queenly attire with all her gems, there was not a point of her person that was not defiant with a diamond. Few individuals in Europe received so much adulation, fragrant, flowery, golden, and bejewelled adulation, as this capricious, dazzling, dark-eyed, sinful creature, whose career has so lately been brought to its melancholy close on the shore of the Mediterranean.

As an actress,—while we might well hesitate to characterize a genius so fervid and so peculiar, we think Rachel was somewhat improperly though not unduly praised. The panegyric bestowed on her performances, though not extravagant, was undiscerning. She possessed the wondrous power of the Medusa of freezing into terror, but she lacked the faculty of melting into tears. The spell which unloosed that sacred fountain in the heart, had not been given her. Indeed, the outline of her face had something Medusa-like in its marvellous but singular beauty. The snakes were not crested above the pale brow, but their gaze sat in her eyes, so variable and mobile, combining the softness of the dove with the fatal glare of the basilisk. Perhaps the lack of command over the tenderer sympathies of her audience, was more strikingly exhibited in *Marie Stuart* than in any other of her impersonations. The picture of Mary, presented by Rachel, was full of a sweet melancholy and a desolate loveliness which might have touched the hearts of the most stoical. As she swept across the stage in the costume of the period, dark as night and symmetrical as sculpture, she seemed like one of the recumbent statues on the tombs in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, warmed into life by the ray of genius. But never throughout the play did she overwhelm her auditors with that resistless pathos which Sarah Siddons is said to have exercised at will over the British people. Rachel terrified them, she made them tremble with affright, especially did she send a thrill of horror through the house when, gathering her whole soul for one volcanic outpouring of bitter scorn, she pointed to Elizabeth as "*le fruit d'adultère*"—but she did not bring them to sympathise with her misfortunes and espouse her cause. The same absence of tenderness marked to a greater or less extent all her performances. The *Athenæum* is right in declaring that, "more of those who saw her left the theatre shuddering with pain and awe, than melted and cloven by that noble sorrow which makes the heart better."

During a brief residence in Paris in 1854, it was our fortune to see M'dlle Rachel twice in private. The acquaintance was sought by herself, as she was

then meditating her visit to America, and she was naturally desirous of conversing with American gentlemen on the subject. We called at her hotel in the Rue Trudon and found her neatly but plainly dressed in morning costume, sitting in a sort of library-boudoir, with M. Scribe. The interview was not a long one, but the conversation, which was mostly a monologue on her part, ran over many topics of interest, including the plays of Shakespeare. She expressed her deep regret that she could not so conquer the English language as to be able to undertake *Lady Macbeth*. Upon our inquiry as to the effect of the tragedy in the French translation, she smiled and said that no power of voice, no ghostly presence could possibly redeem the somnambulist scene from the ridiculous. "Out damned spot!" she declared, became extremely absurd as "*Va-t-en, tache maudite!*" We recollected the "*Monsieur Macbeth prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff*" and could not but acknowledge the justice of her criticism. In discussing the American trip, we strongly dissuaded M^{lle} Rachel against it, assuring her that, in our judgment, nothing could be more wearisome to an United States audience than the cold unities and the stilted declamation of the French tragic drama, and that while a certain *furor* in fashionable circles would give her immense houses at first, the interest would die away immediately, and even the snobs of our largest cities would disobey the exactions of fashion when the inevitable drowsiness made them nod in the pauses of *Andromache* and *Polyxeste*. The result fully justified our counsel, and had the project of interpreting Racine to our people been abandoned, she might at least have been spared the humiliation of failure which, with the rising greatness of Ristori, made her last years extremely miserable.

Our second interview with the modern Melpomene was in her reception room, behind the scenes of the *Théâtre Français*, just after the fall of the curtain in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. A score of the wits and novelists of Paris awaited her coming in this modest apartment which was adorned by a full length picture of her by an eminent painter in the character, we think, of *Phedre*. She entered the room the moment she had escaped from the applauses of the

audience, not at all flushed with excitement, but stately, almost statuesque in dignity and composure, and received the salutations of her friends and admirers with a grace of manner that was incomparable. It was at her bidding, communicated through a gentlemen whom she sent with the message to the stall we occupied during the performance, that we threaded the labyrinthine passages of the *Théâtre Français* to make this visit, and we came away with the impression of having seen a most extraordinary person, who was at once to be admired and pined for her surpassing gifts and her false and frivolous existence.

In looking to the short and brilliant career of Rachel, and the space she filled in the regards of the world, we cannot help contrasting her with another woman, a contemporary, whose lease of life was about as long, but whose experiences were as different as possible. While the one was thrumming on her tambourine, a little Jewish nomad, in the streets of Lyons, the other was gazing out, with her keen eyes, upon the world as she saw it, a precocious child, in the rude moorland and yet ruder population of Yorkshire. Later, while the one had entered the *Conservatoire* and was there undergoing the artificial training which was to prepare her for the successes of the theatre, the other was bending over her books in the boarding-school where neither affection nor sympathy on the part of her teachers alleviated the loneliness of her situation. Later still, while the one was bewildering the capitals of the Continent with her passionate characterizations, upborne upon a flood-tide of popular enthusiasm, the other was pursuing the secluded life of a governess, unknown to the world, though not without an ambition as daring as that of the actress herself. In the city of Brussels we can imagine that they met, and that the plain Yorkshire governess sat before the stage across which *La Tragedie* moved in all her queenly beauty, crowned with the homage of hushed and excited thousands. A little while and the two women are removed from all earthly triumphs, leaving records how widely variant! The *Théâtre Français* closes its doors when Rachel is buried, there are a few *immortelles* thrown upon the turf where her body has been

she has transmitted to her me caskets of diamonds and the memories of substantial applause—
/ When the Yorkshire governess went away, there were regrets uttered all the earth, all that related to the vivid interest to multitudes in her life, and an assured earthly fame lay behind the flight of that but uncomplaining spirit. She wrote books, she fought the battle of the direction of certain lofty things bravely—whose memory is the more envied, that of Rachel or that of Charlotte Brontë? The reader may ponder upon the contrast at his leisure.

Some time ago, our readers may recollect we favored them with a French translation of the Rev. Adrian Rouquette of a little poem of our own, which is all unworthy of the honour conferred upon it. We are under obligations to this accomplished man and to his gifted brother—Dominique Rouquette, for having rendered in graceful language another bit of versifying, which seems to us so very pretty in each of the fine poems they have given to it, that we feel at no one will accuse us of vanishing the original with both of them.

SONG.

WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

My, step into the boat,
The banner flutters free,
In the sunset we shall float
On the swelling sea.

The light of day grows dim
Our vows shall be told,
On small speck on ocean's rim
O'er the crests of gold.

Let discourse my ear shall fill
While my soul subdue,
The unprisoned bird, at will
Sings across the blue.

Now upon that distant strand
We shall be confest

'Twill be to me the "Happy Land,"
"The Island of the Blest."

This is no great affair, certainly, but look you, how the Rev. Adrian Rouquette gilds it by the touch of genius—

CHANSON.

A CELLE QUI LE COMPRENDRA.

Venez, jeune lady, montez sur la nacelle;
Notre pavillon libre ondoie en s'agitant;
Et lorsqu'à son coucher l'astre du jour
Ruisselle,
De l'empire orageux nous fendrons l'élément.

Avant que dans le ciel pâlisce la lumière,
Là-bas à l'horizon vers ce point nuageux,
Où luit le front doré de chaque cime altière,
L'un à l'autre nos cours auront fait leurs aveux.

Votre éloquente voix subjuguera mon âme;
Mon oreille ravie entendra vos accents;
Et puis, nous glisserons sur l'azur de la lame,
Libres comme l'oiseau qui jette aux flots
Ses chants.

Et quand sur cette plage, au loin, l'âme
Ravie,
Nous aurons prononcé nos serments amoureux,
J'aurai, jeune lady, vu la "Terre Bénie,"
Et nous aurons atteint "l'Île des Bienheureux."

The brother, Dominique Rouquette, who has written some lyrics not unworthy of Beranger, adheres more closely to the measure of the original, but it is impossible for us to say which is the better of the two poems:

Viens, lady, sans retard monte dans ma nacelle,
Son pavillon flotte dans l'air;
Quand le dernier rayon de soleil étincelle,
Partons et voguons sur la mer.

Avant que du couchant la lumière ne tombe,
D'aimer nous jurerons encor

Là-bas, vers ce point noir, cette ombre qui
surplombe
Sur l'océan ces franges d'or.

Ta parole emplira mon oreille enivrée,
Ta voix subjuguera mon cœur,
Quand libres, nous fuirons sur la vague
azurée,
Comme l'oiseau fuit l'oiseleur !

Et lorsque, sur ce bord lointain et solitaire,
Nous nous ferons de doux aveux,
Ce lieu sera pour nous un Eden sur la terre
Sera l'île des Bienheureux.

The most preposterous joke of the season was perpetrated on the Capitol Square, in our city, the day the Equestrian Statue of Washington was first uncovered. A desperate man declared that, whatever might be thought of the rider, nobody had ever seen a horse of half as much *metal* before. Our informant turned away whistling an air from *Le Cheval Bronze*, and happy to relate, the work did not fall, but remained "*in statu quo*."

Public indignation is respectfully requested.

Notices of New Works.

THE DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND ADAMS, 1789—1801. By WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1857. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Mr. Trescot is well known to the careful students of American history for his admirable work on the "Diplomacy of the Revolution," published some years ago. They will gladly accept this further contribution to the historical literature of the country, and they will rejoice to learn that it is the intention of the author to follow it up with two additional volumes, bringing down the valuable record to a very recent period. The title of the volume before us is not promising, since we are apt to associate diplomatic negotiations with dry reading and dull detail. But Mr. Trescot, in the employment of a style at once graceful and accurate, has invested the materials he has chosen for discussion with the charm, if not of a romance at least of an animated narrative like that of Motley, devoted to the rise of a great republic. We do not know a treatise, the perusal of which is calculated to inspire one with a greater respect for the intellectual character of its author than this modest yet most able and dignified work. Mr. Trescot, in his survey of the men and measures of a past age,

has risen far above the passions and prejudices of the moment, and treats of the imposing questions involved in his researches with a fairness and calmness that many a more ambitious historian might envy. The twelve years embraced in the review were years of painful perplexity and trial, when the infant nation had to contend with the disadvantages of the Old Confederation and the troubles incident to the working of a new Constitution. Our affairs with the countries of Europe were involved in great confusion—England was yet sore under the loss of her colonies, Spain was watching us with an evil eye, in France the upheaval of all the elements of society had not disposed the leaders to treat with kindness the free government which French valour had helped to establish, while in our country the French Minister, Citizen Genet, had set that government at defiance—to show how from a state of things so discouraging, the foreign policy of the United States was gradually settled by the wisdom of the fathers of the Republic upon a sure basis of right and good feeling, this has been Mr. Trescot's task, and he has performed it in a manner that reflects the highest honour upon himself and upon South Carolina.

As a specimen of Mr. Trescot's style, often rising to eloquence yet never inflated

NEW YORK DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.
*A Discourse in Commemoration of the
 Fifty-Third Anniversary of the New York
 Historical Society, and of the Dedication of
 their new edifice* (November 17, 1857.)
 By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D. New
 York: John F. Trow, Printer. 1857.

Dr. Francis is one of the brightest links that connect the present generation with that noble race of men who inaugurated the administration of our National Government, and he is held in affectionate esteem and veneration by the friends of literature, science and art, not only in the proud city of his residence but throughout the country. The discourse now before us, for the perusal of which we have been indebted to the courtesy of a friend, is a charming review of the literary, scientific and artistic progress of New York during fifty eventful years:—it is much more than this, it is a contribution to the history of the age which will have a high and permanent value. Long may the kindly old gentleman yet live, to enliven the deliberations of the Society before which this discourse was pronounced, and to witness the triumphs which he has been so largely instrumental in accomplishing.

HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, as traced in the writings of Alexander Hamilton and his contemporaries. By JOHN C. HAMILTON. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. 1857. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We fully concur in the general opinion which has been freely and widely given in the daily press concerning this remarkable volume. Had it been issued anonymously we should have suspected that it was designed as an attempt upon public credulity, and we should have warmly resented such a freedom taken with the pure and lofty fame of Alexander Hamilton as that of making him, from his grave, lay claim to all the honour and glory of the American Revolution. But it is published under the authority of his son, and we can only deplore the vanity and fatuity which seeks to magnify the reputation of the great Federalist at the expense of all the Fathers of the Republic, and especially of the grandest of them all, our venerated Washington. According to Mr. John C. Hamilton, the revolt of the Colonies was due entirely to the happy circumstance that his

father removed from the West Indies to New York in the beginning of our troubles, and the majestic part which George Washington played in that swelling drama arose out of the fortunate selection of the gallant stripling as his military Secretary. Not only did Hamilton prepare the Farewell Address, says the filial John C., but he wrote all the most important documents of the campaign for Washington to sign—indeed the *PATER PATRIE* was but a puppet in the hands of his amanuensis, which he worked to suit his own purposes. It is matter of congratulation to Virginia that our author has not claimed for his sire the authorship of the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence, and thus with iconoclastic zeal smashed the images of George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, which we have been taught to revere. There can be no apology for such a perversion of history as this. Alexander Hamilton was a man of lofty stature, who stands forth in the full proportions of assured greatness on the canvass of the Revolution for the admiration of the world. The effort to make him the central figure can only result in causing him to seem ridiculous. But for this, we might not object to the prosecution of Mr. John C. Hamilton's labours as an innocent amusement. But we cannot regard such tampering with the just reputation of the illustrious dead with indifference, and if we had any influence with Mr. John C. Hamilton, we should implore him to desist. He is covering himself with ridicule, which is of small consequence indeed, but he is also belittling his father, which is a very serious affair.

CONSEQUENCES OF ABOLITION AGITATION. By EDMUND RUFFIN, of Virginia. From *De Bow's Review*. Washington: Lemuel Towers. 1857. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

We are indebted to the distinguished author for a copy of this admirable pamphlet, which we should feel bound to review at some length, giving copious extracts, had it not already been laid entire before the Southern people in the pages of *De Bow's Review*. Mr. Ruffin is one of the most vigorous thinkers in the Southern States, and he wields a very trenchant pen. We are glad to see his essay on the "Consequences of Abolition Agitation" brought out in a form which makes it easily procurable by everybody. Mr. J. W. Randolph, of this city, will furnish it to all such as desire to obtain one or more copies.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1858.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND.

GOVERNOR WISE'S SPEECH OF WELCOME.

In the March number of this magazine we laid before our readers the Opening Ode and Oration pronounced at the Inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of Washington, in this city, on the 22nd of February. These two compositions were committed to type in advance of the anniversary, and our Magazine was ready for publication before the sunrise gun of the memorable day had been heard through the capital of Virginia, so that we have had no earlier opportunity than the present of referring to the incidents which marked the celebration. We do not propose here to describe the pageant, to recount the various military, Masonic, and other bodies that gave to the long procession the pomp of glittering uniforms and splendid regalia, to tell what exercises were conducted at the Monument, or to lay before our readers the various addresses which were there delivered by official personages wisely chosen for the purpose. This duty has been performed already by the newspaper press of the State, and will be done again more satisfactorily when the full account of the day's proceedings shall be printed in book-form for future historic use. We design, at this time, only to glance at the Inauguration, and place upon record what seemed to us the more striking features presented by it, prefatory to the Speech of Welcome by Governor Wise, which we did not receive in time to publish last month.

For days before the anniversary, the people had been pouring into Richmond by every mode of conveyance, and the strains of martial music heard constantly on the streets, announced the arrival of military visitors who had come to take part in the celebration. The weather, which for a week previous to the event had been unfavourable, changed to a soft and genial temperature on the 20th, and everything gave promise of a most auspicious sky for the 22nd, but that day came heavily with clouds and chillingly with snow, the storm increasing as the hours wore away to noon, and it might, indeed, be said that the elements did their worst within the point of human endurance. Had the cold been five degrees more severe, or had the flakes which came on the north-east wind filled the air more thickly, it would have been impossible to conduct the exercises in the open air. As it was, the patriotism of the multitude overcame the inclement weather, and thousands of both sexes remained for hours around the base of the Monument, awaiting the unveiling of the statue, regardless of the driving tempest and animated by the common desire of rendering homage to the memory of WASHINGTON. To a foreigner this spectacle would have been incomprehensible. No childish love of display, such as kept the avenues of Moscow crowded, despite of pitiless rain, at the coronation of the present Czar; no curi-

osity to witness a rare ceremonial such as fills the great squares of European cities upon the occasion of a Royal or Imperial visit; no mere reverence for art, one of whose noblest illustrations in modern times rose before them, caused the multitude to brave the rigors of that wintry morning; it was the reverence which they felt for the character of WASHINGTON that made them gather around the pile of granite and bronze there erected to his fame as if in the performance of a high religious duty. A feeling pervaded every bosom that Virginians above all the world should rejoice when the Commonwealth, which gave WASHINGTON to mankind, was about to render to him that lasting homage which other States and societies of men had already paid in the most imposing forms of monumental praise. The festival was peculiarly Virginia's own. Her patriotism had caused those ponderous blocks of granite to be reared within the shadow of her Capitol in Roman strength and massiveness, and her love had kept the gifted sculptor toiling for months in a foreign clime to shape the majestic image which now crowned the structure with grace and beauty. One of the most gifted of Virginia's sons had been chosen to tell the story of WASHINGTON's life in words which should be handed down to the remotest generations of the race, and from all portions of her extended territory her people had come up to testify that there was a charm in the name of the *Pater Patriæ* beyond any other spell that could be exercised upon their minds and hearts.

But there was nothing selfish in this

demonstration. It was Virginia evincing WASHINGTON her ancient pride representative consisted on no sister States from the triumphs of
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GOVERNOR WISE'S

Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens:

VIRGINIA has called the Nation, its Elders and her sister States, their Governors, Lawgivers and own People and all the children of this Confederation to Freedom, to assemble this anniversary birthd: Monument she has raised to the memory of t

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own form has gone back to it—and he modelled “Revolution,” the HENRY, and “Independence,” the JEFFERSON, and he cast the Equestrian Statue, and mounted the WASHINGTON on the War Horse and laid down his chisel. It was finished—it was enough—and he was called from his work to meet the great original, “the hero and the sage” himself in a land of spirits, where images are moulded not in clay, and monuments are not “built with hands” and are “eternal in the heavens.”

His *widow* is here. She sees, through her tears of the joy of grief a husband’s masterpiece link his name perennially, as bronze and marble last, to all the worth of WASHINGTON! Gently, softly, tenderly, we bid her welcome, but—*not to mourn*. No! fame has already sounded—

“Crawford, thou art fallen, * * * *
 * * * And some limbs of sculpture fell with thee!
 But from the ranks of Virginia’s chivalry
 A glory has burst forth, and matchless powers
 Shall make th’ eternal grace of sculpture ours.
 Th’ eternal grace; alas! the date assigned.
 To works call’d deathless, of creative mind,
 Is but a speck upon the sea of days,
 And frail man’s immortality of praise;
 A moment to the eternity of time
 That is, and was, and shall be; the sublime,
 The unbeginning, the unending sea,
 Dimensionless as God’s infinity.”

But my part is only to welcome you and introduce our chosen Bards and Orator, who will sing and say this day’s story in stronger, sweeter strains than I can sing or say.



AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

I.

"WELL, IF THAT DREAM OF BLISS."

I.

Well, if that dream of bliss be over,
That moved so deeply heart and brain,
I am not that insensate lover,
To lose, and then to love again;
The hour that tells me hope has vanish'd,
An hour of freedom cannot be;
As well assure the wretch that banish'd
From home and country, he is free!

II.

'Tis true that gallant barques may bear him
To other climes as fair as this,
And eyes may warm, and lips may cheer him,
With memories of a former bliss.
But, were he blind to every aspect,
Of storm and sorrow in his gaze,
He could not lose that ancient prospect
That stamp'd his soul in earlier days.

III.

The exiled heart bears still an anguish
That never leaves his fancy free;
And doom'd on foreign rocks to languish,
Still dreams of homes he cannot see.
Far back o'er waves of memory roving,
Decreed to feel, yet still deplore;
His passions, like their tempests proving,
His hopes, the wrecks that strew the shore.

IV.

If thine's the heart which yet can cherish
Each fancy of thy childhood still,
'Tis well, perchance, that mine should perish
'Neath broken faith and fickle will!
The heart which thou discard'st so cheaply,
Thine ear shall never hear repine;
It loves thee still, too dearly, deeply,
And fondly bears the doom of thine.

II.

"OH! HAD I BUT THE POWER."

I.

Oh! had I but the power,
I would twine for thee a bower,
Such as love might ever fancy of the gadding vine and flower;

Such a sky should arch above it
As should win thee still to love it;
Such birds should sing within it, as should soothe thy saddest hour.

II.

They should gather from thy beauty,
A meet sense of love and duty,
They should image forth the sweetness from thy angel nature breathing;
And the song and sunshine meeting,
Should be evermore completing
The bright circle of delight, which for thine my love is wreathing.

III.

They would take from me the feeling,
They are fittest for revealing,
That still joys to yield the joys which the dreaming heart but fancies;
And the love of mine they sing thee,
With the homage that they bring thee,
Should possess thee with a magic such as glows in old romances.

IV.

Ah! had I but the power!
Yet why mourn the failing dower,
When thou'st now, in best perfection all, the blessings that I sing thee:
Youth and Beauty in thy keeping,
And the bounteous nature heaping,
On thy heart and lip, alike, all the sweets that love could bring thee.

III.

"MY HOPE IS IN THE YELLOW LEAF."

I.

My hope is in the yellow leaf,
My dream is of the Past;
My early joy hath brought me grief,
My early profit waste;
And still, the greatest grief of all,
Is that too late I know,
How easy 'twas to 'scape the fall,
That laid my fortunes low.

II.

We shed the tear from vain remorse,
To think, could Time restore,
How easy 'twere to sweep the course.
That opes for us no more,
Forgetfulness! Forgetfulness!
Oh! Lethe, where art thou,
The thought to hush, that cannot bless,
And brings no wisdom now.

IV.

"COO-COO! TE WHEET TU WHU!"

The Bird Song.

I.

The birds that sing, in the leafy Spring,
With the light of love on each glancing wing,
Have lessons to last you the whole year through;
For what is "Coo-Coo! te weet tu whu,"
But properly rendered, "*the wit to woo?*"
Coo-Coo! te weet tu whu, *the wit to woo—*
Te weet tu whu!

II.

The verb 'to love,' on the tongue of the dove,
Heard noon and night in the cedar grove,
Is learn'd by heart where the heart is true!
For the wit to woo, and the wisdom too,
Lie in the one sweet syllable "Coo;"
Coo-Coo! te weet tu whu, *the wit to woo,*
Te weet tu whu!

III.

In every zone, is the language known,
But in Spring it takes ever the sweetest tone,
And if you have only the wit to woo,
You will do it in song as the young birds do,
And maidens will listen the whole year through!
Coo-Coo! te weet tu whu, *the wit to woo—*
Te weet tu whu!

IV.

And never was word, of forest bird,
Sweeter than that of the maiden heard,
For she hath the proper wit to woo,
And the gift of song to sweeten it too,
She has but to ooo, and she teaches to woo,
The whole sweet lesson, *te weet tu whu—*
Coo!-Coo! Te weet tu whu,
Te weet tu whu.

V.

SONG OF SEVENTY-SIX.

I.

Oh! joy for the day-star is breaking,
O'er all these wild forests and shores;
From her slumber of ages awaking,
Her light again Liberty pours:
O'er the wastes of the new world extending,
Where but lately the red savage trod,

Young Freedom her war song is blending
 With the anthem that rises to God!
 The strong man starts up from his sleeping,
 And the bright blade in sunlight is leaping.

II.

And that young virgin land shall no longer
 By the Tyrant's stern hoof be debased,
 For the God in his own clime grows stronger,
 And his altars now rise undefaced;
 From mountain, from river, from valley,
 The calls of the true heart ascend;
 And the brave to the battle-field rally,
 And the doom and the danger impend:
 The blood of the foe streams like water,
 And the fields wear the garment of slaughter.

VI.

THE SERENADER IMPLORES HIS MISTRESS TO COME FORTH.

I.

While the Evening star is tender,
 Softly flashing o'er the deep,
 Open eyes of equal splendour,
 Dearest maiden, cease to sleep!
 Here are worlds of fairy treasure,
 Such as woo the virgin heart;
 Here are songs of youth and pleasure,
 True to nature, dear to art!

II.

Here, thy cavalier delaying,
 Lingers with a loving joy;
 Duteous, with a true song, praying
 That his heart may have employ.
 Look thou forth in all thy beauty,
 Bright for conquest, thou and He,
 Glad to hail, with happy duty,
 The first faintest smile from thee.

III.

Come thou forth, with step of fleetness,
 As the birds through air advance;
 Beam out bright, with eye of sweetness,
 Swaying hearts with starry glance.
 Come, while hearts and hours are sighing,
 Still ungladdened by thy sight;
 Come, with soul and smile complying,
 Bringing blessings on the night.

VII.

" I SEEK TO SING OF GLORY."

I.

I seek to sing of glory,
 And for my deathless name,
 To win from future story
 A high and holy fame;
 I strike the eager lyre,
 The fond design to prove;
 But ah! the sounds expire,
 And glory yields to Love!
 Ah! Love!—Wherefore Love,
 When the soul would soar above?

II.

In vain I turn the pages
 Of sad and sacred lore,
 And through long buried ages,
 Dread, solemn truth explore:
 Alas! through all the ashes
 Of ancient years, arise
 The soft, but piercing flashes
 From Love's triumphant eyes.
 Ah! Love, look not thus,
 Or no glory shines for us!

III.

I turn'd me to the Sages,
 For wisdom, to arrest,
 These wild, consuming rages
 Of passion, in my breast:
 But they, with eyes of sorrow,
 Did each lay bare his own,
 And lo! still ruling thorough,
 Love sate as on a throne!
 Ah! Love, thine's the fame,
 And Glory, but an empty name!

VIII.

"ASK ME NO MORE FOR SONG."

I.

Ask me no more for song, dear maid,
 A mournful lyre like mine,
 That cannot even one heart persuade,
 Would do no grace to thine.
 The song to win such youthful ear,
 Should breathe that native tone,
 Which, born of Love's own blessed sphere,
 Makes every sphere its own.

II.

Once, not in vain, the lips that speaks
 Had bid my numbers flow,
 While throbbing veins, and flushing cheeks
 Had told what none should know;
 Had we but met in earlier days,
 Thou had'st not ask'd in vain,
 Nor I, beneath thy beauty's blaze,
 Refused to wear its chain!

IX.

"WERE I A BIRD."

I.

"Were I a Bird!" thus runs her song,
 When days are dark, and nights are long—
 "How soon I'd fly to thee!
 Though far thou fliest, tho' wild the way,
 Nor cloud should stop, nor storm should stay,
 The happy wing set free!"

II.

Alas! poor bird of love, how frail
 Thy feeble wing to face the gale;—
 Woman or bird, thy fate
 Is still to pine o'er hopes that fly,
 A storm forever in thy sky,
 And, watchless, find no mate.

X.

"AH! LOOK NOT THUS UNKINDLY."

I.

Ah! look not thus unkindly now,
 Fling not my hand in pride away;
 The cloud is on thy heart, thy brow,
 But there it should not, shall not stay!
 Ah! no!—no! no!
 If love hath power it shall not stay.

II.

There's not a bliss thy heart hath known,
 But it hath suffer'd mine to share;
 Wrong me not now, when Joy hath flown,
 Denying me to feel thy care!
 Ah! no!—No! no!
 Deny me not to feel thy care!

III.

Fling off the shadow of thy grief,
 And all thy secret wo reveal;
 My heart would seek from thine relief,
 Still taught by thee to love and feel!
 Ah! Yes!—Yes! Yes!
 Still teach me how to love and feel!

IV.

Then look not thou, unkindly now,
 Fling not my loving hand from thine,
 But let me share, with love, the care,
 That glooms the soul so dear to mine,
 Ah! Yes!—Yes! Yes!
 Thy grief as well as joy be mine!

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

THIRD LETTER.

Mr. Addums Describes his Fello-Borders and Seas and Hears Things.

DEAR BILLY.—Washinton in ginrul inside or out, ar certay a quare town. Out uv the house, things is very scattrin and difykill uv komprehenshin, lookin, as it twuz, like a man had getherd together the mateyul uv a sitty, and, bein drawd off from his bismess, had gone sum whar to atend to another contras leevin things layin about loose, intendin to retern and jine 'um up bimeby. Its just like a feel uv wheet, which has just been sowed by a druskin fool uv a nigger; hear the patchis is too thick, and thar, thar is skeerly a blade. The streets is prodigious brawd, givin plenty uv elbo room for everything to tun aroun, which is a good thing, thar bein so many hax and uthar veekles uv all kins. The beet uv hax espeshilly, I has nuvver kanseevd. Enny man goin by l uv the principil tavens, sich is Broun's, the Gnashaul, or Willuds, and seain the hax stretcht out in a string thar, wood swar his sacrid afydauid that a feunrul was a goin to

come outir thar immejitly. But they is jist waitin to take passagis, it bein sich a long wais from enny whar to enny whar. Noboddy what hassint got good kuntry laage, like mine, with plenty uv caf, and used to huntin skwerrils all day and chasin ole bares when a boy, kin stan to go from l plais to another. But I kin stan it, good, and saves a good eel uv munny tharby, nuvver takin a hac which koets you a quartur or a haf, or imployin uv a homnybust, which only charges 4punts.

Inseid the house, things in Washinton is jest is kramd as they is loose outsid. Eether this ar the kais, or Mr. Argruff, in elektin my bodin house, had a eye to makin uv me a stewjint uv men and mannus. Billy, you've no idee how peepil is packt in little houses like the wan I am okkypine. Packin uv pork in a meet house, which you should be keerful it don't git hot at the bone, and prizin uv tobakker, which y'all's Winstun nose how

to do it, givs you a parshil idee, but only parshil. Now in the fust plais, in this hous, which I'm a bodin in it, thar is a sto for the sellin uv men's shirts, limbur-twig appels and mint-stick kandy and doll-babis. Then thar is anuther sto uv mancher-makin, wimmen's kotes and klokes and things, and that is all the reg-lur bizniss dun heer, at leest all I has yit found out, ixsept 1 thing which doo puz-sil me mitey ni too deth. And that ar this. Lookin out of my back winder, which ar the onliest winder I've got, thar is anuther winder jinin it to the lef, and lookin throo that winder I seas rite into a loft, and thar I'll be konsoun if thar aint a sine bode uv a tavun with a star on it, and ferther on a lite cummin in from some whar, like the lite over the top uv a fashnubble dough, and what the meenin uv it is, is mo'n I no, or kin kunjeckts-her. I've set for hows and hows, waitin for somboddy to cum into that tavun, throo that ar fer dough, and nar a sole has enterd it yit, unlest while I wuz asleap. But if enny boddy uvvur dux cum thar, I lay I ketch um.

To retern to my akount. Besides the too stes I abuv menshind, and the misteyus sine bode uv the tavun, thar is mo peepil bodin in this hous than you kin shak a stic at, and I doant reckon I've seen evin haf uv um eether, long as I has bin heer. Uv them I seen, the fust ar, uv koas, a Kongissmun, coz evvry hous must hav a Kongissmun, which genrully takes the best room in the hous, two uv um in fac. Our Kongissmun is name Honnerbil Mister Swomplans, but whar he's frum, I has'nt a idee, only I kno he's a mitey smart man and reeds so menny books that his too rooms can't hole all uv um, so he's bleest to fill the pas-sagis and star-casis, leevin barly room for peepil to pass. What wooddent I giv to hav his cents! I has nuvver seen him good, but he's rather ole, and a good menny foax cums to sea him. I think they calls him Guvner; evvry Kongissmun bein naterully a Guvner, a Ginrul or a Kunnel.

Arfter Guvner Swomplans, cums an-uther ole man, which his name is Jedge Foskitt (evvryboddy in this toun that

aint a Kongissman and has reecht a mejum age, bein a Jedge) and he's a man of bizness in the lor, and has got him a claim agin the Govvermint, which is mostly the kais with all them in Wash-intun which aint got no reglur offis. Jedge Foskitt is a dredfil pofane man, fur I heer him cussin his washwomun, coz he can't pay her. This looks strange to me too, fur the reessin that he's got gra har and a gole heddid kane, lookin so dignyfade throo his gole specktickles, like a good ole man that blongs to the Cherch, and luvs to doo favers to peepil. But thar is wun thing about him I don't like, and that ar his nose, which the eend uv it igzackly wresembils a oke ball, sich as we boys used to make ink out uv at ole feel skool. I kno he takes his dram freely, and its a pitty his claim agin the Guvvermint aint fur lick-er—he'd git it certin.

Then thar is wun mo ole man, kneetid with the Post-Offis and the wrailrode. I've heerd him torkin loud and barty freekwintly, but doant kno him when I sea him, becoz I nuvver has seen him, it bein so dark up stars heer. Livin in a leetle bit uv a room rite by this ole wrail-rode man, is I doant kno how menny yung Ishmen, that cums in way in the nite and gits up soon in the mornin without sayin a wurd. Then agin rite over my hed is sum dutch-germans, the saim what has the mancher-makin sto I tole you uv, and wun nite I woke up puffickly wild frum a dreem and the noise goin on abuv me; and what do you reckon it all wuz, Billy? Blamed ef too littil dutch-germun childun was'nt baun almost rite on top uv me. I jess tell you, a thing uv this sort are prape the most terryfine thing on arth. Consound the creturs! they cries a heep, and I think a dutch-germun baby cries mo savitch than enny uther, keepin you awake, and fret-tin you, and disposin you agin matry-munny.

Besides all these, thar is a reel ole, ole womun that lodgis way up yonder sum-whar, and comes creepin down stars, not makin a sound uv nois, and skeerin me evvry day like thundur. Then thar is a room for the man and his wife, which

Isbmun languidge and cums frum thar, and Billy she's plegg-taked handsom. Duz mo wirk, is helthier, smarter, fuller uv good yumur, and better lookin than enny boddy I seen yit. She's name wuz Mayan, and I and her has a tauk evvry day. This elustraits the diffrents between Nothun and Suthun peepil, havin white mades heer, tho thar's a good chanse uv niggers too, while we ali has cullud mades, likely mlatters freak-wently.

Fur the ferst few dais I were so shamed to see this pritty gearl fixin up my bed and histin cole on my stove, I cuddint speek, and when I did speek (askin how to git in at nite, when the dough was shet on the streat) she seen frum my tremblin vois and gentmunny mannur that I thought I was talkin to a reel lady, and sence then she's got a great fantasy to me. She's got blak har, wavin, blak eyes, that is brite and quick-movin as litenin, and *smart*? I jist tell you, she's a reglar Spannish needle of a gearl. You git to foolin arter her, like Mr. Oans and Melloo, ptickly Oans, which is alwais tryin to out do her in sayin smart things—and I be bound you think you've ketcht a razur by the blaid instid uv the handil. I think it were Chusdy mornin I heerd Mr. Oans sayin to her—he's verry fond askin her kunnundrums and spenkin broag like they do in her kuntry. He saie:

"Well now, Marry," he saie, "will you tell me won thing?"

"Shure," she saie, "I'm glad yure afther increasin yure infermashun. What's it, Mither Oans?"

"Well," he saie, "ken you tell me who wuz the father of Zebby dee's childun?"

"The father of Zebby dee's childer?" she saie. "Faith, I don't wonder you're askin. I think he was a ghentilman"—meanin by this, Billy, that Mr. Oans want akwaintid with no ghentilmen.

But this aint nuthen to what she saie sumtimes; I wisht I cood remember her sayins, but they is so keen you can't ketch holt uv um even with yo mine. In the weak dais, when she's cleenin up the rooms—she atends to the hole houe—uv koss she cant look verry nise, but you jest

orto sea her drest up uv a Sandy. By jings! it duz me good, yes, good to look at her. And plegg take her! she knows it. Dernd of ole Mr. Kongissmun Swomplans doant watch her reglar throo his winder as she goes up the streat to the Kathlick church. He's rite, too; Oans and Melloo duz the same thing, and goes long to church with her sum times at nite. This 'll kinder strike you as goin too fur, but pupil duz jest is they ples in Washintun, and noboddy dont keer nuthin fur noboddy nor nuthin.

Mayan she sleeps up stars with that ar ole woman, and it ar a cuyus fao, Billy, that wun uv these heer terryfine ole wimmin is kep in evvry bodin hous in Washintun. They tries to hide um, so that feloes cummin to git rooms cant sea um, but the miserbul, po creturs kin alwais tell when ennyboddy is a lookin aroun, and will poke thur ole skeer-faces out uv sum hole or ruther.

I'm a givin you a long akount uv all these peepil in oddur to give you a idee uv the way things is dun heer and the kind uv foax that lives in the sitty. Now skeersly nun uv we all eets at this heer hous whar we sleep, but gits our meals at another hous, cunsernin which I'm a goin to tell you in my nexks letter. Less change the subjick.

When I fust got heer, Injuns was all the go—Pawknees, Soos, Potty wotty mees, Socke and Focksis, and I dunno how menny mo, about 20 or 30 in number, all drest up in wred blankits, fethers, paintid faces, wrings in thar years, bar's claws, mokkysins, tommyhawks, and so forth and setry—reel Injuna, Billy. I dun seen um till I'm tide, and they doant intruss me no mo. Jeemony! how yaller and ugley they is, and how the ladies duz luv to look at um and shake thar hands! You needent tell me bout they bein Abboridgyknees, and the lost Ten Tribes uv Jeus, spoke uv in the Bibil. They is nuthin in the world but mlatters which run way from thar maraters a long tiem ago and dun run wild like hogs in a mounten. That's what they is, and you can't fool me, and make me bleeve yo fanteyful storis bout um. No sir ree, I used to think they wuz red like boys that's

paintid thar face with poak-berries, but they aint, they is yaller mlatters, and nuthin else.

Nex to the Injuns, it cum nachrul far me to pay my wrispecks to the public bildins, which thar is a grate menny uv, bilt most in ginrully uv marvel, and wood be a site to sea ef you ood cum acrost um suddinly in a piney wood, like that betwixt Passin Merrydith's and Ganwy's Mill, but heer is verry commun indeed and nuthin out'n the way. Is I sed befo, nun uv um aint finisht, not even the Captal, and pun top uv nearly all uv um thar is things sumthin like the big king-post to a sale vessel, only bigger, but mo like the figger 4 trigger to a imments partrich trap, only wun peece are a roap instid uv wood. But the bildins aint traps that I know uv, ixcept to ketch munny, and these heer big triggers is intendid to hiest rock. You've sean the like on a wrail-rode; thar wuz won at Bufflo Bridge, this side uv Fomvil. It ar customerry fur strangers to go ferst to the Patint Offis, which I went along, uv koms, and seen sites I tell you—two or three milyuns uv curosties frum all parts uv the gloab, and a heap mo moddils uv masheens, all in glase casis. Berds and beests, munkis and snaike, rocks and figgers and pictshers, and evvry thing down to ole Genral Washintun's solgir close, and skreech owls and sags. Ded peepil too, and heds cut off, and humin bones, horryfine to behole.

The mornin I were up thar, Mr. Oans he were thar, and I warnt akwaintid with him then, but follerd long behine, apeerintly without intendin it, becas he wuz with sum ladies and what they all sed explained things to me. Peard like the ladies, wun uv um, wuz mighty smart and yumrus, laffin and makin Mr. Oans laff, in his dont keer way, at what she sed. I coodint begin to tell you wun haf uv it all, but wun thing I were bleest to remember, it struck me so foasbly. Goin roun wun uv the glase casis, she wrcmarkt

"Law, Mr. Oans, doo cum heer, and look at this."

He went roun, and I heer him inquier. He says:

"Well, what is it?"

... talkin like a little chile, jist

"she sais, "jes look doun thair mair's aags—aint they mair's

idly," he sais, "and ef you wuz an uv um over, it wood be a lver."

ey all bust out a laffin predid—I diddint sea no cents in it. they went on, and I went roun. Sho nuf, it were a aag big a mar's aag, (a hoss mar, I t I don't bleeve wun word uv it. I can no mar settin on no ness colts, and you nuther.

I walkt on into the masheen or they diddint stay long, but ar lookin at the wheals, and ad jigamarigs untwill my hed old. Arfter keerful igsamina- odint say I thought much uv these invenshins, which posbly m may be verry good fur the I went away frum thar, but go hunly when I git loansome, Oans he sais a pawnbroker, r that is,) is verry apt to be

tiem you may be certin I were harp look out fur my bizniss. I had a grate mine to tell Mr. ut arfter wreflecktin tho't I'd anthen too soon. Neether hav I ennythin to enny uv our Fer- gissmun, which I've bin inter- Mr. Letchur, Mr. Bocox frum ic, Mr. Powl, Mr. Edmund's Flemmings, Jedge Casky, and wise, kine hartid gentilmen, o enny thing fur you they ken. a I got akwaintid with befo I s tavun, wun day when I were nts, pritty good too, heap bet- t the Junkshin, with Mr. Ar- ey jined verry perlately, and, ar I were frum, commenst on skin how I stood. You know I drink takes the bashful out so I torked rite up to them grate en jis like I wood to pupil baun t crost rodes. I tole um I were t, ole fashin, strait up and doun, t, Jacksin, Kansis dimmokrat,

bleevin in nuthin but whut the party bleevd in, votin fur a dimmokrat aginst enny boddy, I doant keer hoo.

"That's rite," they sais, "you stick to that, and doant truss too much to yo oan idees and you'll alwais be rite."

I sais, "I thank you," and we all men- did our drinks, and I want nigh as bash- ful as I were at fust. So I ased um a questchin which had botherd me mitely, soon arfter I got to Washintun whar evvry boddy torks pollytix and you's bleege to heer mo or less uv what they tork about. I sais:

"Gentilmen, sense I cum heer, evvry boddy a most is acusin uv evvry boddy uv bein uv a dimmy jog; what ar a dimmy jog, ar it a kind uv dimmokrat or a ves- sil that holes licker?"

This apeerd to amews um mitely, and wun sed, laffin, that my ursor were verry commun, becos it aint evvry man which knows the diffrents between a dimmy jog and a dimmokrat."

He sais, speakin to me, S'e, "The true diffrents is verry simple, and kin be ix- plaind in a breth. Whoever gits elected is a dimmy jog, and whoever gits defeatid is a paytriot. D'you understand?"

I tole him "sertnly," but, I sais, "I've heerd these heer dimmy jogs abused so much and the Gnashnul dimmokrats abu- sed so much, that I begun to think they wuz the same thing identikilly."

"Oh no!" he sais, "you must by no meens entertane sech apinyun. The Gnashnul Dimmockracy, altho they've bin electid and hole the powur uv guvv- unmint, air not dimmy jogs; they air ix- cepshins to the genril rool; they air the grate party, and however troo it may be that the party is sumwhat divided Noth and South, yet air they inknuksorubbly conjoined together by this verry divishin, and stronger than they wood be without it."

I had to studdy over this sum tiem befo I cood understand how a thing cood be jined by a divishin. At lass I sais:

"I think I sea thoo yo observashin. The Gnashnul dimmockracy uv the Noth and the South are jined together like the rooms in a jale—by a thik, unpassibul

rock wall betwixt um. Uv koas the jale
ar stronger fur the wall."

"Ixackly," he sais, "you've hit the
nale rite on the hed."

I sais, "Well, I'm prow'd uv sich a
strong party," and so I am Billy, and
you too.

He sais, "Well you may be, fur it's the
only party that ken save the Yuneyun,
and that's its bizniss."

"Yes," I sais, "and it remines me
powfully uv a song I reckon all uv you
gentilmen have heerd befo now—a nigger
song, but full uv meenin, call'd,

'Ef you have enny goodin thi
Save it, save i
Ef you have enny goodin thi
Save me sum.

They all walkt off up stars in a
lafter. I reckon I'm a gittin to l
funny man, or probly they laff a
cos they think I'm a fool. I dun
I intendid in this letter to uv
about my first vissit to Kongiss,
not.

Give my luv to Patsy Allin, y
Betsy and Fanny and all.

Yo fren and cussin,
Mozis Ad

POET-ORACLES.

BY AMIE.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain.

[R. H. Stoddard.

Though the poet's silver numbers,
Sweet as chime of fairy bells,
Soothe our doubts to charmed slumbers,
Can we hold the tales he tells
As truth's sacred oracles?

By dear graves 'neath church-yard mosses,
We may count, in sun and rain,
Angel gains for earthly losses—
But where many a bliss did wane,
Wait I vainly for the gain!

Earth accords for some distresses,
Healing oil or crowning palm—
Yet darts wound the heart's recesses,
When the red lip's smile is calm—
Wait I weary for the balm!

Though the poet's budding fancies,
Rich as snowy asphodels,—
Lull our doubts in dreamy trances,
Can we hold the tales he tells
As truth's sacred oracles?

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE ST. SIMON.*

[FROM THE LONDON TIMES.]

the works which may be described as *history*, for they bring us the heir-looms in perfect lustre. Nicias and Cleon of Aristophanes are vividly presented to us in their complete picture of personage as Thucydides draws only in ideal aspect. Less clearly, but with more outline, the hand of Juvenal shows the tyrants and miscreants. Tacitus crowds on his gloomy picture the *Hind and the Panther*, in the *Reign of Grammont*, and in the *Reign of Ruycherey* and Congreve, we see the Court and the England of the eighteenth century in a freshness and fulness of colouring which even Lord Byron has failed to equal. So, too, *Tom Jones* and *Tom Jones* are really more valuable to the student of the times of Anne and George II. than the most lifeless compilation of Smollett. These supplements of history are all price when emanating from the pen of a man of genius and power, and even if they have little intrinsic value, they sometimes serve of excellent account. Like a deposit, after long exposure to the vicissitudes of time, they occasionally come in profitable matter.

For many reasons the *Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon* are among the most valuable works of this character. It may be said that they show but a slight glimpse of the greatness and significance of the events to which they allude; they never seek to grasp the bearings of the times they describe; but they frequently betray a sympathy with surrounding events; they confine themselves to a description of society alone, and are almost entirely without the most important elements; sometimes they reveal a prying, gossiping and selfish nature. But the life-long task of a man of letters is to kill in narration and in portraiture the individuals, who, as a nobleman of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the

Regent in times of great national and social moment, had large opportunities for pursuing his vocation, and who allowed himself ample scope for the freest statement by resolving to reserve his work for the eyes of posterity. And hence they form a *κρημα ες αει* of historical allusion, intermingled with personal anecdote, gossip, and scandal of quite unparalleled detail and piquancy. They are like a daguerreotype in clear though harsh resemblance the aristocratic life of the France of Louis XIV. and of the Regency during a period of the very greatest interest. They present to us, sometimes in caricature, but always stripped of all tinsel and trappings, the principal actors on that broad and magnificent stage which thrice saw Europe in arms against the great King, and which witnessed the downfall of the Stuarts, the War of the Succession, and the hectic energy of the Spain of Alberoni. They bring us within the circle of that stately Court, so full of elements of splendour and decay, which for forty years dazzled and terrified the civilized world, which heard *Te Deums* for Landen and *Misereres* for Blenheim, which rose to the dictatorship and stooped to be the suppliant of Europe, which received an exiled dynasty with kingly pomp, and surrounded itself with a *noblesse* in purple and gold, but which saw a famishing people interrupt its feasts and, spectre-like, mock their hollow joy. They show us brilliant despotism in its hour of pride, when the lilies bore the names of Rocroi and Steinkirk, when Luxembourg was called the "tapissier de Notre Dame," when the sun of Louis shone in truth. "non pluribus impar," when Louvois had organized victory in the closet, and when Colbert, forcing French industry to anticipate its development, had made France the centre of a premature civilization. They show us the same despotism in its ruinous collapse, when the debt of its wild ambition was being ex-

translated from the French. By Bayle St. John. First Series. London: 1857.

acted, when the Grand Alliance was closing around its dominions, when Marlborough was planning an attack on Versailles, when France was sinking in prostrate exhaustion, when the name of Louis was cursed by the children of those who thirty years before had lauded it like that of a god, and when a feeble old man, the pitied plaything of women and priests, with enemies at his frontiers, starving mobs at his gates, and wretchedness throughout his silent palaces, was all that remained of the gallant warrior who had saved the Parliament of Paris with a frown, and had fascinated to sin the pure beauty of La Vallière. They lead us onward to that Regency of Philippe d'Orleans which seemed fated to undo the work of his predecessor, which inaugurated itself by rescinding the will of Louis XIV. and changing the destined succession to the Crown, which reversed the French policy of twenty years and allied itself to England against Spain, which banished priestly hypocrisy from the Palace and filled it with the coarse sensualities of Vitellius, and which fitly preluded the reign of Louis XV. and of Dubarry. Clearly and fully they reproduce for us the Upper France of the old monarchy in various phases of a checkered fortune, with its feudal elements absorbed in a centralising despotism,—with a King proclaiming "*L'Etat c'est moi*"—and with a nobility converted into courtiers of soldiers, in full and contented subjection to the Throne, and deprived of all real political influence, but invested with shadowy social distinctions and with strange and iniquitous fiscal privileges, which were to form the germs of a distant revolution. Underneath they shadow forth an unenfranchised commonality, as yet unambitious of power; brilliant soldiers and light-hearted peasants, held in small account by the rulers of the State, but sometimes, at the sting of protracted want, making their voices heard in fierce complaints, portending a dread and sanguinary retribution. And, rich as they are in historical allusion, and in the varied colour of their time, they are yet more valuable for their vivid portraiture of individuals and classes; for occasionally

they describe characters with equal clearness and truth, and even when they run into harshness and caricature they retain the mark of keen observation. In singular contrast to their usual manner, but true to the conception of every Frenchman of the time, they throw a mantle of grandeur over the tottering form, the rude gestures, and the unkingly appearance of William III., and give us, not the sickly alien who was but tolerated as the alternative of tyranny—not the dull and morose Calvinist whom even Burnet calls "slow," and who shocked a nobility accustomed to see a gentleman in a King, but the far-seeing organiser of two coalitions against France; the statesman whose life was a long plot against that Power which had well-nigh been the arbiter of Europe, but which at length yielded to his persevering will; and the warrior who, though vanquished by Condé and Luxembourg, ever rose superior to defeat, ever shown greatest in adversity, and heralded the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies. From a point of view exactly opposite, they present to us the old age of Louis XIV., rudely breaking through the divinity which hedged the idol of Boileau and Molière, and with cruel satire exhibiting the broken frame and the lacerated features of a harsh, a domineering, and a vacillating despot, who intrenches himself in a factitious dignity, but is really the slave of women, of priests, and of his own evil temper,—who meddles in every detail of public business, from directing a campaign to signing a pardon, and often mars the designs of his advisers,—who insists on a solitary and Imperial state, yet pries into the minutest affairs of the courtiers around him,—who pretends an abject devotion to religion, yet boasts himself superior to law, and encourages profligacy by sanctioning its presence and legitimising its offspring,—and who busies himself with the splendid trifles of this world, while simulating an utter self-abandonment for the next. They introduce us to the disowned exile of St. Germaine,—as he appeared to the high-spirited courtiers of Versailles,—a strange medley of meanness, irresolution, and

pride, flattered at a mock majesty, which should have seemed a gilded shame—ignoring the Boyne and La Hogue, and vexed that William had been recognized at the Peace of Ryswick—cross at mourning being worn for his daughter as Queen Mary—exacting homage, yet living on alms—planning schemes of a hopeless invasion he would not lead, and yet, with a touch of professional or English pride, breaking out into admiration for those dauntless seamen who were carrying destruction into the armada of Tourville and depriving him forever of the prospect of a throne. So, too, with more or less truthfulness, but generally from the side of their inner life, as they passed before a keen eye in their daily undress and stripped of the trappings of flattery and fame, the chief names of the Court of Louis XIV. appear in these memoirs—the skilful, but debauched and indolent Luxembourg; the gallant and martial, but reckless Villeroy; the filthy and depraved Vendôme, in a leprosy of vice which would deform a Yahoo, but no mean support of the House of Bourbon; the courtly Villars, who alone met Marlborough without disgrace; the noble and magnificent Boufflers, beloved alike by the army and the people; the illustrious Berwick, whom the author carps at in vain, but who conquered Spain in a single battle; the brilliant and worthless Philippe d'Orléans, whom Louis described well as a "*fanfaron des vices*," and those princely, but death-doomed children of France, whose untimely fate left the King almost heirless on the throne, and tempted him to that scheme of bringing his bastards into the succession which alienated a proud aristocracy from the throne. Nor less completely do these memoirs remove the mask from the features of those courtly dames and laughing girls whom we see on the varnished canvass of Watteau; for they show us how vice and profligacy, and folly and hypocrisy, too often marred those jewelled and brocaded forms. Finally, in repeated but unconscious touches, they give us an exact likeness of the author himself—a type of the aristocratic courtier of the period—below the average bravery of

his fellows, but far above their level in dexterous observation—deprived of feudal power, and the merest vassal of the King, but jealously tenacious of empty shadows of precedence and titles—with high notions of honour, but scoffing at the faith which glorified the Dragonnades, though not averse to a true religion—calculating and scheming and intensely selfish, but with a strong feeling for family and friendly ties—and, while ready to acknowledge the King as supreme in everything, despising all other depositaries of authority, and fancying his own order the very crown and flower of human existence.

The *Memoirs of St. Simon* commence in 1692, when the fortune of Louis was at its zenith, but when William III. had combined against him the first grand alliance. They close at the death of the Regent in 1723, when France and England were at length at peace, when the House of Brunswick was firm on the throne, when Louis XV. was beginning his inglorious reign, and when Walpole had inaugurated his great Administration. Their author tells us that from time to time he noted down his experiences for the purpose of giving a picture of France during this period; but at all points they touch the history of civilized Europe. They were not completed until 1743, when St. Simon was in his 68th year, and when very few of the personages he so vividly portrays could have been lingering on the scene. But a work which laid bare the Court and monarchy of Louis XIV., and which removed that silvery veil of imposing majesty in which despotism is so often enshrouded, was not calculated to please that Most Christian King, who exaggerated the vices of the Grand Monarque, without his redeeming capacity and resolution. The memoirs were seized by the Government of Louis XV.; and, though occasionally they were seen by a favoured few, neither the Revolution, though it unlocked many secrets of the Palace, nor the Empire, which perhaps had an interest the other way, ever gave them fully to the public eye. At length, in 1829, eighty-six years after their completion, and when the

son of the infant who inherited the crown of Louis XIV., and who translated anarchy to his ill-fated successor, about to fulfil the destiny of his race, to descend forever from his ancestral throne, they appeared to tell their curiosity. Although they run to extravagant length—the edition of 1829 is twenty-two volumes—they were instantly caught up and read by the public, their sale in France has ever since been large. “Since the publication of these novels,” says M. St. Benoit, “no book has been more widely welcomed;” and the mine from which every writer of his generation has drawn materials for an account of Louis XIV. and the century, and without it Mr. Macaulay could not have done what he has done. But, though these memoirs have been popular in France, and will always be so to the thinker and the student, we are not surprised that, as Mr. St. John tells us, they have not reached the mass of English readers. For their style is uncumbrous and involved; their length is a heavy tax on literary leisure; their elaborate details of pedigrees, genealogies, and heraldic mysteries, however characteristic and suggestive of their subject, are not calculated to amuse the multitude; and to appreciate their good deal of information is necessary. And therefore we think Mr. St. John was right in remembering that the half may be better than the whole, and in abridging these memoirs, instead of translating them. The four volumes before us, which are an epitome of eleven of greater length, and which carry down the narrative to 1711, will probably make St. Simon popular among us, though they have necessarily suffered from the process of condensation, and have lost much of the texture and form of their original. They are, upon the whole, a creditable performance, show skill in selection, and are clearly written, though we think some omissions in them should have been omitted, and now and then Mr. St. John has made the mistake that vulgarisms in dialogue are idiomatic English. The life of St. Simon is, of course, given in with his memoirs; but consid-

ering his vanity and self-esteem, it is strange that it fills so scanty a place in them. He was born in 1675. His family had once been noble and powerful, but had decayed in the times of Henri IV. and the League, and his father began life as a page of Louis XIII. A bit of Raleigh-like dexterity made the fortune of the youth; he rose rapidly in the service of his Royal master; was made Ecuyer-en-Chef and Governor of Blaye; and subsequently became a Duke and a Peer of France. He was associated with the fortunes of Louis XIII.; identified himself with Mazarin and the Crown in the wars of the Fronde; like many of our own Cavaliers, half ruined himself for the King, and saw old age come on him in titled penury. In his 64th year he married for the second time, when he finally withdrew from Paris for his estates at Blaye; for, as he shrewdly remarked, he had taken a wife for himself, and not for the Court; and here, apparently, his only son was born. He lived to see the child grow up to manhood, but the care of its education devolved on his wife, who, we are told, was “remarkable for virtue, perseverance, and sense,” and whose memory St. Simon treats with due affection.

The boy was brought up at Rochefort with Philippe, Duc de Chartres, afterwards Regent of France. He became, and for life continued, the friend of this prince. He was early trained by his mother to push his way into the world, and, as Mr. St. John remarks, was never youthful in character. In 1692, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Mousquetaires Gris of the King, and made his first campaign at that siege of Namur which raised the glory of Louis to the highest pitch, but from which dates his slow and terrible decline. He gives us a graphic sketch of this passage of arms; how the tent of Louis was the centre of chivalry and beauty; how the presence of the King and the smiles of the fairest of Versailles urged Luxembourg and his army to unwonted valour; and how at length the fortress fell amid general exultation. St. Simon distinguished himself at this siege; but war

his real vocation, though he was in service for four campaigns, and was thought fit to command a regiment, for with him discretion was as much a part of valour. He had little of the blustering and noble courage which might have characterized one of the *lions* of the *Roi*, and his vigorous powers of writing and life were at fault when dealing with military affairs. It is probable, however, that it was for his interest, as it was for that of the student, that he threw up his commission at once, and devoted his time to the study of the great and historical circle which gathered round Louis at Marli and Versailles, where he took notes of all he saw and heard, and became the Herodotus of the age of anecdote and description.

At the age of nineteen he began his literary work, and continued at it for years. From childhood he preferred history to more exact studies, and he was that his memoirs were suggested to him by Marshal Bassompierre. At a time when very few can appreciate life as it is, he resolved to delineate the character of the great men, and to write its history in the language of the personages around him; and the result was a grand and wonderful drama in which every scene and moved was not unworthy of the pen of description. Before him

France of 1694—a nation abounding in a brilliant despotism and flush of glory, with all the elements of power concentrated in a king who had conquered by conquest and province by province, with the lustre of a hundred years on its arms—with world-wide fame for all the arts of peace—with Turenne and Vauban for the field, Colbert for the fleet, and Louvois for the army—yet interpenetrated with those elements of decay which tyranny, and ambition, and class government, and vice were sowing in national life. The scene was soon to shift to the France of 1702, when the shock of relentless war was to be seen in the cries of a ruined nation were to be seen in the sombre magnificence of Versailles, and to interrupt Madame de Mainen and Le Tellier in their preaching,

—when Louis still stood undaunted against Europe, but had exclaimed to Chamillard, “Let us perish together,”—and when a *noblesse*, in its agony, had given its plate to save a Crown, yet never cast a thought on the hierarchy of extortion which was grinding the life out of a famishing people. And yet again it was to change to the France of 1720,—when wickedness was to walk triumphant in high places,—when the elements of all government were dissolving in corruption, when the strife between genius and power was commencing, and when a worthless Court, a debased aristocracy, a perverted Church, and a neglected *Tiers Etat* were passing on to the chaos of 1793. For his task St. Simon had large opportunities, great perseverance, a keen eye, a judgment of remarkable coolness and precision, constant familiarity with the scenes he portrays, and prejudices which only bring out his subject more clearly. This peculiar combination made his work what it is.

In 1694 he married, and the courtship was characteristic of worldliness in its teens. From earliest youth he had resolved that the race of St. Simon was to be transmitted through the noblest channel, but as to the individual he stood very indifferent. He applied to a Grand Seigneur for some one of his daughters, inasmuch as they equally fulfilled the requisite conditions, and his admiration of all was quite impartial. Failing here, he made a like request to the Marechal de Lorges, and he succeeded in obtaining an excellent wife, to whom he was much attached, and who loved him well. The Duchesse de St. Simon was beautiful and amiable; but perhaps her highest claim to her husband's esteem was skill in Court arts and unfailing tact. St. Simon narrates with evident pride how, when he was nominated to the embassy to Rome, the Minister advised him to hide nothing from his youthful wife, and to take her counsel on all affairs of State.

From 1702, when he ceased to be a soldier, till 1723, he lived about the Court of Louis XIV. and the Regent. The King had been very angry at his leaving his service, and teased him by a series of

petty vexations. He tells with bitter pique how his wife was invited to Trianon without him, how he was only on State occasions at Marli, and how he bore with cynical politeness the *peine forte et dure* of the Monarch's displeasure. But there were reasons to prolong the coolness of Louis. He had followed out the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin in breaking down the territorial noblesse, and had rooted by their side an official aristocracy which gradually overshadowed its rival, and became the powerful delegate of the Crown. Partly in furtherance of this end, and partly from the instinct of a father's affection, he had outraged the pride of high birth in France by allying his bastards to cousins of the blood. He had just reason to be angry with the Duc d'Orleans, who had been forced to submit to one of these marriages, and who avenged himself by an ostentatious profligacy which was said to conceal the deadliest crimes, and the usurping schemes of our Richard III. Now, St. Simon felt the true feudal scorn towards the *noblesse de la robe* and the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*, as the D'Aguesseaus and Colberts were called by his class, and he signalized himself by slights on this powerful body. Even beyond the average of his fellows, he believed that the welfare of the State meant the dignity of his order; that a long genealogy was a patent of greatness and nobleness; and that to taint a pure pedigree with baseborn blood was a treason against aristocracy, though the culprit was a King. Besides, he was the friend of the Duc d'Orleans, and to do him justice he made no secret of his friendship; and, finally, he had made himself conspicuous by strenuously opposing, as derogatory to his order, some trifles of Court etiquette Louis wished to establish. And hence he remained an object of Royal dislike, though he never was actually in disgrace, and he continued to mix in the gilded throngs which crowded the ante-chambers of Versailles. He consoled himself for inaction and disfavour by making himself a kind of King-at-Arms in the interest of the noblesse, and by eking out his spite in caricatures in his *Memoirs*.

Here he succeeded to perfection. Doubtless the great King felt very self-satisfied when he damned with a faint, supercilious bow the mortified Duke at his gorgeous levées. But could he have seen the retribution preparing for him; how a keen eye and cunning hand were taking his likeness for posterity; how his infirmities, and meannesses, and foibles, and superstitions were to be quoted and signed with a vivid and malicious precision, he perhaps would have sought to propitiate his Nemesis.

During the War of the Succession, when the King might have anticipated the appeal of Napoleon, "that the time had come for Frenchmen to conquer or die," St. Simon remained in inglorious repose. Though the strife had come to one of the last livre and the last man, it never seems to have crossed his mind that a colonel in the French army should prefer the sword to the pen. With great indifference he describes the bloody days of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Turin, and he has little but a sneer for Villars at Malplaquet. But, though out of favour, he had gained a reputation for skill in intrigue; and Louis, in the interest of the public service, which he sometimes preferred to personal feelings, offered to him, when under thirty, the embassy to Italy. The office was of the very highest trust, for the French armies had recently been driven across the Alps, but there was a chance that diplomacy might retrieve the defeat and array Italy against the alliance. But Madame de Maintenon and M. de Maine, between whom and St. Simon there was a cordial reciprocity of dislike, prevailed on the King not to fill the office; and, except the appointment to his father's government of Blaye, he never obtained another favour from Louis. He remained the firm friend of the Duc d'Orleans, which kept his unpopularity at Court alive; but he never countenanced that Prince in his vices; he thoroughly disliked the disreputable Dubois; he weaned Philip from Madame d'Argenton; and, as long as he dared, he resisted a Royal command which made his wife lady in waiting to Mademoiselle la Duchesse de

Berri, of infamous memory. As a soldier he was wanting to France and to himself; but there were touches of dignity in the courtier and the man.

The place of the Duchesse de St. Simon at Court brought him into an intimacy with the Duc de Bourgogne, the elder brother of the Duke de Berri, and heir-apparent to the French Crown. This intimacy was at its height upon the death of Monseigneur in 1711, when the Duke de Bourgogne became Dauphin. The pupil of Fénelon was gentle and pious, and had viewed with horror the ruin entailed on France by the long and disastrous War of the Succession. He had divided the command at Oudenarde with Vendôme, but had bitterly felt that Louis had attributed to him the entire blame of that fatal day, and had exculpated the bastard grandson of Henry IV. He was also the uxorious husband of a beautiful princess, of whom St. Simon gives a charming portrait, but whose father had been a member of the Alliance. And hence he had much in common with one who felt a peculiar aversion to war, who, if he could, would have been the Grand Inquisitor of illegitimacy, and would have made Vendôme his first victim, who had a superstitious reverence for high birth, and who attributed all the misfortunes of France to the rise of the bureaucratic noblesse, which was always the merest creature of Louis. The Dauphin became the disciple of St. Simon, and lent a willing ear to schemes for regenerating France by reorganizing feudalism, getting rid of controllers, intendants, and delegates, and banishing illegitimacy from high places. But while yet the great King was lingering on the throne the princely listener was cut off in his prime, and St. Simon's visions remained unrealized. From this time until the death of Louis he returned to his rôle of courtly inaction, but kept a close friend of Philippe d'Orleans, to whom the destiny of France was about to be committed.

On the 9th of September, 1715, Louis XIV. was buried, more like a felon than a king. Before a week had passed his will was a dead letter, and Philippe d'Orleans was Regent of France. St.

Simon now obtained the just reward of years of a perilous and disinterested friendship. He refused the great office of Minister of Finance, as he disapproved the fiscal policy of his master, but he became a member of one of the Councils of Regency, which had been substituted for administration by individuals. Here he held a prominent place; but, though the Regent always listened to his counsels, remained for life his friend, and gave him much of his patronage, his politics and opinions were a bar to his elevation. He disliked the alliance of France with England, and hated a nation which had repudiated the divine right of legitimacy. He had a horror of Dubois, and has sketched him with equal malice and power; but Dubois was the guiding statesman of the Regency. He was wedded to the scheme of resuscitating feudalism in France, and for this end he urged the revival of the State-General, for he thought the noblesse would be paramount in it, but the Regent viewed the project with distrust, and, indeed, at last he abandoned it himself. He detested the Parliaments as strongholds of a plebeian caste, whose intellects he feared, whose pretensions he scorned, and one of whose presidents had insulted him on the tenderest point, by denying the purity of his pedigree, whereas Philip had treated these bodies with favour at first, though afterwards he reduced them to their former subserviency. He loathed the brood of stockjobbing and trading adventurers who were now penetrating society in France, for he feared that their wealth might raise them above their station; but Law was a favourite of the Duke d'Orleans. And hence, though he had the intense gratification of seeing some of that aristocracy of intendants, delegates, and tax-gatherers whom Louis had raised above the noblesse disgorge the spoils of sanctioned speculation; though he was allowed to protest before the Parliament of Paris at the legitimization of the bastards of the King, and succeeded in striking them down from their high estate, his political influence was really small, and ceased altogether on the death of his patron. The Regent, whom he

called "L'homme aux moyens termes," and who laughed at him as "L'homme immuable," could not rely on him for offices of high public trust.

One mission, however, he fulfilled with great *éclat*. He was sent to Spain as ambassador, to negotiate a marriage between the Prince of Asturias and a daughter of the Regent. He had always favoured the Spanish alliance, and sympathized with a nation where feudalism was rampant, where a few grandees monopolized power, where even the merchants belonged to the *noblesse*, and where the Escorial was not profaned by *parvenus* or bastards. He fills volumes with his pilgrimage to this land of long pedigrees, made himself thoroughly popular at the Spanish Court, was appointed a grandee, and received the Golden Fleece for his son. Indeed, we are surprised that he ever returned from that stately circle of pure nobility, which made the throne of Spain the centre of arrogant impotence, to that France where Berwick was still a Marshal, and where the Comte d'Horn had been broken on the wheel for murdering a low stockjobber. Perhaps the thought that, after all, Alborni had been the plebeian Governor of Spain may have determined his resolution.

At the death of the Regent his public career ceased. A hint from Cardinal Fleury made him leave the Court. He retired to his estates, where he spent his time at his memoirs, and where, although a Grand Seigneur, he was respected and beloved. Occasionally he paid a visit to Paris, and looked on a generation which knew him not,—in which Louis XV. had restored the centralized despotism of his great-grandfather, but without its magnificence, its glory, or its policy,—in which the order of the *noblesse* was fast sinking into disrepute, and represented Condé and Turenne by Richelieu and Soubise; in which the glory of Bossuet and Fénelon had faded from the Church; and in which the elements of revolution were being matured by the wit of Voltaire and the reason of Montesquieu. He died in 1755, when the youth of that aristocracy which he thought the Alpha and the Omega of France, denuded of

power, but odious as a caste, profligate, ignorant, and wanting self-respect, were preparing their old age for Santerre and the guillotine.

We pass from St. Simon to his great work. We need scarcely say that no sketch could convey an idea of the medley of history, anecdote, gossip, and talk which he has flung together in huge disorder. But, confining ourselves to that half of the *Memoirs* which appears in epitome in Mr. St. John's volumes, we may state the results we think it affords.

In the first place St. Simon sets clearly before us the *status* of the ancient monarchy of France and its true relations to the other orders of the nation. It was a despotism resting on a bureaucracy, extremely powerful and penetrating in its influences, excessively hostile to feudal claims, but alive to opinion, if that of the *noblesse*. But it was a despotism which held the people in no account, and which treated them as mere machines, to be drilled, to be shot, to be taxed, and to obey. Louis XIV., in these memoirs, is an absolute King. He makes laws and levies taxes. He silences the Parliament of Paris in 1708, when they returned to doubt the policy of his court laws. He recognizes the Pretender as James III., without asking the opinion of any one. He takes on himself the responsibility of the war of the Succession, and, against the wish of all France, will abate nothing of his claims. He lays down the plan of campaigns in his closet, and in the field he dictates to Luxembourg and Vauban. He tampers a good deal with the administration of justice, although in the presence of a Lamoignon and a d'Aguesseau, hurries on trials, hushes up murders, and thwarts law by that *habeas corpus* of tyranny, a *lettre de cachet*. He brings his prerogative into private as well as public affairs, for he has spies on his nobles' families, dictates their marriages, watches their journeys, and opens their letters. It is true that he has a Privy Council and Ministers, but they are of a new and obsequious *noblesse*,—that of the Chamillards, the Voyains, and the Desma-

he organizes a paid army of s and controllers to make his completely throughout France, where to break down local au- He centres everything in this l, full of ancient memories of e, he dislikes his own family *seigneurie*. He refuses a to the Prince de Conti, sedu- ps down the Duc de Chartres, Monsieur his brother whenever ut heaps favours on Vendôme ick. In his time, says St. Si- be of no condition and to be a was the true title to honours in ad the carping epigram illus- elicy. In a word, he absorbs in himself, and rules it through t creatures; and this is, per- t clearly seen in our author's ut unconscious habit of always g France with the King. And h he was thus resolved to be though he hired his Ministers, overnment, kept down the no- l tyrannized over his family, he decent respect was due to that y of feudal aristocracy, as yet rate, and soldiers as well as who filled his proud halls with liant forms, and headed his in a hundred battles. He was ul of their precedence and ti- pains to graduate his courtesies to their rank, and once in the the war of the Succession, when larly wanted their blood and sure, he condescended to jus- duct to them. It was only —the payers of *tailles*, *corvées*, les—the masses which gathered *banderolles* of the Montmoren- the De Noailles, and which bled bered at Blenheim and Malpla- s despised Tiers Etat which i vulgarly for bread, and which ut for three generations for ven- that counted for nothing in the f the Great King. Very just eeking epitaph of that people

In the next place these memoirs clearly reveal the enormous power and great brilliancy of this despotism. When they open, Louis had been about thirty years supreme. The States-General had not met since 1614. The death of Mazarin had left the King unshackled, and the Parliaments which had revolutionized France in his youth had shrunk into mere judicial functionaries. The feudal nobility were quite dependent, and a generation had passed since they had led the militia of the *arrière ban*. With all the elements of power in himself, with great ambition, immense popular- ity, and singular skill in choosing able instruments, Louis had created an em- pire which menaced Europe. He had the best generals and the finest armies in the world. Voltaire tells us that at one time he had 400,000 men under arms. He had created a navy superior to that of England, which had defeated Torring- ton at Beachy-head. He had once had Holland almost in his hands, had de- spoiled Spain wholesale, and had reft provinces from the Empire. As the em- bassies of Europe passed along those stately avenues to Paris which he had named the roads to Spain, to Italy, and to Germany, many of their members have recorded their envious admiration at his public works, his superb buildings, his improvements of Paris, the splendour of his Court, the glories of Versailles, the beauties of Marli and Trianon, the high fame of the soldiers, the statesmen, the prelates, and the men of letters who threw the lustre of genius on his throne. When St. Simon joined the Mosquetaires, William III. had arrayed against him England and Holland, and Spain, and Germany; but he was on all points the attacking party; he had taken Mons, and was about to take Namur. In the strife which followed, when French troops were exclusively in the field, he won every battle but that of La Hogue; he had ar- mies in Flanders, in Ireland, in Spain, in Italy, and in Germany; and William, who disliked him with a personal dislike, and had spent his life in a struggle against him, was glad to make the peace of Ryswick. In the War of the Succes-

ant Denis comme à Versailles,
"sans cœur, et sans entrailles."

sion all the chances were in his favour; he planned the most magnificent schemes of attack, which, had Luxembourg led his armies, would probably have placed Vienna in his power; he won the battles of Denain, of Almanza, of Calcinato, and of Villa Viciosa; and, though the genius of Marlborough at last broke down his strength, the treaty of Utrecht left Spain to his grandson. And, terrible as he was abroad, he was long omnipotent at home. For years the nation of France obeyed him to a man. For years, without a murmur, and intoxicated by his glory, they flocked to his standards, paid his consuming taxes, and bore the extortions practised on them. Even the Dragonnades and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not cause a rebellion. It was not until, as was said, "the oil had left the lamp," till Philip of Orleans had exclaimed, "They are kind not to rebel," till large tracts of country were lying in wasted solitude, and till war had left France a people of mourners, that at last the belief in despotism gave way. Even then the rebellion was only local, and Louis died in full power, though execrated by his people.

And yet these *Memoirs* but echo the truth that the iron frame of this despotism had feet of treacherous clay. So long as Louis was mature and vigorous, and while a generation of Frenchmen lasted that was born in comparative freedom, the palsying influences of his Government were not felt, and its organization was fed by a healthful life. The genius of Turenne and of Condé, of Colbert and Tourville, which was reared in the stormy days of the Fronde, was turned to the highest account by a power which wielded the entire resources of France, and knew no control but its own will. But when old age had come upon the King, when he was swayed by a Maintenon, a Duc de Maine, and a Le Tellier, and when he was compelled to select his instruments out of a race of courtiers, the incapacity of despotism to foster greatness, the peril of committing the State to one man, the jobbing, the irresponsibility, the peculation, and the favouritism which invariably attend this

kind of rule, and which break out in all their fulness when its strength is impaired, became fearfully apparent, and were the ruin of France. The Chamillards, the Voysins, the Villerois, and the Marsins—the favoured courtiers of Louis in his decline—were but poor opponents to Somers, Godolphin, and Marlborough, the chosen Ministers of a free nation; and, during the entire War of the Succession, the only general of France of first-rate capacity was an Englishman, bred in a land of freedom. And yet it would have been well if the curse of this despotism had stopped at corruption in power and imbecility in office—at the Royal folly which rejected the strategy of Luxembourg and threw away its only chance of destroying William,—at the favouritism which made a Duc de Maine a commander-in-chief, and which slighted Boufflers with unmerited neglect,—at the jealousies of Ministers, who, without responsibility, thwarted each other and deceived the King,—and at all the vices of administration under a tyrant in decrepitude. For St. Simon's *Memoirs* are full of the lesson that if despotism can anticipate the resources of a nation, and create an array of imposing power, it invariably leads to a premature decay; that forced greatness is succeeded by exhaustion; and that the centralized Government, the ruinous waste, and the destructive splendour of the Grand Monarque not only weakened France for two generations, and led to the inglorious epoch of Louis XV., but were the ultimate causes of the great revolution. The results of the despotism of Louis XIV. are typified in the striking and dramatic contrast which Thucydides draws between the insolence of Athenian power at Melos, and its dread catastrophe at Syracuse.

Again, these *Memoirs* illustrate the common alliance of superstition, profligacy, and despotic power. Louis XIV. had atoned for his arrogance towards the Holy See by acts which in the eyes of the head of the Church had entitled him to the name of the Most Christian King. He has established religious unity in France by one of the most desperate pro-

on record, which had sent of thousands of Huguenots into devastated villages and districts, and sword, and had armed him the battalions of Ruvigny and Comberg. Less zealous for the service of their Royal master, and misinterpreting his interpretation of the text of the gospel had been sent to bring war and not peace into the world, if his own prelates had been out with him for not speeding the missionary missions of the Dragonnades. He even stooped to the creed of the Jesuits, in consideration that Louis XIV. had made him believe that his right to be fleeced and slaughtered by the shepherd's will, he had razed all to the ground, he had dealt with abbess and nuns after the fashion of prostitutes, and, though ignorant of universal theology, he had decried the faith of Pascal as worse than infidelity. For the sake of power he organized the Gallican Church, and for conscience or absolution he hid it in his old age. Finally, regular at confession and in self-mortification; he filled his palaces with splendour and privations of Catholicism; he atoned for early errors by marrying the Duke de Maintenon; and even on her death he kept aloof from Madame de Montespan. And yet what was the influence of this Court of scrupulous sanctity on justified tyranny and selfishness—the name of religion? Louis XIV. was the Duchesse de Bourgogne, daughter of France, the lovely and virtuous wife of his grandson, to associate the filthy monster Vendôme, and to associate with La Choin, the miscreant father-in-law. He marries his son to Mademoiselle, though incest had gathered on her and he allows her father to go to prison charged with intriguing with the grandson's wife. He is jealous of the precedence of the ladies at court, but takes less heed of their faults than of the fall of their fortunes. He has several bishops in his household and at his levées who openly

keep mistresses and scandalize abbesses. He himself, though he bends the knee to a Jesuit, has really no sympathy with that faith which inculcates charity and good will, and which levels even kings before the Majesty of Heaven. The fabric of priestly domination he has reared, and in which he enshrines himself, half tyrant, half penitent, covers a mass of hypocrisies and abominations. The atmosphere of this palace, though redolent of incense, divided in equal measure between himself and his Maker, is not less rank with the odours of sin.

But, undoubtedly, the most valuable element of these *Memoirs* is their portraiture of individual characters. We read them with the interest in their vivid delineations which we feel as we pass through a gallery of Vandykes. A two-fold method is visible in them—description by allusion in touches and by inuendoes, and clear and plain daguerreotyping at full length. The range of the artist is extraordinary, it extends to almost every celebrity of the time, and it is equally happy in recalling the frank grace, the gentle dignity, and the playful charm of the Duchess de Bourgogne—the dull and vapid nothingness of Monseigneur—the sycophantic meannesses of Dubois and Alberoni, and, breaking through the mask of a princely demeanour, the worse than satyr-like vices of Vendôme. But St. Simon cannot always be considered a trustworthy guide. If the old age of Louis XIV. showed its features of meanness, and weakness, it had its lingering touches of greatness and resolution; and it succeeded a manhood of kingly grandeur which St. Simon beheld, and yet has kept concealed. There is strong partiality in his likeness of Philip of Orleans; it palliates or keeps in the shade his wickedness and crimes, and it brings out unduly his brilliancy and good nature. Though no colours are too black for the private life of Vendôme, the victor of Almanza is caricatured; and a General second only to Marlborough in genius for war is abandoned to a series of carping sneers.

THE LOVED ONE.

She was the vision of my youth,
My dream of happiness;
Sweet shrine of purity and truth,
My joy, my hope, my bliss!

A gentle being with a soul
That overflowed with love,
A breast o'er which a wish ne'er stole
That Heaven would disapprove!

Her fair and pensive brow was pale,
And as the ether clear,
Her thoughts could never tell a tale
But you could read it there!

Her golden ringlets like a nest
Embraced her lovely brow,
And, falling, flashed upon her breast
Like sunbeams on the snow!

Her eyes were soft and yet as bright
As stars that light the even;
They beamed serenely with a light
That seemed to come from Heaven!

Her cheeks were soft as evening's flush,
And owned the ruddy tide,
For when I praised her she would blush,
And fain their beauties hide!

Her bosom argued with the snow
That drifts upon the knoll:
'Twas warm with sentiments that glow
And touch the generous soul!

Her accents like sweet music fell
Upon the listening ear,
And most on goodness loved to dwell
Where pity claimed the tear!

The lips that owned her gentle vows
In fervency of youth,
Were sweet as founts where nectar flows;
They were the spring of truth!

Like fragrant zephyrs of the eve
That o'er the flowers move,
Her presence such a sweetness gave
It filled the heart with love!

These clustering beauties sweetly vied
Like jewels in a crown,
Around which countless graces hid,
All blending into one!

She was the vision of my youth,
My dream of happiness,
Sweet shrine of purity and truth,
My joy, my hope, my bliss!

PRIVATE OPINIONS OF JOYEUSE TRISTAN, GENT.

I.

One day I saw a beautiful child
in a confusion of sunny curls, the color
of gold, stray from its mother's side,
a flood of the brightest sunlight
on the little face and curls.

The child raised both her hands, and
her dazzled eyes and *pushed the
away from her*, with fretful ges-
turing attempting to drive the bright-
ness back with her tiny fingers. It was
a picture; and, for a philosopher
at least, it contained a moral too.

"Beautiful little one," I said thought-

"I am fond of children, "dear
child," I went on with pensive
"you are like the rest of human-
kind and your betters' as they
have wisdom. Are not all of us,
with few exceptions, almost uninter-
ested in perseveringly repell-
ing the real sunbeams of existence?
We shun shadows, and run after rush-
light, our great and supreme delight
being over Will-o'-the-Wisp, and him-
self. He leads us into quagmires
and dangerous paths—no matter, on!
He consoles us, with pale glimmering
illusions, sloughs of despond, despair and
—no matter, follow him! He
leads us to the morass which swallows
us up! He is so! Still press on!

"We love what is impure and rush
out of breath to attain sin and
vice."

"The true bright sunlight is de-
stroyed and driven from us, if it falls upon
clouds. Thus it goes on, and I no
more than my brothers, know the light.
It will always be so? Must humanity,

"made a little lower than the angels,"
still love what is false *because it is false*?
Still turn away from the blessed sunshine
of the beneficent heaven to grasp the flar-
ing torch, red, baleful, sputtering with its
poisonous ingredients?

"'Tis pitiful—'tis wondrous pitiful!"

II.

How various are the pursuits, desires,
and ambitions of humanity!—an obser-
vation so profound and entirely original
that I wonder it has never been announ-
ced before.

I knew a man once with the strangest
tastes. They called him an eccentric.
He never would pay court to any body,
however rich and influential—on which
point I often spoke with him, in a tone of
the most affectionate remonstrance. But
he only smiled—and calmly lived his life.

He preferred simple and familiar things,
to the most splendid and imposing: above
all he liked the "old familiar faces" spo-
ken of by Lamb: would rather see them
near him, than be hand in glove with the
greatest "celebrities."

I reasoned with this obstinate Dioge-
nes: I laughed at him; it was all in vain:
his lamentable philosophy was proof
against my strongest arguments.

He would smile, and lazily reclining in
his leather chair, reply in some such way
as follows:

"Why trouble yourself about those
people, or their riches, and imposing
splendor? After all, man gets his purest
happiness from the heart; and your phi-
losophy leaves that ungratified. What is

it that *the heart* can find in a glittering palace—in a grand banquet all noblemen, and countesses, and royalty? The porch of an old country house, with creeping vines, or a chimney corner by a good wood fire, is better.

"A little head, 'sunning over with curls,'" this foolish fellow would go on, "is better, lying on your bosom, than the blazing star of the proudest order of nobility. 'The king is dead! long live the king' the herald cries. Who weeps? The smiles that greet the rising sun—his majesty about to mount the throne—are they any more sincere than the old simpering, the bended backs which welcomed once the dead sun, in his noontide? 'Tis the inane acted joy of the *courtier* alone: I hate the courtier! I hate all that 'crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning!' I would rather not bow my knee to his majesty. I would rather not 'bate my breath as I speak to his grace.

"There's Tom whom you've known from his childhood, and played with at school, and gone with, to rob orchards, and confided in when you went a-courting, and fought many battles with,—whom you love. Why is not Tom better company than the Duke of Somerset, who pitied Adam for his want of ancestry? You put your feet on the andirons—you smoke your pipe—you laugh, or jest, or dream,—when Tom's by your side—by your side in the plain old country hall,—when you talk with his grace the Duke, you sit up straight—you measure your words—you think what a very great man he is—in his splendid palace, where he is lord of all. For myself I like Tom and the country-house—that's all."

So would this eccentric genius talk. I never could move him—he was rooted in his sophistry.

III.

It is pleasant to ponder by the crackling logs of a good wood fire:—as to "chat the long hours away, my boy," like the soldiers of Charles Lever in their bivouac. It is pleasant to follow your dreams there—as in the woods of spring or autumn.

Shakespeare was born in April, and if I remember rightly, somewhere congratulates himself upon the fact. Jean Paul, too, came in spring, when the birds began to chirp, he says:—and both of these mighty men appear to have carried with them in their pilgrimage through life much of the influence of the budding season—its joy and youthful freshness—its perfume of green leaves and spring blossoms, and genial laughing atmosphere.

Does the rule here indicated always hold good? I know not. But if it be so, I imagine many persons would prefer to be autumn-born, if I may so speak, coining a new word:—at least *some persons*. The fresh loveliness of spring is most attractive; but autumn has perhaps had more poets to chaunt its honor.

In truth a mortal might not be averse to such a birth-time:—object to first opening his wondering eyes upon this golden season. There is a moment when the ripe glories of October have yielded to the winds and swept away, or turned to russet brown: when the Indian summer haze obscures the sunshine, wrapping field and forest, valley and mountain in its dreamy smoke. Then all the aspect of the silent world is pensive, memory, and eloquent of the past. But soon comes a merry wind—the curtain rises—the headlands, or the distant river flash out in the sunshine: all the landscape laughs and sings, to droop again, very soon, back to its thoughtful languor—turning to its silent reveries and dreams.

I think I have known those who may have been born in such a season. They are poets, whether the gift of making poetry is theirs or not. Like the autumn landscape their eyes are dreamy and absent looking: but there is wealth of beauty thus concealed. The world considers such men melancholy, or sad. They are happy.

IV.

I have a friend who will not marry, he says, though having in possession more than enough of this world's goods to suffice for the holy state of matrimony.

with him. When I coun-
 ary, and thus open many
 of happiness, he says, with
 sake of the head:

risk it—I am sensitive. I
 hter of happy children it is
 here is consolation in the
 what I do not possess, can-
 from me: that cold and in-
 h has no sombre “harvest
 behold flowers, to chaunt in

“O Death!” he says, un-
 y presence, “thou art great,
 ss, thou art supreme! Why
 thee dearest hostages? I
 s!”

forgets that no man stands
 r married or not: his phi-
 is a vain excuse—the mere
 helor, fond of consistency.
 rt has discarded him but a

V.

repaper, bearing date March
 lying before me. Its col-
 and dingy from age, contain
 John Randolph’s upon the
 d Road”—what we know to-
 “Baltimore and Ohio Rail-
 speech is amusing:—but
 from this gentleman was
 cept to the objects of his
 alities. An element of in-
 y of his speeches, was the
 it he had of talking about
 state, his friends, his private
 this species of monologue,
 ph excelled, was indeed a
 ras egotism, but the wittiest,
 king of all egotisms.

ch I have before me, buried
 y from the eyes of the pres-
 n, in the yellow columns of
 erved paper, there are many
 an amusing character: and
 which exhibit the speaker’s
 love and pride, in a very
 t. Mr. Randolph cordially
 velling doctrines of Mr. Jef-
 e called them, and declared
 ughters would marry over-
 ight them on every occasion,

these hateful “doctrines.” Opposition to
 these dogmas and to Federal power, ex-
 hausted his life.

Here is Mr. Randolph’s Charcoal Sketch
 of a “Clerk of the House.” He is speak-
 ing of his attempt to secure a reconside-
 ration of the bill admitting the State of
 Missouri.

“When I came in from the door of the
 Senate, I found the Clerk reading the
 Journal; the moment after he had finish-
 ed it I made the motion, and was second-
 ed by my colleague, Mr. Archer, to whom
 I could appeal—not that my testimony
 wants evidence—I should like to see the
 man who would question it on a matter
 of fact—this fact is well remembered—a
 lady would as soon forget her wedding-
 day as I forget this. The motion to re-
 consider was opposed; it was a debate-
 able question, and the Speaker stated
 something in this way: ‘that it was not
 for him to give any orders, the Clerk
 knew his duty.’ *The Clerk went more
 than once—my impression is that he went
 more than twice,—I could take my oath and
 so I believe could Mr. Archer, that he made
 two efforts and came back under my eye,
 like a mouse under the eye of a cat, with
 the engrossed bill in his hand—his bread
 was at stake—at last he, with that pace and
 countenance, and manner, which only con-
 scious guilt can inspire, went off, his pov-
 erty not his will consenting.*”

That is the cartoon which Mr. Ran-
 dolph draws of an honest subordinate
 who by his own confession yielded to the
 temptation of “poverty” alone, because
 “his bread,” and doubtless that of his
 family, “was at stake,” to commit a fault,
 as it may or may not of been. The speak-
 er elsewhere mentions an article in the
Intelligencer, signed “Impransus,” and
 very wittily translates it “one who wants
 a dinner.”

His state-right convictions are thus an-
 nounced. He speaks, I believe, of the
 Missouri bill.

“I saw the old States playing what I
 thought as most ruinous, and pernicious
 game, and what in the end, has proved to
 be giving away to the States North of the
 Ohio, immunities and privileges, and mak-
 ing concessions, which they must sooner

or later rue—which they rue at this time, and I then rued, and shall forever rue—even to the day of judgment, which some of us may wish to be with a stay of execution. I have no design, you may perceive sir, on the Presidency, nor on any other office which is in the Presidential gift, or in that of the *nation* whose power has increased, is increasing, and never

will, I fear, although it ought I wish it could be, diminished persevered in this course, *ab or mala*—from the beginning of I fear I must say to the beginning famine.”

That was the key of Mr. I entire political system. But the fest destiny” has overthrown h

O FAIRY-LIKE CHILD OF MAY.

O fairy-like child of May!

With the face like a rose in bloom!
And eyes that shone on my weary way,
Like stars thro' the midnight's gloom!

O the purple skies, and the Night
Drooping down as we came home alone—
Alone thro' the trees in the glimmering light!
—And the delicate hand in my own!

O lips that were sweeter than May!
O smile that was brighter than June!
O eyes that shone in the twilight gray,
Like the beautiful harvest moon!

That evening shines on me now:
And the light never fades from her form;
The purple of sunset lives on her brow
And her cheeks so sunny and warm!

O the bright blue skies of that May—
And the lovelier heaven of her eyes!
How the poor cold present fades away—
And my smiles are lost in sighs.

L. L.

VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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CHAPTER XIV.

hear ye not those echoes ringing
 or
 gliding step—my spirit faints with
 fear—
 mocking tones, like subterranean
 laughter—
 as the brain grow wild with won-
 dering here!
 may be spectres wild and forms ap-
 palling
 wandering eyes, where'er we rove,
 to greet—
 as I hear their low sad voices call-
 ing
 as now, and far away the falling
 Of phantom feet.

Poems by Amelia.

life, like a young sunrise, breaks
 strange unrest of the night.

Browning.

Sybil turned from her exami-
 nation of the crystals she found that the
 light had gone, but feeling no difficulty
 in following them, she turned into the
 exit from the chamber which she
 had, supposing it to be the only one
 that by which she had entered,
 and followed its winding course for some
 distance. At length, being a little anxi-
 ous not having overtaken them, she
 called several times but with no response,
 a thought of terror came to her,
 pale as her face and causing her limbs
 to tremble,—*the thought of being lost*, and
 quickened her pace, not knowing that
 it led her farther from her friends.
 At the truth burst upon her that
 she was indeed alone and forsaken in that
 place, so full of unseen perils.
 Her present was a fearful one in which
 she realized her situation; she shouted
 for help, she called upon Ver-
 non, but her voice grew hoarse and only
 echoed vainly his name; her eyes
 stared into the darkness until they were
 dim with the straining; a cold chill
 ran down her back; her voice grew fainter in

its hoarse whispers and perfectly un-
 manageable; her limbs were faint. She
 paused awhile to reflect upon her situation,
 but a vision of the poor lost guide, of
 whom she had heard, came to her memory,
 and she determined that she would re-
 main stationary, hoping that some one
 would compassionately follow her to the
 apartment where she was; it was better
 to do that, she thought, than to rush on
 into some unseen peril. Still the remem-
 brance of the lost guide would not de-
 part from her; perhaps even now she
 might be treading upon his bones, and
 with that sickening thought she raised
 her lantern to see if the place were at all
 familiar to her, and to assure herself that
 at least no unsightly skeleton kept her
 company; but as she moved one step
 farther on, her foot struck upon some un-
 seen obstacle, throwing her down upon
 the ground, while her lantern was rudely
 forced from her hand by the shock: the
 light flickered more brightly for a mo-
 ment and then was entirely extinguished,
 leaving her upon the cold slimy ground
 in utter darkness. Groping about her
 she raised herself from her prostrate at-
 titude, and leaning against a broken
 stalagmite formation, she gave herself up
 to retrospection and prayer.

As in the case of a person who is about
 to be drowned, a panorama of his whole
 life is presented in an instant of time, so
 did Sybil Gray conjure up all the past
 scenes of her life, and all whom in her
 short career she had ever known. First
 she thought of her grandmother, who had
 been alike father and mother to her,
 lying at home lonely and ill, with no
 tender hands of grandchild or relation to
 arrange her pillows or smooth down her
 scant gray locks; then of Isabel, so kind
 and yet so changeable, sometimes treat-
 ing her as a companion and then as a
 child or plaything; of Vernon and his
 helpless blindness, of his devotion to her
 through the long years of the past—what
 could he, what would he do without her?
 Then Florence's superb eyes flashed upon,

her in the darkness, and she thought of her; would *she* guide and guard him when they had relinquished all hope of finding her, and would he call *her* his ray of light in the darkness, and would they become reconciled and love each other as they once did? Then the perfect happiness of the young bride and bridegroom came to her mind, and she murmured to herself how sweet it must be to love and to be loved, and to have one in the wide world who would be glad to hear every thought as it came unstudied from the mind, and to set with clasped hands, as they did, feeling sure that they were dear to each other. Then at length her vivid imagination wandered to Europe, that world of wonders, where Albert Linwood painted those beautiful angel-like heads. She wondered what *he* would say when he heard that little Sybil Gray's bones were mouldering in the silence of that fearful cave.

The humblest person, the minutest thing in her eventful life, were all remembered, until at last the memory turned upon herself, and her soul melted in pity for that poor, beating, fluttering heart of hers, and tears chased each other silently down her cheeks, while her hands clasped her throat as if to repress the choking sensation which seemed to deprive her of breath.

"They will search for me and will not find me," she sobbed; "I shall grow faint and hungry, and tired here, and like others, will wander about and never be heard of more; some treacherous stream will engulf me, or I shall starve, day by day, until I die a horrible death."

Then pity, self pity, turned to madness, and she clasped her delicate hands together wildly, and beat her head against the senseless rock; then extending her hands as if to ward off some demon, which in her madness she had conjured up, thinking that with hungry eyes it approached her, she uttered a despairing shriek and struck them against a hard substance near, and a roll, like the heavy tone of a deep bass drum, a sort of knell to departing hope, sounded, and sent new terror into her soul. She did not know then that there was a room within the

cave called the drum-room, which was so named from a thin stalactite partition which extends from the ceiling to the floor, and which emits, by even a gentle tap, a tone like distant thunder. Had she known this, she might have kept her consciousness, and even through her madness have had returning gleams of reason; but the poor girl only read in its sepulchral, unearthly tone, a confirmation of her terrible fate, a sort of "Amen" to the shriek with which she filled the cavern, and she rose to fly, anywhere, anywhere, on, on, even if it proved to her certain death, which would be preferable to that cruel, prolonged, suffering life. But she was not equal to the effort; her strength suddenly forsook her, and she fell with a pitiful moan upon the ground, insensible, with scarcely a sign of life about her save in the faint fluttering of her heart.

At peace at last, because unconscious! Unconscious of the darkness, the horror, the damp, cold rock which pillowed her head; oblivious to memory, to cheating hope, to life itself. It was a peace like that one sometimes hopes to find in the silent grave when weary of the jar, the tears, the trials, the sorrows of existence. The storm had done its worst; sail and mast, and pennon, had been torn away from the graceful bark in the struggle with the elements, till at last it had sunk fathoms deep, out of reach of storm or wind, resting peacefully at length amid the coral shores.

Poor driven bark, poor crazed, helpless, unconscious Sybil! And it was thus that the kind guide found her, but no efforts of his could rouse her from her death-like stupor. He was a powerful man, used to fatigue and exertion of every kind, and though his outward bearing was rough, he had the heart of a woman, and he gazed upon the poor child somewhat as a mother would look upon a helpless infant, blessing her sweet, white face, and feeling a joy, in rescuing her, that he had not known in his monotonous life for years. Then he stooped, and lifting her in his arms, carried her tenderly back to her friends, talking to her all the while in comforting words as though she heard and understood him, bidding her to be

she would soon be with them
ing her if her drooping form
pon his strong, muscular arm,
ing her position several times
t she might be wearied.

all that Vernon's eyes were
the touching sight as they
would have been too sad a
r one who loved her so ten-
ing before they entered, the
d!" uttered by the guide in
ich could be heard at some
nt a thrill to his heart that he
t, and were it not for the per-
f the rest of the party, he
rushed forward to meet her,
minded him of the guide's ex-
ctions and the danger of in-
ages, and he consented at last
ugh each succeeding moment
well to an hour's duration.

h they entered, her slight form
e stalwart arm of the guide,
his free hand he held his
ft so that the light struck im-
upon her pallid face. Her
as so helpless that it was hard
ish it from death, for her head
ed backward and her long fair
scaped from its fastening and
ing on the ground, while her
i that drooping position which
f the lifeless always have be-
ecome stiffened with cold. It
e bystanders indeed death,
hout its ungraceful rigidity.

dead?" asked Isabel in advert-
they entered, and the group
round the guide anxious to
p particular from his lips.

y God, not dead!" was all that
ald say, "she cannot, must not
e he pressed his hands tightly
inded eyes as if to invoke sight
that he might assure himself
condition.

, not dead; at least, not just
the guide compassionately, and
g to raise Vernon's hopes too
it she is in a swoon so deep
not hope for her recovery (if
akes) for some hours. In the
we must hurry onward, and
n. Vernon, require no lantern

and have both arms free, strong arms
upon which to cradle the poor child, you
must carry her as carefully as you can,
while John will guide you along—but re-
member it is a long way and a weary
one, and if you find that your burden
becomes too heavy for you, I will take
her awhile again until you get rested."

She was transferred to Vernon's arms
in silence, as though they were watching
a corpse. All looked upon that beauti-
ful, still face with sympathetic pity, and
many of the eyes there were filled with
tears; some overflowed, but Florence's
were tearless, and a fire flashed from them
as she saw that gentle head pillowed on
Vernon's breast, and the procession, so full
of enjoyment in the morning, passed in
solemn silence along, while all unheeded
were the varied forms of beauty that lined
their path.

And what were Vernon's emotions as
his arms enfolded that beloved form?
Grow weary of *her*? Ask assistance from
any one though the way were twice, ay,
thrice as long? Ah, no, it was too sweet
a burden that he bore. She seemed but
a feather in his arms as he held her there
heart to heart, with her unbound hair
waving at times upon his very lips, and
as thus he walked from the darkness into
the light of day without, a vision seemed
to come to him as he held her there, false
perchance, but still blessed because it in-
cluded her. The cave appeared to him
as earth, and its devious, perplexed ways,
and the sunlight without, the opening
heaven,—then a wild, blissful thought
entered his heart, cheating him with its
brilliant colouring, that even thus one
day might he hope to enter heaven.

Often in tenderest accents he whispered
her name, but the still lips gave no an-
swer, and then he would imagine that
her swoon was truly death, and placing
his hand upon her heart he would be re-
assured by its feeble fluttering that life
was yet there. Often, too, his soul was
torn with cruel fancies, and he feared
that from that corpse-like repose she
might wake suddenly to madness, and
his footsteps quickened to reach the outer
world and to know the worst.

At last they gained the entrance of the

cave, and the fresh breezes of heaven brought something like consciousness to the insensible girl. Opening her eyes for a moment she looked vacantly around and sighed, then a faint smile played around her lips and she nestled more closely to Vernon's breast.

"Thank God," said Vernon, fervently, as he heard that life-like sigh.

His voice seemed to arrest her attention, though she appeared to try in vain to unclothe her eyes again, and her lips moved as though she were dreaming, while she whispered a few words which Vernon's quick ear heard, and they made his heart throb wildly while she spoke.

"Oh, it was a terrible dream," the white lips murmured, "but it is over now; the longed-for peace has come at last."

"Sybil, dearest, my own beloved," whispered Vernon, forgetting all his noble plans of concealment, "God is good; He did not, will not take you from me;" but the impassioned words were all unheard, she only, like a tired child, drew closer to his bosom, not even knowing where her head was pillowed, and soon Vernon heard her breathing in the calm sleep which betokens life and health.

At this, a new joy and strength rose in his soul, and he felt there was still something bright in life—*Sybil would live*—then he yielded to the guide's remonstrances and gave her up to the care of his wife, who laid her upon her own pleasant couch, and used restoratives which completely aroused her to consciousness. At last Sybil begged to be taken home, and when they said that she was too much exhausted for the ride back, with almost childish petulance she prayed that she might be carried to her own room, for she knew in its familiar precincts, with her books around her, the soft landscape without, and Linwood's calm picture of Evening within, that she would soon be quite well again. So they yielded to her entreaties, and entering their carriages with the blessing of the kind guide and his wife, who had reason, from the tangible reward which Vernon left them, to remember the day, they were soon on their way to Vernon Grove.

Sybil and Vernon were alone; he could not yield her to the care of another while she was still so weak and helpless, and when he found that she was unable to sit up, he drew her head upon his bosom and she rested gratefully there. She smiled her thanks, for she was too prostrated in mind and body to utter many words, but remembering that he could not see such an acknowledgment, she said with earnest simplicity, "now I *know* your worth, my kind brother; what would I do without your friendly support?"

Vernon shuddered, but it was thus that he had taught her to address him. Words of passionate affection quivered on his lips, but even had he dared break his vow, that was no time or place, when she lay there still trembling and frightened, to tell her that the heart, near which she nestled, was beating, wildly beating with anything but a brother's love for her who rested there.

Home being reached at last, Sybil insisted upon visiting her grandmother's room, but finding her well cared for and still in that imbecile, childish state in which she had left her, she gave herself up into the kind housekeeper's care, who brought her some simple nourishment and insisted upon her retiring at once to her own room. There, after a fervent prayer to God for her deliverance, and an upward look at her favourite picture, which she had remembered so faithfully and well, together with a thought if he who painted it had ever dreamed while he was executing it of the calming power it would possess, she fell into a slumber like an infant's, as profound and as innocent.

Vernon's inward struggle was too strong for sleep. "She calls me *only* what I taught her," said he bitterly in the loneliness of the night, "but that word *brother*, though so tenderly uttered, chilled me through and through. Ah, never can I be to her anything but that, for have I not vowed it? And besides, she regards me only as such, and any knowledge of my love for her might annoy and disgust her so as to bereave me even of a sister's affection." Then he made renewed vows of concealment, praying fervently that

make him content that she
 the guardian angel of his life.
 and thing for man to enter the
 t such a mighty power as Love,
 with folded or clipped wings
 the heavens or break through
 amant, and it was a new dis-
 Vernon to guard himself
 thousand ways in which his
 misled by the tempter, where
 invited its approach, and
 rebade it. It was a life strug-
 strength was opposed to an
 al strength, but with Sybil's
 his side Vernon hoped eventu-
 tory.

CHAPTER XV.

love of women! it is known
 ely and a fearful thing;
 heirs upon that die is thrown,
 lost, life has no more to bring
 t mockeries of the past alone.

Byron.

death that face, like summer's
 moveless, and its cheek as clear,
 whirlwind of the heart's emo-

red, pride, hope, sorrow—all
 fear.

Halleck.

sa said by some writer that,
 room of an inhabited house,
 tragedy or a comedy is being
 id could we follow the foot-
 Faust, it would be easy to lift
 which hide them from view,
 Regé accorded to him is also
 the writer, who would weave
 ry somewhat of the inner life
 from he portrays.

The rooms of the mansion at
 ove, on her return from the
 the cave, sat Isabel Clayton,
 the gay, careless woman of
 but it was her ambition to be.
 missed her attendant abruptly,
 herself at the window, was
 with sad eyes into the pros-
 She seemed for once in-

different to appearances, for a thin shawl
 only covered her undraped shoulders, and
 a simple white robe falling around her,
 had nothing in it of the effect which she
 daily studied in her fashionable attire.

Her face had all the requisites of
 beauty, and yet upon close examination,
 one might have detected there, perhaps
 in the lines about the mouth, weakness
 lurking amid the strength which was the
 characteristic of her other features.

She was restless, unhappy it would
 seem on this night, for with a quick, im-
 patient movement she closed the window,
 and taking a book in her hand, she tried
 to read, actually making an effort to
 prevent her eyes wandering from the
 page which she had opened, but with
 another hasty exclamation, she shut it
 again, and extinguishing her lamp, re-
 turned to the window, and throwing
 back the blind to its full extent, let a
 flood of silvery moonlight into the room.
 That wistful gaze, those hands pressed
 convulsively upon her heart, told that
 she, too, shared the doom entailed upon
 those of mortal birth, for she, in common
 with all, had her secret sorrow, her un-
 satisfied want, and her broken soliloquy
 revealed at once the character of her un-
 fulfilled desire.

"Could it only be;" she murmured;
 "this one passionate wish of my heart,
 how my whole life would change; how,
 with such a gift bestowed upon me,
 would this craving, which the world
 knows not of, be satisfied. I would love
 her as they tell me only mothers can
 love, my existence would be merged in
 her little life; popularity, the approval
 of the frivolous and fashionable, would be
 nought to me then, except as far as it ad-
 ministered to the well being of my child;
 and when years had passed, I would
 have a companion to cheer me, when the
 time comes, as come it must to all, when
 the shadows lengthen in the way. Her
 little feet would exchange the bounding
 steps of childhood for the more stately
 pace of womanhood, and like Sybil, she
 would shed the sunshine of her loveliness
 all around; but God wills it not so
 be," she continued more moodily, and
 with a sudden flow of scalding tears;

"and to-morrow, and the next day, and forever, I must appear to be happy still; play my part and be applauded; still cheat Clayton into the belief, though a child would be to him an idol, that our happiness is too complete to be added to."

Scarcely had the deep sigh which followed these words escaped her, when a gentle knock at her door made her hastily dry the tears from her face, and almost before she had forced back the habitual smile from her lips, Florence entered her friend's presence.

Isabel started at her appearance.

She was as pale as death and as cold almost; her magnificent black hair was thrust back from her brow, and her lips were quivering with unspoken words of passion, while her eyes, those glittering, oriental eyes, had a glare in them that was almost madness. Over her undress, was thrown like drapery over a statue, a white cashmere robe, which gave to the outline of her figure the almost stolid appearance of some antique marble form. Walking noiselessly up to Isabel as she sat at the window, she paused, while the pure moonlight clothed her magnificent figure in a sheen of silver light, then raising her arm slowly as if to give more emphasis to her words, she looked down into Isabel's upraised and wondering eyes, and said with a mixture of passion and despair, "Isabel, you saw it, as did I; he loves her and he is lost to me forever."

The impressive action, the slow, emphatic utterance of the words, the dreamy moonlight, the mysterious figure of Florence, all combined to make an exquisite picture, and Isabel, with perceptions always alive to the beautiful, in a playful tone, told Florence her impressions, but the latter stopped her at once by a gesture of impatience. Sinking down at her friend's feet, she clasped her hands, and looking earnestly into her face, spoke again, though in a softer tone.

"Isabel, *do you love me?*" she asked.

"You know that I do," said Isabel tenderly; "have we not been children together, have not our heads pressed the same pillow, and our hearts been open to each other for years; and to sum up all my

affection for you in a little sentence, do I not wish you to be my sister and Richard's wife?"

Those last words brought a flush to Florence's cheek so radiant, that even in the moonlight, Isabel saw it crimson her upturned face.

"Isabel," she answered, as she rose once more to her feet and stood there again like a statue, but a statue endowed with quick life, "you say that you love me, and I trust you; but *your* idea of affection and *mine* may be different. I will tell you what it is to love; it is to be all, endure all for a beloved object; it is to lose sight of self entirely, to merge yourself in another's welfare;—can you be all, endure all for me and thus *prove* your love?"

Isabel grew frightened at Florence's voice and manner—"What is it," she asked, "that you want me to do; perhaps it is more than one human being ought to promise to another."

"I will lay my whole soul bare before you, and then you can judge," was the answer. "Isabel, when I entered this house, it was my ambition, mark me, *my ambition* to second your wish and be Richard's wife. I respect him, he is rich and noble, and therefore no mean mark for one of my aspiring character, and my ambition could have desired nothing farther; but a change has come over the spirit of my dream, and but one feeling reigns in my breast, but one emotion stirs my pulses, one thought actuates me now. Ask me not how it came, or what provoked it; if it was his dependent position on others which calls for tenderness, if the almost forgotten past, with the cruel part I played then, returns and upbraids me, I know not, care not, but that one feeling is *love for your brother*, so intense, so absorbing, that I would willingly give up all my dreams of distinction and wealth, and even were he reduced to poverty, these hands would gladly guide him, toil for him, this body suffer and die for him. *Now* do you understand. I *must* win him, and you alone can help me to do it."

"And what stands in the way?" said Isabel, "never did a task appear to me

we have all that even a most man would require for his happiness, genius, and all the fine of the heart; win him and be

but you do not understand me," once with fretful impatience, an obstacle in the way which is to be set aside."

"As toward you are," said Isabel, her hand affectionately, "for a rose-like, grand looking woman. It is to an obstacle, never let it come into inaction; discard it, away, scatter it to the winds, under foot; is it so mighty that it can be displaced by time nor

and it, throw it away, crush it all!" was the response, "he is with too jealous a love; no, Isabel, is *Sybil Gray*?

A silvery laugh rang through the strange contrast to the deep, repose of Florence.

"Gray, little *Sybil Gray*!" she said. "She, then, is your formidable. Would you put the half-hidden competition with the rose, shone brightened by heaven's own

Why, Florence, your obstacle melted into nothingness. She is indeed compared with Richard, and as you not see that she often 'brother,' and treats him like not let her for a moment come in and your wishes and plans. If you fear her influence at all, matter entirely to me. I will add that she requires a change, consequence of her long devotion to his sick-room, and second, be the events of to-day, which will not have an effect upon her death. Convince him of this, is an easy task for us to perform. To allow her to go with us to the city, there, her wonderful beauty and young will attract many admiration, surrounded by men envious of her loveliness, the child or that she requires something of Richard's quiet approval of all we do, and then we can make a

match for her to our liking. But mark me, Florence," continued Isabel in a more serious tone, "it must be what the world calls a *good match* in all points, for I love the artless, innocent creature almost as much as I love you. The difference between you is, that you appeal to me with your noble, gorgeous beauty and your devotion to myself, while she binds me with her more quiet and nameless graces and fascinations."

"With these she has won your brother's love," said Florence scornfully.

"I will take care to have her debut a brilliant one," said Isabel, not minding the interruption, "and she must and will create a sensation. Richard will soon forget her, and then we can pay him a second visit when she has left him for another's home and love, and there will no longer be a *Sybil Gray* to stand between you and your happiness."

Two beautiful creations they were, Florence clasping Isabel's hand, Isabel's face wearing a pleased, satisfied expression at having arranged such a feasible plan for her friend, whose countenance was the very picture of Hope, and the bright moonlight flooding both with its silvery glory.

"How kind you are, dearest," whispered Florence.

"Should I not be kind to *my sister*?" returned Isabel.

"Hush," said Florence, in a playful tone of warning, "be not too sure, for nothing in life is certain;" but even while she spoke, her heart fluttered wildly, her eyes glistened, and she pressed a kiss upon Isabel's lips as a seal to her welcome words; then with a more buoyant step than that which she had entered, she departed to her own room. The light, the loveliness of extreme youth seemed to have returned to her once more; her eyes shone through a dewy moisture, her voice broke unconsciously into song, whose burden was passionate affection; then she looked out upon the glorious night as she had never looked before, with a new interest, a new life, while her lips whispered a few words, an index to the bewildering sensation which made her so buoyantly happy:—"This, they

say, is love, this feeling which makes the air softer, the heart lighter, the whole world more glorious;" then their rich coral curled as though in scorn, her hands closed tightly, and a fiercer light burned in her eyes as a vision of a fair-haired girl, with a floating step, passed before her, and she paced the floor with the air of a conquering queen, swept back the waving hair from her shoulders, and again the lips whispered or rather hissed other words, all unfit to have issued from her clenched teeth, the ivory portal through which they passed; "*and this is hate and triumph!*"

And Sybil slept on, her white hand crossed meekly upon her breast, her golden tresses shading her seraphic brow, upon her lips a smile, and in her breast the quiet of a heart at peace with herself and all the world, little dreaming that over her hovered those angels of destruction, marking out her future, and plotting for her *very life*.

CHAPTER XVI.

What shall I do with all the days and
hours

That must be counted ere I see thy
face?

How shall I charm the interval that
lowers

Between this time and that sweet time
of grace?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I con-
trive

To bring the hour that brings thee back
more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to
live

Until that blessed time, and thou art
here?

Mrs. Butler.

"Her voice is soft; not shrill and like the
lark's,

But tenderer—graver."

It was no hard task for Isabel and Florence to alarm Vernon about Sybil's health, and as if nature were plotting with them, she certainly seemed weak,

and her cheeks grew colourless after her adventure in the cave. She seldom laughed that rich, ringing laugh of heart merriment, but smiled instead, while her voice, which had burst into song as naturally as the voice of a bird in the woodlands, each day grew more mute, and the effort which she made to conceal what was passing within, only rendered her more unlike the bright and happy creature of the past. In fact a deep shadow had passed over the young girl's life, as is generally the case with all thinking beings after some great peril; she felt, with awe, what she had escaped, and the reflection made her subdued and serious, so that Vernon, missing her accustomed playfulness, was easily persuaded that she needed a change. None but he, however, could tell at what a sacrifice he yielded to her going away from his own protecting care; none but he or one who loves and who feels willing to make any sacrifice for the welfare of the beloved one.

But Isabel, in her zeal for her friend Florence, not only wrought upon her brother's feelings, but upon Sybil's, telling her that it was Vernon's desire that she should visit the city, as it would, besides restoring her to perfect health, add to her advantages, improve her touch in drawing, and acquaint her with new styles of singing, and that mixing in the most polished society would give to her manners a tone which one who had always lived in the country needed in order to be perfectly refined. As a desire of Vernon's was fast getting to be something of sacred importance in Sybil's mind, she consented to listen to her new prospects, but at the same time pleaded as an excuse for not readily assenting to Isabel's kind wish, her grand-mother's precarious state of health. Isabel soon overruled that objection by saying that it mattered little to Mrs. Gordon what attendant she had in the present phase of her decay, and if the smallest change occurred, Sybil should be sent for at once. When she found that this last argument nearly caused Sybil to yield to the proposed change, with artful eloquence which was worthy of a better cause, she drew a

of all that the young novice would be a genius of the stage, music, so-
lating; the companionship of in-
men and women, perhaps some
very authors whose works were
household gods, until Sybil, not
least these new fascinations and
sisterly kindness, looked forward
with intense pleasure to the hour
here for such a bright and beau-
tiful of happiness.

Evening before the day fixed upon
party to leave Vernon Grove
with it varied feelings to all con-
Vernon was unmistakeably sad
my; Isabel glad almost to child-
try to escape once more to her
of constant excitement, and Flor-
rent to leave even the object of
imate attachment because she
could arrive one step nearer the
of her plans.

But the hour of departure was so
there was a severe struggle going
Sybil's heart, and she was gay,
sad, tearful and joyful by turns.
She felt the significance of that dirge-
ful "Farewell." Not only to Ver-
d she be obliged to utter it, but
ful though unconscious guar-
antee earlier years; to the kind do-
who had ever looked upon her
rect; and even the inanimate ob-
jects had been her companions so
it be included in the parting;
scape seen from her window, the
ch had sheltered her, the very
flowers which had sprung up
fly path. Yes, even though the
future awaited her, Sybil felt
nothing was a serious thing.

She spoke to you a few minutes
and Vernon to her, as Isabel and
made them good-night earlier
al, to make arrangements for the
"but you seem so particularly
is perhaps a sober, quiet talk
to suit your mood."

She had heard the laughing "good-
night" Sybil which followed Isabel's
not to be ready early on the mor-
did not see the bright tear
swelled her eyes a moment after-
when she turned towards his down-

cast face, and had judged her only by
the first; but she made no answer to his
question, so reproachful in its tone, ex-
cept by twining her arm within his and
leading him to his favourite seat, and
then sitting, as was her custom before the
arrival of their guests, on a foot-stool at
his feet.

"Yes, I must talk to you before you
go," said Vernon, "somewhat as we con-
versed before this hateful visit; I mean
in the same familiar way; I must tell
you with what a sense of unrest this
coming absence of yours oppresses me,
how I wish that the visit was over, and
that this night, this hour, you had come
back to me and Vernon Grove again.
Ah, I shall miss you sadly, sadly,
Sybil."

Her youthful, hopeful heart could
prognosticate no evil in that brief ab-
sence, and she tried to laugh away his
fears.

"Turn to the bright side of the pic-
ture," she said smilingly, "and think of
only *that*. Remember how many things
I shall have to tell you of when I return,
how many new songs to sing you; and
then call to mind Mrs. Clayton's fine
promises. This visit, she says, is to
transform me into a being of almost
ideal perfections; just think how grace-
ful, charming and accomplished the coun-
try girl will become under the new expe-
riences which await her."

"I know all, can imagine all," said
he, unmoved by her pleasantry, "but no
bright anticipations are to me like a real
presence. A blind man's world is nar-
rowed down, as far as relates to externals,
to a mere point. What Sybil Gray *is*,
satisfies me, I care not to look forward to
what she *will be*."

Ah! how his soul longed to say a few
words of love to bind her to him forever,
but he did not, would not; his sense of
right guided him perhaps; or perchance
the thought that he might so interfere
with some brighter destiny which awaited
her, checked him, and he only uttered
the first word of his intended appeal;
one word, she had often heard it from his
lips, but never in such a way; one word,
but whether the tone in which it was

spoken was that of love, or hate, unutterable tenderness, or reproach, she could not determine in her own mind, but that it came like a meteor, as unexpectedly and as sudden, that it sent the hot blood tingling to her brow, that whatever it meant it thrilled her with a strange power—this she knew and felt, and the word was simply her own familiar name, "*Sybil*."

There was a pause for a moment, but her voice at last broke it,—

"I am listening, Mr. Vernon," she said.

"Better be silent," he answered impetuously, "than give utterance to that cold, measured '*Mr. Vernon*.' I hate it, Sybil; it chills me through and through."

"I should have said *brother*," said she in a softer tone, and anxious to conciliate him, "but I am so thoughtless, so forgetful, that I do not always remember the word which you want me to say, and which is so pleasant to me to utter."

"No, nor that either," he exclaimed, writhing as though some nerve had sustained an injury, "let it be Richard, Sybil, and though it were earth's harshest sound, it will turn to music if *you* utter it."

Sybil tried and tried in vain to frame the word aloud, the distance was too immeasurably great between them, and it died away unuttered on her lips.

"I cannot, cannot," she said frankly at last, "it seems almost disrespectful in me to think of such a thing, you have seen so many more years than I have, Mr. Vernon; and perhaps you do not know," she continued playfully, as she saw a threatening frown on Vernon's brow, and hoped by her pleasantry to drive it away, "that you even look older than you are, for since your illness a host of silver hairs have appeared shining out from among the darker ones on your brow, like a sort of clock to mark the hour of your life, or perhaps to warn me about the difference of our years."

No sooner had Sybil uttered these words than she became conscious that she had done wrong, for a shade of intense sadness passed over Vernon's face, and mournfully was his answer spoken.

"You are severe, but just, Sybil; meaning kindness, but inflicting wounds upon the very eve of your departure from the home where we have been so happy together."

"Forgive me," she answered quickly, "you see that there is another lesson which you must teach me, and it is not to say anything impolite or unacceptable; I am sure that I did not mean to wound you just now by my remark, and after all I should not be surprised to see the grey hairs in clusters upon my own head, following that terrible experience in the cave. There have been those, you know, whose hair has turned white in a single night; I wonder that mine did not then."

Vernon passed his hand caressingly over her bright, luxuriant locks.

"Ah," he said tenderly, "that was indeed a terrible hour; I scarcely could have lived had I lost my little Sybil then."

There was a trembling earnestness in his tone that went straight to Sybil's heart, and she longed to make entire reparation for the remark which she thought had pained him.

"I will tell you what I *will* do," she said half playfully, half seriously; "you know that I am going away to-morrow, and you will miss me so at Vernon Grove that it will seem a very long time before I return, particularly if I pay a visit to aunt Mary before I come back; this prelude is to make you sensible that the time of my being absent, and my large experience, will have added almost a cycle to my years, while you, remaining here, will be stationary for a while, and so I promise you freely and fully with this addition of years on my part, which will make us equal, that when I see Vernon Grove again, I will have courage to address you, if you still desire it, even by the name of the lion-hearted king."

A flood of joy swept through Vernon's heart; that promise brought her one step nearer to him, and it was a blessed thought that the word *Richard* would be converted into music by her lips, but no future pleasure could take away the pres-

of parting, and he recurred to
 silent will the Grove be when
 it, dear child; what shall I do
 your voice, Sybil? I do not
 sly in singing, but in reading
 versing. The blind miss a voice
 as much as a bodily presence, and
 ways pretended to read charac-
 er voice. My blindness has thus
 me to depend more on my instincts
 er, and my love and hatred for
 re determined by their voices."

"I depend almost as much on a pe-
 rme of voice," answered Sybil,
 author of some lines that I read
 er day. I committed them to
 , and some day when I return
 are in want of entertainment
 ly, I will repeat them to you."

"Why not now?" he asked; "is
 that you can not spare me a few
 notes? Ah, Sybil, by-and-by you
 to others in the dance far more
 in that which you deny me; by-
 you will forget me quite, or re-
 me only as the blind man who
 dependant upon you, and who
 for your companionship when you
 far better employed than by en-
 gaging him."

She had heard many a storm of an-
 ger from Vernon's lips, but she was
 used to the querulous tone of re-
 which was now in the ascendant,
 ery to have provoked it, she tried
 good nature to make amends for
 a passed.

"I do not think that you would care
 much to hear them now," she said,
 as for its being too late to recite
 that certainly was not my excuse,
 ally feel as if I could not sleep to-
 I do not know after all, if you
 like the lines as much as I do, for
 it is only their earnestness which
 sends them; they are simply words
 every loving heart, linked together
 yme; by a loving heart, I mean
 ish-loves as the heroes and hero-
 novels love."

What you have said of them does
 to me the desire to hear
 returned Vernon, "though such

love seems to be denied me, and though
 my whole life as regards the affections
 must be one long disappointment. But
 even if this be the case, I can still sym-
 pathize with the loving and beloved."

Sybil imagined that he alluded to his
 experience in regard to Florence, and her
 voice grew tenderer in its pity as she re-
 peated the lines addressed—

"TO A BELOVED VOICE.

"Speak it once more, once more, in ac-
 cents soft,
 Let the delicious music reach mine ear,
 Tell me in murmured accents oft and
 oft,

That I am dear.

"Teach me the spell that clings around a
 word,
 Teach to my lips the melody of thine,
 And let the spoken name most often
 heard

Be mine, be mine.

"Why in the still and dreamy twilight
 hour,
 When lone and tender musings fill the
 breast,
 Why does thy voice with its peculiar
 power

Still my unrest?

"Why does the memory of thy faintest
 tone
 In the deep midnight come upon my
 soul,
 And cheer the parting hours, so sad and
 lone,

As on they roll?

"Oh, if my passions overflow their bound,
 Or pride, or hate, or anger call for blame,
 Do *thou*, with earnest, mild, rebuking
 sound,

But breathe my name:

"But show the better way by *thee* ap-
 proved,
 Bid me control my erring, wayward will,
 And at the chiding of thy voice be-
 loved,

All shall be still."

Burning words were upon Vernon's
 lips, even an echo to the burden of the

lines, "*thus, Sybil, my beloved, is thy voice unto me,*" but by a strong effort he forced them back, and thanked her calmly for her kindness.

And then the parting came.

"Good-night, Mr. Vernon, *almost* good-bye."

"And are you going to leave me with a cold shake of the hand, Sybil? Are we, brother and sister, companions from the far past, from the years of your childhood, are we to part thus? Has not a prayer followed you if you but strayed from my presence? Have I not watched you, taught you, cared for you, loved you, and can you think of no way to leave me to my loneliness but *this*? Can you give me no memory but what a stranger gives to a stranger, the common, every-day clasp of a hand?"

It scarcely needed these words to overcome Sybil, who had been in a state of excitement for the past few days, and suddenly a shower of tears rained from her eyes. Though it was too late to retract, it seemed to her, now that the time was really approaching, ungrateful in her to leave her benefactor, her friend, her teacher, particularly since he now appeared somewhat reluctant to have her go.

"I owe you all that I am," sobbed she, like a poor, penitent child; "you have taught me every thing, teach me now. *How* should we part, tell me, and now as ever, I would obey my teacher's most trivial wish."

The strong man trembled for a moment, half unclosed his arms, yearning to enfold her in his embrace and to keep her there forever, resisted the impulse, and crushed some rebellious thought which had nearly overmastered him, then folding them tightly over his breast, a shield against the strong temptation which beset him, bent down, pressed a fervent kiss upon her brow, blessed and then released her.

Sybil departed to her own room, but twice she paused on her way thither as she thought that she heard her name borne to her by the wind as it rushed through the long corridor, but hearing it not repeated again, she concluded that it

was only her imagination, as she had just left Vernon and he had said his last words, and the rest of the household were hushed in slumber, and she soon lost all memory of it in the little preparations which still remained for her to make for the morrow's journey. Had she traced the source of that mysterious cry, had she returned and beheld Vernon wildly entreating her to have mercy upon him and to leave him not; had she heard his passionate words of affection and the touching appeal addressed to her in his despair, perhaps her destiny would have been decided then and there; but it was otherwise decreed, the morning's sun saw Sybil's departure from Vernon Grove and its master, to behold them, if ever again, how and when?

CHAPTER XVII.

"'Tis a proud chamber and a rich,
Filled with the world's most costly things
Of precious stones and gold;
Of laces, silks and jewelry,
And all that's bought and sold."

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

And her smile it seems most holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

Mrs. Browning.

"So, your toilette is finished, Sybil; it is well, for our guests will arrive presently. Like a patient audience I have been awaiting the rising of the curtain, and now I am ready to applaud or condemn. Are you sure that art and nature leagued together have done their very best? Before I judge for myself I must have that lamp to the left shaded somewhat, and the other raised, so that I may see the effect of that

new *coiffure* upon your style of face. People, like paintings, should only be criticised in certain lights. Incline that wave of hair a little more upon your brow, there, that is more artistic, and now, Sybil, I cannot help it if those Madonna-like eyes of yours are raised in pious remonstrance, for I must say what I think,—you are beautiful, positively the most beautiful—”

Sybil's beseeching look at Isabel, and her white-gloved hand laid upon her arm, arrested her words.

“Well, I will stop, since you wish me not to be personal, and will generalize and modify what I was about to say. After all, fashion is *the* thing; take even an ugly woman from the dairy, Frenchify her a little, and she will become quite handsome under refined and refining hands, while you, Sybil, ah, I dare not tell you what you have become.”

Isabel might have been pardoned for gazing in admiration upon the lovely face and form before her. It was the night of Sybil's debut, and she had yielded herself up into her friend's hands to be attired as she wished; and Isabel, guided by her perfect taste, had chosen what was most appropriate in its simplicity, pure white, gauzy and floating, and almost like gossamer in its fine texture. Let others wear what they choose, she said, let Sybil load herself ever after with gems and finery, *that* night she belonged exclusively to her, and she should have no ornament save her own faultless beauty, and she was satisfied with the result, even the fastidious Isabel.

Sybil had been one week the inmate of Mrs. Clayton's city home; she was used to luxury, but not such as this; she had dreamed of enjoyment, and she was more than satisfied, for here she met with kindness on every side, and everything seemed to minister to her taste for the beautiful. Isabel was delighted with her fresh, unspoiled heart, and had taken her *protégé* under her peculiar care, first because she felt somewhat the sacredness of the charge, and again because the young girl, whom she had brought from her retired home suddenly into the glare of the great world, was a curiosity to

her, something new under the sun, and her very straight-forward simplicity of character, so in opposition to her own worldly training, interested her as a study; while Clayton, fancying what she fancied, took Sybil at once to his heart and home, rejoicing that his wife found something to amuse and interest her. Of Florence, that regal woman who always appeared to Sybil as if newly stepped from her throne, she saw comparatively little, nor did she regret it, for the old feeling, of the dove in the presence of the hawk, fluttered her too much for her sensations to be those of perfect peace. As a reason for her sudden withdrawal from the world of fashion, Florence had declared herself weary of society, expressing a contempt for its forms and institutions, sadly at variance with her former tastes, while she expatiated largely upon the delights of a country residence, and thus, though Sybil knew that she was frequently closeted with Isabel, discussing some matter seemingly of importance, seldom did she meet her in the never ending round of engagements into which she had been drawn by Isabel.

On the night of Sybil's debut Mr. Clayton's house was to be opened to a large circle of Isabel's friends, and Sybil's heart beat tumultuously as she descended to the gorgeously lighted rooms, and thought of the contrast which that evening would present to her past secluded life; it was a new and not perfectly agreeable ordeal to her because of her embarrassment, and she half shrank back from the blaze of light which she encountered. A friendly glance, however, met her, and a friendly hand took her own, and she felt relieved to find that as yet Mr. Clayton was the only occupant of the room, while a few pleasant words of approval of her simple dress tended still more to reassure her.

“It argues well for her future obedience to my commands,” said Isabel fondly, “to be so entirely guided by my wishes; her dress wants nothing in its airy grace except perhaps a set of pearl ornaments. *They* might indeed add to the purity of her appearance, for there is something in their unostentatious beauty that softens

without gilding, and one can fancy the holy women of old, if wearing jewelry at all, preferring only pearls."

Mr. Clayton smiled and looked tenderly at his lovely wife, who seemed for once to forget herself in her interest for another, and then with an air of mystery he placed a casket in her hands.

"You always said, Isabel, that I was your good fairy, and lo, here are what you have just wished for, a set of pearls for Sybil. I heard you say that her dress was to be of white, and knowing that there could be such a thing as painting the rose and gilding the lily, I trust that she will accept them, and I shall be amply repaid by your approval and her wearing them to night."

Isabel impulsively threw her arms around Clayton's neck, much to the detriment of her elaborate toilette, while Sybil thanked him with eloquent words, and certainly when they were clasped around her snowy neck and arms, one might have wondered how she had seemed so fair without them.

"I wish that Vernon could see Sybil now," said Clayton, who was not included in the secret shared between Isabel and Florence, "he would think that she was some spirit draped in earthly robes; he must be lonely enough at the Grove, with no joyful tongue to give him welcome home; why did you not bring him with you, Isabel?"

"The truth is," said Isabel, frowning a little at the unwelcome introduction of his name, "that I did ask Richard to accompany us, but without any hope of success, for he said that he would not feel at home anywhere away from his every day haunts, and so refused my invitation; and now remember, Clayton, I want *his* to be a forbidden name while Sybil is here, for fear that it will bring back old memories of birds and flowers, and make her want to fly away to the woods once more."

Tears came into Sybil's eyes, pearls brighter than those which clasped her fair neck, for she thought of Vernon and her grandmother alone in their solitude, but she brushed them away hastily as the bell from the hall sounded, not indeed

with the quick energetic ring of an aristocrat's footman, but so near the time for the assembling of his guests as to lead Mr. Clayton to expect them and to advance forward a step, while the white-gloved waiter threw open the doors with a grand air of importance.

No perfumed and jewelled lady entered, however; no dainty gentleman with unimpeachable toilet, but a woman coarsely attired, with a hollow-eyed child in her arms, advanced with shrinking step into the room, shading her eyes with her rough hand from the sudden blaze of light.

"What does the woman want?" asked Clayton of the astonished waiter, "and how dare you admit such a person at this hour, at this time, into my house?"

The woman answered for herself in a sad voice, and in hurried words told a pitiful tale of misfortune and affliction, looking down anxiously at intervals upon the child as though to assure herself that each quick, convulsive breath that it drew was not its last.

Her husband, she said, together with herself and child, had taken passage in a vessel bound for other shores, and while on their way a storm had overtaken them and their vessel became a wreck. Many on board had perished, and among the rest her husband, whose dying struggles she had witnessed without being able to give him any assistance, and she and her child might have shared his fate if another vessel, in passing at some distance, had not seen their signal of distress and rendered assistance to the few miserable survivors who were clinging to the wreck, their strength almost spent by their exertions. Her child and herself, it was true, were saved from drowning, but a worse fate might await them through poverty and hunger, which must soon bring them to the grave, for upon landing, the captain of the ship which had rescued them, told her that she must seek at once for employment, as he could no longer afford to add to his expenses by maintaining those whom he had saved, and so without food or clothing, with a sick child and a heavy heart, a stranger in a strange land, she had gone forth to seek her fortunes. Seeing bright lights in Mr.

Clayton's house, she had stopped there, hoping that the noble exterior might betoken wealth and plenty and benevolence—she but asked a shelter for the night, or the wherewithal to obtain one elsewhere, a shawl to wrap her shivering child in, and a word of advice from the kind gentleman and lady of the house, she added.

Piteously were her eyes turned upon the group, who were interested in spite of themselves in the narrative, but another peal of the bell at least determined Clayton's plan of action.

"My advice is," said he frowningly, "that you depart from these doors at once. The city provides a refuge for such as you, and if you choose, you can go to the authorities and there palm upon them your improbable story; these rooms were lighted for guests and not for importunate beggars, depart at once, and let them have entrance."

"So much to me," thought Sybil, glancing at her costly pearls, "so much to pleasure and pomp, and nothing to her!" She could have torn the rich ornaments from her arms and neck if she had dared, and trampled them under foot, while Isabel seeing her emotion, hummed a lively air and tried to draw her away, saying that Clayton had done what was but right, as he was constantly assailed by impostors who tried, under false pretences, to extract money from him. But Sybil stood rooted to the spot. The woman's pale

face flushed at Clayton's cruel words, and she looked straight into his eyes as if to be assured of his meaning, then shuddering perhaps from cold, perhaps from some uncontrollable impulse of despair or weariness, she drew the moaning child more closely to her shrunken breast and walked slowly from the room, while her miserable robes brushed the silken garments of the gay party who ascended the stairs.

Sybil would have followed her and have rendered her the aid which Clayton had denied, for she felt and knew that the strange sad tale was true, but Isabel held her back, and in a passive, dream-like mood, she heard her name in an introduction, and then came fresh arrivals, and the incident was for that night forgotten, but ever after Sybil's conscience reproached her for not being more prompt and acting with more independence; nor did she plead as others might for her, her inexperience and the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed. Often did she think of Clayton's avarice which led him, though spending thousands for his own pleasures, to refuse needful aid to that wretched beggar, and of Isabel's apathy as she besought a shelter, and as the besetting sin of their characters unfolded itself to her, she felt that at God's bar of justice she would rather have the heart of that poor woman beating beneath its scanty rags, than those of the proud owners of that costly palace home.



THE FIVE POETS.—The handwriting frequently bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes tend to counteract or obstruct a uniform result. "I am intimately acquainted," says Disraeli, "with the handwriting of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired, among Scottish advocates, a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polished his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

UGLINESS.

AN ANACHERONISM.

Forma bonum fragile est.

When Eris, that old maid of Ancient lore
 Who dealt in strife, and broken bones galore
 Was left unbidden to the festive scene,
 Where Peleus claimed fair Thetis for his queen,
 She felt her dander rise; for she alone,
 Of all the deities such slight had known;
 So quick she held a council in her mind
 To spoil the feast and speedy vengeance find:
 'Twas thus she argued, "How can I best raise
 Fell Discord's fire and fan it into blaze?
 What stratagem shall I employ upon
 These gods and goddesses and spoil their fun?
 Oh Mars, my brother, help thy sister now—
 O pater Nox, inform thy daughter how,
 Assisted by thy shade, she may appear
 Upon Mount Pelion's lofty brow, and there
 Spread such a panic 'mong the assembled host,
 As all the New York banks could never boast!
 Ah happy thought, that flashes through my brain
 Swift as the lightening with its forked chain!
 I have it now, Oh vengeance thou art sweet,
 And mine, I feel it, shall be most complete.
 For I will raise a strife among the dames
 Which quick 'mongst men and Gods will spread the flames
 Of conflict dire, aye, by the Hill of Howth,
 Worse than a nigger outbreak at the South!
 But how? Shall failure cross my shining path
 For want of means to raise a woman's wrath?
 Ye Gods forbid; and since no better plan
 Strikes me at present, I will copy man;
 And e'en as Barnum raised a great commotion,
 Among the Yankee girls across the ocean,
 By holding up to their admiring wonder
 A prize for beauty,—I'll do that by Thunder!"

• • • • •
 So when the fun commenced, and all were there,
 And gentle smiles were wreathed on faces fair;
 While Jupiter, that jolly fine old soul,
 Was growing mellow o'er the flowing bowl;
 While mirth ran high, and nectar passed around,
 And agile feet tripped lightly o'er the ground;
 She made an apple out of solid gold
 Inset with pearls, and gems of rarest mould,
 Inscribed upon its smooth and convex rind
 "This apple for the fairest is designed,"
 And hovering high o'er Pelion's misty top,
 The wicked Eris let the pippin drop.

• • • • •

Had General Walker with his lawless band
Of Fillibusters drawn from every land,
Appeared among that host with purpose dire
Of laying waste their land with sword and fire,
He could not there have raised among the Gods
A muss so great by half a dozen odds.

* * * * *

First fair Minerva claims the golden prize
And views its sparkling gems with longing eyes,
Sweet Venus too, to seize the prize would fain
While haughty Juno views them with disdain,
Looks on them both with countenance morose
And slightly elevates her royal nose.
Now soon their mirth gives way to loud contention
Which would have shamed a women's rights convention,
And angry frowns distort their lovely faces
Which but just now were wreathed with gentle graces.
And fiercer still the noisy conflict rose
While each dealt right and left her verbal blows,
Till Jove, aroused by this infernal clatter,
His toddy left to look into the matter;
But seeing them he cried, "Lay on Macduff
And damned be she who first cries hold, enough."
And having thus delivered his opinion,
He took a pinch of real old Virginian,
Pronounced the whole affair to be an "auger"
And soothed his nerves with half a pint of lager!

* * * * *

But though old Zeus thus looked upon the fun,
It was in real truth but half begun,
For each fair dame, now fully roused to anger,
Enforced her claim with bedlamitic clangor.
But all things have an end, this is as true
Of women's tongues, as 'tis of me or you.
Until at last, by dint of mere fatigue,
They had to give up slang and try intrigue.
So all agreed, for want of better plan,
To let it be decided by a man;
But whom of all the men beneath the sky
Might be judged worthy of a trust so high?
Here Pater Jove, who was a keen old fellow,
And had by this time grown most lordly mellow,
Begun to see the joke, and favoring Eris,
He ordered them to leave their feud to Paris.

* * * * *

Now quick to Ida's groves the scene is changed,
Where Paris with his flocks securely ranged,
And there the fair contendants for the prize
Parade their charms before the astonished eyes
Of Priam's son; and all at once employ
Alluring promises to move the boy
Unto their favor; Juno offers lands,
And boundless sway o'er Asia's golden sands,

Ugliness.

While fair Minerva offers to confer
"The pomp and circumstance of glorious war;"
But gentle Venus, that bewitching creature,
Better understanding human nature,
And knowing too, that nothing else in life
Will tempt a "homo" like a pretty wife,
Offers to give unto the silly calf
The fairest woman for his better half,
And then by one consent they all caress him,
And smothered in their arms they thus address him,
"Come gentle Paris, you shall judge between us,"
He looks—compares—and gives the prize to Venus.

• • • • •

Alas the day, alas the fatal day,
Which saw proud man succumb to Beauty's sway.
For soon the dread results began to appear
Which drenched with human gore this fated sphere,
While Greece with one consent unsheathed her sword
To avenge the fancied wrongs of Helen's lord.
And soon the treachery of a love-sick boy
Laid slaughtered thousands on the plains of Troy.
While Eris, glorying in her vengeance, swore
That peace in Heaven or Earth should be no more.
While Mars, exulting in the bloody sight,
Impatiently prepared to join the fight;
Unloosed the dogs of war, (which latter action
Hath wrongfully been laid to General Jackson)
Sent forth the thirsty band in fierce array
And swore each separate cur should have his day.

* * * * *

Oh Beauty! thou dread curse of every clime,
Thou bane of every nation, every time,
'Neath your dread sway hath peace from mortals fled
While still they hug the dart that lays them dead,
To you no more I'll bend the suppliant knee,
I swear by all the Gods I will be free!
And come ye noble spirits, who have long
Endured the jeers of the ignoble throng
Because forsooth ye have not pretty faces,
Nor forms endowed with vain and foppish graces
Come all, both high and low, both fools and sages,
Old maids, old bachelors, of "certain ages."
Enroll your names among the noble train
Who dare to laugh to scorn the proud disdain
Of those who by fond mother Nature's pains
Are blest with comeliness instead of brains!
No more we'll cower 'neath the tyrants rod,
But noble UGLINESS shall be our God!
Rejoice ye scholars of the buried past,
She true to ΤΟ ΚΑΛΟΝ hath been found at last!
Beauty! thy reign is drawing to a close,
Thou "tetenima causa" of many a bloody nose!

* * * * *

But though, by this one act of human error
 Commenced on earth a hideous "reign of terror,"
 Which swept from land to land with fearful speed
 And caused all other doctrines to recede;
 Though, from that fatal day men thought it duty
 To offer up themselves the slaves of Beauty;
 Yet it was not for want of counsel wise,
 To banish beauty's glamour from their eyes:
 For even there, before old Ilium's gates,
 Where raged the strife between contending Fates,
 Appeared a prophet, bearing words of peace
 To the assembled nations, and to Greece,
 And breathing in their ears the words of truth,
 Addressed himself alike to age and youth;
 But who shall check the sway of human rage,
 When in the ignoble strife the God's engage?
 As usual, they heeded not his cry,
 Treated him with disdain, or passed him by;
 Until at last worn out, he died a slave
 Neglected by the men he came to save.
 Oh Therasites, thou man of perfect mould,
 Whose every word was worth a mine of gold,
 What though thou livedst neglected, died in scorn,
 To curse the age in which thou hadst been born?
 What though as age succeeded hoary age,
 Thy name was left untouched by history's page?
 For me 'twas left to chronicle thy fame,
 And rescue from contempt thy glorious name!
 And from thy sayings, I will start a school
 Of true Philosophy, the golden rule
 Of which shall be, "Be this our lever—
 A lack of Beauty is a joy forever!"

* * * * *

Shade of old Homer, bard of Scio's Isle,
 Leave thine abode and come to earth awhile—
 Inspire my pen with all thy noble art,
 That I may write in strains that touch the heart;
 Give me thy lyre now so long unused,
 To sing the praise of him whom you abused—
 Or speak through me in numbers all thine own,
 And thus retrieve the grievous wrong you've done;
 Acknowledge to the world that you were blind,
 And could not see the beauties of his mind;
 My fancy with poetic fervor heat,
 While I describe this hero most complete.

* * * * *

He was a man of parts, a stately form,
 Which, like the rainbow that allays the storm,
 Bent in a graceful curve from head to toe,
 But lacked the gaudy colors of the bow.
 His mien was lofty, and his carriage bold,
 His "*tout ensemble*," ah, that can't be told—
 I feel the lack of words to make it plain,

Ugliness.

I must resort to metaphor again ;
 'Twas like the calm, intrepid, grave approach
 Of an old donkey to a peck of oats !
 His countenance, ah, where shall I begin
 To tell the majesty that reigned therein ?
 His eyes were like the eagle's, small and grey,
 And one looked this, and one the other way ;
 'Twas thus he dealt rebuke with treble stroke,
 He *looked* at two, and to the third one *spoke*.
 He pierced them through, as with a dart of flint,
 By one severe, uncompromising squint !
 Ah, had he lived in this degenerate age,
 He might have made his fortune on the stage ;
 You ask me how ? Why thus you silly dunce—
 He could with ease have driv'n three teams at once !
 Unlucky Homer, you indeed were blind,
 To be unable any grace to find
 In two such eyes, unhid by any brows,
 'Bout which the love-sick poet frenzied grows.
 They looked as lovely, minus brow or lash,
 As two grey beans inserted in a squash !
 But still their fire sinks to a calm repose
 When viewed beside that long, majestic nose.
 Oh, Bonaparte, thou skilled in human nature,
 Who judged of men alone by this one feature,
 Hads't thou been carrying on the seige of Troy,
 And seen that nose, thy heart had leaped with joy—
 For you'd have sworn there's not a grain of doubt
 When once your eyes beheld that perfect snout,
 That Thersites alone could win the game
 Of "crimson glory and undying fame."
 Some like one kind of nose, and some another,
 About this one there could not be a bother,
 For it had every style nose could display—
 'Twas long, pug, aqueline, and *retroussé* !
 Alas ! we have none like it in our day,
 They do not vegetate. Some people say
 The reason why pug noses are so plenty,
 That not one man is found in every twenty,
 But thinks himself the greatest plant that grows,
 And on mankind at large turns up his nose.
 Another one will argue by the hour,
 And prove his words with true Socratic power—
 That noses are made sharp, as he declares,
 By thrusting them in other folks' affairs.
 More theories are held, and doctrines transient,
 Why modern noses won't compare with ancient;
 But all are wrong, the truth must now be told,
 When nature made that nose she broke the mould !
 His mouth was large of course, and well defined,
 To give full vent to that capacious mind ;
 It spread across his face in lines austere,
 And only found its end at either ear.
 His lips were thin and pliant, suited well

To mould the magic words that from them fell.
 His teeth were sharp, protuberant and strong,
 To hold the thoughts that burned upon his tongue;
 And so when any fop devoid of sense
 Attempted to be smart at his expense,
 He did not waste his words, but held them in,
 And "dried him up" with one almighty grin!
 Ah, when you looked on that expressive face,
 And saw one shade another quick displace,
 Beheld those piercing eyes, and glistening rows
 Of teeth, thick-set beneath his model nose,
 There, you'd have thought, (or else you must be green,)
 McCormick got the plan for his "masheen!"
 His hair was red, and shaggy as the main
 Of that fierce king of Afric's sunburnt plain,
 Who roams around the earth from hour to hour,
 Seeking whom he may pleasantly devour.
 Fiercely it rose o'er his majestic brow,
 And fell again upon his shoulders low;
 And circling round about his cone-shaped head
 In pendant curls of sanguinary red,
 Resembled, in its beauty perched on high,
 A peck of pepper-pods hung up to dry!

Such was the man whom Greece conspired to scorn,
 Whose youth she left unblest, whose age forlorn.
 Look on him now, ye men of modern time,
 And let his praises ring through every clime,
 Till all the world, from Beersheba to Dan,
 Cry "*Ecce homo*," see the perfect man!

Oh, Greece, deluded Greece, thy sin was great,
 Thus calmly to survey the unhappy fate
 Of him who came to expose the false delusion,
 Which threw thy hearth-stones into wild confusion.
 You heeded not the sage advice he dropped,
 But laughed them into scorn, nor there you stopped,
 But added, in this wilful, stubborn mood,
 To all thy other sins, ingratitude!
 Did he not speak to you in "words that burn,"
 And "thoughts that breathe," and counsel you to turn
 From strifes, which 'twas a scandal to begin,
 For beauty is no deeper than the skin?
 Did he not pour into the wounded side
 Of Menelaus, deserted by his bride,
 These soothing words of balm, "my friend weep not,"
 "The sea holds fish as good as e'er were caught?"
 Did he not offer good advice and sound
 To old Achilles, that ungrateful hound?
 And tell him he was sure possessed of witches,
 To mourn a woman who had worn the breeches?
 But they were deaf, and said he did but rave.
 Alas, if they had heard, Greece were not now a slave,

Nor would she call in vain for "only three"
 Such men as fought and won Thermopylæ:
 But though while "error wounded writhes in pain,"
 "Truth crushed to earth will ever rise again;"
 And now his merits shall with joy be hurled
 Full in the face of an admiring world;
 Arouse ye victims of long borne oppression
 And join with spirits light the glad procession,
 Which shall to glory march. Float to the breeze
 The all-triumphant flag of Thersites!
 Whose name be honored by the poet's pen,
 The noblest, greatest, ugliest of men!

EUROPEAN LIFE IN THE EAST.

The Domestic Ménage—Mode of Washing—Scriptural Allusions Illustrated by Oriental Usages of Modern Times—Faithfulness of Domestics—Luxurious Mode of Living Among Foreigners—Rapidity with which Fortunes are Acquired—Charms of Eastern Life, &c., &c., &c.

BY A TRAVELLER.

The domestic ménage of an Oriental nabob, or man of rank, is truly an extraordinary affair; and the number of operatives required to keep in motion this ponderous machine, is almost incredible to a Western reader. In addition to his one or two hundred wives, or perhaps more, each of whom is entitled to her own physician, secretary, and at least a dozen or two private attendants—his forty or fifty children (by no means an uncommon number for a man of rank) with the nurses, maids and *valets de chambre* needed for the special accommodation of these scions of a lordly house—and the personal attendants of the lord himself—there are ordinarily from one to two thousand cooks, butlers, footmen, boat-rowers, palanquin-bearers, gardeners, and other subordinates, besides physicians, secretaries, treasurers, the lords and eunuchs of the harem, musicians, actors, &c., required to make up the household of an Eastern Prince. Yet perfect system and order is everywhere maintained, each member of the vast establishment under-

standing fully his own proper place, the duties required of him, and his relative position in the household scale; and never interfering in the slightest degree with the duties of another even under the most pressing emergency. For example, during a series of entertainments at a noble's house, the boatmen or palanquin-bearers may perhaps have nothing to do in their regular vocation for a full month; whilst from the large influx of guests, the cooks, footmen, and house-servants may be excessively burdened with extra duties; yet the latter would never dream of asking aid of the hundred or more idle boatmen or bearers, who, from morn till night, were lounging listlessly about, or whiling off the dull hours in gambling for cowries—nor would these think of offering their aid in a department not their own. There is a feeling of disgrace attaching to every idea of a man's doing the simplest turn in any vocation than that in which he and his fathers before him have been brought up: and the master, not less than the servant.

entertaining this strange prejudice against the mingling of occupations, it has been cherished and indulged till so inwrought into their very being, that any battling against it seems now like beating the air, and would be likely to be attended with about as beneficial results.

Consequently, European residents have fallen into the same general habit, and though their mode of living is modified to some extent by their own particular ideas of propriety and economy, yet even among *them*, the number of servants is not unfrequently ten times as large as would be kept by persons of the same rank and pecuniary means at home.

There is first the cook, who is always head servant, and purveyor general of the household, buying everything that is needed for the table, employing such other servants as are required, and in fact taking the general supervision of the whole ménage, which is well or ill-managed just in proportion to the ability and fidelity of this most important personage. He is generally perfectly *au fait* in all the mysteries of his calling; delights in his occupation, studies it as a profession, and prides himself on his perfection in the art. Under his immediate control, and for his special accommodation, are usually two deputies, or cook's mates. These attend him to the Bazaars, carry the marketing and groceries, and perform all the drudgery of the *cuisine*, whilst the master-cook orders every movement seasons each dish to a nicety, and garnishes and serves in the most approved style *à la Chinoise*, *à la Française*, or *à l'autre mode* that may best suit the fancy or caprice of his employer.

Next in order come the dining-room servants, from five to ten in number, whose sole employment is to superintend the arrangements for the meals, laying the cloth, waiting at table, &c., and who would deem themselves grossly insulted to be called on to perform the most trifling service beyond the precincts of their own proper domain. They have in charge the plate, china, table linen, and everything pertaining to the *salle-à-manger*, for which they are responsible to their employers, and not one article of

which can ever be obtained, even by the master or mistress of the house, without applying to the head dining-room servant or his deputies. One of these servants is specially assigned to each member of the family, always standing behind his "*sahib*" at the table, helping, changing his plate, &c.; even going with him when he dines out, and performing the same offices for him whether at home or abroad. A gentleman or lady in India would as soon think of going out to dine without being suitably dressed for the occasion, as without being accompanied by his own table servant. This arrangement saves everything like confusion at table; and each guest being attended to by his own servant, the four or five extra ones, belonging to the establishment, devote their attention exclusively to carving, opening wine, ale, and other drinks, and ordering from the kitchen such dishes as may be needed from time to time. As in Europe, the carving and helping are done from side tables by the attendants, whilst the host never invites his guests to partake of any dish, or even names the subject of eating and drinking. Wine, ale, and water are supplied to each guest from the sideboard, by his own servant, and he drinks or not as he pleases. Among the English the Queen's health is usually drunk after the cloth has been removed, and occasionally at large dinner parties other toasts are introduced—sometimes in a manner that does not altogether suit the fastidious ideas of us "Western barbarians." I remember once being called on seven times, during one memorable dinner, to drink with a stout, moustached ambassador from Cochin China, who, despite my studied reserve, persisted in persecuting me with his attentions. Each time, according to the customs of his country, we had to exchange glasses, and I had many doubts as to the exquisite flavor of the rare old Amontillado being at all improved by coming in such frequent, familiar contact with the long-curved moustache of my exquisite friend. After the *seventh* exchange, beyond which human patience could no longer endure, I cut short his polite attentions and utterly confounded

my persistent persecutor, by introducing him to my husband—there being little excitement, according to his ideas, in flirting with a married lady, though he was himself the fortunate possessor of at least a hundred wives!

The table arrangement before spoken of, permits the conversation to go on as generally, and with as little interruption, at the table as in the drawing-room; and the hours devoted to the gratification of the palate, are among the most agreeable of all the reunions of the day, where may be tasted, with the exquisitely-seasoned and daintily-served luxuries of an Eastern table, the more refined pleasures of intellectual conversation, lively repartée and graceful sally, and quaffed with every nectared cup, the more brilliant "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Next in order to the deputies of the dining-room, come the body-servants, one to each member of the family, male and female, child and adult. These body-servants each take care of the sleeping apartment and dressing-room of the person upon whom he waits, keeps his wardrobe in order, gives out and receives his clothes from the tailor and washerman, and is responsible for the safe-keeping of all the personal effects of his "*sahib*."

Then there is the keeper of the bathing-rooms, the porter of the house, one to bring water and another to cool and take care of it, one or more to run of errands, a *syce* to take care of each horse, and another to cut grass for him; a man to sew for the family, (who is always called a "tailor," whether employed in making dresses or bonnets, vests or pants,) a *dhobi* to wash the clothes, and another to iron them, a lamp-cleaner, a yard-sweeper, palanquin-bearers, or boatmen, according to the tastes or convenience of the family, or the customs of the country in regard to going out; the keeper of the gate, and so on, even to male and female sweepers, as some parts of a house must be swept only by a man and others only by a woman.

Of course, none of these have anything like full employment, except perhaps the *dhobies* and *tailors*, and even they never go to work before eight o'clock in the

morning, or continue at it after five, P. M. But during the intervening hours they work steadily, not even stopping for a meal in the interim. The employment of most of the others is a mere sinecure, and apportioned out as is the household work, among so many, not one of them is really busy more than one fourth of his time; nor could they be induced by any offer of increased emolument to unite the duties of two separate departments. Apart from the idea of disgrace attaching to such a course, they deem small work with small wages, far preferable to growing rich by a life of toil; and a fortune would scarcely be accepted by an East Indian with the encumbrance of hard and more especially of *mixed labour*. Fortunately for the heads of these vast establishments, wages are low, and the employer has nothing to do with the feeding or clothing of any of his dependants. For a cook, you pay from three to five dollars per month, without food or clothes—seldom more than three and a half, and never over five; whilst to his assistants you rarely pay over one each. For dining-room servants, nurses, valets, and *femmes de chambre*, you pay in most parts of India about two or two and a half dollars each; for boatmen and palanquin-bearers, *syces* and grass-cutters, from two to three dollars; for lamp-cleaners, water-carriers, porters and sweepers, about one dollar each; and for a tailor who will accomplish all the making and mending for half a dozen people, you never pay over six dollars per month, and frequently not over four. Yet they sew beautifully, and with a rapidity I have never seen equalled in our own country. It is not unusual for a lady to dine at six, P. M., in an elegant silk dress that at eight that morning was first placed in the hands of her tailor, and both the fit and needle-work would be exquisite.

For the two *dhobies*, one to wash and one to iron, and they are always engaged in pairs, you pay ordinarily about five dollars per month; and they not only board and clothe themselves, but furnish soap, starch, fuel, and all the apparatus they need in their work. And such washing one never sees but within the tropics:

linen whiter than the driven ry string carefully ironed out, exquisitely plaited, and never a inkle to be seen anywhere. But work is executed to perfection, of the dhobies are by far the portion of the forfeit paid by the for his washing. By dint of beating against rough-hewn and the application of potent four or five washings amply sufficient any ordinary fabric; and one and hooks, never a one is a when a garment comes in wash. Of course every garment to be carefully examined, and many appendages constantly which renders the office of the no means a sinecure.

tential mode of washing is so hat a brief description may be g to the reader. First the linen d into a large tank for the pur-etting it thoroughly—then it is t on the grass and smeared over t of *tarna* or *natrum*, in color lency very like the common f our own country. With this is literally covered, and it is for about forty-eight hours, ex-the sun by day and the heavy night—after which it is again nto the tank, a small portion of estern soap is rubbed on, and by one, every garment is beaten ough-hewn rock till perfectly .

During this process of ablu-*dhobi* stands in the tank, up to in water, and occasionally stops r rinse out the linen, in order to whether the cleansing process 'accomplished perfectly to his m. If so, the garment is next to a starch made of boiled rice, is spread on the grass to bleach

Clothes lines are never used in d the linen being thus exposed l power of a tropical sun by be-d open on the grass for so many se hours, as a matter of course in is thoroughly extracted, and require *faster colors* than we l, to endure such a purgatorial in consequence of this mode of

washing, as well as that thin *white* fabrics are really the most comfortable in such a climate, you seldom see any *colored* garment worn in India, unless on some extra occasion. For both gentlemen and ladies, (Europeans,) white, and that of the very thinnest and lightest fabric, is the universal costume. And though, to a new-comer, it looks rather unique to see gray-haired dignitaries of church and state, wealthy lord-bishops and governor-generals, valiant colonels and commodores, admirals and nabobs, whom all the world "delighteth to honour," decked out in the school-boy fashion of white linen roundabout and pants, minus vest and cravat (the place of the latter being supplied by a bit of narrow ribbon)—still the dress is one so comfortable and every way appropriate amid the sultry atmosphere of a tropical clime, as readily to commend itself to the good taste of all. Even the prejudiced lover of gaudy or expensive attire casts aside, with his first taste of the burning East wind, his elaborately finished wardrobe, and dons the white linen costume that had so recently provoked his ridicule.

This fashion certainly accords with the taste and convenience of the Eastern *dhobies*, who, not approving of a diversity of colors, prefer to blend the varied tints of the rainbow in one; and whatever may have been the color of the garment when it went out, it always *comes in* rejoicing in a spotless purity that would rival the very snow in whiteness. When the clothes are thoroughly dried, they are left by the first *dhobi* to the tender mercies of his colleague, who collects them in large open baskets, passes them rapidly through his smoothing process by means of brass flats, heated by ignited coals being placed *within* the smoothing iron, and then without being folded or pressed together at all, they are taken in immense baskets to the house, where, after passing through the expert fingers of the tailor for examination and repairs, the body-servant of each member of the family picks out the clothes of his master and deposits them in the drawers and wardrobes where they belong. The bed linen is distributed in the same way, and

that for the table handed over to the dining-room servants. From the perfection of the washing, the extreme purity of the rice starch, and the fact that every article is starched, perfectly ironed, and never folded, the clothes always look as if new, till you are suddenly startled by seeing them return, after a few washings, *literally beaten to pieces*. It is of no sort of use to protest against this ruinous practice, as you are invariably met by the unanswerable reminder that "it is the custom of the country;" and you learn after a while passively to submit to your fate, nor waste a murmur upon what is plainly inevitable.

When witnessing for the first time this Eastern practice of smearing the linen with *tarna*, preparatory to bleaching, the beautiful significance of a passage of Scripture that, in childhood, had often bewildered me, burst upon my mind with a force and clearness that I had never conceived. I allude to the words found in the prophecy of Jeremiah, second chapter and twenty-second verse: "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord." The word "nitre," should undoubtedly have been rendered by our translators *natrum*, as I had been told in answer to my childhood's queries, yet still there was little meaning conveyed to my mind, till I witnessed the process of covering over the linen with *tarna* or *natrum*, when the whole force of the words burst upon me like a flash.

So of the passage in Revelations, twenty-second chapter and second verse:—"Leaves for the healing of the nations"—which appears perfectly simple and beautiful to one acquainted with the oriental custom of placing the large leaves of the banana, under and around invalids suffering from small pox or other irruptive diseases; and the sense of relief experienced by the feverish sufferer, from this cooling application, in that intensely hot climate, where suppuration takes place rapidly, and all cutaneous affections assume their most virulent form.

Equally significant to a traveller in the East, seem the murmurs of the Israelites to Samuel, "Nay, but we will have a

king over us, that we also may be like all the nations"—since there can be, in Eastern countries, no reproach spoken against a people, equal to that of saying, *they have no king*—a prejudice well understood by the English, who when endeavoring to excite a rebellion in one of the Dutch East India Provinces, scornfully reminded the natives that their conquerors had "no king," and by inference, were of course *no people*.

Thus, too, of the passage in 1st Samuel, 9th chapter and 7th verse: "There is not a present to bring to the man of God"—an evident allusion to the well-known oriental custom of never approaching any high dignitary of either church or State, without first laying a present at the great man's feet. So of the act of the Philistines when the ark of God fell into their hands, "they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon"—a striking illustration of the practice of placing everything deemed specially valuable, upon the altars of their gods. In such a position I have seen, at different times, a sailor's jacket, a greasy pack of playing cards, a ship's anchor, and even a cast-off bit and bridle—all valued by the natives simply because they were rare and *foreign*, and for the same reason supposed to be acceptable offerings to the equally curious deity.

The act of the prophet Samuel, (1st Sam. vii. 6th,) in "pouring out water before the Lord,"—the allusion in Jud. iii. 20th, to Eglon king of Moab, "sitting in a summer parlor,"—the passage in Jud. iv. 10th, "ye that ride on white asses,"—that in Deut. xxxii. 5th, "their spot is not the spot of his children," illustrations of which we find in the present day among the various tribes and castes of India, where the spots and stripes on the forehead of every man you meet, proclaim the rank and religion of the wearer—are all perfectly explained by some similar custom still extant among oriental nations. These, and a thousand other passages, obscure or meaningless to a Western reader, are not only comprehensible but full, replete with beauty and force, on an oriental ear; and they show us the vast importance, if we would

rightly understand many of the most strikingly beautiful passages of sacred writ, of informing ourselves as far as possible with regard to the manners and customs of Eastern nations, among whom fashions do not change as with us every few months,—but where the lapse of centuries, nay, of thousands of years, is unmarked by a single variation in costume, etiquette, or mode of living.

Whilst on the subject of the domestic menage, we will notice the duties of another very important member of the establishment, and in connection with him, another oriental custom referred to by the inspired writers of the sacred volume. The duties of the *syce* are not simply to feed and attend to the creature comfort of the animal placed under his charge, but also to *run with the horse* whenever he is taken out. The left arm of the *syce* is thrown over the horse's neck, and standing close along side of the pony's head, he readily guides the animal as he wishes, by a slight motion of the bridle which he holds in his right hand. In this way he will run for hours, as fast as the horse can trot, really appearing to regard both heat and fatigue less than does the horse. In fact, I have often seen a *syce* take his horse out of the palanquin, and walk him slowly up and down for perhaps an hour, till he became cool enough to eat and drink with safety, and then leaving the horse to enjoy his repose, turn in himself to cleaning up his stable, without even sitting down after the morning's run of perhaps a dozen *milsa*. Nor do these *syces* consider their employ by any means objectionable or degrading. They select it by choice when quite young, are trained to it from childhood, and seldom evince any inclination to forsake it. Habit with them becomes a second nature, and they acquire such a fondness for horses in general, and their own special charge in particular, that they, of choice, sleep in their stables, take their meals there, and generally spend most of their leisure hours in talking to and petting their horses, as we would a favourite child. I scarce ever knew a *syce* who would not rather receive a blow himself, than have one in-

flicted on his charge by any other hand than his own.

I had once a pretty Bengal pony that was not strong enough for the duty he had to perform, and I sold him to a gentleman whom I supposed at the time wished him only for a riding horse. One morning a few days after the sale, my *syce*, who had taken care of the pony while he belonged to me, threw himself at my feet, weeping, tearing his hair, and uttering the most piteous lamentations. As soon as he was able to articulate, he explained to me that he had just seen his former charge driven past in a buggy that was loaded with no less than *four* persons, two adults and two children, and added that he was quite sure his petted favourite could never survive many days of such cruel labour. I thought so too, and my pretty pony was purchased back, to the unbounded delight of his former keeper, who danced, sang, and wept by turns, exhausting the entire vocabulary of his mother tongue, for epithets of endearment, which the noble animal seemed really to understand and appreciate.

This custom of running with the horse is doubtless alluded to in 1st Kings, xviii., 46th, where the prophet Elijah is described as *running before* Ahab to the entrance of the city, thus testifying his personal humility and his willingness to stoop to be the *servant of the king* on all suitable occasions. Where he claimed more, it was as the *prophet of the Lord*, not as an individual.

Some few other explanations may be needed ere we turn from the duties of the household servants in an Eastern establishment. First, of the water-carrier and keeper. In many parts of India, the river water is used as the best obtainable, whilst in other more hilly or mountainous localities it is procured from springs, often at a considerable distance from the settlements. In both these cases the water is taken in two large buckets which balance each other at the extremities of an elastic piece of split bamboo, and in them conveyed by the carrier to the different parts of the house where water is wanted. That for culinary purposes

is taken charge of by the cooks, that for the dressing rooms by the personal attendant of each member of the family, but that for the dining-room is always placed in the keeping of "the cooler or keeper," by him to be prepared for use. This is done by putting the water in bottles, jugs, or wine-coolers, and turning them rapidly in vessels of salt and saltpetre combined in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. The water is thus brought almost to the freezing point, and may be kept standing for hours, sufficiently cool for ordinary purposes, without farther trouble. Three or four times a day, or oftener if the weather is excessively hot, the buckets are replenished with salt and saltpetre, and the turning process is repeated. Thus you are regularly supplied with sparkling cold water, even when the thermometer is standing at 102° in the shade; and in countries where ice is never to be obtained, this easy method of supplying the deficiency is no small addition to the health and comfort of the foreigners, though the majority of the *natives* prefer the water just as it is taken up. The bath-rooms, of which there is one attached to each chamber, are taken care of and supplied with water by one whose sole duty it is to attend to this department; and as most persons bathe three times a day in India, the bath-keeper finds quite as much employment as he cares to undertake.

We notice next the duties of the lamp-cleaner, a very essential personage in every oriental household. His duty is to clean, fill, and light the lamps all over the house. Of these there is one or more in every room, even to pantries and store-rooms, and in the larger ones often as many as six, all suspended from the ceiling and shaded by large glass globes. The burner is simply a tumbler of coconut oil in which floats a wick formed from the membrane of the *Artocarpus Incisa*. These cups or tumblers are emptied, washed and re-filled every day, and new wicks put in, which together with the necessary polishing of the globes, occupies perhaps a couple of hours in the morning, after which the "cleaner"

has nothing to do till night; when he lights up the houses, and then his onerous duties are ended for the day.

Palanquin-bearers are needed in India proper, but not to any considerable extent in other portions of Southern Asia, where the pony palanquin has taken the place of the one generally used in Hindostan, and known as "the Bengal palanquin." In some portions of China sedan chairs are used as well by foreign as by native ladies,—and for these also bearers are required. Boats are extensively used in Siam, and in some of the islands of the Malayan Archipelago. In such places, the country being deficient in good roads, most of the travel is by water, and it is usual to keep in every European family from five to ten regular boatmen. The native nobles keep ten times that number, and go out in great state, in long gilded canoes, rowed by eighty or a hundred men. The boats of the European residents are much less gaudy, but quite as comfortable, being furnished with carpets, seats, and cushions, like an ordinary carriage. The windows of the cabin have Venetian blinds with silk or muslin curtains inside, and heavier ones of oil-cloth on the outside to exclude the rain.

In places where the roads are good, locomotion is chiefly by land, and palanquins the ordinary vehicles. Boats and boatmen are then of course not needed, except by the very wealthy who keep a yacht or canoe for occasional pleasure trips.

The duties of the gardeners, yard-cleaners, sweepers, porters, &c., are too obvious to need description; and being filled by persons engaged and controlled altogether by the cook, the chief dignitary of the domestic ménage, the master of the establishment seldom knows anything about them, except that their wages are noted in the weekly or monthly accounts of his head-man. If the latter is faithful and competent, the whole machinery of the household moves regularly and smoothly as clock work; but either disaffection or incapacity in him, will be surely attended with confusion, vexation, and annoyance from the head

down to the lowest coolie of the establishment. If your head man is really faithful, it is wisdom never to interfere with him, and you are well-served just in proportion as you leave him to himself. The following sketch will serve as an illustration of this principle, as well as show how warmly attached these East India servants often become to their employers:

During our first visit to Siam, when about to commence house-keeping in the capital, I was standing one afternoon on the verandah of our new house, giving orders about the placing of some furniture, when a handsome and remarkably pleasant-looking Chinaman accosted me, and with the most obsequious of Chinese salaams, inquired whether I wished to engage a cook. He was dressed in sky-blue silk trowsers, gathered à-la-Chinoise, full around the waist, with a girdle, the ends of which were most elaborately embroidered. His cambric jacket of spotless white was fastened by small gold buttons extending from the throat to the hem, and from the wrist to the elbow. A broad-brimmed straw hat, beneath which was discernible the glossy black hair that braided in one long cue, extended nearly to his feet, with stockings made of white long-cloth, and the clumsy silk shoe of his country, completed his tasteful though rather fantastic costume; whilst with fan in one hand and account-book in the other, his easy carriage and graceful manners, he looked rather the perfect type of the Chinese gentleman than an aspirant for the honourable office of cook! Misled by these indications of rank, as well as from the difficulty of understanding the mongrel Anglo-Chinese dialect in which he addressed me, I supposed at first that I had misunderstood him, and again inquired his business. It was now his turn to fail in comprehending, and mistaking my apparent lack of comprehension for real suspicion as to his capability of filling the office for which he had applied, he proceeded with a volubility that astonished me, interspersed with numberless profound salaams, to inform me that he was a perfect adept in all the mysteries of

the culinary art, that in English, French, American, Chinese, Bengal, and Malay cookery he was equally *au fait*, and that if I saw fit to employ him, he would serve me most faithfully, and consecrate to me alone his "many and varied talents"—his "heart's devotion if required," at the same time placing his joined hands over his heart, and bending forward in one long, low salaam till his head almost touched his knees.

Amused at this rare specimen of Chinese blarney, I thought his character would be worth a study; and about to commence my first experiment in house-keeping in utter ignorance of the thousand mysteries of the domestic ménage, I deemed myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to appropriate such a treasure in the person of my head servant; and fully persuaded that if he could *work* only half as well as he could *talk*, I should have little trouble in the superintendence of my household, I did not hesitate to engage him to come to me on the following morning. My rejoicing was, however, of short duration, for he had scarcely taken his departure before my friend Dr. J—— made his appearance, and having passed the Celestial on his way to my house, the doctor said to me, "I suppose Chek-Sau has been in to ask for employment—of course you did not engage him." "Of course I *did*," was my reply; "but why do you ask? He *promises* very fairly, and I hope will *perform* quite as well?"

An ominous shake of the head was the Dr.'s not very encouraging reply, and he then proceeded to inform me that my quondam acquaintance had been employed at different times by every European family in the place, merchants, officers, and missionaries, and that he had never stayed an entire month with any one. A very encouraging prospect truly for a novice house-keeper who was a stranger in the country, still uninitiated in its customs, and utterly ignorant of the vernacular. But what was to be done? The terrible Celestial had been positively engaged—my word could not be forfeited and there was no resource but to let him come—as he did, bright

and early the following morning. Having given no orders for the morning meal at home, we had expected to breakfast with a neighboring friend; but on entering the drawing-room at 9 o'clock, our cook elect made his appearance from the piazza, and with the most profound obeisance, informed us that breakfast was already served, and that, though the notice had been somewhat short, he ventured to hope the repast might prove not altogether unworthy of our reception. Savory odors were already greeting our olfactories from the open door of our pretty little breakfast parlor, on entering which, a repast that a king might have envied, served with the most faultless taste, and adorned with choicely arranged flowers, fair, fresh, and fragrant as the bright, glorious morning itself, invited our approach. There, in the hissing urns on the side table, were tea, and coffee, of such exquisite flavor and odor as one never meets save in the East—then as the covers were removed, our eyes were regaled by the sight of broiled chicken, sausages, pork chops served *en papillote*, boiled eggs, omelots, and to crown all, the invariable accompaniment of an East India breakfast, *rice and curry*—this rice, dry, light and spotless as a huge pile of fleecy snow just descended from the immaculate bosom of the heavens, of which (to borrow from the illustrious Shakspeare) "each particular grain did stand on end"—and rich, golden curry, fresh, fragrant and tempting as were our fabled ambrosia daintily served to the gods themselves.

All that the inventive genius of my accomplished cook, combined with the taste and skill for which his countrymen are so justly celebrated, could suggest, had been accomplished, and with such wondrously short notice, that I almost fancied "the little people" had been at work, more especially as I had not yet learned the tithe of what my jewel of a cook could accomplish when he became really interested. But malgre this fair beginning, I could not but look forward with dread to the untried future, fancying that like the deceitful calm before the volcanic eruption, this pleasant sur-

prise was but the prelude to some terrible outbreak. So with all possible expedition, I gave the few orders that I deemed indispensable as to the number of servants I wished engaged, the hours for the ordinary meals of every day, and the amount to be expended in the Bazaar; and then with no small trepidation, made my exit, almost hoping that something would occur during the day, to put it in my power to dismiss the much-dreaded Celestial. But no such pretext was afforded, and the next morning, immediately after breakfast, my Chinaman, smooth, sleek and elegant as ever, again sought my presence, to render an account of the expenses of the past twenty-four hours, and receive his orders and funds for the next. This he did regularly at the same hour every day,—my orders, always few and briefly-worded, were obeyed to a nicety, the meals served as promptly as the old hall-clock pealed forth the hour, the cookery faultless, the other servants efficient and respectful, and the whole arrangements of the house ordered to perfection; while I sat all day long in my quiet sanctum, poring over musty volumes with my quaint old teacher, and conning the mysteries of "kōk, kuk, kāk," with no more concern about the arrangements of my table, than if I had been boarding within the marbled walls of the "St. Nicholas" of New York. So passed the first month, and the engagement with the Chek Saú was renewed for another—and so passed the second—and the third; till *years* instead of months marked the length of his stay in our family; and I had become so fully aware of his priceless value, that had he spoken of leaving, I should certainly have found it necessary to "decline housekeeping" altogether. During all this long period, I had never found occasion to utter a single complaint; he was always prompt, faithful and attached; never hurried, yet always in time; his dishes evincing a careful attention to variety as well as the most faultless taste in seasoning and serving, yet his expenditures rather within than beyond my specified limit; his accounts promptly rendered every morning in writing,

tastes in every particular cared and accommodated.

om saw him but once in the day, from some unusual emergency, I to call for him at other hours, ready promptly to answer my d always in the inimitable blue sweaters, embroidered girdle, and jacket, neat and trim as if just for a merry-making, instead of buried deep in the mysteries of the

If I expected ever so large a y of guests I had only to inform him of the number, and all was to be ordered aright; or if they unexpectedly just before meal time, message to my invaluable cook to the trouble their arrival occasioned, without one fear that the would prove either insufficient or mortifying evidence of undue its preparation. I have many a d twenty or thirty friends invited and until seated at the head of a, known as little of what was to the dinner as did my guests; was I ever in a single instance to blush for my house-keeping—it could be called.

on occasion we happened to have a really large party of Americans seated at Bangkok, and we determined to keep "thanksgiving" after the England fashion, and to dine en all together. Rather exultant (I am the superior qualifications of which I petitioned for the privilege of giving the banquet for the day, and it was as willingly accorded, especially those before whom rose the unflattering shadows of incompetent self-prepared dishes and the Her-labors that in such cases devolve on the unfortunate mistress. So calling my trusty Chinese, I explained (for the first time I had the language at my command) and could give utterance to my wishes in the manner of keeping "thanksgiving" at home, and expressed my desire that he would do *his very best* to make the occasion. Placing his hand on his forehead (his invariable method of signifying his fidelity and devotion) he bowed himself out; and I, expecting my

friends to spend the day with me, repaired to the drawing room to receive them, nothing doubting that their creature-comfort would be well cared for, and fully assured that Chek Saú would ably sustain his own exalted reputation. Nor was I disappointed—at 6 o'clock some forty of us, including the children, and several English friends whom we had invited to join us, were seated around the board, as cheery and happy a company (exiles though we were) as one often sees at home or abroad. To my surprise, Chek Saú, in cambric jacket, gold buttons, and all, was at the sideboard to superintend the carving, having, as I afterwards learned, left a brother-cook, hired at his own expense for the occasion, to send up from the kitchen, such after dishes as might be called for. First we had turtle, chicken, and bird's nest soups—the latter prepared *as only a Chinese can*, and which was duly appreciated by even our American tastes. Then came fish in almost every variety, dressed and flavored to suit the veriest epicure; but as tastes will differ, these choice preparations were rejected by some who had to waste time in toying with spoon or fork, while others more appreciative, devoured incredible quantities. After the fish, we were regaled with a more varied course, consisting of pigs splendidly barbecued, à la Chinoise, standing on all-fours, with limes in their gaping jaws, and heads dressed in fantastic flowers formed of chillies, salad and celery—boned ducks and capons à la Bengalee—pork and kid chops *en papillote*—fricasséed fowls—game of various kinds, stewed shrimps, baked lobster—and vegetables native and foreign in endless variety—nor must I forget the invariable after-piece of rice and curry.

Then came Chek Saú's massive desert, which to look at, would have puzzled even an epicure to guess in what quarter of the world he chanced to be dining; for every country and clime seemed to have been ransacked to make up the curious medley. Short as was the notice I had given him, Chek Saú had found time to visit all the recently-arrived ships, and to procure from his brother-cooks in other

American and English families, whatever was rare and foreign. He had plum-puddings with genuine English sauce, pies made from squash grown on Connecticut soil, peaches brought in air-tight cans from the Empire State, crystalized pears grown in the Celestial Empire, luscious fruit-cake, to which the good "Old Dominion" had contributed the flour, Scotland the butter, classical Greece the raisins and currants, Spain the citron, Arabia the almonds, and bright, beautiful Singapore the fairest gem of the ocean, the many fragrant spices; while the flowers that adorned the lofty pile, had been gathered that morning sparkling with dewy gems, from my own beautiful parterre in the capital of "the sacred and great kingdom of Siam." But most varied and curious of all was the confectionary; and it was in this department that my tasteful and ingenious cook had lavished forth with unsparing hand his own and his country's resources, regardless alike of trouble and expense, whilst he fully vindicated the claim he had arrogated to himself on my first acquaintance, *i. e.*, that the modes of cookery practised in England, China, America, and every other country, were all equally familiar to him.

Nothing was wanting save *ice-cream*, that which, in this intensely hot climate, would have been most acceptable of all; but as for want of ice, that was clearly impossible to be had, we made a virtue of a necessity, and consoled ourselves with the philosophical reflection, that the eating of ice-cream would be highly prejudicial to health with the mercury standing at 102° or 103° in the shade, and the blood, of course, heated proportionably.

When Chek Saú had been in our employment some three or four years, we had occasion to be absent on a visit to Singapore, for six or eight consecutive months, and one of our American friends who knew how very highly we prized our cook, sent to beg the privilege of hiring him during our absence. Anxious to oblige my friend, I named the subject to Chek Saú; but he at first resolutely refused, and it was only on my assurance that I should esteem it a personal favor

that he at length consented to go. With this understanding we took our departure for Singapore, and Chek Saú was the next day to be transferred from the post he had occupied so long and well, to the domicile of my friend, who was already rejoicing in expectant enjoyment of such a treasure, in lieu of the awkward and uncouth Siamese who had hitherto presided in her establishment. But alas! for the vanity of human expectations—the lapse of only a few weeks brought me, among other letters from Bangkok, one from Chek Saú, and another from his new employer. The former assured me with many protestations of attachment, that he would do anything in reason to oblige me, but that *not even to gratify me*, could he consent to live with Mrs. —, and that consequently he had left in utter disgust twenty-four hours after our departure. His employer's letter stated that I was heartily welcome to my highly-prized cook thenceforth and forever, as she would not accept him as a gratuitous gift, and that she should certainly have dismissed him at the close of the first day's trial if he had not voluntarily resigned.

This adventure made me more than ever curious to ascertain *why* Chek-Sau would serve us so faithfully, and yet no one else, and I determined if possible to solve the problem on my return to Bangkok. My faithful cook was the first to meet us, and throwing himself at my feet, could utter only in a voice broken by tears and sobs, his heart-felt joy at our safe return.

The next day I put the desired query, expressing at the same time, my astonishment at the strange phenomenon, and telling him also of the conversation between Dr. J—, and myself, on the day he was first engaged. "It is all true, ma'am, and yet there is nothing strange about it," was his calm reply. "I am, I know, perfect in my art—I have made cookery a study, and there are few, if any, who can surpass me in the subtle mysteries of my profession. Consequently I do not like to be interfered with or taught by one far less skilful than myself, how to manufacture a syllabub or custard, or be told the requisite quantity

of butter or sugar in compounding a cake. I am willing to be told *what* to do, but not *how* to do it, when I happen in that line to know more than my teachers. You have tacitly acknowledged my skill, and left me, without interference, to manage my own department; and I have repaid you by zeal, fidelity, and untiring devotion to your service. I saw that you trusted me—that you considered me capable of doing justice to your table, even when extra attention was called for; and your perfect trust has developed my talents, increased ten-fold my powers of invention, and attached me forever to your interests. On the contrary, Mrs. —, and all the other ladies I have ever lived with, have disgusted me by interference, and I could not stoop to the indignity of being taught an act that I have studied all my life, by those who know really nothing about it. This, ma'am, is all I have to say—if you are satisfied with my poor services, and will condescend to retain me in your employ, no effort on my part shall be wanting to meet your approval or secure your interests."

So saying, with a perfect volley of salams he bowed himself out, leaving me to ponder in immeasurable surprise his strange speech.

Five years more passed away, with the chances and changes that ever follow in their wake: but with no shadow of change in the fidelity of my attached domestic, or of appreciation on my part of his valuable services; and then came our departure from our gorgeous eastern home for our own, our native land in the distant west. Chek-Saú watched with sorrowful sadness the preparations for our long voyage, and for the first time since I had known him he looked moody and abstracted, often brushing from his manly face the unbidden tear, or turning aside to weep when our departure was alluded to. When the day came, he followed us to the wharf, handed our little ones into the boat, in which he had already deposited his parting presents of cake, fruit, and sweetmeats enough for a six month's voyage, and then bade us a tearful adieu, wishing us "a safe and

prosperous voyage, a pleasant re-union with our friends, and above all, a *speedy return to Siam.*" His last words, borne to us on the passing breeze, were, "make haste back, my honoured mistress; Chek-Saú never had a *home* till you came, and he will never have another till you return."

Peace to thy memory, faithful servant! Long will thy fidelity be remembered, and thy whole-souled devotion, (which saved my inexperienced youth from so much of care, and made my eastern home so pleasant to me and mine,) be cherished in my heart of hearts, as among the most pleasant of the many precious reminiscences that cluster around that far-off land. Peace to thee and thine, dwell serenely in thy lowly cot under the cool shade of the friendly palm—and meet me at last in "the better land."

Strange to say, among a people almost wanting in moral principle—dishonest, slothful, and often deceitful in the extreme—you may yet find the most attached and faithful domestics, those who would sooner receive an injury in their own persons than allow one to be inflicted on their employers; and though cunning, crafty, and dishonest toward all others, yet toward those they serve, the most trust-worthy and devoted that can be imagined. This is, I suppose, in part owing to the fact that they esteem it an honor to be in the employ of the foreigners—still more to the circumstance that most of those who go to the East to reside are newly married couples, who really knowing nothing of the details of domestic life, are glad, as in my own case, to veil their ignorance by non-interference, a course which flatters the self-complacency of their employees, and leads them to put forth their very best efforts—but probably most of all is their fidelity secured by the system that has been adopted by Europeans all over the East, of making each servant responsible for whatever pertains to his particular department. Thus a dining-room servant, on being taken into employ, is furnished with a written list of the number of table-cloths and napkins, of silver-spoons and forks, or the quantity of glass

and china of which he is to take charge, whilst the proprietor of the establishment retains a copy of the same. At each monthly settlement the head-servant with this list in hand, ascertains that all is right before he pays the wages, the man being held accountable for any missing article, and by the laws of the country compelled to make restitution. This of course keeps him honest in practice if not in principle: and knowing that if dismissed in disgrace, a "character" cannot be obtained, without which it would be next to impossible to procure farther employment, he is ordinarily both careful and honest. Then too, as among our Southern servants, if treated kindly, they soon become warmly attached, and consider the honor and interests of their employers in every respect their own. On the whole, the East Indians make the most capable and trust-worthy servants I have ever known, not excepting even our attached domestics of the "Old Dominion," whom we Virginians pronounce decidedly the best in the world.

European life in the East is indeed a strange affair, a medley of diverse customs and a combination of often the most incongruous elements. You see on the one hand the battling for European manners and customs, that the love of home keeps always alive in the bosom of the wanderer; and on the other, the love of ease that a warm climate so easily engenders, leading to the adoption of oriental habits of luxury and effeminacy—eastern etiquette, pomp, and parade combined with western gaiety and fondness for excitement—oriental lavishness tempered by European prudence—and eastern magnificence of costume, designed evidently to display the wealth of the owner, regulated by the Anglo-Saxon's genuine good taste, and his higher appreciation of the truly beautiful in nature and art.

The rapidity with which fortunes are amassed in India, doubtless also exerts its influence; and the splendid tables, costly equipages, and gorgeous style of living maintained by European merchants and officers in the East, are scarcely surpassed by those of the native princes

themselves, though the particular style of living is of course regulated by the national usages of their own country.

From all the English cantonments, a gun is fired at five o'clock, which within the tropics is before Aurora's faintest dawn becomes visible in the east, yet you never think of sleeping after gun fire. Ere your eyes are fairly open, your servant hands you a cup of fragrant Mocha, made à la Napoleon, and a cracker, informing you at the same time that your palanquin awaits your pleasure. You swallow the delicious beverage hot enough to make you do penance for the next half hour, and still half asleep, throw around you a sort of loose undress, significantly known in the East as an "over-all," which is kept expressly for this morning use. You then jump into your palanquin, which starts instantaneously, pony, eye and all evidently impatient to be gone. For a couple of hours you are whirled rapidly on over smooth roads, through spice plantations, groves of citron, orange and mango, and amid beds of brilliant flowers, spangled with the bright, pearly drops of morning dew, whilst birds carol sweetly their cheery notes, and all nature in that glorious clime, is redolent with freshness and fragrance.

You are awake now—Somnus is effectually dethroned, and every sense is alive to the untold enjoyment of a morning within the tropics. The balmy air comes freighted with fragrant aromas, in which the perfumed breath of citron, nutmeg, olive and orange are delicately mingled, and the pure, cool breeze of the dewy morning seems to infuse new life and vigor into the system, relaxed by the intense heat of the previous day, whilst the eye revels with untold delight, in the thousand gorgeous pictures of an oriental landscape. About seven you return home, take a cold bath, and make your toilet for breakfast, which comes about half-past nine or ten. During the absence of the family for the morning ride, every room in the house has been thrown open, cooled, and put in order, and by the time you return every window and door has been carefully shut to exclude the too

ness of old Sol, and they are left till after sunset, when all are again open, and in many cases during the whole night. Owing to heavy dews in South Eastern nights are generally cool, so admitting the night air and care-taking that of the day, the people kept passably comfortable, without these precautions life could not be supported by a force. After breakfast the business of the shops—merchants repair to their shops (stores,)—professional men to their offices and studios—and the ladies to their drawing-rooms, carriages, or wherever happens to be the reigning fashion. Lunch, consisting of tea, fruits, cake and sweetmeats, with a small addition of wine and ale, is served at half-past one, and then follows the usual afternoon siesta. No matter where the East are foreigners to be seen for business or pleasure, between the hours of two and four, P. M.; the custom being universal, you feel secure of interruption, and at last you enjoy the full benefit of discharging the two most oppressive duties of the day, even if you do not care for it.

At four a cold bath is taken, and then you make a complete toilette, and are thereby refreshed for your duties or enjoy its pleasure. Before the evening drive occurs; you go out in buggies and palanquins in full dress, and you thus spend pleasantly, something more than an hour of the time in a rapid drive on the public roads, and the rest of the time slowly walking the horses up the esplanade or some such fashionable resort. You thus enjoy the pleasure of seeing and being seen, an occasional chit-chat with the *deux en passant*, discuss the news, pass comments on each other's equipage, and go home a little tired, prepared to do full justice to the varied delicacies with which the dinner-table fairly groans. The principal meal of the day, and leisurely on account of the heat of the climate, and occupy-

ing, as it often does, two or three hours, it is made not less an intellectual and social banquet, than the means of administering to the proper necessities of the outer man.

Immediately after returning to the drawing rooms, very strong coffee, in tiny cups of porcelain, is passed around, and with a few sips of this fragrant beverage, ends the eating and drinking of the day. The hours till midnight are spent socially in conversation, music, and other pastimes, regulated by the special tastes and proclivities of each, but *never* in business of any kind, for which indeed the late and hearty dinner renders one altogether unfit. At twelve, after another cold bath, all resign themselves again to the arms of the rosy god, to sleep (unless hindered by musquitorial concerts and visitations of the east wind) till the morning gun-fire, which booming over the hills, suddenly dispels the bright visions of fairy land, in which the soft senses may have been roaming, and wakes the sleeper to the not less brilliant realities of life in this glorious land.

This is the general routine of everyday life among the wealthy class of European residents, and nearly all are wealthy or become such in a few years. I remember the case of a druggist at Singapore, which forcibly illustrates the rapidity with which fortunes are amassed.

He was a young married man, of but medium talents, and told me himself, that when he sailed for the East, he had to leave his wife behind simply for want of funds to pay her passage, and that his entire stock in trade consisted of but £50 worth of medicines. On his arrival at Singapore, he rented a small store on the public square, in which he compounded and sold his medicines by day, and slept by night, for the whole of the first year. But during this time he netted enough to pay in advance a year's rent for a larger store, and several pleasant rooms to live in, besides remitting funds to his wife sufficient to pay her passage out, to purchase for them both a handsome outfit, and an additional supply of drugs for his store. Ten years later, he had one of the largest and handsomest stores in

Singapore, with an immense run of custom, his dwelling (a princely one in the most fashionable portion of the town) was magnificently furnished, his table supplied with every luxury that wealth could procure; he kept three carriages and a host of servants, his wife and five children were splendidly attired every day, he entertained like a prince, gave liberally to the poor, and owned in addition to his town residence and store, one of the finest spice plantations on the island, on which he had erected an elegant cottage ornée, as an occasional resort for himself and family during sickly seasons.

This was no uncommon case—merchants expect to amass a fortune and be able to retire from business in about ten years, and unless specially unfortunate in their investments, their expectations are ordinarily realized.

Life in such a climate has of course its peculiar trials and inconveniences; but it has also many enjoyments and luxuries. You have not so much society as at home, but what you have, is ordinarily of the best kind—all are travellers, all educated, and to a considerable extent of refined sympathies and intellectual tastes. All too, are far from home, strangers in a strange land, and as such bound to each other by the strongest cords of affection. Worshipping the same God, speaking the same language, and wearing the same national costume, forms a three-fold bond of union among that Babel of dialects which greets the ear on every side, the thousand fantastic garbs that distinguish every petty tribe from the surrounding ones, and above all, the innumerable systems of idol worship that so pain the thinking mind, and call forth the most earnest commiseration of the Christian heart; whilst political differences and religious sectarianism, the two grand barriers to perfect union of thought and feeling at home, are almost unknown in India. The great Dr. Morrison used to say jocosely, that neither had ever been known to survive a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and I believe it is literally true. *There*, every man who

speaks your language you greet as a brother, and you are often more glad to see one who simply comes from England or America, than at home you would be to welcome the return of your next door neighbor from a five years' cruise. Then the unhealthiness of the climate makes life in India a constant battling with disease—a desperate effort to rob death of the victims he is ever on the alert to claim—thus giving life a frailty and doubtfulness of tenure, that but add to its sweetness, and clothe it in the persons of ourselves and our friends, with a charm a thousand times more precious and endearing than elsewhere exists. We gaze with ten-fold delight on the fragile flower, that may wither in all its glorious freshness before the noon-day sun has drank up from its pure petals the bright, pearly drops of morning dew; and when the life of some loved one is given back as it were from the portals of the tomb, can we wonder that joy and affection, with an intenseness unknown in more favored climes, should hover round the lip, that faint as the first opening ray of morning twilight, seems for a time to mock our hopes, till suddenly it gleams forth in the glorious radiance of the morning sun, more bright, more radiantly joyous for the clouds that recently obscured it. Then too where all are exiles from "father-land"—far from their childhood's homes, ever brighter and dearer as the wanderer recedes, they become so unspeakably dear to each other, that when one from the little band is snatched away, *all* mourn a friend, a brother beloved. It is this doubtless that gives to the friendships formed in a foreign land, their peculiar nearness and intenseness, and which sheds around life in India a halo of light that must be experienced to be understood.

We may suppose too that the glorious brightness of every thing around, gives vividness to the fancy, and clothes as in a world of light, each passing vision of wondrous beauty, intensifying the capacity for enjoyment, as well as adding gorgeousness and glory to each enchanting view:—

Old Sol himself athwart that sky,
More brightly throws his burning rays,
As summer breezes softly sigh,
And night her parting devoirs pays.

The Crescent Moon, night's beauteous queen,
More warmly yields her loving light,
As shining wreaths of gold are seen,
That quite bedazzle mortal sight.

Tell not of starry wonders seen
In Northern, frosty atmosphere;
The gorgeous Southern Cross, I ween,
More brightly beams in skies more clear.

So softly blooms the wild flower there,
Beneath those ever-burning skies;
Whilst on the balmy, fragrant air
Each gorgeous-tinted insect flies.

Myrtle and rose, and jasmine sweet,
In richer, warmer colors glow,
And spicy breezes ever greet
Your 'wilder'd senses as you go.

The orange tree, whose fragrant breath
On every passing zephyr's borne,
Yields not alone the perfumed leaf,
But fairest flowers its stem adorn.

What would you more with which to crown
Your summer queen or gentle bride,
Than orange wreath or rose half blown,
Glittering with dew at even-tide?

Yet one there is more gorgeous sure,
"The flower that seeks to hide its smell,"*

But twilight opes its petals pure,
With fragrance rare its buds to swell.

And birds, with varied plumage gay,
More bright, more brilliant far than ours,
Their court to every loit'rer pay,
From tree, and nook, and sheltered bow'rs.

Yet in that fabled land of light,
And sunny skies, and gorgeous scenes,
Shines woman first, of all most bright,
Most beauteous in that land of dreams.

Fairer than glad Aurora's dawn,
Or starry gems of eventide,
Gilding with brightness all her own,
What e'er may chance to rest beside.

"Sister of Sol,"† we well may call
Her, with radiant lustre bright;
While from those orbs of dazzling hue
Shines something of an angel's light.

More deeply dark than midnight storm,
Brighter than lightning's glance their flash—
Winged messengers of love they come,
Or seething hate to tempter rash.

Fair index of the soul, they shine
With heaven-born glory ever bright,
And show a nature erst divine,
Too dazzling far for mortal sight.

What flower so fragrant, bud so fair,
As she, the brightest of them all?
A jewel choice, in casket rare,
And blushing fruit that may not pall.

Without that bud of fragrance fair,
How cheerless e'en that land of light,
But for this treasured jewel rare,
How poor with all its joys so bright!

Reigned she not Goddess in those lands,
Not oft beyond the seas we'd roam,
'Mid cloudless skies and burning sands,
To find a gorgeous eastern home.

But with her tender love to bless
Man's lot, his cup with joy to fill,
E'en nature wears a holier dress—
Birds, flowers, and stars new sweets distil.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 13th, 1858.

* The *dank-sawn-cline*, a species of tube-rose, which opens like the bride-like moon-creeper and night-blooming cereus, just at night-fall, when its delicate fragrance is diffused far and wide. The natives of the East suppose it one of the chosen attendants of the moon, and they have many fanciful legends illustrative of this superstition.

AUTHOR.

† "Sister of the Sun" is one of the many fanciful epithets applied in the East, to those specially beautiful or fascinating.—AUTHOR.

NABEC: AN ARAB LEGEND.*

BY AMIE.

Fleet are the steeds of the Arab bands,
That wander over the trackless sands,
'Neath the fervid splendors of Eastern lands.

And dearer than groves of myrrh untold,
Or Bagdad's treasures of jewels and gold,
The fiery horsemen their proud steeds hold.

An envious Bedouin, by princely bribe,
Had sought a steed from an alien tribe—
But Nabec heeded not fortune nor gibe.

His camels, his riches, a glittering store,
Were spurned like sand from the desert floor—
The wealth of the Emir had moved no more.

White as a cloud where the moonlight lies,
Lustrous and dark were its tender eyes—
Less fiery and fleet the Simoon flies.

Like the palm, green-fringing the desert's hem,
O'ertopped by its verdurous diadem,—
Base envy was crowned by stratagem.

With face disfigured by subtle dyes,
In aged penury's piteous guise,
The highway echoed bold Daher's sighs—

For Nabec came on his milk-white steed,
Swift as the lightning's arrowy speed—
But pausing, 'twas one to hear and heed.

"Three days have I passed in this wilderness,
Unfed, unsheltered, in keen distress—
Have pity, and Allah will richly bless."

"Mount thou behind me," good Nabec said—
"Come share my tent, and pipe, and bread"—
But the wily beggar's strength forbade!

Then swift alighting, in painful haste
The palsied burden with care he placed
In the saddle his own lithe limbs had graced.

When lo! transformed to his wildered eyes,
This taunt unraveled the beggar's sighs—
"Thus I, bold Daher, have gained my prize!"

Swift as a flash of Auroral light,
The wily Bedouin had sped from sight,
But Nabec arrested his rapid flight.

* From a prose narration given by M. de Lamartine in his "*Voyage en Orient*."

"Allah is just! His will be done!
May thy tent be pitched in calm and sun,
But tell no man how the prize was won."

"And wherefore?"—the crafty Daher cried—
When regally in his virtue's pride,
The noble Nabec thus replied—

"Lest the deep baseness of thy deed
Should turn him away from the suppliant's need,
And suffering worth unsolaced plead!"

By quick remorse to justice stung,
From the coveted steed the Bedouin sprung,
Round Nabec, meekly, his arms were flung.

All envious passion fled his breast;
Three suns beheld him Nabec's guest,
And love fraternal the parting blessed.

FRANK LEE'S ENGAGEMENT.

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

What I am going to relate is not very
g or "thrilling" as the minor crit-
y; but it is substantially true, and
interest the lovers of that species of
g.

Frank Lee was a fine young fellow, who
ately commenced the practice of law
city:—and after filing quite a re-
ble number of "declarations" in
arts, the youthful barrister, follow-
e went of his guild in all ages, had
another species of *declaration* to a
lady whose name was Miss Ellen
and it was soon understood that
f and the damsel, who was of the
fashion, were duly engaged to be
d.

Afternoon about dusk, Frank care-
packed his office, and sought the
or lodgings of his friend Tom
y. Tom had lately returned from
—was an extremely handsome
of twenty-eight or thirty—and
ed all those elegancies of manner

which I am told characterize invariably
the travelled man.

"Delighted to see you, Frank," was
the salutation of Mr. Tom Welleby, as he
half rose from the sofa, upon which he
had been lying, wrapped in an elegant
silk dressing gown and extended his hand,
"but what in the world are you doing
with that immense comfort around your
neck?"

"I take the night train down home,
where I shall be for a week or two," was
the young man's reply, as he lit a cigar,
"and I have a favor to ask of you before
I go."

"It is granted."

"That's like a real friend Tom—and
I'll conceal nothing. You must know
then that I am engaged"—

"Ah! yes—and you wish me"—

"To attend in my place, during my
absence."

"Nothing will give me more pleasure,
my dear boy—pray who is it?"

"Miss Ellen Orsin."

"Ah!—a young lady of the best style I think, and rich."

"Yes, very sprightly too, and you will not have a disagreeable time."

Mr. Wellsby nodded, and said:

"That makes no difference, Frank—but even at the risk of appearing both vain and presumptuous, I must be permitted to make a single observation."

"I listen."

"Women are strange creatures," continued Mr. Tom Wellsby, smoothing his graceful moustache with a foppish air, "and it is impossible to count upon them. Don't be angry—but are you quite at ease in trusting your lady-love to me? Suppose she falls in love with me—or reversing the idea, suppose I fall in love with her?"

Frank Lee smiled, and replied:

"I'm not at all afraid."

"We can't calculate certainly upon women—they are so capricious."

"Do you think so? But I am willing to risk the chance."

"Very well, Frank, it is at your peril. My friendship for you will make it quite impossible for me to become enamored of Miss Ellen, and run against you: honor bright, and there's not a particle of danger there. But women have a ridiculous preference for men of my style, you see I'm thinking aloud, and if your lady-love forgets you, don't come here and murder me."

"Again, I am willing to risk it," Frank said laughing, as he gazed at the inimitably foppish Mr. Tom Wellsby, "so it's all agreed, and I must get on."

The young men then shook hands, and separated.

Frank Lee remained absent for three weeks, and on his return looked decidedly gloomy. One morning he looked gloomier still, as he perused a letter which his servant brought from the post-office. He read the letter again—folded it carefully, placed it in a drawer, and then rising, began to pace up and down his office, buried it seemed in absorbing and sorrowful reflection.

He was interrupted by the entrance of Tom Wellsby, who was clad in the height

of the fashion, and carried his whalebone cane, with exquisite grace as he strolled along.

"Ah! you've returned have you, Frank?" he said; "I'm glad of it, and I give up my charge."

"Have you fallen in love with her?" said the young man with an uneasy laugh, which was plainly forced, "why something must have happened, for you really are blushing Tom."

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Wellsby, "how can you make such a charge against me, don't you know I rouge, as they do in Paris?"

"And you retain me my—my lady-love, heart-whole?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Wellsby, with a sigh and an undeniable constraint of manner, "she is really delightful—but I can't stop now—I've an engagement. Call soon, my dear Frank—delighted to see you."

And Mr. Wellsby hastened out without giving his friend time to reply. Frank gazed after him in silence for some moments: then going into his chamber, which adjoined the office, he made a rapid toilet, and hastened to the fine mansion of Mr. Orsin.

Miss Ellen sent word that she was engaged—would Mr. Lee please excuse her? The young fellow gazed at the servant with perfect bewilderment, and was only awaked from his reverie of surprise, so to speak, by the closing door. Then with an up and down movement of the head, he retreated, and soon regained his office.

On the next morning, he called again: Miss Ellen regretted that she was indisposed—a violent headache must be her excuse for not seeing Mr. Lee.

"Very well," said the young man compressing his lips, "to-morrow shall terminate the affair."

And duly on the next day he made his decisive trial. This time Miss Ellen was "not at home," and her visitor bowed calmly with the air of a man who is not at all astonished. He walked ten paces, and then quickly turned his head, fixing his eyes upon a window which he knew to be that of the young lady's chamber. As he did so, a corner of the gauze cur-

and an arm with a bracelet upon it was quickly withdrawn. Now let was a turquoise which Frank presented to Miss Ellen.

The young man went without a word of greetings of Mr. Tom Wellsby, and seemed to disconcert that gentleman greatly.

"How goes it Frank!" he said, lighting a cigar; "haven't seen you days. Where have you been?" avoiding his friend's eye.

"Coming upon Miss Orsin," was Frank's answer; he declined the cigar.

"Calling upon Miss Orsin, eh? or Ellen?" was Mr. Wellsby's uneasy question.

"Upon Miss Orsin," replied Frank, "having made three visits, and myself turned away at the threshold no longer count the young lady among my friends."

"Is it possible," said Tom Wellsby, laughing with pleasure, "but really, that is shameful."

"Perhaps." "I'll tell you what is more shameful," cried Tom, throwing aside his gown, and rising suddenly, "I'll clear my breast of it, Frank! and atone my disgrace! I have been a traitor! I have betrayed my trust! day after day, and looked into her dangerous eyes, and played my graces, like a miserable sham! and made your sweetheart believe—give you up for a fellow that's unworthy of respect! I acted like a scoundrel—that I respect for myself—that this lady and I love her, there it is! I've out! miserable humbug that I am! if you wish, you may take that as my answer as I deserve!"

The next fop had quite forgotten his own languor—his eyes flashed, and he grew straight and manly, as he saw a color in his cheeks upon his friend's face.

Lee remained silent, however, with his thoughts perfectly beneath a thoughtful mask.

"Don't answer me!" said Tom, passing from shame to anger,

"I suppose you despise me too much! I've made an honest confession—I'll never go near her again—if after that you are not satisfied, you may do as you please!"

"My dear Tom," said his friend, looking at the irate countenance, with a smile which gradually expanded and illuminated his whole face, "I don't answer because I really am at a loss for words to express my admiration of your honesty, and my obligations to you, for what you have done."

"Obligations!" cried Mr. Wellsby.

"Listen now," said his friend with a calm smile, "and you will not find my explanation a difficult one. I came to town last year from the country, leaving, among other persons, a young lady of seventeen, with whom I was brought up, and who was my cousin. I thought I only loved her as my cousin—this little Carrie—and I almost forgot her. I saw Miss Ellen Orsin, and her vivacity, grace, and fashion, to be honest, made me believe that I had found at last my proper wife. I paid my addresses—was accepted—and then waked up to find that the only woman I really loved was my cousin. I shrunk from uttering a whisper of this, however, to Ellen, and you may fancy my position. To marry a woman I did not love, or say to her that I loved another and could not love *her*, in spite of our engagement: that was simply my choice of courses. Do you see now what my artifice meant? I wished to give Miss Orsin an opportunity of changing *her* mind—of discarding *me*—I thought of you, and I came to you. I went away and found that I loved my cousin more even than I had ever dreamed, and that she loved me! Do you recollect coming to see me upon my return? Well you interrupted me nearly in my perusal of a letter from Carrie, which betrayed the innocent secret of her heart more powerfully than a thousand protestations! From that moment I was wretched, thinking of my engagement, and I was overjoyed at the three refusals of Miss Ellen to see me! You complete my joy—thanks, thanks! Tom, for throwing yourself into the breach; and so, every one shall have his own, and be a married man!"

Mr. Frank Lee's laugh was echoed by that of Mr. Tom Wellsby, who although somewhat mortified at having been thus made an instrument of, was far too much overjoyed to find fault.

The friends were married on the same night, and soon afterwards Frank presented Mrs. Lee to Mrs. Wellsby.

"I don't wonder at your preference," whispered Mrs. Ellen Wellsby, with a smile to Frank.

"Nor I at your's!" was Frank's reply, accompanied by a gallant bow. But he never told her of his artifice.

April, 1858.

THE MARTYR MISSIONARIES OF FUTTEHGURRH.

The missionaries who escaped from Futtehgurh were seized on the Ganges and executed on the plains before Cawnpore by the command of Nena Sahib.

Oh! the dismal tales of slaughter
That are borne across the Sea!
Oh! the blood-red bolts of carnage!
Oh! the Sepoy mutiny!
Every fireside group has heard it,
How the dusky demons, wild,
Butchered tender maid and matron,
Butchered sire and prattling child.

Ah! the heart reels sick and gasping,
And the strongest nerves grow weak,
At the tales of fiendish wassail
Which all lips abhor to speak.
Who shall shield the high-born lady?
Who shall save the sweet-lipped maid?
Who shall snatch the laughing infant
From the sabre's blood-stained blade?

Like a Spirit stooping earthward
To avenge soul-blighting wrong,
See brave Havelock sweep to rescue
With an arm as whirlwind strong,
Through deep pools of blood he dashes,
And the cravens gnaw the dust,
While his cry rings o'er the battle,
"God—the Mighty—is our trust."

Ah! too late! too late! Brave chieftain,
Sheathe your blade, and curb your steed!
For the holy hearts of Cawnpore
Beat no more—no more shall bleed.
Shade your eyes, O, valorous soldiers,
Sick at heart, brains wild with pain;
For the burning eye of Heaven,
Seeing, would dissolve in rain.

Oh! the wail for woman's beauty!
Oh! the wail for woman's worth!
Shout it, shout it, till its numbers
Stir the myriad nerves of earth!
Let the snowy Doric columns
With a clinging wealth of bloom,
Rear a temple whose pure altars
Shall commemorate their doom.

Brethren, Christians, by that mercy
That has raised your eyes on high,
Weep for those who sowed for Jesus
'Neath the burning Indian sky.
Weep for those who in the morning
Scattered seed amid the dew,
Hoping 'neath the moon to gather
Precious sheaves of grain though few.

Ah! the fatal plains of Cawnpore,
When the trump of God shall call
All the dead to rise, your drama
Will the stoutest hearts appal.
When you render up to Heaven
Those whose life-blood wet your sod,
Oh! the lightnings, thunderings, voices,
From the awful throne of God!

All the angels will shrink backward
When those dual lines arise,
And the blood-drenched Sepoys twixt them,
Hell reflected in their eyes;
And the flaming bolts of carnage,
And the bleeding dead supine.
Shame! They left their home to bring you
Messages of love divine.

Scarce two summers, o'er the ocean
To the land of spice and gold,
Balmy breezes gently wafting
Bore them, heroes true and bold.
Strong-nerved men and lily women
Sought a new, wild world of souls.
Now the spice-airs blow above them
Where the sacred Ganges rolls.

Christian mothers, gather cypress!
Christian maidens, scatter flowers!
Ring, wild bells! resound their praises
In melodious, rhythmic showers.
All the golden gates have opened,
Harps are trembling to their songs,
Why then weep? Sure God is mighty
To avenge his people's wrongs.

Editor's Table.

The death of the Reverend Dr. SAMUEL GILMAN of South Carolina, which took place on the 9th of February, has not only plunged in grief the whole community in which he lived, but has awakened a feeling of the deepest sorrow in the hearts of many who knew and loved him, in other parts of the country. To us the sad intelligence came with sudden and startling force, for we had looked forward to the pleasure of seeing him in Richmond, on his return from that journey to Massachusetts which was destined to be the last he should ever perform. On his way through Virginia he had designed to pass a night in our city, but a railway detention rendered this impracticable, and the next thing we heard of him was that, far away from his loved and loving flock in Charleston, the good shepherd had been called to the green pastures and the still waters of the land of eternal repose. The sole alleviation of the anguish occasioned by this mournful event was found in the fact that he died beneath the roof of his son-in-law, and that his last hours were soothed by the gentle ministrations of love.

The proper tributes have been rendered to the faithful clergyman and the valued citizen, by those who sat under his pastoral teachings, and who admired the beauty of his daily walk and conversation in that city of the South, where for nearly forty years he gave so beautiful example of truthfulness and Christian virtue. For ourselves, we can never forget a sweet Sabbath afternoon, years ago, when we heard from his lips the truths of religion, as he was accustomed to expound them in the modest house of prayer which for so long a time had been associated with his labours. His voice will no longer be heard there, but his memory will linger like some unforgotten hymn of praise, through long succeeding Sabbaths, to mingle with the solemnities of worship, when those who knew him meet together around the altar, and will be transmitted to their descendants as a precious inheritance.

Dr. Gilman was a man of high literary culture, and his contributions to Southern letters have a permanent value. As a

critic, he was candid and just without severity, rebuking flippancy and pretension with earnest but gentle remonstrance, and gladly recognising the dawns of genius wherever its day-spring might appear. He wrote poetry as an exercise rather than with any desire to win the laurel; indeed, poetry was but the flowering out of his nature, which seemed as natural in him as the bursting of a rose. Yet his rhythmical efforts were as remarkable for their strength as for their grace, and glowed with the fire of a vital patriotism. It is, indeed, with a sad heart that we here record our conviction that in his death the South has lost one of her brightest ornaments, and that we have lost one of the truest and best of friends.

In offering this humble and unaffected tribute to the venerable man who had nearly completed the three score years and ten of mortal life, we are reminded of another melancholy duty which remains to us, of chronicling the death of one who has passed away just as he had reached the half-way point of our allotted existence. HENRY A. WASHINGTON, the profound scholar, the valuable public servant, the Christian gentleman, is no more. No man ever lived under a sterner sense of duty than he, no inheritor of a great name ever wore it more worthily, few have borne acute and long protracted suffering with greater fortitude or a sweeter serenity of temper. For many months previous to his decease, Mr. Washington had been stretched on the bed of illness, and thereby incapacitated wholly for the discharge of his duties in the Chair he filled in the College of William and Mary, and it was a mysterious dispensation by which accident terminated his life just as the hopes of his friends had revived for his permanent recovery. But the ways of the Almighty are indeed inscrutable.

As a man of intellect, we do not hesitate to characterize HENRY A. WASHINGTON among the first minds of his age, and we feel assured that had his life been spared, he would not have failed to leave behind him some imperishable contribution to the literature of his country. The few essays which he gave to the public have nothing

eral in their nature, and will furnish the future historian with much that is live in considering the society of the present day.

lie the turf on the ashes of the dead and the early-lost!

—
We have recently had the pleasure of inviting to our sanctum an honoured member of the guild of literature, in the person of Charles Mackay, Esq., of London, well known as the Editor of the *Standard News*, and as the author of many of our most stirring lyrics which have cheered the heart of England and America. The most striking characteristic of Mr. Mackay's verses is their humanness—he sings for the humble cottager as well as the high-born of his native land; in all ranks of society wherever the English tongue is spoken, his songs stir the soul by the force of feeling because they embody in simple but beautiful measures the old line of Terence which declares

that nothing human can be alien to the manly bosom. As a lecturer, Mr. Mackay pleases by the earnestness and entire absence of pretension with which, in words the most beautiful and appropriate, he gives out his thoughts; and as a man he wins the respect of all who meet him by the sincerity and guilelessness of his nature. We trust Mr. Mackay's visit to America may prove as agreeable to him as it has been to the thousands who have attended his lectures, and we feel assured that he will carry back to his crowded and noisy London the pleasing consciousness that the songs he sends forth from that distant metropolis will come like birds across the wave to gladden the lovers of poetry through fifteen degrees of latitude in the western hemisphere.

In a recent number of the *Musical World* we find a song by Mr. Mackay which has attained a very great popularity in England, but which will be new to the majority of our readers. It is here given to them under the homely title of "John Brown."

I've a guinea I can spend, I've a wife and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own, with the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door, by my shady sycamore,
Large of heart though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass, in my arbour, as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds, and the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence, and the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers, and the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave, and a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song that awakes emotions strong
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine, of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But even when I hate, if I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind and I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways, and the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health, nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride, and I take the sunny side.
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep my conscience clear, I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

A correspondent, whom we would gladly oblige at all times, asks us to inquire through the *Messenger*, in the event that we cannot give the information ourselves, who wrote the subjoined stanza. We confess to our own ignorance in the matter, and have but a very dim recollection of having seen the stanza before, though it is striking enough to have made a lasting impression on first reading. The recollection is, indeed, so extremely indistinct that we might fairly suspect our correspondent, who has deep poetic susceptibility, of having written it, in a spirit of amiable fun, to get up a literary wild-goose chase, but we know his sincerity too well to harbour such an idea. Perhaps after all the stanza is from an author so well-known that we ought to be able to give an answer at once, but the fact that our correspondent is a gentleman of extensive acquaintance with the whole range of English Literature would seem negative of the supposition. However, we give the stanza and invite any of our readers who may happen to know the authorship to communicate it to the *Messenger*.

Men take the pure ideals of their souls
And lock them fast away,
And never dream that things so beautiful
Are meant for every day.

Who wrote it? that's the question.

Concerning the lines on the "Rainbow," published by us last month, we have two letters from lady friends. One tells us, on the authority of "McGuffey's Eclectic Third Reader," that they are Campbell's, but we cannot find them in any collected edition of the poems of the Bard of Hope, and Dr. Beattie, his biographer, is altogether silent on the subject, so that we may fairly presume Dr. McGuffey to have assigned them erroneously to this author. The other letter says that in a little volume, called the "Golden Gift," published in 1848 at Worcester, Mass., by S. A. Howland, and edited by J. M. Fletcher, they are attributed to J. Holland. Now, who is J. Holland? Has he left anything else comparable to the "Rainbow?" And if so, why was

he not included in Chamber's Cyclopædia of English Literature?

The following lines from Lucan's *Pharsalia* have been suggested to us as a very appropriate inscription or epigraph for a Statue or Monument to Washington, and if the Editor of the *Messenger* had not prefixed to his Inauguration Ode a Horatian sentence, he should have employed them as a motto to that performance. The title of "father of his country" belongs to all languages, we believe, but has only one proper application.

Ecce parens verus patriæ dignissimus aris
Roma tuis, per quum nunquam jurare pu-
debit.
Pharsalia ix—301.

There is no security against typographical errors. They were specially designed, we believe, to try the temper and test the patience of Editors, or they may have another wise purpose to subserve in keeping the vanity of successful authorship within reasonable bounds. Under ordinary circumstances, when the "eternal vigilance," which is the price of liberty, is maintained over the printing office, errors *will* appear as if to mock the efforts of the Editor, but let that vigilance be relaxed for ever so short a period, and they overcome the types altogether. During the month of March, the Editor was absent for a fortnight from his post, and though every precaution had been observed to prevent bad printing in the interim, he found on his return that errors by battalions had come down upon his columns and routed them. In justice to the author of "Ugliness," and to relieve ourselves of the suspicion of being utterly ignorant of the *to Kalon* and the *to Prepon*, we must ask the reader to correct the four lines at the bottom of page 290, so as to read thus—

Rejoice, ye scholars of the buried past,
The true TO KAAON hath been found
at last,
Beauty! thy reign is drawing to a close,
"Teterrima causa" of many a bloody nose!

Notices of New Works.

OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By L. RANDALL, LL. D. In Three . Octavo. New York: Derby on, 119 Nassau Street. 1858. 1 and 2. [From George M. under the Exchange Hotel.

able volumes, evincing so much and research, will take a place, ed to the third and last of the the most celebrated biographies id. They tell of a man pre-em- ing the statesmen, not only of his f all times, and they are distin- r a charm that belongs to few he sort, in this, that they bring into familiar and friendly inter- h the subject as he moved in the s of Monticello, or among his eompeers in Philadelphia, or s glittering salons filled with the beauties of Paris. We confess fr Jefferson best at home, and that this work has been written the immortal author of the Dec- Independence to the world in ul and affecting character of the und and the loving father. It is to see that great mind unbend e unreserve of the family, and ate the horticultural or literary s of the man upon whose words s political destinies hang, and mighty party looks for guidance, in his library or walks among s at his mountain retreat. Pro- sview the work of Mr. Randall olve the thoughtful examination ory of Europe and America du- t century, and would lead to re- pon home and foreign politics of cial kind, and this task we must the present. But we may give hesitation our verdict with re- e manner in which Mr. Randall urged the delicate and difficult ographer, and this is that no one es Boswell has produced a work interest and value to the public. all, indeed, is a very different from the self-important, officious ited Laird of Auchinleck, and hom documents, not from mem- personal intercourse, but he has is pages a vitality and freshness "Life of Johnson" alone dis-

olumes before us, the narrative down to the year 1802. In the last volume, we shall see Mr.

Jefferson in retirement and trace the growth of the University, of which he was proud to be called "Father," from its first germ in his correspondence with Mr. Cabell and Mr. Madison, to the appearance of those piles of brick, rising in fantastic and varied architecture, which the "Sage of Monticello" used to watch through his telescope.

The style of Mr. Randall is remarkable at once for vigour and perspicuity—his material, of which much is new and has been furnished by the family of Mr. Jefferson, is arranged with admirable order, and his positions are maintained with a cogency of reasoning which challenges the respect even of those who would combat them.

Mr. George M. West, from whom we have received these volumes, is the authorized agent of the publishers for the county of Henrico, and our fellow-citizens of Richmond may procure the work at his Book-store under the Exchange Hotel.

PORTRAITS OF MY MARRIED FRIENDS, or a Peep into Hymen's Kingdom. By Uncle Ben. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

This volume is a very pretty one, it has a suggestive and attractive title, and the woodcuts which illustrate it are admirable. We are sorry we cannot say much in praise of "Uncle Ben," who seems to be an amiable though somewhat prosy old gentleman. The stories he relates are hardly above the average of such as are contributed to the weekly papers, and we fear the most agreeable service they will perform will be in putting their readers to sleep. Their moral is excellent and we could wish it were enforced with more spirit and vivacity.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE. By DR. WILLIAM ELDER. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson, 602 Arch Street. 1857.

The people of two hemispheres are familiar with the daring achievements of the young navigator who twice braved the rigours of the Polar Seas in the search after Sir John Franklin, as they are modestly

recorded in his own unambitious, yet stirring narratives, but comparatively few are acquainted with the circumstances of a life, which, previous to those daring expeditions has been far from uneventful. The public interest in all that concerns such a man has called forth this biography, and we have reason to congratulate the friends of Dr. Kane that it has been written by so competent a hand. Dr. Elder has told the story of the boyhood, education and early experiences of the brave sailor with equal simplicity and fulness, and thus produced a volume which cannot but have a most salutary effect upon the youth of the country. The publishers have done justice to the work by giving it a beautiful exterior, though we regret that the wood cuts which it contains are not of a higher style of the art.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA. *A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ATKINSON. With a Map and Numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have recently been entertained with accounts of daring adventure in the torrid zone, and now we have a narrative of exploits quite as novel and as perilous in the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." While Barth and Livingstone were making their way, in different parts of Africa, to spots before unknown to the European, Mr. Atkinson was piercing the Northern frontiers of China, and traversing vast territories of which nothing has ever been told us by any previous explorer. We accept his volume as a valuable contribution to the literature of travel, and we recognize in him another of those brave, resolute and intelligent men who have distinguished themselves by opening paths to the earth's remotest confines. The book is very handsomely printed, and is rendered the more acceptable by good maps and illustrations in wood-engraving. The Harpers have enriched our libraries of late with many noble works in this department of letters, and we trust they will find their reward in the generous patronage of the reading public.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR. *The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a history of its origin and development. Abridged from the 800. Edition. Designed for general Use in Schools and Families.* By WILLIAM C. FOWLER. Late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The elaborate work on the English Language with direct reference to its Grammar, which Professor Fowler gave to the public several years ago, we conceive to be one of the most valuable and philosophical essays in the range of our literature. The present book is an abridgement of that work, and has been published for the benefit of those engaged in elementary instruction. We think its general adoption as a text-book in Schools would be most salutary in teaching the logic and the history of the language, and thus showing to the mind of the scholar that grammatical rules are not mere arbitrary things, and that a spoken and written tongue is the slow growth of certain established principles. Professor Fowler deserves the thanks of all who respect grammatical propriety for placing this admirable book within the reach of the million.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR, &c., &c. By J. PARTON, Author of "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," "Life of Horace Greeley," etc. New York: Mason Brothers, 108 and 110 Duane Street. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1858. [From G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

Mr. Parton understands the art of compiling an entertaining book, though we cannot rely on him at all times as a trustworthy historian. His attempt to represent Aaron Burr as an ill used man we consider eminently unsuccessful, nor do we believe that the verdict of Burr's contemporaries, which was sternly ratified in the forlorn abandonment of that brilliant, bad personage's latter days, that he was an utterly unprincipled demagogue, will ever be reversed. Our limits do not admit of a satisfactory review of Mr. Parton's labours in this place. In the next number of the Messenger we shall give a full examination of the work and an analysis of Burr's character from the pen of a valued contributor—till then we dismiss the biographer and his subject.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1858.

AARON BURR.*

The first question we asked after reading this book was, "Is Mr. Parton a wag?" an idea suggested perhaps by the titles of his previous publications, "Humorous Poetry" and the "Life of Horace Greeley." The only way we could reconcile the inconsistency between his ostensible advocacy and real depreciation of his hero, was on a humorous ground. Some of the trenchant British critics have a way of writing with vast respect of an author while unmercifully assailing his book; and we conjectured that, while Mr. Parton availed himself of the strange vicissitudes of Aaron Burr's career, to make a saleable narrative, he ironically professed to defend his fame; for we imagine that few readers had a worse conception of the man than this account of him will inevitably suggest. Mr. Parton, for instance, describes his levity of conduct and feeling in reference to the duel, in more positive terms than vague popular impressions had made current: he quotes a letter written within a few days of the death of Hamilton, wherein his destroyer speaks of "a duel and a courtship" as an antidote for *ennui*; he cites the sneering observations of Burr on his victim's affecting letter written as a dying appeal; and he describes his hero, twenty years after, as returning to the fatal scene and reviving the horrible event, with a hardihood disgusting if affected, and satanic if real. He gives, as deliberate opinions

of Burr, on politics, religion, society, famous men and women, events and government, views which directly evidence a mind of the most limited and shallow scope. He quotes expressions of distinguished characters of both political sects in regard to the man he professes to honor, which more clearly than ever before, indicate the low opinion entertained of him by the wise and honorable. He claims for him skill in the most degraded sphere of political action, taste for the most hollow class of literature and philosophy,—a universality of favor with women, utterly incompatible with manliness of soul, and tact in subterfuge, which is the more repulsive as contrasted with the direct triumphs of candor and talent on the part of his rivals and allies. He excites our sympathies by the details of Burr's poverty, isolation and domestic sorrows, only to repel them by some anecdote of cunning or insensibility. His taking leave of the Senate, and his casual popularity in a social circle, his reckless generosity and brave self-reliance are indeed lauded, but parallel therewith are so many detrimental hints and incidents, that pity and esteem are continually lost in indignation.

But while thus either unconsciously or satirically jeopardizing the very cause he professes to defend, in the body of his narrative, at the outset and towards the close, he more decisively repudiates the

* *Life and Times of Aaron Burr.* By J. PARTON, New York: Mason & Brothers.

popular judgment. According to Mr. Parton, Aaron Burr's youth and old age, the periods antecedent to his political, and subsequent to his active legal career—were altogether honorable and satisfactory. On the testimony of brother officers and public sentiment, he makes him "clear in his great office" as a patriot soldier, and his old age and dying hours are described as solaced, and dignified by religious hope and faith. Such assertions as that Burr's "worst fault was a reckless generosity in the use of money," and that, on the whole, he was a better man than Hamilton, are not only unsustained by patent facts, but so absolutely contradict other generalizations of the biographer as to nullify his authority as an able critic and consecutive reasoner.

In the historical details many errors occur. There is some confusion in the genealogical record. On page 68, is this passage: "Ogden replied that Colonel Arnold was about to march with a thousand volunteers through the forests of Maine and thus complete the conquest of Canada so gloriously begun by General Montgomery, who was already master of Montreal, &c." Montreal was not taken until two months after the date of this conversation.

On page 70, it is said, "He (Burr) was running some rapids in the Dead River;" this could not be, as his course was up, not down stream. Two of the most effective episodes in the narrative want authenticity. The account of Burr's unsuccessful but courageous attempt to carry off the body of Montgomery through the snow, rests on the testimony of a young chaplain in the latter's staff; that he was mistaken seems proved by a letter from Arnold, written from the hospital, whither he was conveyed after the wound in his leg; in this epistle he speaks in high terms of Burr's gallantry, of which he was the witness, Montgomery being engaged at another point more than a mile distant; it was, therefore, physically impossible that Burr should have beheld the fall or attempted to rescue the corpse of the brave and unfortunate commander. The dramatic scene enacted at Madame Prevost's, wherein

Mrs. Arnold was the heroine, however desirable as an "incident," wants confirmation as a fact. There is reason to doubt it from its inherent improbability, the proceeding on her part being quite uncalled for; there was no occasion for her to act the fugitive or the penitent; and her antecedents and character, as well as those of her husband, make it unnatural that she should have been his *confidante* in so hazardous a project; moreover all accounts agree that astonishment not less than grief marked her conduct when the treason was discovered; it would appear that some time elapsed before the traitor's wife returned to her parental home; and meantime her person was safe, and her position viewed more in pity than in wrath. The story of her confession and appeal to Madame Prevost rests on no positive testimony, for Burr is not expressly declared to have asserted it; such a tale would, indeed, suit his depreciatory estimate of Washington, but whatever mental deficiencies that consistent and disinterested hero possessed, want of perception of character was not one, as Burr found to his cost. It is not, therefore, probable that Mrs. Arnold deceived him as well as Lafayette and Hamilton, all of whom believed her ignorant of the meditated treason and guiltless of complicity therein. There are two very plausible grounds for the origin of such a suspicion; one the fact that Mrs. Arnold belonged to a tory family, and the other, that a sister of her husband's used to charge her with having allured him into treasonable correspondence. But vague reports originating in personal motives do not outweigh the evidence of probability, circumstances and the clear impression of candid observers. At all events, the subject is not so clear as to justify such a tale as is here so confidently unfolded. We suppose the author's main object was to make a readable book, and that rather than spoil a good story, he would err on the side of conjecture. This tendency to sacrifice absolute truth to immediate effect, is the almost unavoidable habit of journalists; but the tact which makes popular selections or weaves amusing

comments for a newspaper, is out of place in describing a life which, whatever be its intrinsic value, has a relative historic importance. Herein scrupulous adherence to authenticity is indispensable, and led Mr. Sparks to establish the rule for his series of American Biography, that every event of historical interest should be sustained by documentary evidence; and it is somewhat remarkable considering the justice, than which no moral quality more distinctly characterized Washington, and the magnanimity not less recognized as a principle of his nature, that no better motive than personal animosity, or instinctive dislike should be discovered by this advocate of Burr for the General's obvious antipathy. From all we know of the two men, how easy it is to infer some act on the part of one, unpromulgated by the other, and adequate to justify permanent distrust. The "affair"—whatever its true complexion—with the young and fair inmate of General Putnam's family, subsequently so notorious, may or may not have something to do with it; but in the absence of positive knowledge, our inference is exactly the reverse of a recent writer, who says, "we are forced to conclude that a shade of personal pique and rancor may have influenced the usually strict and admirable equanimity even of this illustrious and revered personage."* Conjecture based on facts of character, in our view, gives a much more rational and manly solution of the problem; and we have heard venerable contemporaries of the last surviving heroes and statesmen of our revolutionary era, most significantly refer to an occurrence while Burr was one of the Commander-in-Chief's family, as having lost him forever the latter's confidence.

Mr. Parton acknowledges his obligations to "Burr's surviving friends." This phrase accounts for the strong political bias of the history of those two great parties which originally divided the Republic; for the gross disparagement of Hamilton, the unappreciative allusions to

Washington, and the complacent record of those stratagems which so early humiliated the suffrages and the sentiment of the American citizen; and form such a painful contrast to the first unanimous choice of a Chief magistrate without the miserable machinery that now degrades every Presidential canvass. There is quite another class of witnesses, whom he might have consulted with eminent advantage, could he have won their confidence and elicited their personal information; gentlemen who, though never political allies or intimate associates of Burr, met him often in the courts of law, the streets, and in a limited social circle, and improved ample opportunities to gauge his mental calibre, and ascertain his native disposition. They speak of him without acrimony, and "more in pity than in anger," and report his traits with a charitable ingenuousness, which is a guarantee that perception, not prejudice, is their criterion. From one of these Mr. Parton might have learned the real basis of Burr's posthumous renown as a gay Lothario, viz: his own diary, almost as portentous as that famous scroll which Leporello exhibits to the astonished spouse of Don Giovanni, chanting, meanwhile

V'han fra queste, contadine,
Camiere, cittadine,
V'han contesse, baronesse,
Marchesine, principesse,
E v'han donne d'ogni grado,
D'ogni forma, d'ogni età.
Tutte ad adorar e armar si fa.

This part of Burr's journal, written in French, was submitted to a gentleman whose name is identical with probity, erudition and geniality; and, after careful examination, by his urgent advice, cancelled, by Davis; it contained specific memoranda of amours which, if thus "set in a note-book" as a joke, was an incredible hoax for a reserved man to enact, and if, as parallel circumstances seemed to warrant, unexaggerated and true, entirely explain the "relations with

* Leisure Labors, by J. B. Cobb.

women" which Mr. Parton attributes to gossip; for this journal was read and talked of to no small extent, before its abridgement and publication. A venerable member of Burr's political party, remarkable for the accuracy of his reminiscences, is of opinion that no small part of the Colonel's reputation for gallantry originated in his habit of preserving and displaying billets-doux,—not, indeed, of a character to throw the slightest doubt over the characters of the fair beings who penned them,—to those cognizant of the writers and the state of society; most of them being harmless compliments or repartees like the once fashionable verses in which Moore and Præd excelled; they merely suggested to those capable of judging, that Burr was a lady's man, as that phrase is usually understood. According to his own note-book, his amours were chiefly with an inferior class; but his sentimental talk pointed vaguely in another direction, as when he undertook to enlighten Bentham as to the frailty of his countrywomen, and boasted of the favors of one of the most prominent and universally respected ladies of the republic. "He," (Bentham) writes John Neal "desired to know whether Mr. B. had the reputation of being wonderfully fortunate with women of character; and when I replied in the negative, and asked him why,—he smiled, as if that impression had been labored into him by the exile, who boasted of having intrigued with several of our first women, and even went so far as to say positively that the wife of one of our Presidents had been his mistress before marriage."*

The spectacle of a venerable gentleman, intelligent advocate and brave soldier, who, by refinement of manners, professional skill, and courageous endurance and enterprise, has fairly earned these titles—whose name is associated with the most eventful period of his country's history, and who has survived the nearest and dearest ties of human life—only to

linger out the remnant of existence virtually ostracised in the midst of his countrymen—alone in the most terrible sense of that solemn word,—such a spectacle may, indeed, "give us pause," as did the thought "of something after death" to Hamlet. It is an unnatural terminus, an incongruous phenomenon; it appeals to our common humanity; it excites deep curiosity, and allures to a speculative, where it cannot stir a heartfelt interest. The author of the "Life of Aaron Burr," now before us, is not the only person whom such a moral and social fact has incited to explore the incidents, palliate the errors and explain the anomalies of that famous man's career. More than twenty years ago, the task was undertaken, with sympathetic ardor, by Samuel L. Knapp.† He knew the subject of his biography intimately, relished his society, admired his talents, honored his services in the camp and the Senate, and believed him the victim of gross injustice, and party rancor. As a vindication, his work is far more judicious than that of Mr. Parton. He confines himself more to the public life of Burr, and waives the discussion of those traits which, in their very nature, are less susceptible of direct evidence; he evades the testimony of cotemporaries, except where it is favourable to his cause; he gives a narrative of Burr's military, political and legal experience—adverting to the social, only when it exhibits his here in an auspicious light, and dwelling upon the animosity of political opponents and the misfortunes of private life, so as at once, to impress the reader with an idea of Burr's ability and prowess, and touch him with compassion for sufferings borne with fortitude. The story, indeed, is told in outline; there are grave omissions of historical import; the portrait is more than half in shadow; yet the hand which thus disposed and revealed it, was more wise and friendly than Mr. Parton's.

Knapp acknowledges that he derived many of his statements directly from

* Principles of Legislation, by Jeremy Bentham—with notes, etc., by John Neal, p. 54.

† Life of Aaron Burr, by Samuel L. Knapp, New York, Wiley & Long, 1835.

and this gives a special interest to volume, as probably expressing its own best means of self-justification. Therein the story of Mrs. Arson is given. It is recorded that he was within six feet of Mont when he fell—that he saved his regiment from a foolhardy charge; disapproved of the unfortunate expedition to Long Island, and advised the abandonment of Fort Mifflin before its capture by the British; that he was the “youngest man” that commanded a regiment in this war; that an order from Washington suspended his proceedings at Monmouth, and needlessly led to the destruction of his men; and that these events “sunk deeply into his mind, and influenced forever his opinion of the Commander-in-Chief; that Hamilton was diseased with a pride of his (Burr’s) ambition,” and his unremitting opposition; that he resided in the Senate at the trial of Aaron Burr “with more dignity than the Chancellor at the trial of Warburg;” that more than political motives impelled the persecutions of Jefferson; that his Mexican expedition was devoid of treasonable intent; his conduct in the West, one of hundreds of others, conducted with perfect propriety, and only made exceptional by reason of party zeal; that, as a man, in his youth, Burr was the chosen, the oracle of veterans and the companion of the French officers; that he was a disciplinarian and tactician; one of the most vigilant and brave of the Americans; then and only the ornament of society—and with no rival but Hamilton; that he was the victim of a series of unfortunate misfortunes—the loss of his shipwreck, thus depriving him of authentic documents which amply illustrate his entire career, and justify much of his political conduct; the loss of his property; a long and precarious means of subsist-

ence, baffled enterprise, the insatiable enmity of opponents and blind prejudice, engendered by gossip,—the death of his wife, daughter and grandson;—these and other painful circumstances are blended in Knapp’s memoir, with the recital of all that is worthy and superior in the public life of his hero; his “relations with women” is a subject only glanced at; his want of candor, only implied; and, in these respects, the book is far better as a vindication, and more dignified, though far less entertaining, as a biography, than Mr. Parton’s. One of Knapp’s redeeming points, however, is easily refuted. Perhaps no one circumstance tended more to harden the popular mind against Burr than the reports, so much in vogue, of his utter insensibility after the duel. A levity of tone in his letters to Theodosia, within a few days of the occurrence, confirms the tradition on this subject. Dr. Francis states that he was found at his own house, luxuriating in a tepid bath, reading Rousseau’s Confessions, when the necessity of flight was announced to him.* His observations on the subject—all more or less heartless—have been often quoted. To do away with an impression so prejudicial to his hero, Knapp introduces a note addressed by Burr to Dr. Hosack the day after the duel, expressing solicitude for Hamilton, and anxiously inquiring as to his condition and prospects. A pupil of the Doctor’s, quite an authority in local and personal history, was informed by that gentleman that he had persuaded Burr to address this note to himself, in order to allay somewhat the indignation of the public at the crisis; so that instead of being a spontaneous expression of sympathy, it was a stroke of policy dictated by the benevolent counsel of Hamilton’s attending physician. Besides, too exclusive reliance on the party-allies of Burr, Mr. Parton has given an undue weight to the evidence obtained from newspapers. There is no species of biographical material that so much requires the analytical digest of a judicial mind as this. The journals of

**New York during the last Sixty Years*—a Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society, Nov. 17, 1857.

Burr's day, particularly during his political life, were signalized by a rancor, a personality, and a reckless invention, for which the most discriminating allowance must be made in searching for the facts of character. From these two precarious sources of truth—party journals and political comrades—many grave errors have been derived. Some of them are indirectly suggested rather than emphatically announced. One unread in the correspondence of the Revolution, might, for instance, infer from Mr. Parton's language, that a "mutual antipathy" alienated Burr from Washington, instead of actual conduct on his part, which forever lost him the confidence of that eminently just and sagacious observer of character. He makes no reference to the story once so current, however conjectural, that Burr represented Mrs. Arnold as cognizant of her husband's treasonable purpose, in revenge for her indignant rejection of his gallant advances. And when he refers to his hero's second marriage as a rare instance of a man "of that age winning a lady of fortune and distinction"—what is the kind of *distingue* reputation he intends by the latter word?

In describing Burr's embarkation when pursued by creditors and other adversaries, he might have added piquancy to the story by a graphic picture of the box wherein he was conveyed on board ship—a trophy which the late Dr. Hosack showed to more than one friend—now living—"with the auger-holes for little Burr to breathe through." The allusion to a writer in the New York Review, "whose errors and profession" should have taught him charity, is as morally paradoxical, considering the subject in hand, as the theological sketch in the first chapter is historically superficial. While acknowledging our obligations to Mr. Parton for an entertaining volume of personal adventure, we must take exception to his book as an authentic memoir, especially in those points which touch the circle of political history and contemporary character. And with this praise of his talent as a *raconteur*, and this protest against his reliability as an historian, we proceed to give our own im-

pressions of Burr, and our theory of his character.

One of the most distinctly remembered journeys of our boyhood was to the British Provinces, returning *via* Maine. One summer day, at the hotel in Portland, with the urbanity which distinguished old school landlords, the host came into the parlor—exclaiming, "come here, my lad, I've something to show you;" accompanying him to the porch, he pointed out the erect and somewhat diminutive figure of a man, whose round, low hat, plainly-cut, mulberry-coloured frock-coat, and immovable aspect, suggested, at the first glance, the idea of a Quaker; hair of snowy whiteness, a good profile and keen eye were next obvious; he stood at an angle of the street, and people continually passed him; he looked straight forward, whether in reverie or expectancy did not appear; "mark him well," said Boniface, "you will hear of him when you are older; that is Aaron Burr, who shot General Hamilton." From that moment an ardent curiosity to know the details of this event, and a permanent association therewith of the staid, venerable and solitary figure, of which we had caught this vivid glimpse, gave a "local habitation" in our memory to the name of the second Vice President of the United States. Accordingly no opportunity was lost for gaining anecdotes of one of the few historical personages visible to juvenile eyes. These were singularly at variance with each other, yet all characteristic. A medical contemporary of the old man, told us how startled he was when administering to a dying patient on a wintry midnight, to have his vigil disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman, whose costume and greeting were thoroughly courtier-like; he was followed by a negro bearing a tray with wine and soup, covered with a napkin; the roar of the tempest outside, the lateness of the hour, the contrast between this etiquette and the abject misery of the apartment and wretched end of the patient,—who, though highly connected, was an outcast because of a long career of improvidence and dissipation,—struck the good doctor as highly dramatic; and this impression

need when the unexpected visited himself as Col. Burr, well have been the boon-companioning man when he lived by his ad, and indulged in a "lark" at "Poor Bill!" said the courteous "can nothing be done for him?" ed a negative reply with perfect e, regarded the sufferer awhile, went through an elaborate fare-the physician, leaving on that mind a bewildering impression able intentions and heartless .In direct contrast with this base of character was the next reminiscence we heard. Among funeral sermons elicited by 's death, one delivered by a his clergyman, was remarkable severe anathemas pronounced antagonist. As a specimen of invective the discourse became and was largely quoted in the and disseminated through the Many years after, its author letter appealing to him as the of many wealthy denizens in of brotherly love, to furnish aid in a case where the prevailing and prosperity of the (represented as an accomdy,) made a more public application both to pride and delicacy. gyman promptly called at the for an interview with the unfortunate, if possible, to obtain its sum to relieve her immediately from some rich and liberal of his church. Her apparently situation was explained as of temporary kindness; and shely of the fair petitioner, as her evident accomplishments, the good pastor to exertion, weak, he wrote her that the at her disposal; she declined it, and begged her benefactor at a certain hour the next deliver the gift intrusted to him and give her the benefit of his plan she had formed for her honorable subsistence. At that time the clergyman entered the room and, while awaiting the

lady, took up a beautiful edition of Horace, his favorite classic, from the centre table; surprised to find marginal notes, indicative of the most tasteful erudition, in a female hand, his wonder increased when the object of his kind efforts, appearing, confessed herself the author; an animated conversation ensued, and so interested was the visitor in the novel experiment of a learned discussion with one of the gentler sex, that he was not, at first, aware that she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to him, and her manner exhibited a sudden *empressment*; raising his eyes in perturbation, as the idea occurred to him, he caught sight, in the mirror, of a face peering through the slightly open door at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unsuspicious temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence, and the benevolence of his friends, abused; and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture. While arranging his colours the painter rallied his subject on the absent mood he was in, whereupon the clergyman described the scene he had just passed through, and the unpleasant doubts it had excited in his mind. The artist grew serious in a moment, and asked for a particular description of the lady; he then begged his auditor not to speak of the matter until he heard from him, as a clew to the mystery had suggested itself. The artist was not deceived; the "indigent lady" was one of Burr's creatures; she confessed to having, at his instigation, planned to entrap the clergyman and compromise his position, in order to revenge the bitter homily launched years before at the destroyer of Hamilton. With this story, so illustrative of a vindictive spirit, fresh in mind, it was curious to hear a venerable matron, identified with the best circle of society in Philadelphia, during Washington's administration, expatiate on the perfect grace, the delightful talk, and the attractive friendship of Burr—a man she

thought more unjustly maligned than any gentleman she had ever known. In seeking for facts to elucidate artist-life in this country, another hopeful incident came to our knowledge in the spontaneous kindness and valuable friendship with which Col. Burr treated John Vanderlyn; grateful remembrance ever warmed the painter of "Ariadne" and "Marius," when he spoke of his benefactor, whom he also considered an injured and misunderstood man.

One of Burr's medical advisers, a man of excellent observation and large experience, assured us that the care he took to preserve his manners and his reputation therefor, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, was a most striking trait; his phrase was often concise to aphoristic emphasis, his silence more impressive than his speech, the bow, wave of the hand and well-adapted word of greeting or farewell never omitted; in short, all that is implied by the term *manner* was so much more remarkable than anything said or done by this astute man, that it inevitably suggests that he was more demonstrative than highly endowed. "There was no resisting his courtesy" declared this sagacious physician; "I was resolved never to take a farthing for my services to a man so impoverished; but the delicate manner in which he insinuated a gold coin into my hand one evening as he bowed me out, would have made a refusal ungracious; and, although it was a very small proportion of the fee due, he seemed to recognize both my claim and his own inability, by saying with the utmost suavity, 'Doctor, you are fond of celebrated men; here is a print of Godwin—a proof impression which he (the most philosophic man I ever knew) gave me,—please accept it.'" He never would allow the doctor, upon whom he often called, to accompany him at parting, beyond the threshold of the room, saying, "this will do; no one in Europe accompanies a guest farther than here,"—and then came the bow, the wave of the hand, and the gliding off. In these casual details we perceive how Chesterfieldian was Burr—how much greater his faith in manner than in more soulful

realities—how theatrical was life to him—how like a sagacious game human intercourse. And so from the anecdotes of his younger contemporaries we glean a very definite notion of the prevalent idea of his character. "When I mentioned to my father," said the son of one of our most eminent jurists to us, "that I had formed the acquaintance of Col. Burr, and rather liked him, he was positively frightened; and the next time the two met in the street, 'Colonel,' said the Chancellor in passing, 'my son tells me he likes you.' 'So did his father twenty years ago,' was Burr's reply." A lady in the western part of the State, a belle in her youth, naively told us of her trepidation when Burr, who had been at her father's house, joined her, as yet a school girl in one of the most public avenues: "People looked at me as on the brink of ruin," she observed. A professional acquaintance of Burr's has described to us his sententious way of "summing up" an argument, his superficial, decided, yet often partially true estimate of famous people he had known. He said of Benedict Arnold, for instance, "he was so dishonest that he was capable of fleching the coin from the pocket of a sleeping companion; but in the field, sir, he was a lion."

Even those too young to have caught more than a glimpse of Aaron Burr in his old age, by virtue of the current traditions and patent incidents of his life, have imbibed an impression of him curiously made up of the gay triumphs recorded in French memoirs and the bold criminalities that Ainsworth has wrought into romances. Within a week of his indigent and lonely aspect in Broadway, he appeared there leaning back with an evident consciousness of marital rights, in a splendid chariot, with Madam Jumel's liveried servants on the box and foot-board; after fascinating a whole boarding school of admiring girls at Middletown, by his attractive bearing and honeyed words, he sat on the stage at the college commencement there, to become the nucleus of a thousand keen eyes, while a youth declaimed in praise of Hamilton in the presence of his de-

while he was receiving sympathies at the South and a informed General Greene's her intention to bring him to "I cannot," replied that loyal "shut my house against any nature; but the moment Col. is in at one door, I shall go out her." What a chapter for a realist would be the sojourn of re at Paris—haunting imperial bers and ministerial cabinets sport, characteristically exper- ow to draw "vinegar from sap," n old woman's stand where he sons for a cigar, reluctantly toys purchased for his grand- g smoky chimneys; sleeping on indicting complimentary notes s petitions and amorous dia- g to-day with a philosopher in stion, and wandering hungry he streets to-morrow,—mean- sely noting "Gampillo's straits" loia, and besieging, in vain, y's representative for counte- aid. Or shift the scene to his d, and watch the old man as own Broadway on a summer with a fair girl, his unacknow- ld according to report, leaning t, and see how men with white him unrecognized, and then int him out to a companion as he beguiled Blannerhasset and Mon, saw Montgomery's defeat at the Democratic party elec- tactics. An habitué of Sarato- palmy days of that fashionable place, may have described the of a crowd" there experi- he "old man whom everybody A reminiscent Knickerbocker, as pointed out the spot at m where his victim fell, the d-Hill," where he entertained lippe and Volney, and read Vol- widow Prevost to whom he was r the identical clergyman who, tary later, joined him in wed- set's notable relict, whose funds ed so rapidly that a separation red; these and the old wooden re he died at Staten Island,

the venerable ancestral tomb at Prince- ton where his body moulders, the por- trait by Vanderlyn, a few commonplace letters, and scraps of a journal and in- numerable stories of gallantry, social tact, bitter privation and legal adroitness, make up the insignificant landmarks of one whose name is on an illustrious roll of soldiers and statesmen.

That name, indeed, seems destined to share the same vicissitude and the truth as respects his acts and motives to be involved in the same cloud of mystery with which he took a morbid pleasure (and circum- stances fortuitously aided him) to befog his actual life and presence. Exercising more than ordinary caution to preserve his papers and making special testamen- tary provision for the inviolability of those not lost at sea, no sooner is public attention awakened to his history, than a sharp controversy ensues in the jour- nals, as to the character and the fate of these written memorials. One assures us the mass of his correspondence was, by his own direction, burned; another that letters to him from ladies well known in the social circles of his better days, were handed round to furnish aliment for scandalous tongues and prurient im- aginations; one witness testifies to hav- ing rescued the "Burr Papers" from a junkshop, and another to discovering them on the wet deck of a coaster. It is declared by an aged clergyman, that he sought the consolations of religion in his dying hours, and as confidently asserted in other quarters that to the last glimmer of rationality he entertained no serious convictions; his "relations with wo- men," his political conduct, his code of honor, his legal reputation, his dispo- sition, motives, scope of mind, and peni- tence, are, each and all, now as when he lived, themes of diverse opinion and un- settled estimation, although enough is admitted to neutralize in his case the benefit of a doubt.

The theory hinted at and indirectly en- forced rather than emphatically proposed and demonstrated by some of Burr's old adherents, is quite plausible as a pro- gramme of defence. The Federalists, it is said, hated him because he shot Hamil-

ton, the Democrats because Jefferson, when at the head of that party and of the nation, proscribed and persecuted him as a traitor; the religious community avoided him as an unbeliever, and in domestic life, he was feared on account of his reputed success in gallantry; here, it is argued, is a bundle of prejudices sufficient to ostracise a man who may have been unjustly charged with malice aforethought, treason, and profligacy, and was, in fact, only an amorous free-thinker, of remarkable intelligence, brave enterprise and social honor, not worse than many a cotemporary more fortunate in his ambition and less persecuted by his foes. To give effect to such a plea, no indifferent picture might be and has been partially drawn, of the influence of social injustice upon a naturally amiable character, goading its passions into frenzy, and turning the "milk of human kindness" to gall, while the desolation and abandonment that marked his closing years give added pathos to such extenuation. But the facts and fables of his life were only an incomplete solution of the problem of his reputation; it is evasive on the part of those intent upon this question, to test it by the external evidence of special incidents; if we look impartially at the times and the men of Burr's generation, we find that, however unscrupulous in partisan warfare, however inelegant in the arrangement and unaccomplished in the etiquette of social life, however narrow or bigoted or ambitious,—they were remarkable for earnest convictions and frank sympathies; freedom of speech, ardor of sentiment, decision of opinion—the manly, open and genial qualities of character were rife; now the reserve, plausibility, Machiavellism, as that word is popularly used, of Burr, were directly opposed to the spirit of his times and country; the union of sagacity and sententiousness, the secretive and calculating, with a winsome address and elaborate graciousness of manner,—was more in keeping with the French court, under the old regime or the subtle elegance of

Italian diplomacy, than with the tone of feeling and manners in America at the time of the formation and adoption of the Constitution. The salient occurrences of his life were but a public exposition of what the man himself indicated and illustrated in his proper person; master of the arts which captivate women he was, in the same proportion, deficient in those that win the confidence of men. He did not care to impress them by any direct force of mind; to be agreeable, courteous, to allure and amuse, are but a moiety of the genuine man's aspirations; he would also meet his fellows on the plane of absolute convictions, exalted sentiment, magnanimous sympathy. Even pleasure seldom thawed the self-possession of Burr; his tongue was not loosened by conviviality nor his vigilance lulled by fellowship. He was one of those natures with which it is difficult for a candid, manly soul to coalesce; and this is the real cause of his being so absolutely deserted. The essential quality whereby minds and hearts are fused in a glow of love or faith—the trust which precedes and hallows ingenuous human intercourse, was baffled by inordinate secretiveness; we behold emphatically illustrated herein the truth of Lamb's apostrophe to this great principle of social harmony and individual respect:

"How fine and noble a thing is Confidence,
How reasonable, too, and almost godlike!
Fast cement of fast friends, bond of society,
Old natural go-between in the world's business;
Where civil life and order, wanting this cement,
Would presently rush back
Into the pristine state of singularity,
And each man stand alone."

No mere partisan impulse can account for the statement of the historian of the U. S. Senate that Burr challenged Hamilton for having conscientiously opposed his Presidential aspirations, four years after that exciting canvass, from motives of deliberation and calculated revenge.*

* Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate.

It was the man rather than his deeds, real or imaginary, which caused him to be thus repudiated; that is to say, if there had been within and about him the instincts and the atmosphere that retain confidence and rivet affection, such utter isolation and depreciation would not have signalized his latter years. Eminent political characters have been noted as free livers both here and in England,—but certain qualities of mind and heart have secured them the love and admiration of their fellow-men. Improvidence has characterized the most eloquent statesmen, and yet failed to exhaust the assiduities of friendship; duels, fatal and involving national bereavement, have isolated military and civic officers in both hemispheres from special circles of society and yet thereby united more strongly the bonds of private sympathy; and soldiers of fortune have ventured upon enterprises of conquest and been turned aside or vanquished, without losing the *prestige* of integrity of purpose. We must look behind the political prejudice, the desolating *rencontre*, the trial for treason, the debts and amours of Aaron Burr, to account for the entire distrust and forlorn abandonment he suffered. These explain public and partisan but not social and personal desertion; only the actual impression made by the individual is adequate to justify the latter. Trumbull might refuse to portray his features among the revolutionary and constitutional leaders of the republic—Clay might decline his professed hand, Hamilton might declare that to elect him President of the United States, would be to disgrace the country, and Jefferson might “habitually caution Madison about him,”—for reasons, in a measure, based on prejudice or politics,—but when those of his own sex, exempt from associations of this kind, and drawn to him, perhaps, by sympathy for his sorrows and the attractions of his society, soon withdrew or maintained a distant recognition, and when an impartial philosopher like Bentham “shuddered when he spoke of his principles,”—it argues that he inspired the same distrust in unprejudiced observers as the

sagacious patriots, his compeers, acknowledged.

He had none of the frank and generous *abandon* which endeared Fox and Sheridan even to their opponents; their errors were convivial, his those of calculation; the order of his mind was not such as to redeem, by intellectual triumphs, the arid path of chicanery; his views were not profound and comprehensive but acute and tortuous; he had alertness and hardihood as a lawyer, but not inductive breadth and power of generalization; he used few words, spoke directly to the point, and his statements were neat and terse, which, with an urbane manner, explain his success; he was a logician but no philosopher; more of a dogmatist and dialectician than an orator, clever not great, endowed with tact and talent but not genius, cunning rather than wise, adroit far more than eloquent, able to win better than to enlighten, uninspired, plausible, self-possessed—with only one master passion, and that unredeemed by sentiment, and without the tenderness of soul that purified the sensualism of Burns, the idealism that elevated the amorous egotism of Goethe, or the aspiration that wrestled in Byron's heart against the encroachments of appetite.

In estimating Burr's influence as a politician, his success as an advocate and his reputation for elegance and fascination of manner, we must constantly keep in mind the state of parties and society at the outset of his career. The arena of forensic display and of social distinction was comparatively limited; the honors of the forum and the assembly were shared by few; New York was more like a provincial town than a metropolis; polished address was the exception not the rule; neither popular education, domestic luxury, incessant communication with Europe, a prolific press, or any of the other great agents of modern civilization, had attained their present scale of efficiency. Such a man as Burr was more prominent than he could possibly be now; and that his claims as a speaker and a gentleman are exaggerated by tradition we cannot but infer from

the fact that they are so vague and intangible; while we are told he "was considered one of the most persuasive speakers of the age," the same writer elsewhere says, "from the year 1812 to the time of his death he never made a speech in any of our courts which can, with propriety, be called an argument, and, at no period of his life could he have been a learned lawyer."

Not only did Burr fail to bequeath any palpable evidence of a gifted mind, but the record he kept of his own experiences is the most barren and purely material ever chronicled by an intelligent man or public character. It is, indeed, a striking proof of the superficial insight and exclusive sympathies of Aaron Burr that, living and acting as he did at a great political and social crisis in America and residing in Europe at the most eventful period of modern history, scarcely a trace remains of the impression made upon his intelligence by those most rare, and suggestive opportunities. He notes the gradations of his indigence while in Paris, the economical shifts, the personal struggle with prejudice and poverty, in a strain of humor creditable to his manliness and, with a minute detail, the egotism of which is only redeemed by our sense of compassion. But the drama of human life and destiny, the transition of civil and military power and the remarkable men then prominent and active, seem to affect him less than the changes of the weather or the receipt of a *billet doux*—not because, like Humboldt, science absorbed the attention which those less pre-occupied with eternal verities give to the immediate, nor because, like Franklin, methodical labors for his country diverted him from general disquisition on foreign interests, nor because, like Fulton or Byron, the aspirations of genius beguiled the consciousness of exile—but evidently on account of a moral indifference, an intellectual narrowness, a want of comprehensive and generous perception and sentiment. It is true that he enjoyed remarkable social privileges both abroad and at home; that he possessed the manner which is a passport to *salon*, *boudoir*

and cabinet; but he seems to have brought thence only the most casual anecdotes, gossip and bon-mots; his notes throw no light on the philosophy of character, give no clear glimpse of the minds of the gifted and the renowned; he only beheld the external and cared only for the brilliant; he used to speak disdainfully of Washington's military skill as confined to setting men to dig, and sneer at his limited knowledge of books; he called Putnam "an ignorant rustic," and professed contempt for the rhetoric of Hamilton, Wirt, and Clay,—failing utterly to recognize the insignificance of those facts of character as incidental to others so large, efficient, and complete as to individualize and exalt the whole into permanent greatness. He was a *petit maître* in his estimate of humanity; an observer of the lesser and more temporary—not the essential traits. To read the letters and journals of Burr, and remember that he was the associate of our revolutionary heroes and constitutional statesmen, that he had been on intimate terms with Godwin and Bentham, had known the literary circles at Edinburgh and Weimar, since become intellectual oracles of the age,—is to realize how little of high and earnest sympathy with genius, truth, and beauty existed in that adroit, keen, polished, vivacious, but shallow and irreverent mind. A not less evident indifference to nature is observable; throughout those long journeys and sojourns in England, France, Sweden, and Holland, we find no phase of the outward world, no wonder of ocean and forest, no loveliness of shore or sunset noted with the interest of a scientific or the enthusiasm of a poetic mind; but, instead thereof, the most petty details of material life, the most commonplace incidents of personal warfare. Other men have wandered from the land of their nativity under the ban of political proscription; many a French *émigré*, like the author of *Atala*, bravely exercised his talents for subsistence in London; what philosophic reflection or cosmopolitan affinities his memoirs exhibit and how does the sentiment of humanity quicken his observation, give l

traits and interest to the details of his exile! That Burr had dined with this Grand Duke and that philosopher, attended the dinner of a famous Duchess, or was present at a certain ministerial breakfast, are all well enough; but as to these scenes and persons themselves, the favoured guest is silent, too, on the great question of the day, on the vast interests, the great influences, the social character, which, according to his diary, he had so many excellent opportunities of observing; while his frugal meal, his quietude, his expedients to keep warm and dry are most precisely and perfectly recorded. Such details, it is true, are of interest to the eye of the curious, and offer a touching proof of his industry in privation and fertility in invention, which illustrate the force and consistency of Burr's character; but, when they are unworthy a cultivated and generous mind. Swift noted in his diary for Stella's benefit, every minute of his health, fare, work, and rest, but these material and outward circumstances were blended with a broad sketch of character, many observations of society and not a few reflections on the state of mind, the passions, the emotions, which give a certain congruity and vital interest to the whole; whereas the monotonous diary of Burr never transcends the casual and the personal; it deals wholly in the details of the material, and but one sentiment and earnest sentiment—that of affection—redeems it from unbecoming complacent selfishness. In reviewing this career, so unsubstantiated by materials for intellectual fame, yet so independent of tangible results, yet so independent of will, self-possession and a certain forward and casual success, we do not find the libertinism, Mexican intrigue, or the duel with which the name of Burr is chiefly associated,—an adequate illustration of the social ban under which he suffered nor of the meagre reputation claimed by his admirers as a man of a superior order, and of a life of extraordinary vicissitude and opportunity. The question inevitably suggests

itself—for what was Aaron Burr, considered as a man and independently of the fatal errors which darken his memory—fit? For what had nature especially endowed him? wherein could his peculiar ability and disposition have found scope to the best advantage? The answer is obvious. Aaron Burr should have been all his life a soldier. In an active military career his remarkable powers of endurance, his mental alacrity and moral hardihood might have won for him the consideration and the arena he needed. The recuperative powers of his constitution, the perseverance of his antagonism, the indifference to the pleasures of the table, the vigilant, patient, cheerful habit of his nature, the French philosophy and lightness of his creed, his magnetic influence over inferiors and his courtly address to equals, his bravery, coolness, sagacious eye for weak points, and firmness of purpose in conflict—these are a few of the qualities which would have made him an eminent and efficient *militaire*. And in such a vocation the worse points of his character might have found less baneful development; the intriguing instinct, so long exercised to the detriment of social honour, and political magnanimity, might have expended itself with comparative harmlessness in the stratagems of war and the ruse of the tactician; and profligacy, as a social evil, is less obvious and corrosive in the vagrant range of the camp than in the sweet securities of domestic and civil life. The necessity of self-respect in one whose business it is to command others, and whose example is therefore essentially a personal interest, must have tended, in such a sphere, to modify the prevalent habits of Burr in regard to circumventing one sex and leading astray the other. Ambition in military life, the moral restraints incident to official authority, in a degree, would have taken the place of conscience in such a man.

But we are not left to conjecture in this regard. The fairest portion of Burr's life was that of his soldiership, when he accompanied Arnold to Quebec: young and far from robust as he was, not a man in

the expedition bore privation more cheerfully, was quicker with expedients, or more brave in action; and while entrusted with the outposts in Westchester county, during the early part of the revolutionary war, his vigilance, humanity, skill, and courage were proverbial. The military aspirations of his first youth, are among the few noble glimpses of a nature early cramped and blasted by false and heartless theories and reckless habits; and, if these had been fully gratified and a permanent career of arms, legitimate and inspiring, have then opened and been followed, we can easily imagine that Aaron Burr might have fallen, after successive triumphs, with no blot on his name which the fame of a brave and faithful soldier could not eclipse. Through life there was in his habits the spirit of the camp. He prided himself on freedom from luxurious tastes; he preferred to sleep on a sofa in his office and to broil a slice of ham for his supper, to the more costly arrangements which, at intervals, he enjoyed. He loved a judicial skirmish, to spring a mine upon his legal adversary, to lay deep political schemes and engage in logical combats. For more than half a century he waged a hand to hand battle with Society and with Fortune,—walking the midnight streets like a sentinel, entrenching himself in isolated lodgings, peering at his fellow-men from under suspicious eyelids, carrying a bold front and a determined heart through years of baffled hope and an age of contumely and bereavement. A soldier of fortune, an adventurer was Aaron Burr during the greater part of his life; there have been many like him, but none in whose memoirs so vivid a contrast is offered between such a precarious and outcast lot and its antecedents; sprang from the best Puritan blood of New England, identified with the only genuine Pilgrim aristocracy—that of the clergy—and, with this *prestige*, ushered into active life at the close of the French and opening of the American War, with that band of select heroes and statesmen now idolized as the purest constellation in the firmament of history; he, who called Jonathan Edwards grand-father, in whose

fraternity fell the gallant Montgomery, who had been domesticated with Washington, and Vice President of the United States,—who had extended manorial hospitality to a king,—hunted as a felon, sleeping on a garret floor in Paris, and skulking back to his native land in disguise—offers one of those rare instances of extreme and violent contradictions which win historians to antithetical rhetoric, and yield the novelist hints “stranger than fiction.”

What the phrenologists call *secretiveness*, and the French *finesse* underlaid, permeated and identified the character of Aaron Burr. It was through this least attractive of human qualities that he achieved success in law, politics and love—so far as immediate and exceptionable triumphs merit that name. When planning an election campaign, intent on subduing a woman's heart, or foiling a legal adversary,—in society, at the bar, on the hustings,—to artifice Burr looked for the means of realizing his object. What in other men is but incidental, was his chief resource. A demonstrative manner and a reticent tongue and pen were characteristic of the soldier, the lawyer and the lover. He knew how to flatter, but not how to confide. He was vigilant for weak points, not cognizant of high sympathies; through the vanity of one sex, and the unguarded candor of the other, he strove to insinuate himself, to lure or countermine. On the surface agreeable, improvident, sceptical, and, within, destitute of serious convictions or earnestness, he could, unbewildered by the emotions which make more generous souls hesitate,—watch, take advantage, win to complacency or amuse into negligence the intellectual or moral citadel he proposed to overthrow. His taste in reading, society and the economy of life, were essentially artificial. Rousseau's sentimentalism charmed him more than Franklin's philosophy, the outward grace of Chesterfield more than the natural dignity of Washington, the shallow philosophy of Voltaire more than the robust and manly wisdom of Bacon. He once, however, had a choice library, and was, at times, a great though desultory reader.

scholar his taste was for Latin. He had the lightness of temper, external formula of courtesy, agreeable as opposed to the earnest life which belongs to the nature; indeed Burr's affinities were Gallic than Saxon. A certain decided, often paradoxical, "giving opinion"—in brief terms and with great emphasis, impressed the timid. In mental hardihood was one of the qualities whereby he so easily fascinated men of intellectual ambition. To a man, whose name figured in history, was identified with many a success in the courts, and in particular, glibly dispatch Christianity, saying he had examined and found it false, the Commander-in-chief of the American Revolutionary army, as a well as a, but very dull man, and Democratic institutions as a failure—had in it something so bold and piquant for an English and presumptuous mind, that a French *raconteur* found ready audience. All this there was an echo of that French and hollow school of literature and society represented by Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, wherein wit substituted for sentiment, manner for matter, taste for aspiration, egotism for truth, form for substance, style for matter. The school too insubstantial and un-English to find other than a temporary home in English soil, or in English literature, and utterly alien to the frank, earnest spirit of the early American Republic.

The secretive idiosyncrasy of Burr, appropriate to the old mysterious American rather than the free American polity, is the most simple relations of life; limited to the curious and imaginative espionage or gallantry. There is much in the circumstances and situation of the man to call for watchfulness and suspicion, but his love of mystery was morbid. For years he had an ingenious arrangement of bells and locks by which, as he lay in bed, he could tell the desired admittance, whether friend

or stranger; and according as the visit was from a man of business or a frail and fair one, he, by means of skilfully adjusted cords, opened his office or his chamber door. He wrote in cipher and travelled under an assumed name, when both alternatives were a needless exaggeration either of his personal risk or importance. The *incognito* he strove to maintain on landing at Boston, and his circuitous and disguised method of coming thence to New York,—after his long exile in Europe,—are in ludicrous contrast to the public indifference when, ten days after, he resumed the practice of the law in the city entered with such melodramatic privacy.

The essential reason of Burr's failure in political life may be traced to the same cause. He openly avowed contempt for the government, and practised a subtle course by which the opposition of one party was justified, and the confidence of his own, destroyed. The imputation under which he labored of having intrigued to supersede Jefferson, while ostensibly acquiescing in his nomination, was, it is admitted, "the weight that pulled him down." "The conduct of Colonel Burr," we are told, "was as impolitic as it was faithless to his party. He shrouded himself in mystery. He should have either frankly and openly declared himself a candidate in opposition to Jefferson or retired. It was an invariable maxim with him never to commit anything on politics to writing. What was an honest man to fear from it?" Similar views were entertained of his legal career: "He seemed to labor more to gain advantages by the meshes of technical rules of practice, by contrivance and trick than to succeed by meeting his opponent fairly in the field, and elaborately discussing the merits of his case."* As the courts are at present conducted, Burr's method of wearing out an adversary's patience or surprising his caution by technical interference, is, in a great measure, impracticable.

The minor traits correspond with this

general tendency; Burr evaded melancholy even of that salutary and natural kind, which originates in the discipline of life and the best instincts of the soul; like Sterne he waived all dalliance with regret; when the angel of death bore away the only two beings, the love of whom called forth his best affections,—he would not look on any object or cherish any association which kept their images before his mind; he had not the moral courage and the elevated sentiment through which Love and Faith are consecrated to Memory and Hope; his philosophy in this regard was eminently French; and so also he made it a practice “never to explain or retract”—as if it were justifiable to allow a palpable error, explicable by a word, to remain unchallenged; it is as truly the honest instinct of a candid nature to guard from needless injury personal reputation, as it is essential to self-respect to disdain gratuitous self-exculpation. Burr utterly ignored this medium, and by an affected indifference too extreme to be credited, added another element of complication to the tangled web of his reputation and career. Accordingly the facts confirmed the fables, what was known to be true gave plausibility to what was surmised; the deception through which he obtained a charter for a Water Company and transformed it into Bank privileges, suggested a cunning in public manoeuvres, such as might readily make a foreign predatory scheme subservient to a treasonable plot; and the shrewd organization of partizan resources—new in the devices of American politics, cast a suspicion of intrigue over all subsequent enterprises. It was from the disposition manifested—the method adopted—the evident taste and tendency of the man, in other words, his character—that gave rise, in the last analysis to all that was most opprobrious in the judgment and severe in the conduct of his adversaries.

The “Cataline” of Hamilton’s imagination, the “serpent who despoiled the Eden,” in Wirt’s memorable rhetoric, the “antipathy” of Washington, and the “flavor of falsehood,” of which Jeffer-

son complained—all are to be traced to a conviction—an estimate of Burr founded upon personal impressions and confirmed by adequate practical evidence; and this view or feeling was independent of political animosity, and coexisted with the most opposite sentiment in regard to the duel with Hamilton, the Mexican enterprise and the gay Lothario reputation of Burr. It was a consequence, indeed, not of reputation, but of character—by which we mean the nett result or final product of what is believed and felt to be the nature and absolute disposition of an individual, notwithstanding special acts or popular estimation. To confirm this view, we recently questioned two gentlemen alike distinguished for liberal sentiment, kindness and strict honor, as well as perspicuity—and whose relations with Burr had been professional and amicable, as to the impression he habitually made upon each; one replied, “I was always afraid he would make some dishonorable proposition;” and the other, “he excited my curiosity as a moral anomaly; I could never detect in his conversation any recognition of the principle we call conscience.” It was thus that Burr’s own bearing and expressed ideas excited distrust. The marked courtesy and finished politeness of his manner inevitably contributed to the same result; for the instant we believe manner to be offered as a substitute for sincerity, or a cloak for ulterior designs, its grace becomes sinister, and its fascinations are resisted as a glamour not yielded to as a charm. Hence Burr’s agreeability alarmed the discriminate, and they met him on his own ground of external courtesy instead of that more dear and satisfactory plane of manly confidence. This want of correspondence between the outward demonstration and the actual is an incessant repulsion; it aggravates the sense of injury, and where none exists, breeds vigilant reserve. We remember a dishonest bankrupt who used to salute his creditors in the street, with such elaborate courtesy, impervious to their coldness, and blind to their unresponsive mien, that one of them irritated to the last degree, one day stopped

debtor, in the midst of his smiles, with the adjuration, "Spare your politeness since you have me out of my money;" "it's my principles," blandly replied. Somewhat in this manner did wanted manners give a direct to his unpopularity. It was an "endeavour to atone by misappreciation for imbecility in fundamental principles;" and however acceptable to Volney, Talleyrand, Jerome Bonaparte and other distinguished guests and Hill, and effective with the world, courtiers and inexperienced aspirants for social *eclat*, excited suspicion as to motives and want of sincerity, among the honest, independent and unsusceptible, because associated with what was unusually acknowledged to be an exceptionable character. Domestic affections which soften the tone of his life, were tainted with an artificial tone. His letters to Prevoost, before and after marriage, the compliment and verbal flattery of the courtier and man of the world, more than the candid heartiness, self-devotion and frank sympathy compare them with those of Steele and John Smith, and the absence of warmth is emphatically felt. Even his eldest daughter, just as girlhood was passing into womanly development, was without specific rules of conduct as prescribed by their disingenuous convention—those whereby Chesterfield so strove to mould his son into the ideal of a gentleman. Aaron Burr admitted little Theodosia to quote a line of Terence in her correspondence, so to indicate her acquaintance with the art to eat only of certain dishes and to appear genteel at a dinner without betraying in the irreverent familiarity of a gifted soul at the critical moment of its expansion, a faith in the outward and the apparent, and the outward behavior, utterly inconsistent with the recognition of what is highest in the instinct and sacred in the life of womanhood. Brilliantly in politics, law, adventure and social life—Artifice

so involved the action and complicated the aims of Aaron Burr, that he effectually neutralized whatever legitimate influence and recognition belonged either to his natural gifts of mind or his unexceptionable motives of conduct. It was to his secretive and indirect tone, his emphasis of manner and reticence of thought and purpose, that we must look for the real grounds of his reputation. Whether he practised with the pistol for weeks in anticipation of his duel with Hamilton, whether the latter fired at his adversary on that occasion or discharged the weapon by accident, whether Wilkinson testified falsely or with truth on the trial for treason, whether his executor did or did not burn his love-letters, whether this maiden's virtue was undermined or that matron's honour comprised,—whether, in a word, the rumors and surmises in regard to Burr, which his political adherents charge to party malice are susceptible of proof or not—the question is irrelevant in an estimate of the man, because his specific, acknowledged, obvious characteristics account for and illustrate the extraordinary disrepute which fell to his lot. Duplicity was the barrier which cut him off from public confidence—the element which, to use a chemical term, precipitated to an isolated and indurated form—the nature which admitted no high sympathy or candid trust assimilated with humanity.

It is an ungracious task to exhibit the errors of the dead, and a needless one to discuss an inauspicious character, the example of which is bereft of all practical harm by the lapse of time, the changes of social and political relations, and especially by the eclipse of misfortune. There is not a more complicated question in human science than the "foreknowledge, will and fate" involved in what we call, in a retrospective estimate, character; few have a just discernment for its living phases, and a catholic appreciation of the evidence death leaves for survivors to collect and analyze, is equally rare. In the instance before us, whatever of brilliant prestige, valor in war and blandishment in peace, may have left associated with the name

of Aaron Burr, is neutralised by the closing scenes of his versatile life-drama; and vituperation itself, as in the peerless tragedy that depicts, for all time, the forlorn decadence of unprincipled humanity, is hushed with pity before the desolate *finale*:

I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends,
I must not look to have.

The story yields its own moral; and the inferences of the preacher are gratuitous. Moreover our insight is too limited, our prejudice too emphatic, and our sympathies too narrow not to enforce upon consciousness the charge—"judge not;" and the more we know of the inward struggles, and the outward difficulties of individual men, the more human appears the poet's plea:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Organization and circumstances enter too largely into the formative process, by which character is moulded for other than a philosophic mind to justly define its relative merit or defects; knowledge of life, to an unperverted heart, is the best teacher of charity; and if the dead past should ever be allowed to remain undisturbed, it is in reference to those whose career yields only a painful lesson and a deleterious precedent. But while, in these considerations, we find adequate reason for avoiding such a theme, a motive to examine it of no small importance arises when its historical relation seems likely to be misunderstood. The idea has been gravely propounded that Aaron Burr was the victim of political animosity; that a few incidents susceptible of diverse interpretations have been exaggerated into evi-

dences of treason, profligacy and murder, and that herein consists the basis of his reputation, and the key to the riddle of his long social outlawry. A proposition like this challenges regard. We do not believe that human character is so completely at the mercy of public opinion, nor that a man of integrity cannot live down the slander which has no foundation but party spite. Our history is full of evidence that the essential in character ultimately triumphs over the casual in prejudice. Had there been any grand original quality in Aaron Burr's mind, its fruits would have survived to appeal in his behalf to posterity; had the absolute tendencies of his nature been candid, they would, in so long a career, have vindicated to the world his motives. It was, as we have seen, to the elements of of his character quite as much as to the events of his life that he owed his reputation. Society is indulgent enough to the overflow of ardent passion, whether in the form of love or ambition, where great services and high sentiment coexist; Nelson and Kean, Byron and Bonaparte win and hold admiration and sympathy, despite their errors; it was not so much what Burr did, or is supposed to have done, which, in the last analysis, caused him to be avoided and contemned; it was what he was. When he lay in his cradle, his mother wrote, "Aaron is very sly and resolute;" and eighty years after, when he was passing away, he spoke politely of dying "game;" herein we have the clew to the whole labyrinth of his existence; pluck, duplicity and engaging manners were his armour, creed, instincts, reliance; not without efficiency at crises and for temporary ends, admirable means of success in war and intrigue, but the most undesirable combination for permanent and satisfactory triumphs,—alien to the manly trust, to the frank enjoyments and to the moral security wherein true fame and genuine love are forever entrenched. They account for all that Burr did and failed to do;—for his repute as a young soldier; his success in gallantry; his attainment of the second office in the gift of the people

after only four years political probation, and the total loss of the confidence of his party in almost the same brief period of time; for his initiation of democratic tactics, and his ill-starred Mexican expedition, for his generosity as a donor, and his unreliability as a debtor, for the suspicion he excited in men, and the favor he won from women, for the cool premeditation of his duel and his indifference to conse-

quences—moral, social and physical; for his derogation of Washington, and his admiration of French philosophers, for his frivolous talk, and his studied manners, for his fortitude and his scepticism, for his legal shrewdness and social plausibility, for his agreeability in the *salon* and his lonely old age, for his self-reliance and irreverent spirit, his fascination and his fate.

A PRAYER FOR ONE BELOVED.

God, comfort my beloved! Since not to me
 The gracious task is given upon my breast
 To hold him safe from sorrow and from tears,—
Wilt thou not give him joy and peace and rest?
God, comfort my beloved.

Since 'tis not mine to cheer him on at morn
 By tender words to tread his toilsome way,—
 Nor mine at noon to greet him with a smile,
 Nor mine to whisper love at close of day,—
God, comfort my beloved.

Like some scathed tree in solitary wood
 Torn by the winter's gale or blighting snow,
 He stands alone while beating rains descend,
 And fiercest winds with might resistless blow,—
God, comfort my beloved.

I would that I could be some tender plant
 Some evergreen or closely-clinging vine,
 That round and round this solitary tree
 With close embrace my tendrils I might twine
And comfort my beloved;—

I would, that thus so lovingly entwined,
 A glow of warmth his drooping heart might know,
 And so caressing, shielding, guarding still
 And *never parting*, I, a vine, would grow
To comfort my beloved.

Vain wish, vain hope, fate mocks the shadowy dream;
 Since not to *me* the gracious task is given,
 With eyes, hands, heart and soul upraised I pray,
 (Would that my prayer could pierce the inner Heaven)
God! comfort my beloved!

February, 1858.

MAY DAYS AT RACKRACK HALL:

SOME PENCIL SKETCHES.

BY J. E. C.

I.

THE HALL.

"Such is the custom of Branksome hall."
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

On a lofty hill, commanding a fine view of the noble James, stands the old house, "Rackrack Hall." It is one of the most ancient mansions in Virginia, and every thing about it reminds the visitor of former times.

As you advance toward it, all the life of cities disappears, and is forgotten—the hurry and bustle of the streets no longer echo even in the memory: you enter the great portal, standing hospitably open, and the present yields to the storied and attractive past. The men and women of another age smile on you from the walls—the great wide fire-places, if you go in winter, roar as they did in the elder day, before the invention of grates and flues—the warm cordiality of old and young as they advance to greet you, and press your hand, and smile, is the traditionary welcome of the ancient regime.

But in May, the fine old house is most attractive. Approach it on some balmy morning of the Month of Flowers; and the beauty of the scene will sink into your heart, becoming a portion of your memory. A thousand swallows circle gaily in the azure atmosphere, around the stacks of chimneys, and the drooping eaves; a dozen old dogs sleep calmly in the sunshine bathing the great portico; the freshest foliage clothes the great century oaks, through which runs the ocean breeze, with its whispered laughter; the oriole swings upon his bough and carols joyfully; all the wide landscape, and the good old mansion smile, as it were, clothed and embowered in flowers and sunshine.

From the great portico you look upon the wide expanse of the great river, flowing calmly to the sea like a moving

mirror, or breaking into golden ripples, as the wind ruffles it. The snowy sails of vessels glitter in the sun, as they fly along, like water-fowl with outstretched wings; the waves lapse with a gentle murmur on the grassy shores; and the fleecy clouds of May float slowly over field and river to the far horizon.

Let us enter the old hall. No obstacle prevents us. The great door stands hospitably open; it is scarcely closed at night. The house is of great extent, and built without regard to what is now considered symmetry. Unlike many city mansions, Rackrack Hall is not ashamed to possess individuality. It has wings, and innumerable nooks and passages, and staircases; many generations of the family combined to make it what it is.

The floors are of polished oak; the balustrade of the great staircase of the same wood, and curiously carved. You may still observe the gashes made by Arnold's troopers, when they stopped here in '81, and hacked it wantonly with their sabres. The ceilings are surrounded with wooden cornices, and above the great wide fire-places, and narrow mantel-pieces, the wainscoting stretches up unbroken; the chisel of the skilful builder having decorated it with fruits and flowers, and more than one grim face, half-man, half-lion, which looks down still with a stony, changeless stare, upon the beholder.

The furniture is of walnut chiefly, and old fashioned. On the old tables, lie old, plainly bound volumes, of the greatest authors. On the antique sideboard is the worn family plate stamped with the family coat of arms.

I propose tracing a few brief sketches of some of the curious objects at Rackrack Hall. Perhaps the topic may interest some readers—those who still cling to whatever illustrates the past. Alas! it is rapidly disappearing; these old haunts where something truly Virginian still lingers, are crumbling beneath the

finger of time, or what is worse, innovation. They are becoming gradually *modernized*—they are ashamed of the past, and emulous of the fashions of the present. The dark polished oak is hidden by a gaudy carpet; the dim old portraits are replaced by “landscapes,” which glare on the eye with the intensest brilliancy; the great fire-places make way for grates or flues; Virginia is growing to be the honest old Virginia no longer. The old country customs are thrown aside for city fashions; good taste and cordiality yield to frippery and form!

But I digress from my subject; I will not to-day write a moral discourse on the unhappy change going on around us. At Rackrack Hall at least, old things remain unchanged—and here let us linger for an hour or two. Let us look at the portraits hanging high up on the walls—they are, many of them, curious, and will repay our attention.

II.

SIR GABRIEL, THE ENGLISH CAVALIER.

“King Charles, and who’ll do him right now?”

King Charles, and who’s ripe for fight now?”

Give a rouse: here’s in hell’s despite now,

King Charles!”

Cavalier Tunes.

The portraits hang in the antler-decorated “hall”—the great dining room—the drawing room—everywhere. They are so many volumes of the Rackrack annals.

In old days the fashion was more observed than at present—I mean of perpetuating beloved faces on canvass. The eldest son, who went to attend his terms at Oxford, or Cambridge, was instructed to bring back his portrait by the most celebrated artist; and the pleasing duty seems to have seldom been neglected. Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted many of those portraits now hanging on the walls of Virginia houses; and though the canvass

may have cracked, and the colors assumed the mellow hue of age—yet, there we have yet the faces of the ancestors we have heard of; they smile, or frown—are comely or the reverse, but they live for us still, as they lived in the far past.

The pictures at Rackrack Hall are a whole family history in themselves. They are silent now, and uncommunicative: the lips never open to relate their histories; the hands never move; the eyes never flash: the old Rackracks of other days look down in serene carelessness upon their descendants, and refuse to gratify the most exacting curiosity. But their lives are not wholly forgotten. The memories of the aged have perpetuated their faults or their virtues. Anecdotes without number have been handed down; and the gray haired servants will beguile hours for you, if you will listen, with what the “old people” of the family said and did.

The squire himself is a high authority on such subjects. You have only to get him into an antiquarian mood, or arouse a portion of his family pride, and he will tell you a thousand stories, or true histories; to each portrait on the extensive walls will be affixed forever in your memory, an anecdote, a tradition, or a biography. I shall strive to speak of one or two of these portraits, whose histories as I heard them, are interesting or instructive.

To the right as you enter, you see a dark, frowning countenance, with beetling brows and stern eyes. This is worthy Sir Gabriel Rackrack of the time of Charles I., an inveterate cavalier, and devotee of royalty, and his order. He was a fierce old trooper, fond of war and wasail, and of every other stimulating liquid and pursuit. He could drink more than any other man of his day. If “sack and sugar” were a “fault,” heaven help the roystering Sir Gabriel! In spite of his dark and ferocious looks he was married five times—four of his wives being belles of the court, and the scions of the noblest families. There seems little reason to doubt the extraordinary influence over women which he possessed. He married every one of his

wives without the least trouble; and, one and all, they were wholly and profoundly devoted to the beetle-browed worthy. From all the accounts, they seem to have regarded him with that fearful fondness, which a turtle dove, were she to mate with a hawk, might be supposed to feel towards her fierce companion. But the wives of the worthy knight—these tender doves—seem to have pined away, from the date of their marriage. It was not charged that he treated them with cruelty—he was simply too ferocious, and the “nerves” of the young ladies, doubtless, yielded in the struggle. He erected splendid monuments over each of them—and looked about for a new wife.

With his eldest son, and legal heir, the knight was wont frequently to quarrel. This eldest son resembled his father in character. He would never yield anything. He was relentless in his animosities. He once drew his poniard, it is said, and swore that he would plunge it into the paternal breast, if another word of insult was addressed to him. Sir Gabriel's mustache curled up to his eyes at this—it was the fashion to twist this ornament in that direction at the period—he smiled in a pleasant way—was far from displeased: and in the end, slapped Tom on the back and swore he was a “chip of the old block—a true Rackrack;” after which, father and son emptied a bottle of strong waters very amicably, and arm in arm went to scrutinize the condition of the stables and dog-kennels.

Sir Gabriel, like many of his class at the period, fell in battle. He bit the dust at Marston Moor, cursing Noll Cromwell, as a child of the Devil, and predicting that in the end that “low-bred carle” would hang as high as Haman, of whose fate he had heard the chaplain speak. As we know, this prophecy very nearly came true.

Sir Gabriel is affectionately remembered as the greatest swearer of the family. Some of his oaths, displaying great ingenuity and fertility of invention, have descended to the present time. He must have been a haughty, profane, bloody, Godless old reprobate. His countenance

presents an extremely ferocious appearance. It exhibits a man-eating expression, even on canvass. He wears steel armlets—a breastplate of the same metal; and his gauntleted hand grasps the hilt of his sword. The dark face is shrouded, or framed rather, in the profuse curls of a powdered peruke, and the pointed beard, cut as we see it in the portraits of Charles the Martyr, reposes on a frill of costly lace.

Young ladies gallanted by prim and simpering young gentlemen from town have been known to stand before the portrait of Sir Gabriel, and clasping their hands in a wild and ecstatic manner exclaim, “Oh! what a handsome man! If I only knew such a person now, I'd lose my heart with him directly!”—an expression of opinion thought to have been extremely agreeable and pleasing to the smooth-chinned, simpering young dandies, drawing out their languid sentences, and looking at the fierce old soldier of the Civil Wars through their quizzing glasses. In his day, whilst “in the flesh,” it is not too much to say that the worthy knight would have contracted to put to route a score of these gentlemen. In fact it is a family tradition that such “game” was peculiarly acceptable to Sir Gabriel in his rough humours. He would read Harry Hotspur's description of the popinjay who came to him on the battle field, and discoursed upon the qualities of gunpowder, with an appreciation and entertainment, which displayed itself in great haw-haws. He insulted many such dandies at the court of Charles, and had his brow slashed by the most effeminate and delicate-looking of them all;—you may see the scar in the portrait. From admiration of this gentleman's prowess, he courted and married his sister, the Lady Arabella Villiers—a name still perpetuated in the family.

But I linger too long upon the portrait of Sir Gabriel—the worthy occupies too much space in my idle sketch. The temptation was great, however. Few such characters remain—a very fortunate circumstance. From the histories of those who once lived, we deduce matter for reflection. The traits in good Sir Gabriel's

which may interest and amuse, im-pleasure at the "pluck" of and his treatment of the fair a smile to think of the fierce old , bursting out into a roaring sw!" when his boy drew a dag-im, and bearded the paternal . You smile more than ever a see "i' the mind's eye" the countesses—fragile and delicate reared in the lap of a luxury ferred no wind to visit them too -with slender forms, tapering cheeks of velvet, and languid t as they glided through apart-erated with all the luxuries of mate period—you smile when their pretty figures crowding he swarthy chevalier, rough, "bearded like the pard," and g them by his very indifference. that Sir Gabriel had only to d they flocked to him. He se-wife he wished, dismissed the went away laughing in his What a monster! Will the la-may possibly chance to read my pardon the allusion even to in the good Sir Gabriel? , offender is long dead. If it for his picture, it is more than that the worthy would have an all memories. The portrait lls him, and that is hanging on of a mansion far away from nd—in the "wilds of the New s: many of our English friends Virginia—in the new home of racks. England has forgotten

III.

ANNE—A VIRGINIA HEROINE.

is whereon perpetually did reign mer calm of golden charity."

Tennyson.

s the picture of the English hangs the picture of Mistress rack of the Revolution. She f the Rackracks of *King Wil-* married her cousin.

Mistress Anne possesses an extremely lovely face. She was admired extravagantly by the Marquis de Lafayette, when the young nobleman passed through Virginia, going to join Washington. He said that Mistress Anne was the most beautiful woman that he had ever beheld, and this, we must confess, was no small praise. Lafayette was intimately acquainted with the greatest beauties of France, and especially the dames attached to Marie Antoinette's court—that galaxy of lovely girls of the ancient noblesse, who, shining as brilliantly as the beauties of the court of Louis XV., were happily different from many of their predecessors—those "wandering stars," "raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame," and "lost in the blackness of darkness." The Marquis did not fail to inform Mistress Anne that he was her slave—that he begged to lay at her feet the homage of an admiration very sincere, very devoted, very humiliating in its character. And then his lordship would make the lady a grand bow, such as was fashionable in Louis the XIV.'s time. He staid at Rackrack Hall three days. Everybody was charmed with his noble face, and did not feel the least disposition to laugh at his broken English. The old servants living now at a great age—then children—say that he was the finest gentleman they ever saw, and that nobody ever thought of his way of talking. When he went away from the Hall on horseback, followed by his two servants in plain clothes, bearing their master's valises strapped behind them on the saddles, it was an event of real gloom. The Marquis took leave of everybody most warmly, and when he came to Mistress Anne he seemed to be loth to go. He pressed a kiss upon her hand, and said in his broken English, that were he not so very young he would not release Mistress Anne, in spite of *her* husband and *his* wife, without a salute upon her fair cheek. The young lady thereupon blushed very deeply and was silent. But her husband burst out laughing and bade the Marquis forget both his wife, and the lady's husband. In another moment the

young hero's lips were warmly pressed upon the rosy cheek—he leaped into the saddle, and waving his cocked hat, by way of friendly adieu, departed at a gallop.

Mistress Anne rated her husband soundly, though with many smiles and blushes, for “giving everybody leave to salute her;” whereupon the worthy gentleman declared with laughter that if he had a hundred wives the Marquis might salute them all; for a nobler fellow and a finer gentleman never got into the saddle! He told Lafayette of the conversation, when he joined the army of Washington soon afterwards, and the Marquis declared Madame Rocroc, his beautiful and noble friend. Mistress Anne's dissatisfaction, indeed did not last long, taking for granted, what is very doubtful, that she felt any at the time. She became the fast friend and warm admirer of the Marquis, and always referred with great self-complacency to the fact that her cheek had once been pressed by the lips of the heroic Lafayette, the friend of Washington and America.

Of Mistress Anne are related many anecdotes which show her to have been very noble and devoted in character. She it was who, some time after the departure of her husband for the wars, buckled a sword around the waist of her eldest son, then sixteen only, and kissing him, with many tears, bade the noble boy go join the army of the Revolution. When an elderly lady of the neighbourhood held up her hands at this action, and exclaimed aloud against it, in a paroxysm of indignation, Mistress Anne requested her in a curt and imposing tone to meddle only with affairs which concerned her—adding with great hauteur and significance of tone, that “*some persons* might not consider themselves or their families called upon to do as she done; but the country looked to *her family*, as had been the case in England for many centuries, when the Rackracks always did the duty which was expected of them, as of *other noblemen*; she would *really feel obliged* if Mrs. ——— would permit her to pursue such a course as she deemed proper;

proper in a member of her *ancient house*.”

The pluck of the beautiful dame quite extinguished her censor who was the wife of a personage with tory sympathies; and Mistress Anne triumphed, in the victorious assertion of the rights of the Rackracks and “other noblemen.” Willie came home after Yorktown, a tall young Captain, minus an arm, carried away by a cannon shot, and covered with glory:—and it was one of the proudest moments in the life of the spirited Mistress Anne, when Willie soon afterwards met Mrs. ———, the critic, and bowing low, presented his left hand, saying with a smile, “I am sorry I have not *the right* to offer you, madam. ’Twas taken from me at Monmouth.”

His proud mother put the young man's arm around her neck, leaned her head upon his shoulder, and thus resting in the embrace of her gallant young soldier, looked with the joy and pride of a Spartan mother upon the nettled dame, over whom she thus triumphed.

Before her marriage, Mistress Anne was a conspicuous toast,—what in our day we call a great belle. The most wealthy and prominent gentlemen of the period, are said to have fallen, like so many tenpins, before her charms. She had a host of “offers;” an unprecedented number of the gallants of that day were bent, each, upon reducing into possession the lovely little maiden. But she resisted all their wiles—the pretty bird would not suffer herself to be entrapped in the gilded cages whose doors were held open. She preferred the old-fashioned apartments of Rackrack Hall; and following the Virginian usage, married her young cousin. The pompous old seigneurs who had grandly laid their chariots, and great possessions, and influential government positions in the King's Council, and elsewhere, at her feet, greeted this decision of the little beauty with some display of haughty indignation. They one and all predicted that she would rue the match she was about to make with “that laughing, shallow-pated young Rackrack, who inherited nothing but a worn-out planta-

tion, saddled with a mountain of debt; such marriages were truly extraordinary; but women were never famous for good sense, or judgment." After which expressions of opinion the pompous old disappointed suitors would puff and blow, and pass the bottle and sip their wine—the subject of poor little Annie would be dropped.

It is matter of doubt if the young lady acted, however, so very imprudently. The husband whom she chose was a cheerful, kindly, high-toned gentleman; of great firmness and excellent sense. In ten years he had quite extricated his patrimonial acres from debt—had rendered the soil three times as productive and valuable, and in that time had never uttered a hasty word to his wife, or seen a frown upon her countenance. He was universally respected as an admirable specimen of the unpretending Virginia gentleman; he was happy in a fond wife and noble children; he fought for his native land, and returning to his castle, spent the remainder of his days, useful and beloved, as a kind neighbour, a true friend, an humble, hopeful Christian. I doubt if the pompous old fogies who courted Mistress Anne turned out as well. If they did not join Dunmore, and share his disgrace and ruin when he was lashed out of Virginia, whose soil he had polluted with his presence, at least they can scarcely be supposed to have done much for the patriotic cause. They were too fat to ride well. They loved canary too fondly to endure the brackish water and dry bread of the camp. They were too much accustomed to chariots, and velvet coats, and silk stockings, to share the hardships of the retreat through the Jerseys—to tramp with naked, bleeding feet through the snows of Valley Forge; or plough their way through crashing ice and night and tempest, over the Delaware.

It is doubtful if the pompous old gentlemen performed these disagreeable duties, as Mistress Anne's good husband, chosen so imprudently, did beyond question. It is quite as doubtful if they married noble women, and lived and died

beloved and honoured as neighbours, friends, and Christians.

From all of which we may deduce a moral for the benefit of young ladies. The moral is, that when their hearts speak clearly, and they know their suitors to be honest and true, they may as well perhaps obey their natural instincts, and respond to them in a favourable manner. A competence is absolutely necessary in the holy estate of matrimony; but many sound philosophers have seriously doubted whether it is wholly rational to starve the heart, in order that the body—the vain lust for wealth, and show, and splendour—may be gratified. They say that in this short and weary world, it is better to be poor and happy, than rich and miserable—to be loved than envied. They give as their authority the divine Teacher of all ages.

However this may be in other instances, I imagine that in the case of Mistress Anne, it certainly proved true. I do not believe that if she had married, as she might have done, for a great estate, a grand position, a dazzling pile of gold, her life would have been so beautiful and happy as it surely was.

At the very least, however, the following brief train of reasoning will be found unanswerable—

To wit:—If Mistress Anne had married one of the pompous old seigneurs, fat and short of breath, the odds are, that the worthy would have staid at home, and ordered things there, without reference to revolutions.

Then Mistress Anne would never have been able to display her Spartan courage when buckling Willie's sword around his waist, she kissed the boy, and wept upon his neck, and sent him forth upon his noble errand.

And then, to point my train of logic, if she had not thus sent forth her eldest born, she never could have placed that glorious arm around her neck, and leaned her head so proudly upon the shoulder of her gallant young soldier, and felt the supreme delight, the sublimated joy of the fond mother, who stands by the side of a noble son who has borne himself nobly in a noble cause!

But whither do we wander? We measure the young ladies of the present by the dames of another age. Would Mistress Anne's descendants, all of them, discard the splendid position offered by the wealthy suitor, to occupy that other by the side of a maimed soldier? Your experience, gentle reader, your experience, fortunate and happy, or melancholy and miserable, will doubtless shape your answer to this question.

But I wander always, from the portrait of the worthy Mistress Anne. It is a sweet and gracious countenance, that of this lady; looking at you, with kind true eyes from beneath the piled up auburn curls, above the swan-like neck, and square-cut boddice of blue velvet. One small white hand is raised in a careless way to the lace around the snowy shoulders; the other rests—the thumb and index finger negligently joined together on the satin lap. The beautiful arms are quite bare, and almost dazzle you with their exquisite roundness, symmetry, and whiteness. The figure of the lady is slender, and waving, if we may so speak, in its outlines. The pose of the lovely head upon the shoulders is admirably graceful. Indeed, it suggests the idea of some beautiful water-lily drooping on its stem, and gently inclining toward the billows—the twin billows, chaste and pure, above which runs the edge of delicate lace, encircling the boddice like a line of snowy foam.

Such, with bright eyes, and serenely smiling lips, in which a world of goodness and kindness lies hidden, is the portrait of the dame, good Mistress Anne. Her memory is held by every one at Rackrack Hall, in the utmost veneration and affection. She smiles to-day upon her little romping descendants, as she smiled long ago on her own true lover, and her noble boy, when he came back maimed from the bloody field of Monmouth. A thousand suns stream into the broad Hall,—a thousand gloomy clouds float over it, and leave the sweet face, smiling still, serenely and graciously as in the far away time. The noble woman lives still on the canvass, for a hundred loving and admiring eyes.

She is a beautiful star in the of the past; a gracious dame—der day; peace to her ashes memory—all peace and honour

I cannot pause to speak of the ous portraits remaining. The all periods and characters, in old Hall, so to speak, with the and imperceptible aroma of A hundred eras and fashions from the eloquent canvass—in possible ages and descriptions hang side by side on the old wall are gray-haired counsellors, and with golden curls and laughing beauties who once shone at the court, and bearded pioneers of Virginia, who came over with Captain Smith. Of these pictures, as of their modern ones down to the present time, I had much to speak. But perhaps I course upon the family portraits long enough; for some of my doubtless, far too full.

But the theme is most attractive these fading memorials of an I find expressed most eloquently spirit of the elder day. Soon old Virginia rises to the mix gaze upon them; there comes a lingering refrain of that state sounding once in the minutes, desperate battle-field, in the days of the ancient regime. The august age is disappearing. It will be lost to us utterly. It is vanishing before the despotic habits of the nineteenth century, and yielding to the utilitarian spirit of the Present. do you find much to remind you of the colony and the grand era of revolution? Where is now the instinct, the pomp, the true-heartedness, the chivalry, of the knight? Where are the courtly manners, self-respect, the devotion to duty, and the dignity which our fathers They have passed like a dream, or if a little of the old time remains—if some young man treat the stately bearing of his father, do not the young men

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the youths and maidens of many generations. As the sun descended, wrapped in orange clouds, and the dreamy twilight came, with its soothing influences, I saw in my imagination all the picturesque life of the former time—the gay and brilliant carnival of the Past!

They came across the velvet lawn in magnificent dresses, and more magnificent beauty—the maidens of an epoch long forgotten. I saw all their smiles, and heard the fine laughter. They flirted, and ogled, and tossed their pretty heads; the youths flocked around them, and basked in the bright sunshine of their eyes. I saw all the comedy—I understood the plot; the secrets of the fond hearts, one and all, were an open book, wherein I read with ease. Where now, I thought, are these lovely faces, these damsels of another age? It is their ghosts that I see—they flit across the grass, with glimmering smiles—but the days of their lives are dead days; they live alone in the memory of the aged; or the idle imagination of the dreamer.

They are gone this many a day, and will never come more. The old "trysting tree" only remains. It was there before they were born, it was there when they had passed, it is there, still, to-day.

It derived its name from the fact that a young lady of the family in the remote antiquity of the Rackrack annals, had here met by appointment a youthful suitor, full of "heart of hope"—and acted as young damsels have done, sometimes, in all ages.

As the twilight fell, the history became a picture to me; nothing was obscure or indistinct.

A youth clad in the rich dress of the far colonial day, with gold-laced waistcoat, fairtop boots, and cocked hat ornamented with its floating feather—came and sat down in the shadow of the great oak. The sunset fell in tranquil splendor on his velvet coat with immense hanging sleeves—on his spotless ruffles at wrist and bosom—on his powdered hair, secured with a bow of ribband, and on his cheeks, full of smiles, and reddened by the ingenuous blush of boyhood and first love.

The youth tapped his foot, and played with the hilt of his little dress sword, worn then on festival occasions; he waited, but not long.

His face suddenly grew radiant; his bosom heaved; from his lips escaped the whispered words:

"She is coming!"

She came. To-day I see her quite distinctly. She is very beautiful. Her raven hair, resplendent with white powder, is carried back from dainty temples, rising over violet eyes; the countenance is one of dazzling beauty. The maiden wears a long waisted gown of yellow silk, close fitting, to display a figure of the most exquisite grace and elegance. At the open boddice, held together by blue cords of twisted silk, a great quantity of mossy lace is seen; and the full round shoulders are enveloped in a cloud of some material as slight and transparent as the fabric called by the Roman ladies, as Apuleius informs us, *ventum textilem*—"woven wind."

A wide chip hat, secured by a silken scarf, passed over the crown, and beneath the chin, rests lightly on the powdered hair. From beneath its shadow, the enticing eyes of the young girl look forth—coquettish, careless, saying quite as plainly as if speaking audibly: "How beautiful I am! how you must love me!"

She glides along across the soft, smooth turf, her gait, the very perfection of the most graceful motion. He hastens to her and takes her hand and kisses it. She chides him—smiles—then sighs—then moves toward the trysting tree, and lets him sit beside her; and does not seem to be aware that he is holding still, one of her small white hands.

So begins the interview. A young man full of love, and honour, and true goodness, holding the hand of a maiden dowered with the rarest loveliness, who smiles upon him tenderly, and turns away, with a bashful air when she has done so. This is the picture which I see, as the interview commences. How does it end? Alas! and well-a-day! That look in the young lady's eyes is not love at all, it is merely acting. She amuses herself for an hour—drinks deep of the intoxica-

light of a boy's first, ardent love ;
sary, finally, of the passionate
; and throws it from her. A
word—the spell is broken. The
lady at her feet, and pours out his
heart in broken words. She
rise and not behave himself
sly.

ys abruptly—so very abruptly
sh of anger comes to the lovely
What now, if you please, sir?"
astonished gaze of the young
may are you not my slave?"
ords he utters answer the silent
perfect distinctness.

m." the boy says, bowing low
sionously, "I beg that you will
ry impertinence, as you doubt-
d it. I offered you my heart
-you throw it from you with-
out shall not be annoyed by an-
sh impertinence. I have the
bidding you farewell."

t that a fine speech for the boy
Almost too fine, connected and
cal, I fear, for anything but one
good old traditions.

rts to her feet; her face flushes.
back—do not go!" she says in
ed voice. "I did not mean—
!"

o murmur does not move him.
it of sudden tenderness is use-
bows again without speaking—
mounts his horse—he is gone.
iden stamps her foot—tears at
pon her arm, and goes rapidly
e hall and her chamber, hiding
as a servant passes her.

rying.

the legend of the trysting-tree ;
little comedy which is played
my amusement, as I sit in the
st-chair where Ellen Rackrack
; Arthur Cleave once sat and
and flushed—a very different
d parted.

ried afterwards one of the
and finest gentlemen of the
ut in spite of the noble nature
sband, and his kindly heart,
spread that the lady was not
e union seemed an unfortunate
gossips of the country-side

declared that the lady was the strangest
person in the world; and this opinion
was supported by a little incident which
no one could dispute.

On the night of her marriage, about
an hour after the ceremony, the young
lady was observed to glide out of the
great sitting room. Whither she went
no one observed, but everybody took it
for granted that she had retired a mo-
ment to arrange some portion of her toi-
lette, or for other trivial reason. A mes-
senger was ere long dispatched to her
apartment, to inform her that the first
minuet of the evening was about to com-
mence, and the presence of the bride was
absolutely necessary. The servant re-
turned and said that she was not in her
chamber.

This created apprehension, and when
some additional time elapsed, without the
appearance of the young lady, these
fears were greatly deepened. The house
was in a tumult—bridesmaids, and
groomsmen, and servants, ran in all di-
rections, and lights began to glimmer in
the grounds.

In the midst of the uproar the young
lady made her appearance from the lawn,
clad in her thin bridal dress and without
wrapping, although the night was bitter
cold. She entered, chill, silent, repelling
every inquiry with curt commonplaces,
or a stern and icy silence. She was
deadly pale—her rosy lip had been bitten
until it bled—her rich lace veil seemed to
have passed through a thicket filled with
thorns; it was so violently torn. The
maiden vouchsafed no explanation of
these circumstances. Her cold, absent
looking eyes, which were red as if from
recent weeping, proved that she scarcely
listened to the interrogatories. Soon
they ceased. The bridegroom hid his
doubts and dissatisfaction beneath an
elaborate and courtly smile. The evening
passed without further incident; but the
young lady never once relaxed her stony
calmness—not for an instant did the colour
revisit her cold, pale cheek.

One circumstance was observed, how-
ever, by many persons, and furnished the
topic of curious comment. The bride
felt repeatedly at her girdle for her hand-

kerchief, which, by some accident, had disappeared.

On the next morning the handkerchief was found, saturated with dew, on the wicker-seat beneath the trysting-tree.

There were those who said that the moisture was not dew, but tears.

But this was mere conjecture.

Young Arthur Cleave was never seen at the hall after his parting with the young girl. The master element of his high-toned character was *pride*. When they met, the young man passed on quickly with a profound and courtly bow. They were never heard to address each other.

It was ten years after the marriage, when Arthur Cleave fell fighting against the tyrannical Sir William Berkeley in Gloucester County—fighting by the side of the gallant Bacon for the liberties of the people of Virginia.

After the encounter, his comrades searched for the dead body to give it honourable burial.

Secured near the dead man's heart they found a lock of raven hair, and a letter in the hand-writing of a woman. The ball which pierced his breast had torn away the name. It ran as follows:

"I am married, and miserable. I loved you, and shall love you always. I do not blame you, it was I who threw away my happiness—farewell."

The letter and the lock of hair were silently replaced upon the dead man's heart—the grave was dug—the body consigned to it—a salute of guns was fired above it in his honour. Thus slept the honest gentleman, happy and fortunate, dead in a noble cause.

When the news reached the lady she only turned deadly pale; otherwise she remained outwardly calm. But the arrow had entered her heart; she never rallied from the blow. On her visits to the hall she spent half her time at the Trysting-tree, sobbing like a broken hearted thing. Soon it ended. A few years saw her fade away. She died with his name upon her lips.

Such is the honest old legend.

Here end to-day my idle sketches. The figures of romance disappear like a dream; I lay down my pen as they vanish. If the reader has been interested in their smiles or sighs, I am more than repaid.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL.

Nature first struck out a Michael Angelo, and spared no effort to make him perfect after his kind. She then set herself to frame his opposite, and the result was Raphael. The first labour, as might be anticipated, was more bold, striking, and original, the last the most carefully elaborated, with fewer slips and flaws. Michael Angelo was roughly hewn in the opening days of creation, when huge vast blocks were boldly struck out from the rough quarries of chaos, and nature still in throes was giving violent birth to giants and monsters. Raphael came in those more gentle hours, when earth budded in flowers, and burst into song; love fostered him in childhood, and beauty caressed his youth. Michael Angelo, like the primal rocks, rose in the rugged bold defiance of mountain masses, and throughout life proudly spurning intercourse with humble dwellers in the valleys, shrouded himself in the solitary clouds, or sought companionship in the storm. Raphael, shunning solitude, sought the society of pupils, associate friends, and patron princes; the sympathy and love of a tender nature, not less than his genius, brought around him that close and finer fellowship his nature so much needed. * * * *

* * * * * Michael Angelo was the Aristotle of art, material and masculine. Raphael, its Plato, who discoursed on the immortality of the soul, and sought out its divine mysteries and symbols. Michael Angelo was in art the St. Peter, impetuous and bold, who denied Christ, yet held the keys of heaven. Raphael the St. John, who discoursed on the incarnate Word, and leant on the bosom of him whom he loved. The artist Michael was like the angel Michael, who subdued the dragon; Raphael was one of those gentle messengers who glided from heaven on a sunbeam with tidings of love and mercy.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A COCKNEY CATULLUS.

he days of Catullus, poets have
 ayed to compose nuptial songs,
 uld survive the occasion of their
 lis Epithalamium on the mar-
 Manlius and Julia is a match-
 er-piece of that kind of compo-
 ; stands in the temple of Apollo,
Venus Anadyomene of Apelles,
 onification of Female Grace, the
 of art, the despair of artists.”
 est approximation to its excel-
 perhaps, to be found in some
 ie “Epithalamium of Jason and
 in Seneca’s tragedy of *Medea*;
 dored altogether, the two poems
 fferent as were the prevailing
 istics of their authors. As for
 Buchanan’s stately verses on
 ce of Francis the Second with
 son of Scots, it hardly deserves
 of an epithalamium, being in
 else than a string of swelling
 nd elevated sentiments, inspired
 the goddess of wisdom than of
 r William Jones, who was an
 e translator and copyist but no
 , has given us in his poem on
 iage of Lord Spencer, a passable
 of the most select passages of
 ; but fallen infinitely short of
 ansferable spirit and beauty of
 itable original. Since then it
 rved the genius of lyric poesy
 prudently abandoned the arena
 ition and left the bard of Sir-
 iet enjoyment of his immortal
 ut, behold, another challenger
 dispute the crown of the “doc-
 allus. Who the daring adven-
 remains to be disclosed; but
 evidence before us, we take him
 reckless “fillibuster,” who has
 y invaded the sacred precincts
 e, in defiance of the conventional
 s of civilized society. Peace to
 rious manes, O Catullus, for the
 thy triumph are numbered! An
 us favourite of the tuneful Nine
 shed the victorious fillet from
 w, and the “Epithalamium of
 d Manlius” now yields the palm
 ‘Carmen Nuptiale on the mar-

riage of **FREDERICK WILLIAM AUGUSTUS CHARLES**, heir apparent to the throne of Prussia, and **MARIA LOUISA VICTORIA ADELAIDE**, ‘fairest of Princesses,’ published by permission in the *London Court Journal*, on the 26th January, 1858.” Irony aside, for aught we know the royal pair may have been ever so much flattered in having their nuptials celebrated by our volunteer minstrel; but had we been one of the parties to that august compact, the perpetrator of such ineffable nonsense concerning our hymeneal joys, would spend the rest of his ambitious days in the most dismal colliery in all England. The poem opens after this fashion:

“O, sweet seventeen! delicious time
 By poets sung in golden rhyme,
 When breezes of a fairy clime
 Woo girlhood’s tossing tresses:
 Right gaily comes that age to thee,
 O royal Maiden! dwelling free
 Where England rules her subject sea—
 The fairest of Princesses!”

Passing over the very pardonable liberty of making “seventeen” take the place of “sixteen” in girlhood’s vocabulary, and saying nothing of the unrelieved stupidity of the composition, what, in the name of Pegasus, is the meaning of the last two lines? Is it anything remarkable that the “Royal Maiden” should be “dwelling free?” or that she should be “dwelling free where England rules her *subject sea*?” What sea? The North? The Irish? Or is the term comprehensive of all old “Neptune’s salt wash?” “Fairest of Princesses!” We don’t know what amount of personal pulchritude usually falls to the share of feminine Royalty, having never had the opportunity of ocular inspection; but there is such a thing as beauty of person in the abstract, and we will venture to affirm that her Highness, **MARIA LOUISA VICTORIA ADELAIDE** will never, “like another Helen, fire another Troy.”

“Second Victoria! England’s Rose,
 Pure as old Skiddaw’s winter-snows,

To thee a people's fealty flows,
 Child of that happy Mother
 Whom our vast Empire doth obey;
 Full many a Queen of regal sway
 The ancient earth has seen, and may;
 But never such another."

Whether the "winter-snows of old Skiddaw" are particularly famed for their "purity," and if not, why that euphonious summit should have been selected from its fellows of the Cumbrian group for poetic immortality, are questions for the Dilettanti. What sort of an animal, pray, is a "queen of regal sway?" Does it differ at all from ordinary queens such as "the ancient earth has seen, and—may?" Imagine the delightful surprise of her unsuspecting Majesty to find her name wafted on the grateful incense of adulation to such "high exaltation," and all her negative qualities, by a single touch of the magic talisman, converted into positive elements of incomparable greatness,—eclipsing the warlike glories of Semiramis, Zenobia, and Boadicea; outshining the splendour of Sheba's queen; more beautiful than Cleopatra, and throwing the proud historic celebrities of the golden ages of Elizabeth and Anne completely in the shade.

"Tears from *those* loving eyes fell down
 When first she knew that England's crown
 On her unwrinkled brow must frown;
 Glad omen! for serenely
 Passes Victoria's reign along;
 O'er this great people, always strong
 To suffer pain, to conquer wrong,
 She rules, beloved and queenly."

"Those," in the first line, should be "her"—a very excusable grammatical solecism. For the rest, there is nothing worthy of special criticism, except to remark the sickening jejuneness of the lines.

"Tears, too, in those bright eyes of thine,
 Princess! like orient gems may shine,
 For hill and wold and channel brine
 Thee from thy home must sever—
 From Windsor's towers of antique might,
 Balmoral's misty mountain-light,

And th' ocean cinctured Isle of Wight
 Where fresh waves flash forever.

"Sweet April tears! far, far away,
 Love drives them, bringing blushful May,
 Young Love, with joyous minstrel-lay
 Dear to the heart of maidens.
 And lo! the destined Prince is here,
 And bridal music, soft and clear,
 From town and palace, mount and mere,
 Prolongs in gentle cadence.

"Come happy Prince! Low voices call
 Thee to our England's palace hall;
 About thy way the echoes fall,
 Of some enchanted idyl.
 Sweet as a lily—flushing bright,
 A ruddy rose in summer light—
 She waits with timorous delight,
 The mystic morn of bridal."

"O, fons lachrymarum," &c. Blessed dispensation of the Divine economy, which makes some men laugh and others weep at precisely the same incidents!

———"Si credis utrique
 Res sunt humanæ flebile ludibrium."

We spare the merciless scalpel on the delicate organizations of numbers one and two, and proceed to anatomize number three.

"The echoes fall of *some enchanted idyl*,"—meaning of course the melting reverberations of our modern Orpheus' erotic strains! How to make of a "lily flushing bright" a "ruddy rose," is a botanical problem, which has escaped the attention of Linnæus and Dr. Darwin. "The *mystic morn of bridal*" is a perfect love of a gem. There is a strange indefinable *mystery*, which comes over the stoutest hearts when about to launch upon the untried sea of matrimony. Besides, Milton tells us there are certain "rites mysterious" which lie concealed beneath the sacred Flammeum of Hymen. But, "Coelebs, quid agam!" We single gentlemen have no right to speculate upon such nice topics.

The stanzas which follow, being the best of the rare collection, are given without comment—"dancing bells," "reeling belfries," and all!

"Then stately Strength and Beauty meet—
Then two great realms each other greet—
Then two young lives are made complete
Which only death can sunder.
And England's jocund bugles peal,
Her bells dance wild, her belfries reel,
Her people shout for Frederick's weal,
Her conquering cannon thunder.

"Maiden of England! Be thy life
Like hers who, throned above the strife,
Is a great Queen, a loving wife,
A woman true and tender!
Two nations' love will dwell with thee
In thy new home beyond the sea;
Thy name will hold two realms in fee,
And shine aloft with splendour."

And now for the *rationale* of all marry-
ing and giving in marriage:

"And soon may a young Frederick throw
Soft arms about thy neck's *sweet snow*—
Lord of the myriad hearts that glow
In Prussia's plains and valleys!
Perchance a third Victoria rise
To mock thee with her mother's eyes,
While England's cradle-lullabies
Are heard in that fair palace!"

Maugre that *saccharine congelation*, we
are grateful to Mr. Incognito for the op-
portunity hereby furnished of introduc-
ing an ancient friend, Valerius Catullus,
to a modern audience. This we do with
no malicious design of convicting the
Courtly Bard of plagiarism, but simply
for the purpose of illustrating our intro-
ductory proposition. In the Epithalami-
um of Manlius and Julia, these exquisite
lines appear:

"Torquatus, volo, parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ,
Porrigenis teneras manus,

Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiante labello—"*

Thus rendered by Sir William Jones:

"And soon, to be completely blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise,
Who, hanging on his mother's breast,
To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
Outstretch his infant arms awhile,
Half ope his little lips and smile."

The classical reader will at once per-
ceive how infinitely superior is the origi-
nal model to this commonplace imitation
—as well as how easily both are surpass-
ed by the peerless cantata of our anony-
mous author!

"Yet saffron sunsets, dying dim
Athwart the mountain's darkened rim,
(Like wondrous wings of seraphim
With holy message laden)
Oft herald turbulent winds that yell
O'er seaside cliff and lonely fell,
One Hand alone can guide the well—
God bless thee, gentle maiden!"

"Hushed is the harp,—the minstrel
gone." Amid the incongruous conglom-
eration of "saffron sunsets," "darkened
mountain rims," "wondrous wings of
seraphim" (parenthetically "throw'd in,"
like "sugar and lemons!") "turbulent
winds yelling o'er seaside cliff and lonely
fell," a pious admonition and a paternal
benison, the poet makes his *congées*, the
curtain falls—

"Conscius ecce duos accepit lictus amaa-
tes;
Ad thalami clausas, Musa, resiste fores."

MUSEUS.

Petersbury, April 8, 1858.

* Compare Dido's modest hint to Æneas, after the "cave scene!"

"Si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret."

And bear in mind, the Æneid was written after this effusion of Catullus,

AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN, ESQ.

I.

SONG IN MAY.

I.

Oh! loveliest of the daughters, thou hast come,
Dear May, from out thy love-allotted home,
 Whilst winning airs of wooing round thee play;
Thy cheek intelligent with natural bloom,
 Thy dewy eyes still kindling with a ray,
Which, like the sweet bird music in thy voice,
Makes the sad heart rejoice!

II.

Virgin, that ever sway'st to pure desires,
Thine is the watch o'er nature's vestal fires;
 Couch'd in thy sacred secrecy of gloom,
Eager, as Winter with his host retires,
 Thou keep'st thy faith in joy, thy cheeks in bloom,
Nor frightened, while the wild storm howls without,
Let'st thy bright torch go out.

III.

Oh! golden-hair'd young Beauty! in thy hand,
I see thee wave thy bud-compelling wand;
 A single touch, a smile, a breath—and earth,
In joy-conceiving, breaks each icy band,
 Her myriad tribes of children, at a birth,
Spring forth to hail thy coming, while their show'rs,
Carpet thy way with flowers!

II.

SONG IN SPRING.

I.

The Spring hath the loveliest garments,
And putteth gay colours on;
And pearls of the dewy morning,
 She gathers to greet the sun;
And wrapt in a cloud of flowers,
She dances away with the Hours.

II.

And the softest of winds attend her,
That float from the Southern Sea;
Each with tribute of tenderness laden,
 Yet with musical flight and free;
And they seek her mid forest roses,
Where her virgin form reposes.

III.

Nor sad, though the sun be sinking,
In his sorrow of dusk from the sky,
She warbles a song of the twilight
For the evening's lullaby;
And with the still lingering hours,
She hushes to sleep the flowers.

IV.

Oh! beautiful Spring, I love thee,
For thy blessing of smiles and airs;
The April caprice in thy smiling;
And the April bliss in thy tears;
For the rich red buds thou bringest,
And the bird at thy shoulder that singest!



III.

MOONLIGHT IN SPRING.

I.

The moonlight creeps from plain to grove;
The green to silver turns; and soon
The Bird of Spring, made glad with love,
As grateful for the generous boon,
Pours forth his tune.

II.

His song finds echoes in my heart,
Yet moves me not like him to sing,
For I have seen my birds depart,
My moonlight with my joys take wing,
And leave no Spring.

III.

Yet, better thus the memories keep,
Of bliss that once the heart hath known;
They soothe, even while they make us weep,
And though the flowers they brought be gone,
The scent's our own.

IV.

Thus watching through the night, I see,
As glides the moonlight to the grove,
Some shadowy forms, that seem to me,
Sweet wooers, that persuade to rove,
Still seeking love!

IV.

LOVE SONG IN SPRING.

I.

The heart that reposes,
 While Spring brings her roses,
 Is sure to be left in the shade, the shade;
 The youth that is wasted,
 Ere love has been tasted,
 Is a youth without blossom, dear maid, dear maid.

II.

There still is an hour,
 When wooing the flower,
 The Sun in his glow seeks the field, the field;
 When, opening her bosom
 To the sunbeam, the blossom,
 Knows wisely the season to yield, to yield.

III.

Ah! sad, if ungrateful,
 She turn away hateful;
 For never, believe me, again, again,
 Will zephyr or sunlight,
 With one love, or one light,
 Renew the approach made in vain, made in vain.

IV.

Then yield to love, dearest,
 While seasons are fairest,
 And to bliss both the sun and the zephyr persuade:
 For the cold heart that closes,
 When love brings his roses,
 Will most surely be left in the shade, in the shade!

V.

"STAR THAT WOO'ST ME."

I.

Star, that woo'st me from yon height,
 Could my eager steps pursue thee,
 Sweeter were the sad delight,
 With which now I woo thee:
 I behold thee sinking fast,
 Soon to rise o'er Asian fountains,
 'Till my strain'd eye rests at last,
 On dark, vacant mountains.

II.

Yet sweet fancies cheer my breast!
 When thou mak'st those vales Elysian,

Thou wilt equal bliss impart
To another's vision!
Sure, some fond heart watching there,
Turns to yon dark barrier mountain,
Sad, until thy beams appear, *
To light her orient fountain.

III.

Thou, between that heart and mine,
Shalt exchange the sweetest sorrow,
For, when mutual souls repine,
Mutual hopes they borrow :
Oh! if that sweet watcher there,
Be some fond and lonely maiden,
Then the mission thou dost bear
Shall with love be laden!

VI.

"TO THEE, WHEN MORN IS SHINING."

I.

To thee, when morn is shining,
My early homage tends;
To thee, when Day's declining,
My evening song ascends;
When grief within me swelling,
Leaves Hope no longer free,
I fly my humble dwelling,
With Faith still firm in thee!

II.

Come forth—thy step is lightest;
I love that all should see;
Come forth—thine eye is brightest,
And I am proud of thee!
Come forth—where lips are parting,
With songs and tones of glee;
And hopeless glances darting,
In vain, adoring thee.

III.

Oh! thou hast charms to brighten
When circles shine most gay;
And spells of grace to heighten
The loveliest realms of play;
Would mine were of a splendour,
To do the grace,—ah! me!
True heart and homage tender,
Are all I bring to thee.

VII.

THE SMILE AND TEAR.

I.

She smiled!—a purer light,
 Ne'er bless'd the Day,
 When far, beneath his bright,
 Night speeds away!
 I prayed—a precious boon—
 That my life's stream,
 Should evermore feel the noon,
 Of that blest beam!

II.

She wept!—ah! me, the tear
 By evening shed,
 When o'er the floweret's bier,
 She hangs her head:
 "Be mine!" my fancy cried,
 That smile so dear:
 "But no!" my heart replied,
 "The tear! the tear!"

—

VIII.

TO THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

Wander, O! wander here;
 Sweet is the sky-born fountain,
 Bubbling soft, and lapsing clear
 From old Saluda's mountain;
 Fly from the city, fly;
 Pleasures will here delight thee;
 Children of forest and sky,
 With song and smile invite thee.

II.

Hither, away from the crowd!
 What can its tedious measure,
 Mix'd of the selfish, the mean, the proud,
 Bring to thy soul, of pleasure!
 Hither, where life will spring,
 With a rosy blush to meet thee;
 And love rejoice to bring
 His tenderest song to greet thee.

III.

Never a cloud is here,
Shadowing the noon-day splendour,
And the sun, with a purple rare,
Crowns the sad dusk with the tender;
Here the fond song that greets
Your ears with delight at even,
Morning with rapture repeats,
Even as she springs from Heaven.

IV.

Sweetest, O! sweetest, fly!
Hither, where sun-loved Hours,
Skim along, 'neath a soft-blue sky,
Over a realm of flowers:
Here shall thy young heart glow,
Here shall thy bright eye glisten;
Love ever glad to vow,
Beauty most glad to listen!

IX.

“OH! BID ME NOT.”

I.

Oh! bid me not, with smiling eye,
Declare the cause of all my pain,
For when you smile, alas! I sigh,
And when you're sad, I sigh again.

II.

The sigh, the smile, from thee that flows,
Must still my source of sorrow be,
Unless the smile to bless me glows,
Unless the sigh is breath'd for me.

VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Never 'till now—never 'till now, O, Queen
 And wonder of the enchanted world of
 sound,
 Never 'till now was such bright creature
 seen,
 Startling to transport all the region round !
 Whence com'st thou—with those eyes and
 that fine mien,
 Thou sweet, sweet singer ? Like an angel
 found
 Mourning alone, thou seem'st, thy mates
 all fled,
 A star 'mong clouds—a spirit 'midst the
 dead.

Barry Cornwall.

Isabel had not miscalculated ; Sybil's praises were upon every tongue ; her grace, her peculiar style of beauty, her dignity, and the inborn refinement which showed itself in every movement were commented upon, and had Isabel staked her success or failure in society upon the issue of that evening's impression, she must have been completely satisfied. Sybil herself was quite unconscious of the position which she had attained ; she simply felt intense enjoyment in the fine music and the companionship of beautiful women and intellectual men, and dreamed not that she had gained in a few hours a summit which had been often toiled for in vain by the society seeker and fashionist.

Isabel, who watched her young charge with Argus-eyes, soon perceived that there was one among the crowd who, spell-bound by Sybil's loveliness, seemed unable or unwilling to resist her fascinations, engaging her in conversation whenever he could, or when not conversing with her, standing apart and gazing upon her every movement. With the quick intuition of a woman of the world, she, in her own mind, wove Sybil's destiny, and linked it with his who was so evidently interested in her protégée, quite satisfied with him as one whom even

Vernon himself must welcome as every way worthy of his beloved charge.

Arthur Leslie, the person in question, was a man of a calm, steady temperament, far-seeing and cautiously judging ; seldom impressed by externals, and almost cold in manner. Eschewing all the vices of society, he nevertheless entered largely into its pleasures, and was a favourite with both sexes, as much for his independence of character as for his uniform good nature. A disposition so well balanced is seldom to be met with, and Leslie, but little past that period when the law determines a man to be of age, had the judgment of riper years, and men much older than himself looked up to him for advice. He had passed unscathed, heart free, through two seasons in society, and as much for his weight of character as for his wealth, was still the anxious solicitude of manœuvring mothers who almost despaired of the attractions of their daughters in his case.

When such a man loves, he loves with his whole soul, and if there is such a thing, if the whole loving power springs into being in one instant, as a flower bursts into bloom in a single night—if in an instant one's happiness or misery is decided by the smile or frown of another, then Leslie loved Sybil Gray. Her look of purity first attracted him, then her face at rest enchained him as being that of an angel, but when she smiled, all that was beautiful of earth seemed to glow in the mirth which shone in her eyes or in the curved arch of her coral lips. He first thought how it would brighten life to have such a ministering spirit hovering near to warn him of evils and temptations, and then the vague thought took the more definite form of a wish, which carried him back to his lonely home, where, instead of the solitude there, he longed to have her seated as his own household treasure, or meeting him with her welcoming smile. But Leslie was not a man to be beguiled by a fair face or form, and

he was determined before he yielded to the bewildering emotions of happiness, which were already giving to his life a joy unknown to him before, to find out what the casket, which was so attractive without, contained within, and when, after seeking an introduction, he found Sybil's mind bright and cultivated, he gave himself up to the new-born feeling as though to one hope, thought, aim in life, and rested under the charmed spell with an abandonment which he dared not and cared not to resist. He felt, too, after conversing with Sybil, that she understood him; that his passionate longing for sympathy was all revealed to her; that she admired the books which he admired, and even the same passages of poetry had fascinated them both. Then they had trodden over the same ground in science, except that where she had only ventured to skim the surface, he had plunged boldly, and her weaker nature seemed to lean in confidence upon his stronger judgment and more extended experience.

Theirs was no fleeting, ball-room conversation, but an earnest finding of each other out, a continual glad surprise to discover that their tastes and pursuits were so much in accordance, and Leslie would have monopolized her for the entire evening, if Isabel had not had other views for the young novice. She wished Sybil to feel her own power, to taste the intoxication of general admiration, to be the queen of the many as well as of the single worshipper who had fallen almost without a struggle a captive to her charms; she wished her to be so impressed with the pleasures of society as to desire to forsake the country and its tamer attractions forever. Watching therefore for a favourable opportunity, she sent Leslie away upon some trivial errand, and, as if in contrast to her late companion, introduced to Sybil an old and valued friend of hers, a venerable minister who occasionally came from the solitude of his studio to lend countenance to what he thought were the harmless amusements of the gay outer world.

As Sybil looked up with a smile of greeting to the benevolent face before

her, she thought that in his very air there seemed to be a benediction, a sort of "bless you, my child!" which words were indeed in the old man's heart, although unspoken, and by an involuntary impulse she extended her hand which he clasped in his with fatherly kindness. Then when Isabel left them, he drew from her a recital of the principal events of her almost uneventful life, and promised to be a friend to her upon the perilous path into which she had entered, and while she thanked him with eloquent words and moistened eyes for his kindness, he gazed wonderingly upon her glorious beauty, and remembering what a dangerous gift it was, he warned her of the poison in the cup, and told her to beware while she was drinking the intoxicating draught, not to drain it to the very dregs.

Sybil was so pleased with her new companion, his interest in her simple country life, her rural church and her schemes for her poor dependants, whom, by Vernon's generosity, she was enabled to relieve, that she gladly accepted his invitation to walk into the grounds where the music would not be a drawback to their conversation, and which a genial day of lingering summer had made pleasant even in the early autumn. There they found numerous guests who preferred the quiet pervading the moonlit gardens to the more enlivening dances of the ball-room.

The grounds were laid out under Isabel's and Clayton's direct supervision, and the result was a combination of beauty and order which always accompanied the exercise of their united taste. There was no lack of ornamental shrubbery, and fountains, and figures of classical meaning, where the mythology of the ancients was woven into a thousand exquisite creations by the hands of modern artists. Now a marble Cupid would be seen lurking almost hidden among the foliage with bow strung and arrow ready for flight in his chiselled hand, or an Aurora would meet the gaze, the very embodiment of beauty and the type of the light and loveliness of day.

Sybil's new friend was well acquainted

with the mystic meaning of each symbol, and it was no slight enjoyment to her to have him reveal them to her, or to find him drawing from her own book-knowledge the explanation which he desired to convey to her. The thousand fancies which she had formed of the wild and exquisite creations of pagan idolatry now assumed a definite shape, and her delight was almost child-like when she discovered without any prompting from her companion, from some symbol which was attached to the numerous sculptured forms around her, the name and office of the carved images; thus a light and airy figure in a little grove of trees, holding in her hand a vase of exquisite workmanship, drew from her the exclamation, "Ah, that must be the Hebe of the Greeks!" and she knew at once by her quiver and arrows and the crescent on her brow, that Diana stood before her in the radiant moonlight.

It was appropriate and unique, too, both her companion and herself thought, to find Bacchus reclining at his ease among the arbor of grape vines which hung around him, and Pomona guarding the province where the orchard began.

All this was intense enjoyment to her, resembling somewhat the fresh feeling of pleasure which one has on an island coast in gathering valuable shells of varied forms and colours, and as great was her delight when her companion explained to her the more obscure meaning of the figures, for Vernon's aim in Sybil's education had been for her to take pleasure in constant acquirement, rather than in display of what she knew. Thus she felt that she had gained something when he pointed out to her a marble Silence, with its symbol Rose, a chained Prometheus, or a Galathea standing in her chariot shell.

But the crowning beauty of the garden was a kind of Grecian Temple which Mr. Clayton had erected for a summer resort, and to this Sybil's new friend now led her, as much for the view which was to be obtained from it, as to see its exquisite proportions. It belonged to no peculiar style of architecture, though claiming something of the simplicity of

the Ionic order, together with the inverted bells and acanthus leaves of the more ornamental Corinthian type. A flight of marble steps led up to a mosaic floor, while fluted pillars sustained a dome of white marble, so light and graceful, that Sybil, deceived in the softened moonlight, thought that it was transparent, and traced with her eye the delicate veins which crossed and recrossed each other over its polished surface. Pausing on the last step as she ascended, she disengaged her arm from her companion's, and paused to view the scene beneath her so exquisite, so like a sudden vision of fairy land.

It was more like a dream to her than a reality as she stood there gazing upon the gleaming statues, cold and motionless amid the living groups around; the full, calm moon unveiled to the burning glances of some worshipping Endymion, and her own mysterious self suddenly transferred from the companionship of Nature only, to that of a world of highest Art. Then her glance rested upon the silvery hair and noble brow of him who had guided her through that labyrinth of beauty, and whose eyes were directed upward as though he were communing with the inner heaven, and she thought how the soul there on that uplifted and expressive face made it more glorious than aught else; and from him her thoughts wandered to Linwood, and she wondered if he ever portrayed what was noble and beautiful in man as well as in woman, in his pictures, and if he did, how that rapt, almost God-like countenance would make for him a grand study. And from Linwood her thoughts winged themselves far away from Italy, across the ocean, beyond the tree tops, through the murmuring woods, past the shining river, over the tree-crowned hill, to Vernon and her country home.

"And would you return to it and him?" said the voice of her conscience; "would you leave this fairy land of enjoyment for one moment *there*?"

And she answered almost audibly to the questioning voice, with a heart all unspoiled by the fascinations which surrounded her—

would leave it all for one moment

"said Isabel, suddenly springing the steps and interrupting most of her reverie, "this is just what I wished to find you, for this, you see, is my cage, and you are the man I would most like to hear sing. I did not bring you into the garden, because I desired the full effect of the scene to break upon you, and you must be satisfied. For heaven and sky smile upon us and lay their hands at your feet. Every life, I think, has some stand-points in memory—some bright or gloomy points to date itself by if you forget all other nights of life, you must promise me to remember this."

"His words were strangely earnest, meant nothing beyond the mere occasion which the hour produced upon his mind, but often after did the latter seem to them as prophetic, for truly in the nights or days in her life, because to remember that event as the stand-point in her memory, far above other points of time.

"There are not many listeners," continued Isabel, "and here just where you stand how you stand, against that pillar, I must hear you sing."

Now joined them, and added his words to those of Isabel, and the old man, of her walk, although silent, respectfully at her, as though to her request would delight him. Sybil replied to his glance with a look of interest; she longed to do something in return for what she thought kindness, in teaching her so much new and interesting, and to him for his good nature in taking trouble to amuse one so far his infirmities and attainments.

"Would you like to hear me sing?" he asked, "would not music such as I could give you only break the spell which is around us? if you tell me what kind you most admire, if you like music at all."

"Be candid," he replied, "I fear I cannot say that I do not, for the melody of the present day be-

wilders me, and I do not profess to understand or appreciate it. In my youth there were some songs that went deeper than the mere organs of hearing, sinking into the very soul, but they have passed out of vogue, and you would laugh at me were I even to name them."

"You are mistaken," said Sybil with emotion, while a sweet smile of sympathy broke upon her lips and rippled up to her eyes, "and to prove that I love those almost by-gone melodies with their tender pathos as much as you do, I will sing one for you, which I am sure will seem to you like an old friend."

Then before an objection could be raised by the frowning Isabel, her voice rose upon the air like a part of the exquisite night as the stars were of the sky, thrilling all hearts with delicious cadence in one of those old-fashioned songs, those ballads of old, which seem made for any time and place, and each sound was hushed under the blue dome of the heavens save the tinkling of the murmuring fountains and the voice rising in melody over all.

It was a song which brought back the old man's youth when life and hope were fresh, and the memory of a beloved voice which had sung it in those happy days,—and he bent his head, calling back the by-gone hours, while he silently wiped away the tears that flowed unbidden from his eyes. As the last thrilling words were uttered, he pressed Sybil's hand and uttered a fervent "God bless you, dear child;" then quietly passing through the crowd who stood breathlessly waiting for another utterance in song from that marvellous voice, he bent his way homeward with the happy memory still stirring in his heart.

"Now, Sybil," said Isabel softly, "I forgive you for that breach of taste, because the old song was so beautiful and sad that my own careless heart was touched and my eyes moistened, but as you have paid your tribute to the aged part of your audience, you must sing us one song brimful of love and life, exclusively belonging to youth.

A song for love and youth! What should it be? Sybil remembered one

which she had found among Vernon's music, a song to *The Winds*. It was unlike any other combination of sounds that she had ever heard, a wild, weird-like tangled harmony, seemingly as reckless as the winds themselves, now soft as a murmuring zephyr, and then mad and sweeping as a winter blast. She felt in a mood to sing it, though she knew that most of her listeners could but little appreciate or understand, unless they had received a musical education, the perfect adaptation of the music to the words, but the feeling could not be resisted; some would understand it and to these she would address herself, and again the tinkling fountains joined the song of *youth and love*.

Some love the stars that peer like angel eyes
Through the blue veil of curtained paradise;
Some love the flowers upspringing in their way,
And some the wood-bird's sweet and plaintive lay,

I love the Winds.

Not with a nature calm, that brooks control,
Love I the changeful winds; but with the whole
Wild and impassioned fervor of my heart,
That of my inmost being forms a part,
I love the Winds.

Why do the winds for others bring alarms,
For me a thousand never-ending charms?
While poets sing the flowers, the sun, the trees,
Why do I sing the wild Æolian breeze?
Why love the Winds.

I love them for they come on pinions strong,
Fresh from thy presence; morn and night
I long
That on their pinions I might fly to thee,
And round thy form forever lingering be
Where'er thou art.

As the murmur of applause, which could not be suppressed in listening to the wonderful compass of her voice, met her ear, Sybil drew back with no feeling of self-gratulation in her heart, but with

a sad weight of sorrow, for the song recalled to her Vernon in his blind solitude and the pains which he had taken to perfect her in it, bidding her sometimes sing it when she was alone for his sake.

"There, not another to night, dear Mrs. Clayton," she said, "some other time, but not here, not now."

But Isabel pleaded still—"Only that Italian air which you sung the first day of our arrival at Vernon Grove. I shall ever remember Richard's expression," continued she unguardedly, forgetting her own resolves to have his a forbidden name, "as Florence and I described you to him when you approached the house with your garland of flowers; he either had not been curious before, or was afraid to ask any one what your personal appearance was, for fear of being disenchanted as regarded some preconceived notion of his, and so when your voice came to him, and he recognised your identity by that, the play of his features was perfectly beautiful; he looked at first almost sorry, I do not exactly know why, and then a glad smile covered his whole face at finding out, I suppose, that you were pleasant to behold as well as good and amiable."

Sybil smiled too, a rare and beautiful smile it was, and to Leslie it was like the red flush of the Western sky over some beauteous lake.

"Help me to plead, too, Mr. Leslie," said Isabel, turning to him as he was gazing at Sybil, who was looking upward in happy reverie.

"Oh, I could not, could not sing that, now," she said earnestly, "it is too soulless, too meaningless for such a night as this; the words are mere words without a spark of feeling, and some gay, sunshiny day I will remember your wish and sing it to you; I am sure that Mr. Leslie will agree with me now that he has heard what good reasons I have for refusing."

Sybil raised her eyes to his for an instant, those eyes whose common, every day expression was one of tenderness, with a beseeching glance, and from that moment he gave to her his heart, his whole loving heart. Isabel's presence did not restrain him; he saw nothing,

nothing, felt nothing, but that she was bending towards him awaiting her.

"I could give me no higher happiness," he said in a low tone of intense earnestness, "than that of yielding to your wish."

Isabel blushed at his earnest gaze and his earnest words, but attributing them to the common gallantry of society, and at her ease conversing upon various subjects, while Isabel, quite satisfied with what she saw, turned away to her guests.

In the outer circle of the crowd which surrounded Sybil, and which was beginning to disperse, stood two men talking to each other, and who, meeting guests of Mr. Clayton's, entered an introduction into conversation.

"You tell me the name of the person who has just finished singing?" the younger man asked so informally, but I have heard, and am almost a stranger to you, though fresh from the land of the very cradle of music, where cultivated to the utmost to give a inspiration to nature, I have never heard a voice surpassed."

"As ignorant as you are," replied the older man, "of the lady's name, but I thank you in thinking that her voice was an extraordinary one, and I never met one which so 'touched my inner ear';" then with a courteous nod he passed on to learn something of the sweet songstress.

The younger stranger waited until the guests dispersed, and then coming in front of Mr. or Mrs. Clayton, his steps arrested suddenly by a vision which he beheld. He stood for a moment in thought, then passing his hand over his eyes, exerted every effort to assure himself that it was not a mere vision of the imagination that he beheld a living, breathing reality.

He was an artist, and had just returned from his studies in Europe. While there, he had painted a picture, the head and shoulders of a female, an Ideal, which had attracted him in a position of eminence, and she who stood before him,

white robed, her fair hair just stirred by the night breezes, her blue eyes upraised, and her lips closed though smiling, in the light of the full orb'd moon, was, strangely enough, his picture's second self. He could have gazed there forever until the living ideal melted into air, or taking wings soared upward into its native heaven, but fearing to attract attention, and not yet having made his arrival known to the mistress of the house, he withdrew from the moonlight, and behind the shelter of a trellised vine still kept his gaze fixed upon the marble temple and the fair form which so filled him with admiration and wonder.

Suddenly he felt a hand grasp his, and Isabel's low, well-trained voice, with a shade of surprise in its tone, addressed him.

"Albert Linwood! this is indeed a pleasure; I am glad to welcome you; glad, too, that your appreciating artist-eyes should have seen our grounds to night; when did you return, and why have you not been here before?"

Albert returned that friendly grasp with a pressure as sincere, for Isabel Clayton's doors were always open to her brother's friend, and a long course of un-deviating kindness on her part and her husband's had endeared them both to him.

"I came only this very afternoon," he said, "and after attending to some necessary business transactions, hastened to see my old friends. There is no change, at least in one," he added smiling, "except that perhaps the years have turned back in her case; but I long to hear of Vernon, how is he, where is he?"

Linwood's words were addressed most certainly to his companion, yet even while he was speaking of him who was so dear to him, and to whom he owed so much, his eyes wandered to his living ideal, and Isabel read his admiration in his fascinated gaze.

"Vernon is well, and in the country still," she answered, "and ah, I see that you are attracted, as every one else is, by my sweet Euterpe in her shrine. Of course you heard her singing; and did you ever enjoy anything more than that contrast of songs, the one so sad and

tearful, the other scientifically brilliant and playful? One might have thought that she had studied effect and looked for admiration in the selection, if one did not know the exquisite purity of her character. Come, Albert, and see my goddess in a nearer view,—let me introduce you; I would like to have you know more of Sybil Gray."

"What a strange coincidence," said Linwood in return, "the name is a very familiar one to me, 'tis the same as that of Vernon's little amanuensis; are they related?"

Isabel's merry laugh rang out bell-like and clear—"Why should it be strange?" she said, "that is she herself, Richard's little Sybil Gray."

Linwood drew back—"I cannot have the hardihood to approach her," he said; "I dare not, must not, until I have in some degree restored my self-possession and reconciled what she is, with what I imagined her to be. For years I have been corresponding with her, and foolishly lost sight of the fact that the little Sybil must grow into a woman, the bud expand into the flower; moreover, I have not confined my expressions to the simple manner by which Vernon designates her, but 'dear Sybil, dearest Sybil, precious and beloved child,' have often begun and ended my letters. What apology can I make to the exquisite woman so far above me there, so almost angelic in loveliness?"

Isabel only laughed merrily again, and linking her arm in his, drew him forward.

"Sybil," she exclaimed, hurrying him up the marble steps before he could escape from her gentle force, "here is a knight who has wofully offended you;—his life is in your hands, but I recommend him to your mercy, because he has come humbly to ask pardon for all his sins against you, past, present and to come. Let his penalty be as light as your gentle nature can make it."

Before Sybil could answer her mysterious address, or ask for an explanation, she beckoned Leslie away, and passing on toward the house with him, left Sybil and the stranger alone.

She raised her eyes for an instant to his face, and met a deep, searching gaze of curiosity and admiration; something, such a look, she thought, as one might bestow upon a picture when seeing it for the first time.

"I know not how you have offended me," she began, dropping her eyes again, and feeling that the pause was very awkward, "since Mrs. Clayton has left us, will you please to explain?"

"If to have thought of you always as a child, as Vernon's little Sybil, is to have offended you," he said, "then assuredly I am guilty, most guilty."

"There is no offence," answered Sybil gently, "in thinking of me thus; nay, 'tis rather flattering than otherwise, inasmuch as we know that as we mount higher and higher towards the meridian of life, we lose the freshness and innocence of childhood, and so I would be ever, if I could, little Sybil, in heart at least. But you must explain yourself more fully still, for I only know of one other besides Mr. Vernon himself who could think of me as you have, and he is far away from us now, an artist in Europe."

"A friend of yours?" asked the stranger.

"Why yes, no; after all, yes," replied Sybil; "Mr. Vernon, with whom my grandmother and I have lived ever since my childhood, is blind, and for this reason I have written almost all his letters for him, those to Mr. Linwood especially, and from the formality of a beginning our correspondence has continued and extended into a very lengthy one, and although I have never seen him, I feel as if I had known him all of my life."

"That is indeed a novel position," returned the stranger, apparently much interested in what Sybil had said, "and have you any curiosity to see your unknown correspondent?"

"Oh yes," said Sybil, joyfully, "his name, daily mentioned, is almost a part of our life, and his return a bright promise of the future; he may come, perhaps, the last of this very year. Mr. Vernon prizes his friendship so much, and so entirely depends upon his sympathy and judgment, that I think his feelings are

Again she raised her eyes and they met his, and a sudden thought came to her which brought the blood to her face and then left it again as pale as the marble against which she was leaning. No maidenly shame caused her to veil her eyes now with down-dropped lids; there was a deeper feeling in her mind overcoming that and making it only secondary. Coldly she scrutinised him, taking in his face and figure in that one searching glance, and she needed no other assurance to tell her that there before her stood the person whom she had just so minutely described. She wondered why she had been so obtuse, she hated him and herself for the ruse which he had practised upon her, and looking once more straight into his eyes with a gaze from which there was no escape, while a smile of scorn curled her lip, she said with an indignant gesture which was a near approach to anger—

"You are Albert Linwood!"

"Forgive me," said Linwood, reading her indignation too well, "forgive the temptation which led me to do what I now feel was wrong."

"Unfair, unjust," were the only words which she condescended to say in return.

Albert took her hand, but she drew it away in disdain and turned impatiently away, preparing to descend the steps in order to avoid his further companionship.

"You are offended," he said, making one more effort at a reconciliation, "and justly so; but I cannot bear your displeasure; forgive me, I pray you; forgive my mad and thoughtless experiment."

"What you have done," she answered unrelenting, "is unworthy of the Albert Linwood whom I have known so long. You cannot be, you are *not* he."

"And so this is your promised jubilee, Sybil?" he said sorrowfully. "What can I do more than confess that it was not right; nay, let me give my conduct its proper name, it was ungentlemanly, and as you say, unworthy of the Albert Linwood whom you have called your friend, and I would not repeat it for any consideration that could be offered to me, no,

not for one of your smiles, Sybil. I will make one more appeal to you which may rend your heart of steel, not pleading in my own name, but in the name of another who deserves your favor more than I do—for Richard's, Vernon's sake, will you not let his friend be yours? for his sake forgive and forget my thoughtlessness."

Her forgiveness was gained at once—Sybil held out her hand and smiled.

"For Mr. Vernon's sake only," she said.

And thus peace was bought, and as few could resist Linwood's fascination of manner and conversation, before many minutes elapsed they were conversing with the freedom of old friends.

"And so you could not prevail upon Vernon to take the journey," said Linwood, after a reconciliation was entirely established, "and to let me be your *cicerone* among the fair scenes with which I became so familiar."

"No," answered Sybil, "it was in vain that I read your appeals to him; he shrinks more and more from the bustle of travel and society, and besides, my grandmother's health is so precarious that it would have been neither convenient to take or to leave her; and moreover, we were quite satisfied with our own land for the present, for beautiful and attractive as must be the scenes which you have visited, there are some things here which would favourably compare with any in any other country. For instance, what could surpass or compete with the loveliness of this night?"

"It is indeed a glorious night," replied her companion, "*everything* is beautiful that I look upon now; but setting aside the world of art, and granting that we see the same moon through the same atmosphere, and that the *nights* are equal in beauty, there is one thing which I would like you as an admirer of Nature to see, and that is one of Italia's own sunsets—*then* you might indeed say, 'my soul has a memory of beauty which will last me forever.'"

"And yet," replied Sybil, "I have been so well pleased with our own, that day after day, from a hill near Vernon Grove, I never wearied of gazing upon our even-

ing skies, each afternoon presenting something new in character, sometimes gorgeous and golden, or grotesque and wild, and then calm and uniform as a tranquil sea. It was a quaint conceit of mine, belonging rather to fairy land than to the domains of my own quiet imagination, that the spirits of the landscape painters of the past were permitted in turn to try their skill and to leave an impress of their peculiar style upon the heavens on each succeeding evening; so at one time I would have before me on the great panorama around me Wilson's sublime life-like limning; Burnet's rainbow-touched pencilling; Claude's inimitable and delicate colouring, or Berchem's superb blending of light and shadow looming over magnificent sky cloud-scenery; and once, Mr. Linwood, I trembled, for one balmy evening not long ago, the whole heavens were clothed in a sheet of glowing sapphire, exactly resembling the skies in your picture of Evening, and I thought that your spirit might have flown upward too, without a warning to your friends, with nothing but that sunset painted by your invisible hand to tell them of your departure."

And as thus they conversed, almost better friends, if possible, for their brief estrangement, the hours fled swiftly until they were reminded by the departure of the guests from the garden of the lateness of the hour, then conducting Sybil to the house, he bade her and the Claytons adieu, promising to call upon them the next morning, a promise which he was only too happy to make and fulfil.

The night had merged almost into the dawn when Isabel, who had prevailed upon Florence to play a quiet part in the pageant of the evening, sought her just before her departure to exchange a few words with her. They were entirely encouraged in the success of their plans, for to them Sybil had seemed to fall an easy prey into the schemes which they had laid for her, and to enjoy the homage offered to her with such zest, that they considered their victory already complete. This, together with the openly expressed admiration of Leslie, who united in him-

at Isabel had clasped under the "good match," led her to throw around Florence at parting and in tender tones her "beloved bidding her be of good cheer, for a beginning must of necessity have a favourable ending.

Sybil, too, that night of endeavour had passed away, and she sat in the solitude of her luxuriant room, with cheeks glowing with blush and a throbbing heart, thinking of the events of the past few hours. Sybil, however, felt herself to be a different figure was reflected from her in the spacious mirror which reflected her in its gilded frame, not Sybil Gray whose unassuming dress at her home at Vernon Grove had given her a thought, but as a lady of the fashionable world, whose bare neck and arms were encircled by costly pearls, and whose golden, ringlets no longer hung naturally over her shoulders, but were arranged in the more womanly style of a fashionable coiffure. For once in her life she

looked at herself attentively and curiously. A deeper flush stole to her cheeks as she beheld the radiant image which suddenly she awoke to a knowledge of her power, a dangerous knowledge upon which the nice moral of character has often been

It was no simple trial which awaited her then; herself became the subject of that fair strange image which she smiled, and toyed with the bracelet upon her arm. She had never been so proud, it said, if she would consider the homage that she had received. It bade her recall the minutest details in that evening of triumphs; the words, so deferential and tender; the look of admiration; the rapt attention with which all had listened to her; those numberless introductions. Last but not least, Isabel's parting—"good-night, my flower of the east—I am proud to have you here." "What was that but a country life where each day was a novelty, in comparison with that fascinating, joyous existence for

which she seemed especially made?" asked the mirrored image.

Not causelessly had Vernon trembled as he gave her his parting blessing; the world's breath was welcome already, nor did she turn away at once from its perfumed incense.

"What shall arrest these bewildering, wandering thoughts," said another voice which she knew was the clarion voice of conscience; "what shall take thee unspoiled back to Vernon Grove, ere selfishness, pride and folly enter and obtain possession of thy heart? Be true to thy better nature and seek a safeguard."

Sybil made her choice, wavering but for an instant. Quickly unclasping her pearls and divesting herself of her gauzy drapery, folding her luxuriant hair in less artistic bands around her head, she extinguished the blaze of light which had revealed to her that tempting picture, and kneeling down penitently ere she slept, she sought and found that safeguard which she needed;—it was prayer.

CHAPTER XIX.

"In the song-voice, in the speech-voice,
There is but one far off tone;
In the silence of my bosom,
But one burning throb alone—
But one form of shade or brightness
In the mazes of my sleep,
One pearl of snowy whiteness
In my memory's heaving deep!

"How I glory, how I sorrow,
How I love with deathless love—
How I weep before the chilling skies,
And moan to God above!
I am higher, I am prouder,
Than if stars were round my head;
I am drooping, I am lonely.
As a mourner o'er the dead!"

Albert Linwood did not confine his visits to Mr. Clayton's house merely to the day after his return to his native land, but was a constant guest there; a welcome one, too, was he, and besides being an acquisition to the pleasant circle gathered there, Sybil was learning to look for his coming with pleasure and

to call that a disappointment which kept him away. He was so genial, even-tempered and frank, his conversation was such a fund of information and amusement; he was moreover so handsome and refined, that when his bright face looked in at the door it was always greeted with smiles. And beside these considerations there was really a great deal to be talked about by Sybil and himself,—subjects that had only been touched upon in their letters; Vernon, her grand-mother, the Grove, and paintings and works of art innumerable, so that Sybil, from looking forward to his presence simply with pleasant anticipations, insensibly came to regard it in the light of a necessity and right, and Linwood's place by her side was always reserved as a matter of course.

Leslie's visits were almost daily also, and Florence and Isabel soon began to perceive, that although Sybil did not receive him with the warmth that she showed to Albert, her manner was not sufficiently forbidding to discourage him, and they felt that his devotion, his manly bearing, and his wealth must eventually impress her favourably and wake in her heart the slumbering passion of love. They were convinced, too, from her perfect unconsciousness, that this must be the work of time, and Sybil received him as she would any other visitor approved of by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, until an hour arrived which awakened her from her dream of ignorance and fully enlightened her as to Leslie's real sentiments.

Linwood came one morning, quite excited about a picture upon exhibition, to invite the Claytons and their guest to visit it. It was but just completed by a young artist of great promise, who was a friend of his, and as Leslie was present he included him also in the invitation. The picture was hung in a hall which contained several other fine paintings, all objects of interest, to Sybil especially, who, in consequence of occasional lessons from Albert, was now beginning to detect a copy from an original, and readily to discover different schools of art. She named with unerring judgment,

from some peculiarity of colouring or execution, painters of different styles; and Albert was never weary in instructing her upon these points or letting her into the secrets of the profession which was to him the one absorbing aim of his existence. But the chief present attraction in the hall lay in the picture which he had brought them to see, and which was entitled, *A Happy Home*.

The lights and shadows in the painting were quite remarkable, and the grouping life-like and distinct, telling its own story, as being just what it was intended to represent. The skies and scenery were purely Italian, portraying that out-of-door existence which is lived beneath Italy's genial skies. Before a cottage door sat a woman with that rich, voluptuous charm of beauty, which is to be met with in no other clime, and upon her figure the eye rested as the prominent one in the group. But not long was admiration of her in the ascendant, for there were other details to claim the attention. There was none of the bustle of active English life in the picture, but a dreamy indolence which breathed only of rest, tranquillity, and freedom from thought of what the morrow might bring forth. The hour was sunset, and at the feet of the woman reclined a stalwart man in his peasant's dress, who appeared to have thrown aside some implement of toil; and the half-satisfied, half-weary look of the husband was in excellent keeping with the other points in the picture. But the woman with her superb dark eyes, and the man in his luxurious attitude of rest were not wholly engrossed with each other, for the glance of both was directed to the figure of a child in the distance crowned with flowers, and hastening onward to her cottage home. The gaze of expectancy in the child's face was finely contrasted with the mother's look of pride and the father's aspect of quiet happiness, and the calm which breathed from the whole scene, together with the rich glowing colouring of the whole were unmistakeably full of merit, and bespoke for the young artist a certainty of future fame.

Each one of the party, who were in-

debted to Linwood for a sight of the painting, admired it for its different points of interest, now for its gorgeous colours, now the loveliness of the woman, or the manly beauty of the father, while Isabel was particularly attracted by the unstudied grace of the child of Southern skies. Leslie, on the other hand, simply looked to the whole effect, and in his own matter of fact, truthful way, admired it for what it really was, the embodied idea of an artist's dream of a happy home.

Isabel and Albert at last wandered off to the other pictures in the room, while Sybil and Leslie, satisfied with the one before them, remained still examining its beauties, which increased apparently the longer they inspected it and from whatever point of view.

Assured that they were alone, Leslie ventured upon a topic which he felt that his happiness imperatively demanded should be broached, and interrupting a passing criticism which Sybil was making, he asked her what her ideal of a happy home was, "I mean," he said, "if you had the power, how you would depict it on canvass, how embody it so that others might see it and compare it with their own."

"I scarcely know," replied Sybil, "I have never thought; but it seems to me that it would be hard to put on canvass just what I conceive to be *happiness*. It lies not so much in scenic representation as in expression; not so much in expression as in something which is internal and cannot be portrayed. To give happiness and to be happy is nothing tangible, but is simply a power emanating from one, to do and be what would please others, although from the face of one so acting an expression of divine beauty must emanate, and if I had the genius I might paint such a face, and every one would know exactly what to call it."

"Your answer is a vague one, I think," answered Leslie, "though I understand you; were you to ask me, I think that I could define my idea much more clearly than you have done yours. I could embody my dearest and best wish in a pic-

ture which would be to me even more attractive than the ideal of Mr. Linwood's friend."

"I would like to hear you describe it," said Sybil innocently, turning upon him the full light of her eyes, while she met a glance which brought a radiant blush to her face. The blush brought a confession which had been trembling for days upon his lips.

"A Happy Home," he said with a tremour in his voice, "I have never thought about until lately; I have never even cared for enjoyment beyond the present hour, and have been content to play my part in society, to admire beauty, to appreciate wit, and to return to my books and home avocations often with a feeling of relief—but now, lately, there is a new thought in my heart underlying every other thought, and pervading my whole being. The realization of it as I desire will make my life one long season of intense and satisfying joy; to be disappointed in it *must* make my utter misery. You must have perceived, Miss Gray, that I am not like most men whom every fair face and form attracts, that I have no passing fancies, and that life and its every day occurrences are to me serious things. What I do and am, I do and am *in earnest*, and it is the aim of my existence to be true, and now that you know something of my disposition, this prelude will prepare you for what I am about to say. With me to love once, is to love forever, and to love at all is to give my heart, my hopes, my being into the keeping of her whom I feel that God has appointed, whether she return my affection or not, as my life-angel. It is my joy and my pride to say that it is thus that I love you, and to ask you, with a heart trembling upon your decision, to be my wife, the guardian of my life, and to lend the light of your presence to my home to make it what it can never be without you, *a happy one*."

All forgotten was the picture before which they sat, so engrossed were they with each other, Sybil regarding him with wonder and pity, tears glistening in her eyes which from the shade of sadness in them were now almost of a violet

darkness,—and Leslie leaning forward to catch her faintest whisper which would bid him hope or despair. It seemed to her as if he, on that eager, greedy gaze, must read what was passing in her heart, and that she might be spared the answer; but no, he wanted words.

"Speak, Miss Gray," he said almost imperatively, "this suspense is positive torture; only say one word to end it; say that there is hope for me and that those tearful eyes bespeak it."

Thus appealed to, the blood flowed away from Sybil's face, a trembling seized her and her hands became icy cold, for she knew what an utter death of hope her answer must bring.

"I cannot," she began, but so unprepared had she been for his sudden avowal, that she knew not in what words to couch her answer, and how to be cruel and yet kind, and the accents died away upon her lips; one more effort she tried to make, but seeing Isabel and Linwood approaching, she stopped confusedly.

"Think of what I have said," said Leslie in a low tone, as he read anything but hope from her countenance; "it is best to think it over, and then to tell me calmly of my fate; but oh! Miss Gray, Sybil, if it be possible, *be merciful*; you hold my happiness or my misery in your hands."

Sybil stepped into the coach, which was to convey her home, like one in a dream; Isabel and herself were alone, while Albert and Leslie followed in the carriage of the latter. Isabel found her companion strangely silent, and when she asked her some trivial question about the pictures, or pressed her to give her opinion of a distant view which they were passing of spires rising above a charming landscape, Sybil looked so distressed and asked her so beseechingly to let her be left to her own thoughts for awhile, that Isabel, fancying somewhat the state of the case, indulged her in her wish,—not that she imagined such a preposterous finale to Leslie's devotion as a refusal from her young *protégée*, but she thought that he might have said some tender words which had sunk deep enough into the quiet current of Sybil's

soul to agitate its peaceful flow,—something which she, in her usual silence, was dwelling on retrospectively with emotions of pleasure.

When they reached home, Albert assisted Isabel to alight, and Leslie hurried forward to conduct Sybil up the steps which led into the hall. The shades of twilight were deepening, and yet there was light enough in the heavens to reveal to his anxious gaze a smile upon Sybil's countenance, had there been one, or a glance of answering love, but he looked in vain, and she felt that the agonized, inquiring expression of his face was a question which demanded a full answer, and it came from her lips in accents of deep sorrow.

"I have thought it all over," she said softly, "and it can never be."

Then with this certainty of his fate hanging over him, the world reeled with him, and he seemed like one stunned by a sudden blow, and looking upward as if to appeal to a higher power, he exclaimed, "Teach her, oh! God, to be merciful!"—but no star met his gaze, no ray of hope, only the blank skies and the coming twilight.

One more appeal he ventured upon, and his voice was turned to unutterable tenderness as he uttered it. "Will not waiting," he said, "will not months, nor years, will no probation, no trial or constancy, bring me nearer to my only earthly happiness?"

Sybil shook her head, and her face must have indicated how much she herself was suffering in the protracted interview, for suddenly remembering that he was keeping her there on the threshold perhaps against her will, like one who sees a door which shuts him out from happiness closed against him and doggedly accepts his fate, he put out his hand and clasped Sybil's in his own, bidding her an eternal farewell.

"If you cannot love me, pray for me Sybil," he whispered hoarsely, "for I shall need your prayers in my solitary, wretched home."

With eyes filled with tears, Sybil watched him for an instant as he walked slowly down the steps like a man sud-

denly overtaken with blindness, then hastening past Isabel and Albert, who were awaiting her in the hall and wondering what delayed her so long, she paused not until she had reached her own room, and there in a passion of tears her heart overflowed because, though it could not have been otherwise, she had wounded a true and manly nature, whose only fault had been in loving her too well.

Sybil pleaded a headache, and remained in her own room during the rest of the evening, and after Albert's departure, which was much earlier than was usual, Isabel, thinking that her services might be needed, went to offer to her any assistance she might require. It needed no assurance on her part to convince her kind hostess that she was suffering, for her eyes were heavy and swollen and a bright red spot burned in either cheek. But she was tearless now, for the storm had passed over and had left her comparatively calm and satisfied. She felt that she had done right, for she had subjected herself to rigid self-examination and had decided that she could never have given him the love which he demanded, and to an all-absorbing passion like his, she felt that it would have been mockery to offer the substitute of friendship. She had concluded, too, as Leslie had signified to her that he was about to depart from her presence forever, that it would be but just to explain the cause of his absence to Mrs. Clayton and to keep nothing back from her knowledge.

"It was kind in you to leave your guests and come to me, my dear friend," she said as Isabel entered and inquired if she felt any relief from her headache; "the pain which I felt has nearly passed away, and was simply an attendant upon a sad experience which it has been my lot to encounter this evening, and which agitated me more than I can express. Your interest in my welfare, however, is but one among your many acts of kindness to me, and I would return it by a perfect confidence on my part. Mr. Leslie told me this evening that I had it in my power to decide his happiness or misery—"

"And of course you have decided to make him happy, dear Sybil," said Isabel embracing her; "I must congratulate you upon the conquest of such a noble and worthy man."

"I told him, noble and worthy as he is," said Sybil gravely, "that I could never be his wife."

A shade of disappointment and vexation passed over Isabel's face. "Foolish child!" she said, "you will regret this: you will repent of this mad folly. Mad and foolish I term your conduct, because there is not one within the whole circle of my acquaintance who would not deem an alliance with Mr. Leslie as an honour and an advantage, and so you should view it; unless," she added, looking full at Sybil's downcast face, "the heart that he asked for is given to another, the love that he would win already another's prize."

Sybil raised her eyes frankly nor shrunk from that long and scrutinizing gaze.

"No," she said simply and without any confusion, "I do not love another. A mighty love must draw me to make me give my time, my affections, my life to one as you have given yours to Mr. Clayton. Every recess in my heart I must probe before I could say to one who sought my love, 'with you I could pass a life-time;' some thoughts like these passed through my mind as Mr. Leslie eloquently besought me to pause ere I gave him a final answer, and then I was certain that I could not—could not, love him as a wife should love a husband, nor could my life be the happy, sunshiny life that yours is."

"And you think that I am happy?" said Isabel sadly, forgetting for a moment her young friend in herself.

Sybil started at that unusually solemn tone, and for an instant looked anxiously at Isabel, for her question seemed to imply a doubt.

"So have I always deemed you," she said with candour; "so have I always thought that a woman must be who has married a man whom she has chosen from all the world, and who has no wish ungratified. If happiness consist not

in this, then what is it," she asked, "I mean the happiness which springs from married life?"

"Is there nothing more out of God's treasury that he can give?" returned Isabel passionately, while hot tears coursed each other down her face; "would nothing help to fill up the tedious hours of these long, lonely days? Did it never occur to you, Sybil, that this grand house is too quiet and that the prattle of a child, the silvery tones of a youthful voice, the loving clasp of a dimpled hand, the pattering of little feet, the trusting look in an infant's eyes, might make me happier? Oh, Sybil, you cannot realize the longing, you cannot fathom the intensity of that one wish of mine, breathed in vain to the earth, the air—aye, to Heaven itself and denied."

For a brief space of time Isabel's proud form was bent and her face buried in her hands in a momentary struggle with herself; when she looked up again it wore its accustomed calm, careless beauty, and her light, musical voice was no longer broken and sad.

"How foolish I was to intrude my troubles upon you," she said, "when we were discussing yourself and not me; Sybil, forget them; think once more that I am just what you imagined me to be."

"I cannot forget that you are not happy, dear Mrs. Clayton," replied Sybil.

"But I *am* happy, child,—forget my folly in revealing to you my one wild ungranted prayer; and now let us turn back again to yourself. Answer me candidly, Sybil; Leslie, you say, is out of the question, tell me, then, with those truthful eyes of yours looking full at me, if you are sure that you love no one else?"

"Whom should I love?" said she. "Mr. Vernon, my grand-mother, Mr. Clayton and yourself are my world; beyond it and the love which I meet there I know of no other love; believe me, for I would not deceive you, dear Mrs. Clayton."

Isabel was satisfied, and yet as she stooped to kiss Sybil's brow she could not resist another appeal to the foolish

child who had thrown away such an amount of positive good as the rejected hand of Leslie. "You had better let me call him back," she said.

"No, no," said Sybil more emphatically than before; while Isabel bade her good night laughingly and left her alone once more. She was disappointed in the result of Leslie's suit, but satisfied that Sybil was heart-free, and she left the sequel to time and waited to consult Florence upon the next step which it was advisable for them to take. The conclusion that the friends eventually arrived at, was, that Sybil, without being aware of it, was interested in Albert, and as her conduct to him each day made surmise conviction, they rejoiced once more together that though not far-sighted enough to foretell the termination of their former plans, they could not now be mistaken in their newly-raised hopes.

CHAPTER XX.

On a sudden, through the glistening
Leaves around a little stirred,
Came a sound, a sense of music, which
was rather felt than heard.

Softly, finely, it inwound me—
From the world it shut me in—
Like a fountain falling round me,
Which with silver waters thin
Clips a little marble Naiad, sitting smilingly within,

Whence the music came, who knoweth?
Mrs. Browning.

Albert Linwood, previous to his acquaintance with Sybil, had only been a worshipper of art; the rose on a fair woman's cheek was not to him an index of health, or an eye bright with intelligence an earnest of the mind within, they were merely regarded by him as fit subjects for his pencil, and so absorbed had he been in his studio among his paintings, that the thought of love for any of the fair forms, which often looked in upon the rapt artist as his pictures grew upon the canvass, or for the *habitués* whom he met in the fascinating whirl of society never entered into his

n. Life contained for him but
 its all centering in the first,
 asked thus;—improvement in
 ion until he had reached a
 e fame would be a certain re-
 t Vernon's approbation, and
 urn to his native land, crowned
 us.

he first evening that he saw
 the moonlight discovered to
 radiant loveliness, he felt the
 emotion of admiration for
 so singularly exquisite, nay
 regarded her as something
 of greater consequence to
 model. In her fair hair he
 vision of Titian's dreams of
 her blue eyes the very shade
 and so nearly portrayed in her
 e, his ideal. Then her "colour-
 rist's phrase, was so much like
 had been handed down from
 of art, and which the paint-
 modern schools tried but in
 y, that he longed for his easel
 new and perhaps successful
 a nature; and her form, so
 o firm and full, was a study in
 t though Linwood's admiration
 d, his heart was not touched;
 wave of hair escaped from its
 and glittered like gold in the
 he thought how easily with
 hand he might make the cir-
 enduring; did the shadow of
 ashes rest for a moment upon
 g cheek, and did her face as-
 oughful expression, at once
 tion he encircled it with a halo
 r Madonna.

hence of all heart-worship lay
 conscious trust of him, for had
 breathed love or his eyes looked
 d have shrunk back into her-
 med at the perfect confidence
 had reposed in him, but as
 friend, as her correspondent, as
 r guest of her friends, Sybil
 lf up to the charm of his
 hich contained a fascination
 could resist. Soon however
 a change unperceived at first
 almost unfelt by him, so like
 e gradual coming of twilight

over the sea, so silent in its approach, nor
 did he realize it until he discovered that
 there was a higher object in life than
 even rivalling the great masters in paint-
 ing, and that so he gained it, content was
 he to spend an existence inglorious and
 void of ambition, and *Sybil's smile was*
this rival to his art. As a flower open-
 ing to the sun he gave her one by one
 every leaf into her keeping, and then his
 whole heart lay bare, all her own; she
 was the light, the warmth, the sun that
 had given life to the flower upon which
 they had rested, and to him this new ex-
 perience, this developing growth was a
 blessed dream, more enthralling and ab-
 sorbing than any of his old dreams of
 distinction and power.

A fear that he should offend her, a de-
 sire to make himself acceptable to her in
 every way, were now his ruling passions,
 and a wish of hers, however simple or ex-
 travagant, if possibly attainable, was
 always attended to and gratified by her
 ever watchful admirer. Daily, rare and
 beautiful flowers, arranged with all the
 knowledge of an artist's combination of
 colours, graced her table: music he
 brought her when fresh from the compo-
 ser's hand; exquisite plants and books,
 and all those little gifts which are too
 simple to be returned or refused by the
 most fastidious, and which were dicta-
 ted by a perfectly refined taste and a
 thorough knowledge of the forms of so-
 ciety.

One evening, the conversation taking a
 general turn at Mrs. Clayton's, music
 was discussed, and its soothing or exci-
 ting influence from the first lullaby sung
 to the almost unconscious infant to the
 stirring strains of a martial band. It
 was a wide field for one who was at home
 upon the subject, and soon all were lis-
 tening to Albert as he touched upon
 different styles of music and the soften-
 ing power which it had exercised upon
 mankind, not forgetting the rude drums
 of barbarous nations, the harp and tim-
 brel of the Scriptures, the wandering min-
 strels, the organ with its solemn appeal to
 what was religious in our nature, the
 piano with its varied powers, the viol and
 its lively measure, and lastly night music

sounding in the serenade beneath the window of some listening lady fair.

Sybil's eyes grew brighter as she listened, and hers was the next voice that spoke. She always regretted, she said, that the days of chivalry had past, and that she had not lived in the olden times, when through the casements of their "ladye loves" the gallant knights told of their affection in song, or a band of instrumental music came softly borne on the night air mingling in a sleeper's dreams.

"You talk as though the fashion were obsolete," said Isabel, "when, in truth, serenading is as customary as ever; it did not die out with Blondel, nor yet with Shakspeare's enamoured heroes, and though I cannot boast of a plumed chevalier, with guitar strung by a blue ribbon on his shoulder, pouring out his admiration in a love-ditty, yet I have often had a modern serenade so beautiful in its perfect harmony of varied instruments that I have felt glad to be able to say that I belong to the present age rather than those which are passed."

"How delightful," said Sybil, "a serenade must be. It must appear like going to sleep soberly in this every-day world, and awaking in fairy land to hear midnight music."

That night Sybil slumbered in the sweet sleep of youth, that deep unconsciousness, that dreamless state which seldom comes to us after we have had struggles and sorrows, but at midnight she started from her couch trembling with delight, for just beneath her window a melody uprore, so sweet and exquisite in its every note, that she thought it must be the music of a dream.

A first serenade! What moment in a young maiden's life can compare with it! What a feeling of pride and importance it gives her; with what a timid, trembling hand a taper is lit; how hastily and yet gracefully a shawl is thrown around her white-robed form: how her cheek flushes as she draws near the window and screens herself behind the protecting blind. Then how all personal feeling is forgotten in the cadence of sweet sounds; how the white feet keep time

to the melody, the lips murmuring the while inaudible thanks to the mysterious visitants who unseen minister to her pleasure. Ah, it is an experience never to be forgotten, at least so thought Sybil as she listened with her whole soul to the midnight music.

As she thus stood with heightened colour, more brilliant because of the crimson curtains which lent a still deeper glow to her flushed cheeks, Isabel softly entered with her finger on her lip enjoining silence, and they listened together to the delightful strains.

They were a contrast too striking, too beautiful to be passed unnoticed; the one so brilliant and changeable, yet so lovely withal, with her restless eyes, quiet for a moment, and a smile upon her parted lips, every faculty, as it were, wide awake, and listening with her whole being; the other in the shadow, softer, gentler, her eyes half-closed, her head resting upon her hand, and every limb in an almost statue-like repose, every sense dreaming, every emotion lulled into quiet by the harmony.

A sudden silence changed them both, to Isabel it gave a voice, to Sybil an awaking from her delicious trance, while the footsteps of the performers died away in the distance.

"Do you know to whom you owe this pleasure?" said Isabel, "do you know to whose thoughtful interest you can trace your *first serenade*?"

"It could scarcely have been for me," said Sybil, "or if it was, it must have been performed by some invisible spirits of the air who heard my wish to night."

"You owe it to Albert, Sybil; how kind he is, how he is ever planning for the lady of his thoughts happy surprises, unexpected delights."

"He is indeed good, and thoughtful, and kind," answered Sybil.

"It is the way that he tells his love, dear child," returned Isabel.

Sybil blushed crimson, a blush of pleasure, Isabel thought, but it was one rather of pain to her to whom this revelation came.

"Yes," said Isabel in answer to the blush, "it is love which dictates all that he

love, which, when you come to it in its full depth and purity, *is* your happiness; and which I will sanction with his whole *heart* for you are both very dear to him, *to* Sybil and his friend Albert."

She sat down; her limbs would not *move*; she felt suddenly cold and *alone*.

"Tell him, tell Mr. Linwood," she *was* going to say, "*not to love* *me*," Isabel interrupted her with a *word* and hastened from the room.

She did not sleep after Isabel had *gone*, but kept vigil until the dawn. *What* if Albert really loved her," she *thought* herself, "as Leslie had; Albert, *is* his best friend? What if he were *to* love her, 'you can make my happiness,' and if her answer were *as* before, 'it can never, never be,' could Vernon regard her after her *name* of one he loved so well!"

She was bewildered; she longed for a *man* to whom to turn for advice and *help*—but whom had she? She was *alone* though surrounded by human *beings*.

With Isabel she could scarcely *communicate*; Clayton was too much im- *mersed* in business to give her any but a *few* notice, and Florence too cold *in* bidding. To Vernon himself she *had* applied, but he was too far *from* any communication of so delicate *a* nature, and her aunt Mary, whom she *consulted* rather by what had been told her *by* personal acquaintance with her *mother*, to be kind and tender-hearted, *was* as a stranger to her to ask for her *advice*.

And so, like many another in- *decisive* girl, pressed hard by circum- *stances*, mistaking fancy for the delicious, *thrilling* feeling of love, trusting to do *yet* almost knowing that it was *fluctuating* daily, hourly in pur- *suit*—in a moment, when there seemed *no* other refuge, no escape, with her *drawn* away from her words, and her *tearful* and quivering, she pro- *posed* to be Albert Linwood's wife.

They were anticipating.

The morning after Sybil's ever memo- *table* *declaration*, Albert Linwood made his *appearance* at Mr. Clayton's at an early

hour, and Sybil, frightened by what Isabel had told her, and thinking that a manner, as cordial as hers had been, might give him encouragement, was silent, almost coldly so during his visit. She politely, though in measured words, thanked him for the pleasure that she had enjoyed, and then relapsed into that calm, indifferent state which almost mad- *dened* Albert and discovered to him how *deeply* fervently he loved her, and how much he *prized* her smiles. Then Sybil seeing the anguish depicted in his face, felt that she had been premature in treating him as if he had already declared himself, and in the effort to regain her for- *mer* state of playful confidence, raised Albert's hopes once more, until a few *whispered* words of tenderness from him *chilled* her again into coldness. And again when he had taken leave of Isabel and approached Sybil, holding out his *hand* as usual for a parting pressure, she *drew* herself up almost haughtily, and appearing not to notice his outstretched *hand*, passed from the room.

Poor Sybil was a mystery to herself, she knew that Linwood must feel that her manner was cruelly capricious, she longed to fly away from the problem which distracted her, which was to find *out just how to conduct herself towards Albert*—but that was not possible, her *visit* to Isabel was not over, and she felt with a troubled heart that she tried her *best* to act aright, but met with a signal *failure*.

After a few days of this trying state of *things*, like a river which has gradually *swollen* and at last impetuously over- *flowed* its banks, Albert Linwood rushed *madly* upon his fate. He felt that he *must* know his destiny, he felt that any *thing* was better than those sudden re- *actions* from joy to despair and from de- *spair* back again to joy; the better part *of* his nature was wearing away under *the* suffering which he endured, and like *one* who has staked his all upon a single *issue*, he told her of his love.

Sybil Gray was not surprised at his *declaration*, nor did she feign ignorance *of* his sentiment; she had expected it, *and* she thought that all that remained

for her to do, was to place her hand calmly in his with sisterly kindness and tell him that she would be his friend, simply his friend until life's history was over, but passionately he arrested those cold, measured utterances and stormed the citadel of her heart with protestations of his eternal constancy. He would wait patiently until she had learned to love him, he would be content even to love her without a return if she would promise to be his, trusting to his devotion to win her affections at last; he would do all, be all for her sake; if she required it he would relinquish his favourite occupation and live only in her presence ready to come and go at her bidding, he simply desired her not to say the word which would sever them forever.

And to the utterance of this mighty love Sybil listened sadly; it was a love which would have satisfied many a lonely, yearning heart, but not Sybil's. There was still something wanting after all eloquence had been exhausted in its cause.

Some men, too proud for pleading, would have been satisfied that that averted head and emphatic, "I must not, cannot listen to you, I can give you no hope," were what they really expressed, explicit denial, but to Albert, pride, where the winning of Sybil was concerned, was a forgotten thing; he loved madly, he pursued madly, he would hope on until death or her marriage with another came between him and his one object in life.

Sometimes such love is rewarded, sometimes patience and prayer bring to pass our wildest—most unreasonable desires, and in the meantime Linwood lived on hope.

Isabel was an unwearied watcher in all that appertained to Sybil, and certainly was not idle in acting. She played her part systematically and well, seeing with her quick, intelligent eyes something of the real state of things, and at last winning from Albert by her interest and sympathy his entire confidence. After every conference with her he left her more cheerful, for she always gave him the hope that all would eventually be as

he desired, and that such constancy and love would win its reward at last.

But there was another who looked with stronger interest than Isabel upon the result, and it was after a long interview with her that Isabel wrote and despatched the following note to her brother.

"How forlorn and lonely you must be dear Richard, in your now deserted home, how in need of some cheering words! My hand can be stayed no longer from writing to you and giving you some general intelligence as to how we progress in this gay, busy, bustling world of ours. First I must write of Sybil. She is enjoying herself as you must have anticipated, for how could such a happy, hopeful nature as hers but pine and unsatisfied when we have laid ourselves out to plan pleasures and inventions for her enjoyment. I am proud of being the guardian of one so beautiful and admired as she is, nor am I less proud of the impression that she has made in society, and we all, as well as herself, unite in pleading with you for another month of absence for her. You will not be astonished when you think of her attractions, that I have a little secret to tell you concerning the dear child. It is this, that she has discarded, though against my will and advice, the best match in the city, a man altogether worthy of her, and one whom you yourself would have approved. She will tell you her reasons, I suppose, herself, as it is rather a difficult matter to treat of here.

"My next subject must be your friend Albert Linwood. He mentioned to me that he had written to you the day he returned, advising you of his arrival, with a promise of a speedy visit to Vernon Grove. This, for the present, is indefinitely postponed—why, you will hear farther on. I must premise by saying that Linwood has great attractions, is independent, handsome and agreeable, with his European graces still lingering about him, and the charm of Italy in his eyes. We always welcome him gladly, first for your sake, and next for his own intrinsic merit. Now here is the reason why he has not hastened to see you."

Did he land upon his native soil he became enamoured of a young girl here, who it is said smiles upon him in return, and is much in love that he cannot moment from her side to visit will come in time however, fate is decided. All he wants now is the sanction of your father to his love, and God speed to his first wish, which I have no doubt will give, and some day not far future, he hopes to introduce to you.

May like to hear something of friend Florence Percy. It is me, and all, that her whole nature is engaged; she is very beautiful in demeanor, for you must know has taken a dislike to society in a very retired manner, and I by many expressions that fall from her lips that she is pining to be in the country.

Through your amanuensis a few lines from your loving

"ISABEL."

Received the above epistle just as it came from a very melancholy reverie, for each day the absence of Sybil was becoming less bearable. The dark, sunless world seemed sadder than ever, and his old, imbecile was fast gaining an ascendancy over him. But now that he was told that she was well and happy, and that he had heard of her, and the silence was broken, he resigned, even though he knew that a month was to be added to his life. Other feelings influenced him, and he will be touched upon here. His reply to Isabel's letter was as follows:

I received your letter, dear Isabel, and am so grateful to you for the kindness which dictated your sending it to me. The thing which tells me of your health is welcome; keep her healthy by all means if she does not let your fascinations, for many one else steal her heart away from Vernon Grove.

"As for Albert, God be thanked that he is at home again in safety. And so he wants my sympathy in a new cause—it is early to ask it, he has but so recently returned; he must literally have fallen, as a bird falls into a snare, with love. I really thought that he was proof to all charms and spells but those of his beloved art. Nevertheless, though I am a little jealous, ranking myself as I have always done second in his affections, tell him that I congratulate him with my whole heart on the happy life which has opened upon him, I say *happy*, because I know that he could never choose one unworthy of him, and that I do indeed bid him God speed. Nay more, say to her whom he would win, that no truer heart beats under heaven than his, and that one who is a brother to him in all things save blood, would with his most earnest counsel, nay with his last breath, if it were required, entreat her to reject him not.

"Say to Sybil, that in her grandmother there is no change; my daily visit is paid to her as a mere form, for she does not recognize me at all; repeat to her if any change should occur it shall be immediately made known to her."

These, with a few added words relating to Sybil, asking Isabel to spare no expense to gratify her tastes, and to see that her wants were all supplied, were what Vernon's letter contained. The reception of it threw Isabel into an ecstasy of delight, and long and earnest was the conference of the friends upon the day of its arrival; it was read and re-read and commented upon, and finally they concluded that fate must be leagued to assist them, so admirably did their plot progress.

Sybil had obtained a promise from Albert to be silent upon the subject of his love, as it seemed to her impossible that the time would ever come when she could respond to it, but though he resolutely kept his word, even the most indifferent spectator would have detected his admiration of her in his looks and acts. Not that they were obtrusive or annoying to her, for never was love more delicately expressed than in his deferen-

tial manner, and even Sybil was touched with his devotion. If such a thing could be, she *almost* loved him, and often wondered what prevented her returning his generous affection, for she acknowledged to herself that he was one who was eminently calculated to win the heart of the most fastidious of her sex, as much by his intellect as by the gifts which nature had bestowed upon him in many ways; still she felt in her heart of hearts that he was not the magician who with his wand could lead her by his will, and she trembled for fear that the pity which is 'akin to love' might conquer at last, and that an encouraging word on her part might give him some thread of hope which might lead him to expect, eventually, to gain more of her favor. The time allotted to her visit had expired, and she looked confidently to her departure as a deliverance from her embarrassing situation; she had fixed upon a day of return, and was making all her preparations relative to it when Vernon's letter came.

Isabel watched her opportunity and took the most favorable time for acquainting Sybil with its contents. The occasion she chose was just after Linwood had brought to Sybil an exquisite plant, which he had been at some pains to procure, bearing it away from numerous other applicants, and she knew by her voice which at once chid his extravagance, and the gratified smile that played over her face, that her heart was touched and softened by this new act of devotion.

Sybil had retired to her own room for the night, bearing in her hands the precious exotic, and had placed it upon a stand, and was seated before it inhaling its delicious perfume and examining anew the extraordinary richness of its colouring, when Isabel entered and told her that she had just received a letter from her brother. Sybil's hand was extended to receive it, but Isabel told her playfully that brothers and sisters were supposed to have some secrets, and that although she could not part with the letter, she would gratify Sybil's natural desire to hear from Vernon Grove by reading her some portions of it.

Then she read the part about her grandmother's health, and gravely added, in language like Vernon's, a desire of his that she should remain a month longer, as it was best for several reasons, and at last turned to that part which concerned Albert; here she unfalteringly proceeded in Vernon's exact words, from the joy which his arrival had given, on to his commendation of his friend, and lastly the charge to her whom he loved, artfully giving Sybil to understand that Vernon knew that it was she, knew that Albert had chosen her from all others, and that nothing would gratify her guardian so much as that she should be his wife.

A long silence followed Isabel's words, which fell deeper into her auditor's heart than even the former was aware.

"And so he wishes it, he advises it?" she said at last sadly, "he is tired of his little Sybil and would give her away to another."

"That it is the first wish of his heart you cannot doubt," said Isabel.

"The first wish of Mr. Vernon's heart!"

A sigh which was almost like a groan followed the echo of Isabel's words.

"Yes," answered Isabel, taking her hand and encircling her with her arm, "I mean that your welfare is Richard's chief aim in life, for he feels to you as a brother, nay almost as a father who desires to secure the happiness of his child. Look back upon the past and consider what he has been to you; you owe him almost every thing, he has petted you, watched over you, and often sacrificed his pleasures for yours, and even your slightest wish has been as a command to him."

"I need no reminder of his unvarying kindness," answered Sybil, suddenly overcome with tears.

"Then," continued Isabel, seeing the impression that her words made, "remember that it is no sacrifice he wishes you to incur; no terrible self-abnegation; he simply wants you to accept a fate which would bring joy to his heart and happiness to that of his best friend, a man who has every thing to recommend

him, position, wealth, which he has gained by his own talents and industry, beauty of person, gentleness and manliness. Oh, Sybil, pause before you say another word which might condemn the one to disappointment, the other to a life-long misery and exile from home."

"What do you mean?" asked Sybil, suddenly raising her tearful eyes and flushed face to Isabel's.

"I mean," she answered, "that Albert Linwood is reduced almost to despair; the love which he has for you is more intense, more deeply rooted in his nature than the love which is common among men. I have but a while ago left him, and he tells me that he cannot endure this continued struggle, and that it must end in his avoiding your presence, not that he complained that it was your fault that you were not able to love him, but he only in broken voice deplored his fate, and said that as soon as he had seen Vernon, he would go as quickly as possible back to Europe never to return here again."

"And of course I shall be the cause," answered Sybil bitterly, "of separating two friends whose affection for each other is almost fabulous in its intensity. I shall be the one to deprive Mr. Vernon of the almost only comfort of his darkened existence; because it is *my* fiat, Mr. Linwood will desert his friend!"

"Such will be the case," answered Isabel gravely, "but at the same time you must remember that you cannot help it; you will only be the innocent cause of the separation; but oh, Sybil, if by any possible casuistry to yourself you could overcome this strange repugnance, if you could reason yourself into loving Albert Linwood, do it, or if you will, only promise to be his, trusting that a holy love will be the result of a union so well assorted. It would be a ray of light in Richard's dark path, it would somewhat repay him"—

"Hush, said Sybil in an excited tone, "you need not remind me of that again, it is too deeply graven on my heart."

Isabel tried to calm her by words of affection, but her syllables seemed to fall on deaf ears, and she paced the room to and fro and muttered to herself as if really

trying to reason herself into obedience.

"You will weary yourself," said Isabel at last trying to detain her in her hurried walk, "be seated and let us talk the matter over calmly."

Calmly! is it a subject for calmness? Use no false terms if you please, Mrs. Clayton, let us look at the thing as it is. Ah it is the stormiest night and hour that ever came to my poor storm-tost soul. Be *you* seated; touch me not; speak not; move not; only for five minutes let me see what port is nearest, what safest for a shipwrecked life."

Mrs. Clayton obeyed these strange, passionate words of Sybil's like a feeble child, frightened at her mood, but still feeling that hers was not the power to quell that nervous excitement. Suddenly she stopped before Isabel, clasped her hands to her wildly beating heart as if to end its quick pulsations before she spoke, and then deliberately and calmly, and with nothing but a slight quivering of her lip to show that any emotion lay beneath her freezing words, she addressed her companion.

"Is Mr. Linwood still below? you left him there, you say; is it possible that he may not yet have gone?"

"He is still with Mr. Clayton," answered Isabel, "he said that he would not leave immediately, thinking that you might return to say good night."

"Then go to him and tell him that I cannot come down again to-night—tell him, too, not to think of going to Europe, so far from Mr. Vernon's presence, because I promise to do as he wishes and to be his wife."

Motionless she stood, almost too still for life, more like death was her fixed and stony gaze.

"Are you sure," began Isabel almost doubting the evidence of her senses at hearing this plain and clear avowal.

"Ah, yes, I *am* sure," interrupted Sybil in the same strange tone, and as if wearied with the interview. Then she gently led Isabel from the room as if to prevent further words.

"I will return, dearest, to tell you what effect this rapturous intelligence has upon Albert, whether he keeps his

senses or falls into madness from pure joy."

"No, that you must not do; I do not doubt your wonderful powers either of persuasion or description, but I would be alone this night."

Isabel had gained quite enough, almost more than she had calculated upon. She heard Sybil close the door and lock it, and then with a bounding step and a face as radiant as the morning, she went with the glad tidings to Albert.

Poor Sybil; the perfume of the brilliant exotic sickened her, the weight of the whole world seemed crushing her, the room was reeling, her strength forsook her and she fell fainting upon her couch, but ere her consciousness quite departed, mad words of anguish burst from her

lips—they were few, but the

"Oh my God, it is over; the completed and he is repaid."

Is there no experience simi
Has no other pillow on the fir
a betrothal been wet with te
there no forced or interested
which crush young hearts to
earth? Are there no hours of
plighted troth, where, instead
dreams, groans and sobs hav
the dark, silent midnight?
many a one whom circumsta
pressed into a marriage wit
could tell you that such things

And yet it was Sybil's own
act; so is it a martyr's choice
upon the wheel.

SONNET.

[*Written in the country on a delightful morning in April.*]

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The tender breath of the wild-woodland flowers,
The murmurous pines, the gently rising sigh
Of sea-born breezes, and the stainless sky
Touched with the bloom of morning's virgin Hours;
The hum of bees rifling the jessamine-bowers,
The fragrant calm, and freedom,—these apply
Balm to the aching wounds of destiny;
On my sick heart Nature's all-pitying powers
Shed medicinal dews,—and wandering
Thro' the green forest-walks, my weary eyes
Drink in the freshness of the opening Spring;
O! the sweet country's quiet ecstasies
Move me to worship, and the Faith they bring
Hath strength to make the spirit pure and wise.

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

FOURTH LETTER.

The Mintzpi Hous—A Konversashin—Mr. Addums Visits Kongiss.

DEAR BILLY:—We all, that is me and Oans and Melloo and Mr. Argruff, bodes at the Mintzpi Hous, which the pies thar aint made uv the kommin mint, but jedgin fum thar tace, uv peppermint, with a leetle injan tunnups and frakshin of dekade colluds. They has um evvry day, regly. My idee uv a pi, ar appil dumplint. Pottpi aint bad, pervidin you doant hav no surplus uv huncs uv hog fatt and bacin rines, sich as you ant Polly ar irayubly boun too hav. Pankakes with good, thik, blak, Alleendz mlassis, is splendid.

As regards the other eetin thar at the Mintzpi Hous, taint much. Not a crum uv konbred I've techt senst heer I've bin. They brings to the tabil a kind uv battur-bred, which it ar certny ar spuyus. Billy if you cood send me a good hot pone with ole-fashin cruss, hard is the devill, which it eets and look like a pees uv brokin skillit, givin uv a man's jortesth sum rashnul and holesum exursies, you'd do me a faver. Ef you had a Kongissmun thar to franc it, you cood jess rop it up in a newspaper and send it rite along. Francin ar a Kongissmun ritin uv his name on enny thing, which it then goes free in the Postoffis all over krasshin. I wondir when the Kongissmuns gits on the car they doant rite thar naim on thar oan bax, and go grattis. But you see govunnmint is sech a fool it pais um fur cummin, calling uv it mielidge. Billy, spouse you was to hit a man to doo sum dichin, and was to pay him a berry pries fur doin uv it; woodint you think he wer distracktid ef he wuz to ass you to pay him extry fur cummin to whar he cood git too his wuk? Uv koas. When I lived ovsee fur Doctellick Dillin, I walkt ten miel in the wrain to git thar, and the idee of chargin him nuthin fur goin thar, nuvver entud my hed. I'd a thot I was a fool ef it had. But sich is Kongiss. Oans tells me thar's a Senny-tur here in Washintin which has bilt him

a puffick pallis with wun trip of mile money. And a member from Jorjy has bilt him a hole toun with the saim, which for the reessin he calls it Mileidgevil.

At the Mintzpi, which Oans—hees a funne fello, he calls it the Mintpizin Hous, sayin he bleeves they oeezins the pize thar with osenick—thar's a whole chance of bodus, a heep uv um ladies, old and yung, pritty and ugly, prinsipilly hoamly, marrid and singil. I tell you, they dressis outin the ashis. Caliker? I aint sean a stich, I aint smelt caliker, wunst over thar. They doant mine nuthin. Arms bar up to the arm pitts, nakes nakid, free is ar. Ded uv wintur, too: sno on the groun, thurmonitur down to seeroe. By-jing! I wondir what wimmin's skins is maid uv. I'me be dad shimd ef they wuz jess tand ef they woodint maik the warmmist kine uv shoo that uvver wuz wo. Kin cole pennytrait um? It kin sertny not. Then agin, thees heer ladies, drest so nise, is monsus keerful uv thar close, histin thar kotes hi and fer up in wet wether, not shamed nor feard of whats thar.

A numbo, in fac most uv thees ladies I dunno; a few I duz, mo ptickly Miz Hanecum, which her husbun hees gone to Kallyforny, and Miss Saludy Trungil, which shees a verry grait fren uv Oans and Melloo, and Mr. Argruff okashinully ingagis her in konversashin lait at nite. Miz Hanecum shees powful pritty, powful, and so eesy to git akuwainted with, being afecshinit I jedge. They say shees mitey writch, and I reckon its soe, fur she wars a sita uv joolry uv the finest kine. Miss Saludy Trungil, shees a remarkably stylish looking gearl, bein tall, handsom formd, full uv cents, and a leetle sassy I ixpec. She and Oans is mitey thick. Mr. Argruff, he injoize her, and evin this heer kuyus, punkin-faistid littil Melloo, he grins orful at her sumtiems. Shees boun to be smart. At a nuther tiem I shill tell you how I cum to no thees ladies.

Uv koas thar's a large passil uv gentlemen at the Mintzpi—Sennytuz, Wripry-zentative, Gioruls, Jedgis, Clux, and so foth, with thar wiewers and dorters, tho the clux they cant afode to hav no wiewers, bein retchid po, they tell me. Billy, it ar wuth a man's while, which has bin used to commun plantashin igzistents to cum in heer to thees tremenjuss tavun bildins, with their marvil floes, splendid parlus, and bewtiful carpits to see the fine foax, and speshillly the ladis, sailin long the passagis heer and at Brouns, and the Gnashnul and Willut's. They rarr back so prowd! They has sich hoops, they goe by you so skonful, and the soun uv thar cilks and sattins skrapes yo verry nurves, makin uv the skin uv yo boddy krork and yo ize uv yo hed to git dark with a swimmy, fine mist at the site of so much magniffysent frock surroundin wun littil woman, which you cant bleeve she blongs to the famly of Addum and Eave, baun to sin and sorro. No Billy, thees proud cretus is liftid hi abuv mawtallity, and, seein uv um, you stands thar cole in your goose-skin afflictid with a abominable cents uv infeyorrity. Jess fur the saik uv the ixsperrymint, you feal like youd like to talk wun uv thees gloyus beans into a pees uv ploud groun and pull a fisshin worrum out uv whar its jess bin turned over by the mole bode and put it rite into the pam of her littil white han. You warnt to cumpar what's in her han with the han itself, and then flosfize upon the subjict.

Me and Oans and Melloo was talkin bout this heer verry thing the uther nite in Oan's wroom, and Mr. Argruff he cum in while we wuz kunversin and evvry wunst in a whiel techin sum uv the finist kine uv Robsin County, Tennysy, whiskey which Hon. Mr. Joans he give to Oans. I wremarked pritty much what I has giv you abuv, and Oans, (which ar the kuyasist yung man in the wirl, bein puffickly retchid inside uv a hous with his close on, strippin uv um off to the white under wuns soon's he gits in his wroom) Oans he sais "Mozis," wee's vay familyar now, "Mozis," he sais, "you doo great injestis to the far secks uv Washin-intun sitty. See far frum not likin fisshin

worrums, thay ar verry fond uv um. Dont you know that thay talks um and bleecheis um and cooks um and eets um?"

"Shuh!" I sais, "you cant fool me."

S'e "Its a fac, I asho you. Thay jess cuts off the eens uv um and eets um. Thay ar wun of the mose fashnubble dishes uv polisht suckles, and the Frencht naim fur um is mackaroney."

I lookt at him, and seen his kountinunts were intily cumposed. Then I wundud at the humin nacher uv fine drest wimmin in sittis which eets fishin worrums and call um by the naim which Yankee Doodil called his poney. And I has senst lernt that fashnubbil peepil eets musheroons, esteamin uv um uv a grate dellikissy.

Littil, ole Melloo ar a cole-bloodid po cretur, and when he sets in a rume stranddils rite roun a stonv, like it wuz a littil nigger boy he wuz drawin in tween his laags to pat him on the hed. He doant say no mitey much, and akordin what he dux say souns mo'n what it is, caws its rar. H: spok up.

S'e "The Buckingame man, (mee, you kno, Billy) ar rite. All wimmin ar dirt. The identitty's absloot. I shoold like to see Addumsis ixperrymint tride. Dirts vary. Sum's good and sum's bad, sum's wirth cultervaytin and sum aint. And I reckon Addums can tell us what the farmus put in dirt to improve it."

S'I "Menyo, gorno."

S'e "Igzactly. The sitty sivlizashun uv wimmin is but the adawnment uv so mutch oridginal femail mud with a cantankeruss crop uv silks and ribbins foaced up by the stimmulus uv gold, the only troo soshil and plittykill gorno."

"Cum," sais Mr. Argruff, "this ar verry wrong talk for men who has mothers and sisters. None uv you bleeve a wird you say. Mozis here is verry yung"—

"Well," I sais, "I'm tollibil yung both in ears and ixspeyunts, but I'm 20 and considerbil upuds."

"Well," s'e "when you git to be as ole as I am, you'll bee mo charrytubble. Theas yung ladis ar vane. But evvry-boddy is vane"—

I sais, "all is vannyty seth er."

maik a distinkshin," he kon-
mindin me, "between vanny-
le, praisin wun and pretendin
the uther. It's troo, fur metty-
posia, they kin be sepratid,
at of fac, they are wun and
hing—the saim impulst actin
deekshina. Konshus powur;
Ejekt it apun the boddy, it is
sfevs it intoo the sperritt, it's
wty is woman's power; yes,
too. Pried is sed to be the
ambishin, and ambishin the
a uv the soldjer and the staita-
you nuerver sor a grate worry-
staitamun who was'nt at
san tiems mo vane then the
rl that sweeps the floes uv
llus as tho she wuz Klepattry,
suar and Antny and Roam and
l the hole wirl at her feat."

'saves Oans.

Koanty whisky," says Mel-

raff, he went on, sayin uv:
Mozia complanes uv thar skon.
nuthin but a nuther naim for
which indeed ar the jenerrick
vl humin folts. Wimmen and
kon thoes heom thay doant no,
ey reely kunsider unworthy.

s wimmin at Broun's and the
and the Mintapi, hoo think so
me that my presints maiks no
on thar auguns uv vishin—they
y sea mee. Butt kneethur the
se womun ever breatht the
ife hoo cood skon me after
sav walkt camly up to the
thar soles and knockt. And

that the proudist lady in
will luv Mozia Addums arstur
o noe him. Wimmen fantasy
, but they ar compeld by a lor
shur to luv sich men as Mozia.
silk and jooils they woud be
him in his hoamspon close;
spontaingusly goes out to meat
simple-minded, unsuspishus
him."

sez, "I ar suspishus—spishus
il, and I've got good close is

ennyboddy in my trune, but I'm not a
gointer war um evvry day. Then agin
fiatrin a man too his fais is bad mannus,
I didnt keer how well twuz ment."

"Well, we wont quorl a bout that," he
sais. "I beg yo poddon. But you doo
our Washintun gearls injustis. Didge
evvur goe with the gearls on a fisshin
frollick, Mozia?"

"Imfatkly I has," I sais.

S'e "wuzzit it plesint?"

"It were prime," I sais.

S'e "No dout. And you foun yo
gearls wuz jest is pritty and swete way
off in the woods and by the watus is they
wuz at hoam in the drawn room. Its
jess so with thees gearls heer. Taik um
out in the kuntry and you'll fine they ar
is natchrul thar is a tree or a blaid uv
grass. The fac is, Mozia, a gearl is like
a sac cote; she fits enny boddy, or rather
I shood say any plais."

Then he stopt, and side, and kept si-
lent.

"Goe on," sais Oans.

I sais the saim.

Melloo, handin down the bottil uv Ten-
nysy whisky sais, "taik a littil uv the
sperrits uv juss men maid perfeck."

Mr. Argruff filld him up a squerril lode
and wrezumed.

S'e "I'm a retchid man—a retchid
man. And all becoz uv a dreem which
I had it fotty senchris ago, and has ever
sintz bin trine to realize it. In vane!
I've but wun wish in this life, and my
prar is this. Sum sweet, bloo summer
day, the sweetist that ever dornd, I wish
to spend aloan under the trees and by
the wortus with the most bewtifull wum-
mun in the wirl. We must be abslootly
aloan, and we must be togethur all day,
frum the risin uv the sun to the goin
down uv the saim."

"What," says Oans, "without enny
thing to eet? Fo fride ("meenin oshters,
you no Billy) by all meens—fo apeece."

"No," I sais, "sum fride chickin,
buttud biskits, and a fisshin lien."

Mr. Argruff, he went on like he nuv-
ver heerd nun uv us. "While the lite
lasts, let me look deap intoo the hevvin
uv her ize and listen to the music uv her
vois. When the day trimbles in deth.

and when the sun sends his last wred shaft from the purpal hills; let me press my lips to her oar, and let that last sun-ray be a javlin uv fier to kunsoom me thar, utt'ly, soe that I shall becom soe much blanc spais; fer ef evin wun pot-tilik uv my mateyul boddy remaned, the memry uv that day uv blis wood wreviv-vyfy and ixpand it intoo a senchent sola. kapebil uv the pane uv longin fer that whitoh ood cum agin no mo frevver, or ef it kaim, wood not be what ferst it wuz."

Oans seemed tetcht, and sed heed had that idee ofing. Little ole Melloo sais very oarkastick, "Argruff, lemme advies you to set up a retale poetry shop. Git a masheen, and werk it with Rob'sin County Whisky."

I sayes, "Mr. Argruff, did you think you wuz marrid to that ar gearl?"

"No," he sais, strong.

"Well," I wremarkt, "unlest I wuz marrid too her, I ruther sumboddy shoed be thar. The ginrul apinyun uv the naberhood—"

"Dam the naberhood!" he wreplied, "thar's no naberhood in the kais."

With that the argymint drapt, and we all squandud off to our sevril apart-mints.

I has give you this a kount, Billy, not becaus I deems the idee uv settin on the bank uv a kreak all day with a gearl ar ennything verry aridginul or calculatid to instruck you mutch, but becaus it shoos you how wremakabul is the mines av the peepil of Washington. Cert'ny evrything and evryboddy heer is strandge, and, as Mr. Argruff sais, *ovi genris*, which is the latten fer peekewlyer. Uv the akewaintunteis I has 'lately maid, num is mo intrustin an taukativ than Mr. Hicman, which hees vulg'y called Bo, tho' I've nuver sean him with a lady yit. He chargis a quarter uv a dollur to be intojuiced to you, and runs his tung like a wheet fan, like he wuz feerd you woodint let him git throo. His face is fross bit and rinkled powful, and hees got him a sharp, onnachrul eye. I nuver seas him, which I do sea him mos evry day, hobblin long the street with his sharl, and his stripid britchis, and

his bang'd-up feat, but my rektbleekshun terns to too things neer Kerdevil, which is this:

Ole Capin Sinker had him a bees, naim Wrankin, wunst a fien saddil hoas, bat bein mitey ole, terned him outen a ole feel to die, in the naberhood uv a ole sum-bil down-terbarker hoas. He had plenty to eet, but what he eet dun him no good, and he got leener and leener evry day, till you ood uv hangd a hat on his hipp boane, is they say. Whenuvver ole Wrankin lade down, which was ofting, the buzzuds got arfter him, atackting him, dartin at him, and peekin at his ise. Finely po ole Wrankin suffred so much from these onelots he got survus, and ef a clowd cum over the sun he thot it wuz the shadder uv a buzzed in the ar, and went intoo the terbarker hoas and shet the dough to keep fum bein eet befo his tiem. Well, wun day it cum close clowdy all day, and po ole Wrankin thinkin the hevvin wuz alive with buzzuds, staid in his terbacker hoas, and shet the dough, and thar dide, and bout nite cum a clap uv thunder, nockt down the ole hoas, ber-rid him, and maid a fine menyumint fer him. Well, Mr. Hicmun wremines me of that ar ole skragly ole hoas and thar ole tumblin-down ole hoas, which me-thinx he can't hole up long. He ar cert-ny ar a man uv jeenyus, whitoh I feels a feelin uv simp'thy fer him.

I seas, Billy, I'm libel to run offn the trac is a injine on the Sowthsieid wrair-ode, as I hassint tole you uv nuthin hardly I begun to tell you uv. But wun thing mo I must knarate year I quite this heer epistul, which ar is follers:

I tellin Mayan I had a grate ceeckret, which I fines I can't keep nuthin fram heer uv my oan, shee idvised me not to truss noboddy, not eavin Mr. Argruff, and p'tickly Oans and Melloo, which she sais they nose two mutch ennyhow; but too tend too my oan afars myself. So I thot I'd nook aroun and taik pusnal ob-servashin uv evrything, speshly uv Kong-isa. So I gose and gose way up the streat in the mist of a grate dust which blose heer konstunt like thrashin uv wheet, and gose up too the Captal. I jes tell you the Captal heer ar a nuther eis

to the Captal in Richmun, but the yard, which its fashnubble to call it grounds in a sitty, ar about pritty mutch the same, sick uv wun and haf duzzen uv the other. The bildin ar about is long is frum Baldin's ole sto (thay tells me hees dun move down to the plane rode) too the Piskypil chersch in Kerdevil. Speekin to Oans bout this bildin he sais its like awl gall, divided intoo thee parts. But I tole him, that a gall were wun thing, whitch it wuz a blarther.

"Ah," he sais, "but, you sea, I sed awl gall; awl gall ar a difrint thing frum gall; awl gall ar a Frenchmun's gall, whitch its totely difrint from a Emerrykin's gall, bein heap mo uv it; and that's the resin French peepil is the moose gall-ant in the wirl." And that ar a spesmin uv wun uv Oansis punz (pun, meenin a wird whitch means sumthin else) on the wird glant, whitch is spry, teative to the gearls.

Hoever, the Captal bildin heer ar imments. Taint finisht tho, and the top uv the middel uv it ar adauned with a eukil uv pillows whitch bein part white and part black, looks like trees whitch has bin beltid, sum beltid and sum burnt. You has to go up a site uv steps to git to git intoo the bildin, and the ferst thing you cums to ar a marvel monyumint, representin nakin humin beecins standin roun a post whitch has a numbo uv split-pitchers stuck to the sides uv it—and this monyumint are bilt rite in the middel uv a pon uv stagnant warter, rite grean; and what's mo the pon warnt thar oridge-fully, but wus maid thar to bild the monyumint in. You wont bleeve me, Billy, but its the fac, and shows what fool peepil thar is in this wirl. Thar's a fan railin roun the pon, and when I lookt over it intoo the pon, I sean the cook had been thorin slops intoo it, p'tickly carrots. But twarnt carrots, Billy; what you reckon twuz? Why, gole fish, which the pon is ful uv um, and thay lade so still in the warter I thot twuz carrots. Gole fish is a kine uv yaller belly peach, only thar backs is yaller, or ruther wred, too.

While I wus a lookin at the peach, sne ladis and membus uv Kongies kep

on passin me goin up stars intoo the parler, whitch its alwais in the secund story, the parler is in toun. Fealin moddie, I detummined to go in the kitchin and chat with the kook, whitch I hoped she wus a fatt ole nigger womun, like a cook orter be, tel I wus envidid up stars with the cump'ny. I past on by a marvel tombstone runnin warter under the bridge, got intoo the hous and lookt and lookt fer the kitchin, which derad ef I cood fine it. I ass'd a man goin by totin uv books, but he pade no atenshun to me. I tride a heap uv doughs; all lockt. Finly, I thot I'd go up stars ennyhow, and went up, and when I got thar it lookt mo like down stars than down stars did. Peerd like twuz a seller, with big dubbel posses uv rok, and a skewpt out sealin, and heap uv bocksis, and trash, and wun thing and a nuther layin about. Peepil wuz passin, a few uv um, but not likin to ixpose my igronunce, I sais nuthin to um. It were rite dark in thar, and I went aroun and aroun twell pren'ly I cums to whar it were lighter, and ternin throo a glass dough, foun a par of twistid steps goin up hier yit in the bildin. I wus a goin on up, but hapnin to look over my shoulder I sean a nuther glass dough, and throo it peepil, which I node it were Kongies. Aproacnin the dough, a m'latter man settin inside halls it rite opin with a roap, and I goes in uv koas, fealin prity imbarist, and not seein uv mutch fer a tiem. When I cum too a little, I sean a small room, with a hollo sealin runnin up in a keervd maner, mogny fernitcher, a few peepil, and roun the room at reglar pints, a numbo uv busters uv grate men. Buster ar the likeniss, hed, fuse, neck, and pees uv the bress uv a man, chopt out uv white marvil, with a bottum part sumthin like the bottum uv a wine glass, to set it on. Behine a long, levil mogny bannister, set sum uv the kuyustist humins in exzistunts. Of all and uv all, they wuz the beet. Ugly? Blessed farthers! I shoold jedge they wuz; and ole, and rinkildy, and drest in black silk apuns, with tremendous sleeves, settin thar behine that ar bannister, still is deth. Yuve sea sevin nor ate mud turkils squottid on a

log, and yave sea sevin nor ate ole tukky buzzuds settin on a lim of a tre; well that is pecisely like them ole felloes settin behine that ar bannister.

A gristly kine uv a man wuz a standin on the flo in frunt of sum tabils, trine to pint out a fac or ixplain sumthin ruther to them ole turkils and buzzuds, which they did'nt taik no intruss in what he sed, 'pearin to be sloap mostly, but sum uv um readin. I shoed uv hav jedged the man on the flo to be a loryer ef he hadin bin so eesy and natchrul like—he did'n rar nor he did'n rip, nor beller, nor rampooge, nor tar his shert—he warnt a bit like our loryers which I has sean plenty uv um at Buckingame kote. I tride and tride to compren whut this fello on the flo wuz a sayin; but all I cood doo I coodin taik no mo ingziety in it then the mud turkils afosed.

"And this ar Kongiss," I sais to myself. "Well, dern Kongiss," and I lef.

Goin out by the glass dough which the m'latter man he pulled open agin with

his string, I cums at the foot uv the windin stars, to a ole man sellin appils, caikes, pize, and so foth. I bot a par uv pize, and ass'd fer sumthin to drink. The ole man sed he did'n had nuthin but sum logger beer.

"Ennything like p'simmon beer?" I sais.

He did'n seam to understan me, so I sais:

"Gimme sum ennyhow." And he gimme sum, and I tastid it, and it jess sqirtid itself spontaniyusly outin me all over him, saim is ef I'd bin a surrindga.

"No wunder yew calls it logger beer," I sais, fuyus; "ef it taint stamp watter I wisht I may be dad shind," which is ar, Billy. And I lef.

What mo I sean uv Kongiss I resurve. I've rit anuff fer wun tiem, certin.

Luv to Unc' Jim. 'Member mee to Kayine and An' Locky.

Wrispeckfully and afeckshuntly yoss,

Mozis Addum.

HONORIA VANE.

I.

How I loved Honorio Vane
In the pleasant days of old!
Now her image comes again—
Fair and still and cold—
Comes, but scarcely brings me pain,
Thinking of old days!

II.

Many careless happy hours,
In the meadows of Bizare,
Did we linger, gathering flowers—
In the fields and forest bowers—
Coming home with idle sighs—
Foolish fondness in my eyes—
As I wove the Autumn blooms—
Faded colours! faint perfumes!—
Into a garland for her hair!

III.

Happy, happy days of yore!
In the old Virginia hall!
They will come again no more—
Long ago they sailed from shore—
Far away from the golden shore—
This withered flower is all!

All!—and I chaunt the dirge of hours,
That danced along, all wreathed with flowers,
Of cheeks now pale that once were bright,
Of faded eyes, once full of light:

The light and joy
Of girl and boy,
There in the old Virginia hall!

IV.

She was very fair and cold;
Did she love me—who can tell?
I was never certain. Well,
She lies beneath the mould:
Beneath the mould,
Pale and cold,
The rosy cheek and the hair of gold,
—Yonder in the dell!

V.

Beneath the mould?—
Honoris Vane?
She, so proud of her wealth and state?
Dead and cold,
In the drifting rain,
Under the bank where the robins prate?
Dead?—and I in another land—
I that used to run at her call—
Happy, too happy, to be her thrall—
Paid with a touch of her lily hand—
I, alive on a foreign strand,
Alive—and merry withal!

VI.

So pass our days. This withered flower
Has made me dream for an idle hour!
I throw it away,
And muse, and say,
Has memory brought me pain?
We are flitting leaves on a mighty stream,
The days of our life are a passing dream;
Like leaves we are gliding away!
Am I growing old?
Like a tale that is told,
Come back the voices at old Bizare:
On the ocean strand,
In a far-off land,
An exile dreams of a woman's hair,
But sheds no tears
When her face re-appears,
When he thinks how she lies in the drifting rain!
My heart's very cold!
I am growing old
Honoris Vane!

WINTER ROSES.

BY AMIE.

The day is dreary—the storm sweeps by
 Whirling its banners of fleecy white;
 It battles and strives with furious might
 Beneath a leaden sky.
 And dirge-like murmurs the fierce wind weaves—
 Like a heart in anguish it complains;
 It shudders and sighs at the frosty panes,
 And moans round the snowy eaves.
 The waters are hushed in icy rest—
 The chill frosts creep
 Where the violets sleep,
 And crystals cling to the summer nest.
 'Tis a day when grief
 Strives wearily, vainly for relief—
 When mocking hopes from their graves will start—
 'Tis a bitter day for an unsunned heart.

But I sit in the light of a sunny thought,
 And earth seems bathed in a summer glow;
 Like showers of rose-leaves drops the snow
 With Araby's odors fraught.
 The air seems woven of harp-like strings,
 That answer with music every sigh
 Till an atmosphere of melody
 Each new emotion brings.
 Words have no sweetness for joy like this!
 On waves of balm,
 In a golden calm,
 Drifting away to the Isles of Bliss!
 Ah, thoughts will spring
 To summer the heart by their blossoming,
 And little I reck how the tempests blow,
 Since roses, dear roses have bloomed in snow!

 Editor's Cable.

The editor of a literary work, who as a critic should know neither affection nor resentment, would indeed be an insensible creature if he did not turn, now and then, from the strict line of his labours to acknowledge with gratitude the kind words of encouragement that come to his sanctum from the world without. These greetings are to him the most pleasant rewards of his life, and just as to the poet popular appreciation is the sunshine in which the flowers of his fancy burst into their richest beauty, so they brighten the little apart-

ment where the literary horticulture of the Editor is carried on, and stimulate him to new zeal and increased exertion. The reader will pardon the floral similitude, and attribute it to the influence of Spring, which has come upon us with bud and blossom and song, the most genial of periods, whose every leaf is full of eloquent sayings and whose woodland minstrels pour out madrigals softer than Shakespeare. What magazine is so suggestive as the May number of the Year Book, which addresses itself to the universal heart.

id in a language that all may
But this leading article of our
ble" was not designed as a
he queen of the month, (we
something to say, in its proper
season, and, if we are not
it exhaust our little stock of
es before we get to the May
-it was begun for the purpose
brief converse with friends
ere, in which we desired to
s-for numberless offerings of
o consider at the same time
sant censure which has reach-
a private channel. The
all still strive to deserve—the
hall endeavour to show is not
writed.

greenable first—reversing the
quoted by Jack Ketch, which
we till after duty has been per-
all we quote from the letters
lents what they say of the de-
l them by Maga! The selec-
siong these would be embar-
we must therefore tender our
cents to the writers *en masse*,
word of special remembrance
sais" who sends us violets
rgia home, as a fragrant proof
it in the Messenger. Thanks
, to our unseen friend whose
us that nothing should ever
we pages not in keeping with

he had been a subscriber from the first—
had year by year had the volumes bound—
and now owns a complete set, with which
no sum of money would induce him to
part. Moreover, he avowed his purpose to
continue a subscriber while he lived, and
has already in his will provided that the
complete Messenger which he owns shall
be retained in his family, and has set apart
a sum of money, the interest on which is
to be appropriated to paying the annual
subscription to the Messenger for all time,
while there is a member of his family liv-
ing to receive and read the publication.
That, we take it, is loving wisely and well,
and such appreciation is alike honorable
to the subscriber and to the journal.

We are wholly uninformed of the name
and residence of this "model subscriber,"
whose example we commend earnestly to
patriotic Virginians, but we give him an
assurance, in return for his substantial aid,
that the succeeding volumes of the Mes-
senger shall be worthy of companionship
in his library with the series (now so rare-
ly to be met with) which he has preserved,
and we trust the day may be far distant
when his executor shall call at our office
to change the address of the copy now sent
to him. May our subscriber's eyesight
never fail him and his shadow never be
less!

But we must now direct our attention to
the reproof, which we have mentioned as
having been administered to us. Here it
is. A correspondent writes—

"I am an ultra S
long earnestly desir-
ature encouraged as
labored what little
it. And the first g
think, is the establi
Periodical capable
per and Putnam.
I have been, I have
ral support of the
always been met w
no more distinctly S
than Putnam—that
tated by attacks upon
peculiar institution,
tally defended them—
to publish a complete
to publish counter
mies. For some years
the Messenger have
and the truth of a
not deny."

The italics in this extract are our own.
Before proceeding to consider these char-

ges, which are certainly very clearly and honestly stated, let us make just two observations. The first is that our correspondent cannot be particularly well acquainted with the periodical literature of the country not to know that Putnam is in its grave, and has been sleeping well, after life's fitful fever, for a considerable period of time; and the second is that our correspondent can hardly be a very decided friend of the Messenger, since though warmly in favor of "the establishment of a Southern Periodical capable of competing, &c.," he has never subscribed to it himself, and has seen only stray copies of it for some years. There are thousands of just such friends of Southern Literature as our correspondent. There ought to be a great Southern magazine, they say. The South needs such an organ. It is the only way to "build up" (a pet phrase) Southern letters. Our vassalage to the North in this respect is disgraceful. But having delivered these oracular sentiments, their literary enthusiasm and patriotic devotion expire. They never bring themselves down to the practical expedient of ordering either Russell or the Messenger. Their "aid and comfort" are expressed in fine phrases and not in "Three Dollars a year in advance."

Come we now to examine the indictment.

When Mrs. Dangle ventured to say to Sir Fretful Plagiary that his play was wanting in incident, the reader of Sheridan will recollect how testily the objection was received, and how the offended playwright declared that if his effort was faulty at all in respect of incident, it was from there being too much of it. Now we stand like Sir Fretful (though we trust in better temper) astounded at the accusation of our critic. The Messenger not more distinctly Southern than Putnam! The Messenger has never dared to publish a defence of the South or counter attacks upon its enemies! We cry you mercy, good Sir; if we have offended in regard to slavery articles, it is from having given our readers more than enough of them. The argument in support of the 'peculiar institution' has been stated over and over again in these pages by the ablest writers the South has yet seen within her borders. It has been viewed in all possible lights; it has been

considered from the beginning to the conclusion, and from the conclusion to the beginning; it has been played out, like *Vieux temps' Yankee Doodle*, as a Mobile humorist tells us, by commencing in the middle and leaving off at both ends; in short, upon the abstract proposition of slavery, its justice, its humanity, its happy social consequences, we verily believe there is nothing to be said that cannot be found in the volumes of the Messenger.

A French cook dying left his son this bit of advice as a precious legacy, that he must never push the mustard to fanaticism. Now, we are not weary of writing in defence of the Southern people, their high moral character, their conservatism, their sacrifices to the Union, their superior intelligence; we are not weary of expressing our honest conviction that slavery is the happiest possible solution of the difficult problem of Labour and Capital, and that the South will never permit it to be disturbed; but there were other objects for which our magazine was established, besides the defence of Southern Society. Literature does not begin and end in the Slavery discussion. If all the writers in the South should devote themselves to the exposition of the slavery doctrine, the South would have no more ballads like Wilde's, no more essays on classical literature like Legaré's, no more humorous sketches like Longstreet's and Baldwin's, no more novels like those of Simms and Kennedy and 'Marion Harland,' no more thoughtful researches like those of Grigsby and Trescott. Slavery, like the mustard in the French *cuisine*, may be pushed, in the defence of it, to absurd extremes. It is a wholesome and beneficial relation—wholesome to the people among whom it exists and beneficial to the world, but it does not make poems, nor carve statues, nor evolve the harmonies of music. We want other culture in the South besides the cotton culture. We want the influences of Literature and Art. We want the beautifiers of life. Unquestionably, the exponents of Southern taste should not be unskilled in using the weapons of defence and offence in behalf of the South, on occasion; but if they are forever in the warfare, they will not accomplish their mission. It has been our aim to make the Messenger a representative of the Southern mind in all

its of literary effort, and to foster nation of letters everywhere in a of the Union. In this work, to be assisted by so able a co- as *Russell's Magazine*, which re- with us the importance of elimi- love of the beautiful in the South, is time that it speaks out, when demands it, boldly in the name uthern public. Let those who sild up' a great periodical for sion of Southern sentiment, en- be magazines that already ask ort and the institution of slavery want defenders in the literary the world.

of the reference to Dr. J. W. Historical Discourse, in the ar- Aaron Burr in the foregoing our present issue, we learn sure that the demand for this compendium of local and per- s has been such that the vener- fited author is preparing an en- l revised edition to be issued in , under the title of "Old New t is such a genial repertory of und so catholic in spirit, that in ion of the country, and especi- South, where Dr. Francis has rarm friends, it will be a favour- for summer reading.

the first trial of a new pair of scissors, we cut from the *Philadel- ing Bulletin* the following pleas- r parallel run by "Meister Karl," Charles G. Leland, Esq., who he critical articles for that jour-

not of the number of those who every stream flowing down hill ation of some other man's tank," ge remarks; but elucidate the not from any desire to pick out to show the influence of genius is, and to bring out a curious like- son two men in whom we would spy of "Andromeda" you never ere was a single item of resem- point of agreement. over Whittier's poems the other re read, more carefully than ever "Randolph of Roanoke," and

were struck with its resemblance to "Cow- per's Grave," by Mrs. Browning. Finding the latter poem, we read them both togeth- er, and were much interested in observing the remarkable similarity of metre, as well as the general swing of the verses. And the character of the two men, which will always be interesting so long as genius flashes and unhappiness calls forth sympa- thy—seemed more attractive than we had ever thought it. As thus:

William Cowper, author of the *Task*, was a man of gloomy genius; the world was as terrible a habitation to him as to John Foster; "the jasper walls of heaven and the smoke of the pit" were ever in sight, and he frequently imagined himself doomed to perdition; Hamlet or Dante never felt the earth such a tent of Achan, and spiritual things were as omnipresent to him as they are at this day to Mr. Kings- ley, who can hardly write a ballad without making it redolent of his peculiar theolo- gy. Cowper's organization was as sensi- tive as that of Shelley, and things appa- rently slight—really unimportant to robust people—affected him like life-giving wine or maddening poison. Now "Cowper's Grave" opens thus:

It is a place where poets crowned,
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying,
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish,
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O! poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O! Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging,
O! men! this man in brotherhood
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

The next verse speaks of the discord which fell on the music, and the darkness on the glory, when "one by one sweet sounds and wandering lights departed," but

He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

The next declares that his life is strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation and make meek the Christian; and his shall be a household memory. The five succeed- ing stanzas, in most passionately beautiful language, (which you should have heard Professor Reed recite, if you love music,)

describe his madness, and yet the intense humanness of Cowper's love of nature, of men and of animals:

The very world, by God's constraint
From falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!

From this dream-life of fevered madness,
yet compensating love and tenderness, Cowper wakes in death only to meet the eyes of our Saviour,

Which closed in death to save him:

Instead of lifting up his eyes in torment—

Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could image that awaking;
Wherein he scarcely heard the chaunt
Of seraphs round him breaking;
Or felt the new, immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt those Eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! *not deserted!*"

The poem closes with a magnificent choral burst of joy at the visioned rapture of the now crowned Cowper, for by the death of Jesus no son of God shall be "deserted" at death, in spite of "earth's worst frenzies" or despairs.

There are few such splendid lyrics in any language as that of Mrs. Browning, and the reader must not expect our parallel to rise to so glorious a level, in spite of the manifest resemblance of each.

The character of the fiery, impetuous, impassioned, sarcastic, proud, noble-minded yet most unhappy descendant of Pocahontas, is as familiar as that of Cowper. Mr. Whittier's noble poem thus begins:

O Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving—
*Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.*

Shut out from him the bitter word,
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There where with living ear and eye,
He heard Potomac's flowing;
And through his tall ancestral trees
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps—still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, sage and tribune!—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn like lightning blasting;
The pathos, which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth sparkling like a diamond-shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of sadness;
And over all, romance and song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurell'd Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

—Who ever read *The Castaway*, or the *Jackdaw in the Steeple*, (to which the dying Webster added a new fame,) without thinking of what that last stanza so well expresses of Randolph!

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished,
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

That last verse may not be absolutely true, but it is beautiful writing; one may say as Coleridge does of Ariosto—"I would rather praise his *poetry* than his *poem*." The next verse is fine:

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Rack'd nerve and brain all burning,
His loving faith in mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave;
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

Of course, John G. Whittier would not be John G. Whittier, if he did not say something about slavery here; and so he does.

He speaks of Randolph's patriarchal manner of holding slaves while he kept,

His reverence for the human—

and,

No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

He speaks of the freeing of Randolph's slaves, his death-bed, and his clear consciousness that slavery was ruining old Virginia; that warnings to the Old Dominion come from Jefferson, Henry and Randolph's graves, and closes with—

Oh! more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

If we had space to quote the poems of Whittier and Mrs. Browning side by side, the resemblance would be much more striking, but as it is, you can clearly see the influence of one mind over the other. Which poem was written first we cannot say; they are both probably twelve years old, and perhaps much older.

Some worthy souls will probably cry out, plagiarism! on reading these two beautiful poems, but our disclaimer must stand. There is no such thing. The moon does not plagiarize from the sun, when it "silvers the walls of Cumnor hall, and many an oak that grows thereby;" nor does the river, which bears the reflection of a waving tree-bough that hangs over it, plagiarize from the tree, in thus upbearing the quivering image of its leafy branch on its placid breast! You can find plenty of instances where a felicitous phrase, or an "inevitable *bent* word" has been adopted from one poet by another. For instance, Moore mentions that Beaumont & Fletcher make one of their heroes address another—saying,

"And feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us."

Which Byron transmutes into—

"Once more upon the waters—yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider!"

And even Mrs. Browning did not disdain to take a phrase from Poe. She had read "The Raven" about the time "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was written, for she wrote to an American friend that her

husband had been much struck with the rhythm of that remarkable poem; and in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" occur these lines:

"With murmurous stir uncertain, in the air
the purple curtain,
Swelleth in and swelleth out, around her
motionless pale brow."

And on turning to "The Raven" you will find:

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of
each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors
never felt before."

Now, oh! carping friend, it is quite probable neither the author of *Childe Harold* or the author of *Aurora Leigh*, ever had a consciousness of their indebtedness to Beaumont and Fletcher, or to Edgar A. Poe. If you think they had, just ask Dr. O. W. Holmes, who gave us a very interesting creed of doctrine on that subject in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Since the above was written, our religious exchanges for the week have undergone the usual hebdominal "scissoring," in the sanctum, and it will easily be believed that our surprise was what might be emphatically capitalized as *STRONG*, when we discovered in the fragments which were left of one of them, a long and interesting account of a conference held between John Randolph of Roanoke and Rev. Dr. Moses Hoge of Virginia. Dr. Hoge was a clergyman of great eloquence, ability, and geniality, as Virginia will bear testimony to this day. While he was President of Hampden Sydney College, he became alarmingly ill, and, says the writer of the sketch:

"Among the numerous friends who visited him at that time, was the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke; not more a devoted admirer of his pulpit eloquence than of his intelligent and warm-hearted piety. I called one morning, soon after breakfast, to see Dr. Hoge, and feeble as he was, I found Mr. Randolph reading to him a brief but interesting sketch of the religious life of *Cowper*, the poet. I did not learn what was the occasion of his reading the little volume which he held in his hand, but inferred that it was caused by a previous conversation on the subject of personal piety. Mr. Randolph stopped several times in the course of the reading, at various points of religious experience came up, for inquiry and conversation on those points. He seemed to be deeply interested

and anxious to get Dr. Hoge's views as to what were satisfactory evidences of a change of heart and a state of grace.

"When the reading was finished, Mr. Randolph, who evidently desired it, was encouraged to give quite a full history of his own religious experience, which Dr. Hoge seemed to regard as entirely satisfactory; and I may remark, that it appeared to me to be as satisfactory as could be asked of any candidate for church-membership. I would not now hesitate to admit to my church any individual who exhibited such apparent humility, such a sense of guilt and depravity, such self-renunciation, such entire reliance on the atonement and righteousness of Christ, such spiritual-mindedness. After this deeply interesting detail, Mr. Randolph remarked that, if he were a young man he would probably feel it to be his duty to preach the gospel of Christ, but that he was then too old to go through the necessary preparations for an office which he regarded as the most exalted as well as the most useful that man is ever called to fill. He went on to say that some foolish people had already been reporting that he was preaching, because he felt it to be his duty to assemble his servants on the Sabbath, and read the Scriptures to them, and explain and enforce their teachings as well as he could.

• • • "I simply give the facts as they occurred, and of which I was the only witness. No other person was in the room. As to Mr. Randolph's subsequent course in reference to this vital subject, it may be remarked that *many allowances ought to be made for the influence of a deeply diseased physical constitution, affecting, as it manifestly did, in the latter years of his life, the healthy operations of his gifted and lofty intellect.*"

We have simply to say that we never saw this article or heard it spoken of until our own was in type, when we found it in a religious paper published in this city, credited to the *Central Presbyterian* of Richmond, Virginia.

We have but a few words to add to Meister Karl's article in the way of comment. With reference to Whittier's anti-slavery nonsense about John Randolph, it may be said that there were others who did not dare enter his "Roanoke valley" besides the class mentioned in the clumsily-rhymed stanza—no canting New England abolitionist would ever have been tolerated beneath Mr. Randolph's roof, and though by the will which was established in the Virginia Courts (to the triumphant refutation of the Northern slander that no adjudication in favor of freedom is ever

made in the South) his slaves were emancipated, it is quite certain that no man was ever more truly Southern in feeling than Mr. Randolph. In a letter written to his nephew, now in our possession, he says—"Heaven forbid that you should ever settle in negro-land," but he adds a significant note to it, some years later, to this effect—"I had not then tried Albino-land." It cannot be doubted that if Mr. Randolph were now living he would be as bitter in his denunciations of the school of Whittier as he ever was of the party in Congress to which he was opposed.

Touching the resemblance between Poe and Mrs. Browning, which was fully pointed out by a writer in this magazine, (November 1857, vol. xxv., p. 334,) we are very confident that Meister Karl is mistaken in supposing that "The Raven" was written before "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." If there was any plagiarism in the case, it was Poe's and not the lady's. We recollect with pleasure a visit to Mrs. Browning at Casa Guidi in Florence, in which the subject was mentioned, and the remark was made by her that she should be happy to believe that "The Raven" had been in any way suggested in metre or diction by Lady Geraldine, and that Poe in his wonderful poem had glorified her own rhythm and paid the highest compliment to her musical ear. Mrs. Browning acknowledged with enthusiasm the exalted genius of the author of "The Raven," which effort had first made her acquainted with his name.

In looking over some old prints quite recently, we came upon one of "May-Day," from a painting of Leslie's, which suggested the observances with which the present season was commemorated in the olden time. There is the May Pole, and the throne wreathed with flowers where sits the May-Queen, and in the foreground are gallants and maidens, and upon the turf groups are dancing, while in the distance the spire of the village church rises out of the beautiful English landscape. The ladies wear hooped-dresses and the gentlemen carry swords; the weapons have gone out of vogue, but the hoops still hold their own and much more—why should we not have retained the pleasant custom of the

y with its innocent festivities?
f the comical blending of an-
odern fashions in the print, we
neath it these lines which are
bat they made us laugh and
ly have a similar effect on our

"MAY-DAY."

we here? a pretty scene—
rting on a sylvan green,
wery-kirtled Queen,
s delicious hey-day,
ld souls we love so well
's paintings—beau and belle—
n happy groups to cel-
dr ancient May-Day.

to the stately throne
y observe, sits not alone,
s there to claim his own)
he youthful dancers;
and left, around the pole,
, in music's soft control,
he figure, bless my soul!
s "the Lancers."

'near the beechen grove,
ight depths invite to rove,
lace to whisper love,
nd cool the shade is—
in hoops; although 'tis true
are not so amplitu-
wonderful to view,
of modern ladies.

:hand a cavalier,
at how uncommon queer
Fitzbattleaxe appear,
its and ruff and rapier;
ng through the brilliant hall,
lower limbs as small,
rin's late fancy-ball
at have seen Lord Napier.

t to his charmer bows—
he is not yet his spouse—
: seem to hear his vows,
y she receives him;
that she is brighter far
night's most radiant star,
he beauteous Lady Char-
de fool! believes him.

And as he bows, we know that soon,
When May has lost itself in June,
They'll walk to church some pleasant noon,
(There soars the lofty steeple)—
And at the lucky Count's commands,
The good old vicar in his bands
Shall join in one their willing hands,
And make two happy people.

Thus runs for aye the world away,
And though "it is not always May,"
Yet all abloom once more to-day
Returns the genial season;
And as the yearly roses blow,
Fond lovers' honeyed words still flow,
And maidens wed, as long ago,
Without or rhyme or reason.

There's nothing either new or strange
In nature's still recurring range,
Men are the same—they simply change
Or modify the fashion;
But Spring in robe of brilliant dyes
Shall come, while Time yet onward flies,
And ever woman's dove-like eyes
Shall light the tender passion.

We observe with sincere sorrow the ear-
ly death of Professor Junius M. Fishburn
of Washington College, in this State. This
lamented gentleman in the morning of life
had given evidence of the ripest scholar-
ship, and, when the hand of death struck
him down, was directing the energies of a
mind naturally vigorous, and improved by
careful study and foreign travel, to the
great cause of education. The results of
his brief labours were already manifest in
the department over which he presided in
Washington College, and that venerable
institution will long mourn the loss she has
sustained. Professor Fishburn was engag-
ed, we learn, on several works of interest
to scholars, which, had he lived to com-
plete them, would have long held his name
in honorable remembrance; these, in their
unfinished state, and the lecture on "Edu-
cation in Prussia," published in the Mes-
senger for October 1857, will remain as af-
fecting souvenirs of his talents and his in-
dustry.

Notices of New Works.

LIFE THOUGHTS. *Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his Congregation.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. 1838. [From G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

Properly to appreciate this little volume of premeditated impromptus, one must have visited the Oliver Street Congregational Church in Brooklyn and there seen Henry Ward Beecher in all his glory. Reading these "Life-Thoughts" is a very tame affair in comparison with hearing them delivered to three thousand Beecherites hanging upon the lips of the apostle. More than once have we been blessed with this privilege. Where else shall we see such enjoyment in the House of God, as the immense auditory passes from tears to laughter while the Beecher of all the world, by turns a missionary and a mountebank, proclaims the hull (whole) truth of the Gospel or introduces some comic illustration to show that the love of money is the rut (root) of all evil? Where else are the golden pippins of thought flung about in such astonishing profusion? What a splendid wealth of imagery, what a dazzling wit, what powers of pantomime the man has, to be sure! And how deplorable a thing it is that his inspirations should be thrown away upon only three thousand, when all mankind should profit by their utterance! Under a strong conviction of the loss the human family sustains every Sabbath by not hearing the Oliver Street oracle, a benevolent member of his congregation has been taking notes of his discourses from time to time, which she (who but a woman could have performed such an inestimable service?) now gives to the public, for the sake of accumulating a little of that same money which is the source of so many sorrows and the "rut" of so much evil. Whether Henry Ward Beecher is to share with her in the proceeds of the enterprise and, like the Pythoness, "realize" something from his eloquence and his contortions, we are not informed.

Looking into the volume, we have been struck with the absence of anything like earnest thinking and the abundance of tropes, metaphors, similitudes and illustrations in its pages. Now and then, we hit upon a passage which gives evidence of original power, but the staple of the "Life-Thoughts" is paradoxical, whimsical, bizarre exemplification. Men are like vases and violins, like cathedrals and wheat-machines, like granite-blocks and water-wheels; life is compared to all sorts of

things, to a river, a voyage, a man carrying a torch, a loom, a battle, a frescoed chamber; Christians resemble rail-road stations and chestnuts and birds in the tops of trees and pilot-boats and blanched potato-vines; in short the whole book, instead of giving us processes of thought reaching through the Christian life to the land of the Saints in rest, is but a bundle of comparisons, some of them not quite new, but others calculated to arrest the attention by their very absurdity. "Doctrine," says Mr. Beecher, "is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed." Echo might say "stuff" to this, but here is a personal similitude—

"What would the nightingale care if the toad despised his singing? He would sing on, and leave the cold toad to his dank shadows. And what care I for the sneers of men who grovel upon earth? I will still sing on into the ear and bosom of God."

The "nightingale" goes on afterwards to utter this little note which is cruelly satirical on himself, showing exactly what Henry Ward Beecher is not, in quoting which we dismiss the volume altogether—

"Take a sharp cut young saint, just crystallized, as many-pointed and as clear as a diamond, and how good he is!—how decided for the right, and how abhorrent of wrong! He has not yet attained to the meekness and gentleness of Christ. For these graces we must look to the aged saints, who have learned, through the experience of years, to carry themselves always with tender sweetness, and who hang on the horizon of life as the summer sun sometimes hangs in the western sky, melting half a hemisphere with its radiance."

ADELLE; A Tale. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "*Nathalie*," "*Rachel Gray*," &c. Three Volumes in One. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We do not hesitate to pronounce "*Adelle*" the very best of Miss Kavanagh's fictions. It has all the essentials of a good novel—the style is pure and animated, there is in it much delicate and skilful characterization, and the interest awakened in the earlier chapters is vividly maintained to the close. The scene of "*Adelle*" is laid in France in the beautiful region of the Jura

and the incidents transpire in
of an Englishman—which fami-
of a blue-eyed, fair-faced, false-
-mother and her children, the
and half-brother of the hero.
individual falls in love with and
èle, a fascinating little French
h in her ways, but womanly in
ns, and between Adèle and the
as also, in a different manner,
Adèle *femme* and Mr. Osborne
arise bickerings and quarrel-
h afford an opportunity to the
such fine delineation of human

The less prominent figures in
re drawn with exquisite finish
y—Jeannette the old domestic,
honour and dignity of the house,
id admirer, who persists in re-
r as still *dans sa premiere jeu-*
id us of the cabinet pictures of
h school of painting. We must
t we have said in commendation
our conviction that the narrative
st all probability and worse
obvious rule of propriety—Mr.
ntinues to tolerate the bad con-
stepmother's household with a
dge of the fact that he must ul-
nd them away, and goes on to
isunderstandings with his wife
little honest self-examination
e removed at once. But on the
tale" is a charming story, and
nd it warmly to our friends who
ch of "something to read."

A Tale of Norway. By JAMES
LAND. Philadelphia: T. B. Pe-
r Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street.
i. M. West, under the Exchange

be regretted that this work was
it before the public on its own
hout a resort to those disreputa-
in authorship by which obscure
netimes seek notoriety to the dis-
their calling. The trick in the
artaroe" was nothing less than
the part of Mr. Maitland; we
to say so, for though he has eu-
to throw the fabrication of the
letter of Mr. Irving of Novem-
57, on somebody else, unknown
l to the public, the alterations he
ving made in the genuine letter
ber 12th, amount to forgery. We
acquit Messrs. Peterson & Broth-
complicity in the matter, and we
lieve them capable of anything
us, but the greater the success
uoe," the more widely will Mr.
s bad conduct be spread abroad.
oe" is in itself an interesting sto-
e in Norway, and, could we feel

entirely confident that the author had not
borrowed his incidents, (by taking simi-
lar liberties with some foreign writer of
fiction to those he took with Mr. Irving's
letter,) would inspire us with a high re-
spect for Mr. Maitland's talents. He does
not appear to be accurately read in Eng-
lish literature, for he makes one of his
characters attribute to Pope the well known
line of Cowper—

God made the country and man made the
town.

But small defects of this kind weigh noth-
ing against the obvious merits of the book,
and we repeat that we cannot but regard
it as singularly unfortunate that the *eclat*
which has followed upon the production
of so successful a story, should be so com-
pletely divested of respect for the author,
as the Irving correspondence has rendered
it.

APPLETONS' CYCLOPÆDIA OF DRAWING, *De-*
signed as a Text-Book for the Mechanic,
Architect, Engineer, and Surveyor, &c., &c.
Edited by W. E. Worthen. New York:
D. Appleton and Company. 1858. [From
A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We are not competent to sit in judgment
upon a work so purely scientific as this,
but we can give an opinion as to the man-
ner in which it has been gotten up and
this is deserving of the highest praise.
The drawings which illustrate the text
are admirable specimens of the art, and
those which are architectural are very
beautiful. No better manual, it seems to
us, could be placed in the hands of the
young architect and engineer while the
most practised draughtsman may derive
great assistance from it. The Appletons
are worthy of all honour for their enter-
prise in expending so much upon a work
which at best can have only a limited sale.
We commend it especially to the attention
of all Professors of Civil Engineering.

HISTORY OF THE INDUCTIVE SCIENCES, *From*
the Earliest to the Present Time. By WIL-
LIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Master of Trinity
College, Cambridge. *The Third Edition,*
with Additions. In Two Volumes. New
York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858.
[From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The high merits of this elaborate work
have been settled so entirely in the learned
criticism called forth by the First Edition
that we need say no more of the two vol-
umes now on our table than that they have
been made to include whatever of progress

has been accomplished in the Inductive Sciences in the last twenty years, and that they are published in the very best style of the Appletons. The paper is clear and firm and the typography excellent, and the volumes are in all respects equal in appearance to the handsome Biographical History of Philosophy by G. H. Lewes, recently issued by the same house.

THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK; or, *The Whole Art of Conjuring*: being a Complete Hand-Book of Parlor Magic, and Containing over One Thousand Experiments. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1858. [From George M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

Whoever would penetrate the mysterious veil which enshrouds the magic of Wyman and the *diablerie* of Blitz, may do so under the guidance of this manual. It is a complete vade-mecum for the traveller in the regions of the Black Art, and though time may be better employed than in journeying thither, there is yet much amusement to be derived from some of the descriptions of its secrets.

ELEMENTARY GERMAN READER, on the plan of Jacob's Greek Reader, &c., &c. By Rev. L. W. HUYDENRICH. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

An intelligent friend engaged in teaching tells us that there is great need just now of such a work as this, and that it will be highly useful in schools. From the examination we have given its contents, we are satisfied that the extracts have been wisely chosen, while the exercises and vocabulary, which are prefixed and appended to them, enhance the value of the volume. The printing of the work is an excellent specimen of German text.

A DICTIONARY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. By Robley Dunglison, M.D., LL.D. Revised and very greatly enlarged. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1858. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Books of this sort do not fall properly within the range of our critical examination, but we can hardly err in commending

the Dictionary of Medical Science to the very large class of professional men for whom it is designed, as an improved edition of a work with which they have long been familiar. Dr. Dunglison is an accepted authority in medical matters in the U. States, and the compilation of so formidable a lexicon as this bears the strongest testimony to his ardent zeal and his accurate knowledge. A scientific friend who has looked over the work tells us that he detects some blemishes of a trivial character, but it could not be expected that so large a compendium should be altogether free from them.

We beg to acknowledge the regular receipt of the Foreign Reviews and *Blackwood's Magazine* from Mr. Jas. Woodhouse, the Richmond agent of the New York publishers. Blackwood still continues delightful, and the new novel of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton increases in interest with every successive number. Some of the Reviews of the last quarter seem to us below the usual standard of merit, and the *Westminster* has become so glaringly profane and indecent of late that we are sorry to see it circulated in the United States. The publishers would do well to stop reprinting it and substitute some other of the British quarterlies in its place. The service they render the American public in placing the best of the English standards of literary opinion within reach of everybody is undeniably a great one, and it should not be diminished if not negated by the general dissemination of the abominable principles of the *Westminster Review*.

From Mr. James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street, we have received "The Fortunes of Nigel," in the beautiful Household Edition of the Waverley Novels published by Ticknor & Fields, to which we have so often referred. Each fresh issue of this most charming series places the public under new obligations to the enterprising Boston firm which has shown so much taste and liberality in its publication. But eighteen volumes are now lacking to complete the edition, and these will be forthcoming within the year. We feel satisfied that it will supersede all other editions of Sir Walter in the United States, both on account of its elegance and its cheapness, and that the publishers will thus be well rewarded ultimately for their pains.



SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1858.

THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY.

"Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee"—JOB, xv: 6.

There is in the human mind a tendency to accept, without contradiction, those assertions which are boldly and frequently repeated. However unsupported by any shadow of proof, they often pass down from one generation to another as irrefutable axioms. Through indolence, carelessness, or respect for long established opinions, we receive them unchallenged, until some day they vanish at the first touch of investigation, leaving us to wonder at our own credulity.

The examples which make this proposition as evident as noon-day are so numerous, that it becomes almost impossible to select from among them. The whole history of man is but the record of stupendous errors in religion and philosophy, science and politics; each having its origin in the "*ipse dixit*" of some man or set of men, governing for a time the actions or opinions of mankind, and sinking into utter oblivion, or remaining only as a monument of man's blindness and folly.

Except religion, there is no department of human affairs in which more false theories have been advanced than in *Social Economy*. It is there that we find the wildest assertions made and repeated with an assurance and pertinacity which may well force the assent of the ignorant, the wavering, and the indifferent. In the following pages we propose to attempt the refutation of one of those assertions.

It is this: that those countries in

which free labour exists, are greatly superior in their political and social condition, and especially in their prosperity, to those in which slavery prevails. The corollary deduced from this is, that free labour is the cause of the superiority of the former, and slavery of the inferiority of the latter.

This proposition is certainly not new to the reader. If there ever was one forced upon the belief of mankind by loudness and boldness of asseveration and incessant repetition, it is this. It is heard daily from the pulpit, the forum, the stump, and the lecturer's desk. It resounds in Exeter as well as in Faneuil Hall. The press scatters it to all the quarters of the globe. It is repeated and re-echoed, and reverberated, until the intended effect is partly produced, and multitudes, unable to withstand the cataract of words, and deafened by its roar, are fain to hush their feeble voices and bow in acquiescence. And so far has this result been effected, that there are some even in the South who, for want of information on the subject, are more than half convinced. They grant that slavery is a great evil, but they reject the responsibility of it by declaring that it is not of their own choice or creation. They regret that circumstances make this evil necessary in their country, and apologize for it upon the ground that it cannot be abolished without being succeeded by other evils of still greater magnitude; and in this they are right to

a much greater extent than they themselves suppose. They lament that this state of things exists and that the South is kept back by this incubus, as they are willing to call it, in the career of prosperity, while the free States are fast outstripping her in their progress.

We hope to be able to show that such concessions are due to a misconception of the state of free society, and that instead of apologizing for an imaginary inferiority, we should assume the ground that the inferiority is on the other side. To prove this, it will be necessary merely to present to the reader a faithful picture of the condition of the masses of the people in those countries in which free labour alone has existed for a considerable length of time. There will be no need of drawing upon the other side a corresponding picture of the state of society where slave labour prevails, for we are writing chiefly for the Southern public, who are thoroughly acquainted with their own country. They know that their peculiar institutions, *like all other human establishments*, are accompanied by certain evils with which they are perfectly familiar. When the evils which afflict free society shall have been exposed to their view, they will be fully informed on both sides of the question, and they can decide for themselves whether the boasted superiority of so-called free countries, has any foundation in fact.

In the first portion of this argument, we shall present for the reader's consideration the evils of the social condition of the great body of the people in free countries; designating by this name those in which slavery, as we understand it at the South, does not exist, and having no reference to the form of the government.

In the second portion, we shall briefly pass in review the different attempts which have been made to solve the great problem of the day: "How can these existing social evils be removed or mitigated?"

At the very threshold of the inquiry into the condition of free society, we are struck with a prominent fact. This is the separation of capital from labour.

The consequences which flow from this

separation are, 1st. A redundancy of population; and 2d. An unbridled competition of the holders of capital with each other.

It is evident that equality of wealth is an impossibility dreamed of only by visionaries whose folly is commensurate with their ignorance. It is found only in savage nations. If among them all are equal, it is because all are alike destitute of everything but those absolute necessities the absence of which is death. A high degree of civilization cannot exist without the accumulation of capital in the hands of some who are thereby enabled to direct the labours of the masses towards a common purpose. Hence the necessity of laws to protect property, for without such laws capitals can never be accumulated.

It is also evident that a country which pursues agriculture to the exclusion of manufactures and commerce, can never have more than a fraction of the population that it could support by the cultivation of all those branches of human industry. For example, the whole number of persons who obtain their subsistence by agricultural labour in England, is about five millions. It is clear that much the greater part of the other twelve millions of the population could not exist in that country, unless other occupations furnished them the means of purchasing that portion of agricultural produce necessary to their subsistence. As a general rule a nation which pursues agriculture alone will possess but a moderate aggregate of wealth; for a certain density of population is necessary to the full development of the natural resources of any country. All other things being equal, that country will be most prosperous which has full as large a population as its agriculture, manufactures, and commerce can maintain IN COMFORT AND ABUNDANCE. But this is the limit. Any increase beyond this point is an evil. It may and does frequently happen that both the population and the wealth increase *pari passu*; and as long as this is the case, perhaps no evil effects will occur. But from the moment that from any cause a part of the able-bodied population *must of necessity* be in a state of

suffering, the limit of healthy and desirable increase has been transgressed. In free countries it cannot be long before this happens.

Let us imagine a land situated in the most favourable circumstances. Its agriculture, carried to a high degree of perfection, employs just that proportion of its inhabitants which causes it to yield the largest return *per hand*. Its manufactures are flourishing, and almost entirely limited to those objects which are of real value and never failing demand among the masses of a prosperous people. Commerce is active and serves to bring the comforts rather than the luxuries of distant regions, which are exchanged for the surplus of the agricultural and mechanical industry. Moreover the number of those who seek employment in these different pursuits, as well as in the liberal arts and professions is less than the demand for their services, so that every one easily finds employment at a fair remuneration. Agriculture producing a considerable surplus of the means of subsistence, there is no fear of scarcity, for even the scanty crops of an unfavourable season supply more than enough for the home consumption. The manufacturers depending for their profits upon an unfailing demand will never find the markets glutted, and will never be compelled to suspend their operations or diminish the wages of their operatives. Commerce having a safe basis upon which to operate, will be exempt from those violent fluctuations which produce such disastrous effects. If we suppose in addition such a country to be blessed with a free and enlightened government, every one will acknowledge that it must enjoy a degree of prosperity hardly to be surpassed.

Now let us imagine this country, limited in extent, like Great Britain or France, for example, to start from this

flourishing condition, and let us observe its course.

Taking the universal experience of all countries as the rule, it will be this: The population having no check upon its increase, augments with great rapidity. Under the circumstances that we have supposed, it is very probable, as Malthus has so amply and conclusively proved, that it will double in twenty or twenty-five years. The productions of the soil have increased it is true, but not in the same ratio;* and the numbers engaged in agriculture are very little larger than before; for if at a given time one man could cultivate a certain portion of ground well, with the improvements in knowledge and implements, one man is still sufficient to cultivate this same portion better. The population who depend upon commerce and the industrial arts for their subsistence has therefore greatly increased. The supply of manufactured products and the quantity of labourers are much greater compared to the demand, and the price of labour has consequently diminished. There are more seeking employment now than can easily find it, and the population begins to press upon the means of subsistence. In a word, the country is suffering from an *excess of population*. We will examine presently in detail the consequences of this. Let us try to form a distinct idea of what it is.

When we hear it said that England proper with an area of fifty thousand square miles has nearly seventeen millions of inhabitants, this presents to our minds only an indefinite idea of a tolerably dense population. According to this scale Virginia, instead of less than one million five hundred thousand inhabitants, would have about twenty millions. If we take as a term of comparison, not England alone, but the most enlightened and prosperous countries of Europe, we

* It would be entirely out of the range of this article to enter into the demonstration of these two propositions. If any one is disposed to doubt them, let him read the splendid work of Malthus on Population, which, however misrepresented and ridiculed at the time of its appearance, is now recognized by every Political Economist of any note, as an indisputable authority. The author shows that while population increases in a geometrical ratio, the productions of the earth augment only in an arithmetical ratio.

find that the average number of inhabitants to the square mile for the British Islands, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, and Prussia, is two hundred and thirty; being exactly ten times what it is in Virginia. Applying this scale to our State we would have about fifteen millions of inhabitants, and Richmond would have between three and four hundred thousand. Such is the crowded condition of the manufacturing countries of Europe; and if the manufacturing States of this Union have not reached the same point, it is only because emigration to the boundless regions of the West has afforded an outlet to most of those who could not find profitable employment at home.

What takes place in countries so situated?

In order to furnish the means of subsistence to the great mass of the people not employed in agriculture, manufactures are carried to the highest degree of perfection. Commerce acquires a corresponding development. Capitals accumulate enormously in the hands of skilful men. Great luxury prevails among the wealthy classes, and this creates and supports new branches of industry, which, however, depend chiefly upon artificial wants. So far the picture is bright enough. But it has its shadows.

In order that manufactures may remain in a prosperous condition, and afford the means of subsistence to those whom they employ, it is indispensable that the products which they create should meet with a ready sale. To procure outlets for its goods is therefore the great aim of a manufacturing and commercial nation. Take England as the best representative of the class. Her prosperity depends upon keeping the markets of the world open to British goods. By skilful negotiation, often by force she has secured to herself a monopoly in many countries. But the great means upon which she depends, is to undersell all her competitors. As soon as another nation can sell a given product in any one market as cheap, England's monopoly in that market is gone. The moment this nation can sell cheaper, England is

excluded from it. The process has been exemplified in this country with regard to many varieties of goods. At first, we imported our whole supply of these goods from England. When we could manufacture them for a price equal to that of the English article with its cost of transportation here, both stood upon a footing of equality. But the moment that the American article fell below that standard, the English article became absolutely excluded, for none could be bought except at a loss. What is true of one article and of one country, is true of all. Whichever nation succeeds in underselling all others, secures to herself the markets of the world. To attain this end is therefore the aim of all the great manufacturing and commercial nations.

This is not all.

The same reasons that make nations anxious to undersell each other everywhere, also make the manufacturers of any one country eager to undersell each other in the home as well as the foreign market. The prominent feature of modern industrial society is therefore a furious competition between capitalists, each one striving to underbid his rivals and to secure to himself the possession of the market. The result of this is the continual reduction of the price of most manufactured goods.

How is this reduction effected and upon whom does it bear?

It is evident that every reduction which is caused by improvements in machinery, or the better application of natural powers, is a clear gain to the consumer, and does not diminish the profits of the capitalist or the wages of the labourer. Nor does it augment them except in the case of the discoverer of the improvement, and then only for a very short period. But any reduction in price not occasioned by an improvement in the manufacturing process, must be due either to a diminution of the profits of the capitalists who direct the enterprise, or to a diminution of the wages of the labourers whom he employs. It will not be denied by those who are familiar with the principles of Political Economy, that the reduction must, as a general rule, fall upon the labourer.

number seeking for employment all in proportion to the demand, employers, finding some difficulty in getting as much labour as they wanted, are obliged to give high wages. In other words, labour being scarce, its price would be high. Capitalists are compelled to bid against each other to procure it, and the highest bidder alone secure it.

Here, as in the great manufacturing countries of the world, the supply far exceeds the demand, the case is reversed. Instead of the capitalists having to bid each other to secure labour, the labourers who have to *underbid* each other to obtain employment. Thus the competition that exists among employers of capital exists also among men; but it is a hundred times more and more deadly, for its object is not merely profit but the preservation of life itself. Thousands of able and skilful men are seeking for employment, and are unable to obtain it.

The market presses them with its iron hand, and they see their wages diminishing until they are insufficient to support themselves and their little ones, but how can they resist this diminution. Shall they consent to work at the reduced rate? What will be the result? The manufacturer is a man of capital; he does not depend upon the day's work for the day's subsistence. If he thinks it necessary, he can suspend his operations, a week, a month, a year, and he cannot be blamed for doing so. But in the mean time, the labourer has spent what savings he may have, and they are always small.

He has pawned or sold his paltry little savings for bread, and now the door is shut against him. He must submit to the will of those who possess the instrument of labour or he must starve. There is no alternative. It is idle to say that he might seek occupation in other directions of his own, for they are all over his head. If they were not, his previous training has fitted him but for one thing. A carpenter, for example, cannot turn a shoemaker; nor can the field labourer become a shoemaker or a tailor.

More than this, the division of labour which has enabled modern industry to perform such wonders, has rendered him in many cases utterly incapable to work on his own account, for he has learned to perform only one of the many operations necessary to complete a given product. He who has worked in a lock factory, for example, cannot make a lock, but only a small part of it. The man who makes the lock plate does not make the wards, or the bolts, or the key, or the latch, or the knob. These different parts are made each by a different workman, who seldom learns to make any other. What can this man, who has never made anything but the tenth or fiftieth part of a lock, do for his living when thrown out of employment in the lock factory? But this is not all yet. Often the modern operative has never done anything but tend a power-loom, or a water-wheel, or a steam engine, without which he is unable to produce anything. He is bound not only to his trade, but to his machine and to the employer who owns it, by a chain which he can never hope to break. He must therefore submit to the reduction of his wages. This may be starvation in a slower or a different form, but it seems to him better than immediate starvation. Wages once reduced rarely rise again, unless war, pestilence, famine, or all these combined, sweep off such numbers of the population as to make labourers scarce. Thus it is that the time comes when wages are insufficient to support the labourer and his family; and then they must die, or become paupers or criminals.

Observe that in this matter the employer can seldom be blamed, although the labourers will hardly ever believe it. Very generally he would be glad to be able to relieve the distress of his operatives, but he cannot do so without bringing ruin not only upon himself but upon his creditors. He also is controlled by inflexible circumstances.

In order to show that the statements just advanced are not the results of theory, but the deductions drawn from terrible facts, we have only to quote the testimony of those who live in free society,

who are its warmest advocates, and who, by a strange inconsistency, are the bitterest opponents of slavery. We mean the great mass of European politicians and writers.

We will examine first the condition of the agricultural labourers of Europe.

The British peasant lives in a small house, or rather hovel, containing sometimes two rooms,—frequently but one. In this narrow dwelling are crowded the father, mother, with an average number of five children, and often an aged parent whom premature infirmities have disabled. He is up before day, and having dispatched his scanty meal, he starts out to his work, frequently three or four miles distant from his dwelling. In all seasons and weathers, he must labour early and late to procure the daily food for his family. His clothing, of the coarsest description, is often little else but rags. He lives on brown bread or potatoes. Even the English peasant scarcely ever tastes meat. The Irishman not only must confine himself to potatoes, but even to the coarsest variety; the better kind, as well as the inevitable pig being destined to pay the rent to the landlord. The Scottish labourer's fare is oat-meal porridge, and he hardly tastes animal food from one year's end to another. Yet, unpalatable as is the British peasant's diet, he would deem it a blessing if he could always obtain a supply sufficient to satisfy the hunger of his family. But such is not the case. Unfavourable seasons, bad crops, sickness, may at any time diminish or entirely cut off his means of subsistence. He cannot remove from one place to another, the operation of the Poor Laws forbid this; but if he could, it would not generally improve his condition. He must become a pauper, or more frequently privations and exposure make him and his children an easy prey to disease, and they sink into a premature grave leaving their places to be filled up by wretches like themselves. Should the landlord deem it best to turn his fields into sheep-walks, the miserable tenantry are expelled without hesitation, to become vagrants and outcasts. That very Duchess of Suther-

land, the patroness of Mrs. Stowe, and writer of a Pharisaical appeal to the ladies of America on the subject of slavery, has ejected for that purpose hundreds of her tenants; her agents in many cases, it is said, actually pulling down the cottages or setting them on fire to compel the inmates to vacate them. Let us hear Englishmen testify in their own words as to the condition of their countrymen, and let us bear in mind while listening to their testimony that the witnesses belonging to a class far above that whose sufferings they lay bare, are therefore above the suspicion of partiality.

Mr. John Fox, medical officer of the Cerne Union, in Dorsetshire, says of the dwellings of the rural labourers:

"Most of the cottages are of the worst description, some mere mud hovels and situated in low and damp places, with cess pools or accumulations of filth close to the doors. The clay floors of many are much below the level of the road, and in wet seasons, are little better than so much mud. In many of the cottages, the beds stood on the ground floor which was damp three parts of the year; scarcely one had a fire-place in the bed-room, and one had a single pane of glass stuck in the mud wall as its only window. Persons living in such cottages," adds the worthy doctor with great *naïveté*, "are generally very poor, very dirty and usually in rags; living only on bread and potatoes, scarcely ever tasting animal food, and consequently highly susceptible of disease and very unable to contend with it."

Here is a description of the dwellings in Southleigh, Dorsetshire.

"House almost in ruins—been so for ten years. Floor of mud dripping with water. Five in the family; a young man of twenty-one, a girl eighteen, another thirteen, with father and mother, all sleeping together up stairs. Rent of this cottage one shilling a week."

"Cottage after cottage in Southleigh presents the same characteristics. Clay floors, low ceilings letting in the rain, no ventilation; two rooms, one above and one below; gutters running through the lower room to let the water off. Inmates

disabled by rheumatism, ague and typhus."

This is in England. Hear what Mr. Symonds, a government commissioner, says of Wales:

"The people of my district are universally poor. The cottages in which the people dwell are miserable in the extreme in every part of Cardiganshire, Brecknockshire, and Radnorshire, except the East. I have myself visited many of the dwellings of the poor, and my assistants have done so likewise. I believe that the Welsh cottagers are very little if at all superior to the Irish huts in the country districts. Brick chimneys are very unusual. In few cottages is there more than one room, which serves the purposes of living and sleeping. A large dresser and shelves usually form the partition between the two; and where there are separate beds for the family a curtain or low board (if it exists) is the only division, with no regular partition."

Mr. Kay, speaking of England, says:

"The accounts we receive from all parts of the country show that these miserable cottages are crowded to excess. People of both sexes and all ages, married and unmarried, parents, brothers, sisters and strangers, sleep in the same rooms, and often in the same beds. One gentleman tells us of six people of different sexes and ages, two of them man and wife, sleeping in the same bed, three with their heads at the top and three at the foot of the bed. Another tells us of adult uncles and nieces sleeping in the same bed together; another of adult brothers and sisters; and others mention facts of these crowded bedrooms much too horrible to be alluded to. *Nor are these solitary instances*, but similar reports are given by gentlemen writing in all parts of the country."

What a condition, and to what state of morals does it not lead!

Hear Robert Southey's energetic language:

"To talk of English happiness," says he, "is like talking of Spartan freedom. The *helots* are overlooked. In no country can such riches be acquired by commerce, but it is the one who grows rich by the

labor of the hundred. The hundred human beings like himself, as wonderfully fashioned, gifted with the same capacities and equally made for immortality, are sacrificed body and soul. Horrible as it must appear, the assertion is true to the very letter. They are deprived of all instruction and all enjoyment of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges, of fresh air by day, and natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and to bring forth slaves like themselves to tread in the same path of misery. The English boast of their liberty, but there is no liberty in England for the poor. They are no longer sold with the soil, it is true; but they cannot quit the soil if there be any probability or suspicion that age or infirmity may disable them. If in such a case they endeavor to remove to some situation where they hope more easily to maintain themselves, where work is more plentiful, or provisions cheaper, the overseers (of the poor) are alarmed, the intruder is apprehended as if he were a criminal, and sent back to his own parish. Wherever a pauper dies, that parish must be at the cost of his funeral. Instances, therefore, have not been wanting of wretches in the last stages of disease having been hurried away in an open cart upon straw, and dying upon the road."

Can language be stronger? "Without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame!" What a picture of "Merrie England," by one of her most gifted sons!

Time has brought no improvement since Southey penned those burning lines. Listen to another Englishman writing in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1842:

"It is a deplorable fact," says he, "that the English agricultural poor who have large families of very young children, live much better as beggars than as

labourers. Eight or nine shillings per week will not support a man with a wife and five children. When the eldest of the children can keep her younger sisters and brothers in tolerable order, the wages of the labourer are augmented by the earnings of his wife, and to exist is barely possible. But existence is impossible in those English agricultural districts, where the average rate of wages is less than ten shillings; and yet there are many such districts, and multitudes of agricultural labourers are thus becoming mendicants. For there is no mystery in the poor man's house-keeping. He may pay his rent to a very kind landlord at harvest time. This is *just* possible. In like manner he may wear old, patched and tattered clothing, and himself and his family may absolutely refuse to follow the counsels of their vicar or curate to attend at church in spite of their ragged garments; and they may hide themselves on the one holiday of the week, ashamed of confessing their extreme poverty. The poor will not attend the Temple of God in tattered garments, and out of their scanty wages they cannot afford even shoes for their children. And then as to firing; the children may be put to bed early in the winter afternoons, four and five in a small bed, as soon as their stomachs have been warmed with a sort of hot slop of water and brown sugar, with the rinsings of a milk-pot, and may sleep from five in the afternoon to seven in the morning. But at last the morning comes, and craving appetites, and many mouths to feed, and many stomachs to be satisfied, and either the loaf, rice, or potatoes must be supplied." * * *

"It is undeniable that in most of the purely agricultural districts, the wages of the labourer are not adequate to his maintenance. The food of each day must be bought and paid for; and it is very easy to calculate that this cannot be done when the wages of an agricultural labourer with his family are under fifteen shillings per week. *Yet in nearly two thirds of those districts, the wages average scarcely more than the moiety of that sum.*" * * *

"If the agricultural poor in England

could support existence in anything like comfort with the present rates of wages and food, from an intimate acquaintance with their characters and sentiments, we feel justified in saying that they would shun the evils and horrors of mendicancy; but when after years of unceasing toil, they find that the fire never blazes, the smoke-jack never turns, and the beer can never foam for them, but that squalid poverty and then disease, are their abiding portions, unless they become dependent upon the *Unions* for their support, they rush away from the scenes of their sorrows and ruin, and become beggars!"

If this witness does not write in as polished a style as Southey, the picture which he draws is hardly less vivid.

To speak of Ireland would be superfluous. The orator, the poet and the historian have recorded her woes in memorials more lasting than brass. She stands the Niobe of modern times, turned to very stone for the loss of her children, swept away by starvation and disease.

Different laws and customs, a much greater degree of social equality, a milder climate, and especially a less dense population, have produced results somewhat less mournful to behold in France and other continental States. But there, also, the condition of the peasantry is one of great privation. Many of those things which we consider as necessities, are never seen in the peasant's cottage. Tea, coffee, and sugar are luxuries beyond his reach. It is true that the common wine of the country is a substitute for these, but it must also fill the place of almost all kinds of animal food. Rye-bread, generally of the color of tobacco, with a cheap kind of cheese, or an onion or two, and a scanty draught of wine or cider, forms the nourishment of the French, German and Spanish peasantry. And this meagre diet is often deficient in quantity as well as in quality. If the wretched labourer loses a few days from sickness or want of employment, the pale, hungry little faces around his bare table send unutterable anguish to his heart. And when the cold blasts of winter add to the pangs of hunger, how desolate his existence! Then you might see the shiver-

ing forms of young children thinly clad and bare-footed, eagerly seeking for every twig and fragment of dead wood, that the jealous watchfulness of the land-owners allows them to glean in the forests. What a contrast between the American farmer and the European peasant! Wherever the belated traveller may stop in this broad land of ours, the house of the settler affords a simple but abundant hospitality. Even in the rudest log-house of the wilderness, unless extreme indolence or intemperance has left its curse upon the inmates, he is sure of a substantial repast for himself, and plentiful provender for his horse; and frequently these are forced upon him with a heartiness which calls to mind those beautiful words, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But how could the European rustic dispense the rites of hospitality? In his wretched home are no stores of provisions. Though he is industrious, temperate and honest, though his hands are callous with daily toil, he lives "from hand to mouth." Daily he sends to the village baker for his slender supply of brown bread. By the side of his hovel stands no plethoric crib bursting with the rich, yellow corn; and the evening meal generally consumes the last atom of food purchased for the day. Having seldom enough for himself, he could not give or even sell to others. The demons of suffering and starvation which garrison his dwelling leave him no possibility of exercising that virtue by which "some have entertained angels unawares."

Turn we now from the agricultural to the manufacturing laborer.

He who visits one of those temples which modern industry raises for itself, might with reason suppose himself transported to some magic palace of the Arabian Nights, filled with the wonders of Aladdin's Lamp. Around him, in endless array, are displayed the productions of human skill. Stuffs of silk and gold enriched with the most ingenious and delicate designs; gems from the bowels of the earth doubled in value by the laborious art of the lapidary; golden vessels and ornaments less precious

for their material than their workmanship; gorgeous furniture combining the highest forms of beauty with the purposes of usefulness: tissues rivalling the gossamer in the fineness of their texture; above all, that most valuable of all metals, iron, under a thousand shapes, from the simple cut nail to the hair spring of the watch, of far higher price than its weight in gold; or the tremendous machinery of the ocean steamer, whose regular, irresistible, and, (in itself,) noiseless action, seems the very impersonation of impassible destiny; in a word, all the powers and productions of nature made tributary to man's comfort and luxury, create in the mind of the beholder an almost unbounded idea of the power of human skill. Let him pass from the contemplation of these wonders to that of the labourers without whom they never would have existed, and what a contrast meets his eye!

If space permitted, and we did not fear to weary the reader's patience, we could draw, from official documents, compiled by disinterested men, a picture of horrors whose *realities* would transcend all the darkest fictions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her school. We are not left in these matters to the flights of fancy, or even to the voluntary testimony of zealots in the cause. Both the English Parliament and the French Chambers have sent commission after commission to inquire personally into the condition of the labouring classes; and the reports of those commissions fill volumes. From these materials it is easy to sketch the history and condition of the industrial labourer.

He begins his life of toil in the years of infancy, from seven to twelve years of age. His wages are generally higher than those of the agricultural labourer. But it must be remembered that his expenses are necessarily greater; he lives in a town or city where his lodgings, however mean, cost more, as well as most of the necessaries of life. At day break, and even before, he repairs to the factory, the cotton mill or the forge, or if he is a collier, to the subterranean depths of the coal-mines. There he labours with hardly

a moment's intermission, from twelve to eighteen hours. The heated atmosphere loaded with deleterious vapors or poisonous dust, undermines his health and shortens his life, for it is a melancholy reflection that many of the different pursuits of industry are attended by diseases peculiar to each. Such are the painter's cholic, the collier's asthma, the weaver's consumption, the sweep's cancer, the grinder's disease, &c. This is not all. At any moment the explosion of the fire damp, the bursting of a boiler, some entanglement in the machinery, the breaking of a rope, a beam, a ladder, a cog, may cost him his life, or maim him forever; and he is almost certain that sooner or later during his years of toil, some such accident will happen to him. With all this labour and exposure what does he earn? Barely the means of protracting for a few years his miserable life, and of leaving after him a race as wretched as himself. Nay, such is the terrible pressure of necessity, that to eke out his slender resources, he is compelled to expose his tender children to the withering influence of this existence, which stunts their growth, deforms their bodies, and corrupts their hearts. Think, ye that are fathers and mothers, of tender little girls, working twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours daily, in the dark coal seams, not more than twenty inches high, pushing the coal cars to the larger seams of the mine; or else, standing without relaxation on the factory floor, feeding a huge monster in the shape of a flax or cotton loom, at a temperature of 86 to 100°, in an atmosphere reeking with the foul smell of machinery oil and impure exhalations, and under the lash of overseers! Truly, the triumphs of industry, like those of the battle field, are not obtained without the groans and the lives of the victims.

Is this exaggeration?

Turn to the reports of Messrs. Horne, Symonds, Scriven, Mitchell, Kennedy, Wood, Franks, &c., &c., commissioners sent by the British Parliament, at different times and to various places, to inquire into the condition of the working population. We must quote from them very

sparingly; limiting ourselves mainly to those passages which describe general practices rather than particular cases.

Mr. Kennedy thus describes the labour of children in the coal seams:

"The child in front is harnessed by his chain to the wagon; the two boys behind are assisting in pushing it forward. Their heads are brought to a level with the wagon, and the body almost in a horizontal position. This is done partly to avoid striking the roof, and partly to gain the advantage of muscular action which is greatest in that position. It will be observed that the boy in front goes on his hands and feet. These boys by constantly pushing against the wagons, occasionally rub off the hair from the crowns of their heads so much as to make them almost bald. This labour is not confined to boys, but girls are also employed in it."

Listen to the homely but graphic language of the labourers in their testimony before the commissioners:

Evidence of Janet Cummings, 11 years old. Scottish mines:

"I gang with the women at 5, and come up with the women at 5 at night; work all night on Fridays, and come away at 12 in the day. I carry the larger bits of coal from the wall face to the pit bottom, and the small pieces in a creel. The weight is usually a cwt.; do not know how many pounds there are in a cwt., but it is some weight to carry. It takes three journeys to fill a tub of 4 cwt., distance from 150 to 250 fathoms. The roof is very low. Have to bend my back and legs, and the water comes up frequently to the calves of my legs. Have no liking for the work; father makes me like it. Never got hurt, but often obliged to scramble out when bad air was in."

Margaret Hipp, 17 years old. Stony Rigg Colliery, Stirlingshire:

"My employment after reaching the wall face, is to fill my *bagie*, with 2½ to 3 cwt. of coal. I then hook it on to my chain, and drag it through the seam, which is 26 to 28 inches high, till I get to the main-road, a good distance, probably 200 to 400 yards. The pavement I drag over is wet. I am obliged at all

times to crawl on hands and feet with my bagie hung to the chains and ropes. It is sad sweating and sore work, and frequently maims the women."

Agnes Moffat, 17 years old, coal-bearer:

"Began to work at 10 years of age; father took sister and I down; he gets our wages. I fill five buckets; the weight is more than 2500 lbs.—it takes me twenty journeys. Not uncommon for women to drop off the ladder down the dyke below."

Margaret Jacques, 17 years old:

"I have been seven years at coal-bearing. I make thirty rakes (trips) a day with 2 cwt. on my creel."

Helen Reid, 16 years old: "I have wrought five years. Am frequently worked from four in the morning to six at night. I carry near two hundred weight on my back."

All the medical witnesses testify amply as to the diseases consequent upon such excessive labours. These are inflammations of the joints and glands, diseases of the heart, asthma, ruptures. One surgeon says: "Most colliers become asthmatic at thirty." Another says: "I met with very few colliers above forty years of age, who, if they had not a confirmed asthmatic disease, were not suffering from difficult breathing."

Let us pass from the coal mines to the factories.

Evidence of James Patterson, aged sixty years, solemnly sworn. Witness deposes, "that he is an overseer in Messrs. James & W. Brown's flax spinning mill at Dundee, and has been in their employment about seven years; that he was previously at the spinning mill at Glamis for twelve years, and there lost his right arm, caught by the belt of the wheels. That he has been about forty years in spinning mills, and has seen the young people so lashed with a leather strap that they could hardly stand; that at Trollick he has seen them lashed, skin-naked, by the manager, James Brown; that at Monteith he has seen them taken out of bed, when they did not get up in time, and lashed with horse-whips to their

work, carrying their clothes, while yet naked, in their arms."

William Campbell testifies to the beating of the children by the overseers; hours of work twelve and a half.

Alexander Willie, twenty-six years old, deposes: "that he is a spinner in one of the spinning departments; that most of the spinners keep *taws* to preserve their authority, but he does not; that he has seen them (the children) pretty severely whipped when they were in fault; that he has seen *piecers* beat by the overseers even with their clenched fists; that he has seen both boys and girls so treated; that he has seen John Erwan beating his little *piecers* severely even within these few weeks; that when he had a boy as a *piecer*, he beat him even more severely than the girls; that he never saw a thermometer in his flat till to day; when, in consequence of a bet, the heat was tried, and found to be 72°; but that they are spinning coarser cotton in his flat than in some of the others, where a greater heat is required." "The thermometer last night," says another witness, speaking of a different factory, "was 102°."

Various witnesses depose "that the children are beat with straps or with the fist, sometimes kicked." One says he "chastises them with a light whip, sometimes with a cane. One boy died from the consequences of a kick from an overseer. Another had two ribs broken by a kick."

Abraham Fortesque, a clothier, being asked by the commissioners, "How are the children beaten?" answers: "That depends upon the humanity of the slubber, or spinner. Some have been beaten so severely that they have lost their lives in consequence of being so beaten; and even a young girl has had the end of a 'billy-roller' jammed through her cheek."

Question: "What is a billy-roller?"

Answer: "A heavy rod of from two to three yards long and two inches in diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. I have seen them take the billy-roller and tap them on the head, making their heads crack so that you might have heard it six or eight yards off in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery. I knew a boy

to be struck on the elbow; it occasioned a swelling; he was not able to work more than three or four weeks after the blow, and died in consequence. There was a woman in Holmfrith who was beaten very much; and she died in consequence of being beaten with a billy-roller."

Hear them tell of the effects of this life upon those who are subject to it.

One witness says of the children: "They are standing upon one leg, lifting up the other, a greater part of the day, to keep the spindles in motion. This makes many cripples. They are liable to have their fingers caught and to suffer other accidents from the machinery. Then the hours are so long that I have seen them drop down asleep among the straps and machinery, and so get cruelly hurt."

John Wright, steward in the silk factory of Messrs. Brinsley & Shatwell, says: "From my earliest recollection, I have found the effects to be awfully detrimental to the well-being of operatives. I have observed frequently children carried to the factories unable to walk, and that entirely owing to excessive labour and confinement. I remember, ten or twelve years ago, working in one of the largest firms in Macclesfield with about twenty-five men, where there were scarce one-half fit for His Majesty's service. Those that are straight in their limbs are stunted in their growth. There is an alarming increase of cripples in this town."

Report of Mr. Horne: "In Willenhall the children are shamefully and most cruelly beaten with a horsewhip, strap, stick, hammer handle, file, or whatever tool is nearest at hand, or are struck with the clenched fist or are kicked.

"In Sedgley they are sometimes struck with a red-hot iron, and bruised and burnt simultaneously: sometimes they have a 'flash of lightning' sent at them. When a bar of iron is drawn white hot from the forge it emits fiery particles, which the man commonly flings in a shower upon the ground by a swing of his arm before placing the bar upon the anvil. This, however, is sometimes directed at the boy. It may come over his hands and face, his naked arms or breast. If his shirt be open in front, which is

usually the case, the red-hot particles are lodged therein and he has to shake them out as fast as he can."

The Rev. Isaac Clarkson, magistrate, Vicar of Wednesbury: "In his capacity of magistrate complaints often came before him, made by boys against masters from different places round about. A boy from Darlaston has recently been beaten most unmercifully with a red-hot piece of iron. The boy was burnt, fairly burnt! Wished to cancel the indentures; but the master had been to the board of guardians, or to the clerk of the Stafford Union, and promised to behave better in future. Has had various similar cases brought before him."

(See the Reports of the "Children's Employment Commission," printed by the authority of the House of Commons, 1842 and '43; and an article upon them in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1844, for the authority for the facts above mentioned and the following.)

Among other witnesses mentioned by Mr. Horne, the superintendant registrar says: "That in those trades in which the work is by the piece, the growth of children is injured; that in these cases their strength is overtasked for the sake of profit. One of the constables of the town (Wolverhampton) states that there are examples without number of deformed men and boys; their backs or legs, or often both, growing wrong; the backs grow out, and the legs grow in at the knees; hump-backed, and knock-kneed. There is most commonly only one leg turned in, a *K* leg. It is occasioned by standing all day, for years, filing at a vice. Thinks that among the adults at Willenhall, whose work is forging or filing, one-third of the number are affected with hernia."

But, exclaims the advocate of free labour, these people are free-born Englishmen. If they are treated so harshly they can refuse to submit and appeal to the law, which will protect them against such usage.

Alas, how easy it is to disguise hideous realities with deceitful words! These men whom you call free because you do not see their owner in a tangible shape,

social system founded upon competition, that its effects on the children of the poor are, not only to stifle their intellects and deprave their hearts, but even to dry up or poison in them, the springs of life."

Hear him also upon the causes of the Lyonesse insurrection in 1831.

"Lyons," says he, "was in 1831 what it is at the present day. The silk trade employed from thirty to forty thousand journeymen. Above this class, having neither capital, credit, nor fixed domicile, and living from hand to mouth, was that of the master weavers, whose numbers amounted to eight or ten thousand. Each of these had four or five looms, and employed journeymen whom they furnished with implements and materials, keeping for their own share half the wages paid by the manufacturers. The manufacturers, of whom there were about eight hundred, formed a third class intermediate between the master weavers and those who, under the name of commission-agents, supplied the raw material. Thus the commission-agents ground down the manufacturers, who in their turn squeezed the master weavers, and the latter transferred to the journeymen the pressure entailed on themselves. Hence arose among the class who had to bear the whole burden of these accumulated tyrannies, that sullen rancour that ferments in the surcharged heart until the hour comes when it bursts forth in a whirlwind of passion.

"The prosperity of the Lyonesse trade had, however, for a long time, put off the evil day. As long as they had work

utmost limits. Some manufacturers continued to enrich themselves. But the majority seeing their profits diminishing, shifted their losses upon the shoulders of the master weavers, and these again transferred them to the journeymen. The wages of the intelligent and industrious workmen fell gradually from between four and six francs, to forty, thirty-five, twenty-five sous. In November, 1831, the workmen employed in weaving plain silks earned but eighteen sous, by eighteen hours of daily labour. The unfortunate workmen began to utter loud cries of distress when they saw their wives and children deprived of their very bread. The situation of the master weavers had become most fearful; the fall in prices no longer allowed them to defray the expenses of high rents, the losses resulting from the repeated stoppages of their looms, and from their too frequent putting in and out of gear; complaint became general."

What took place then? The historian, relating events still perfectly fresh in the memory of his countrymen, tells us that the workmen made a strike. That a compromise was agreed upon between them and the manufacturers, establishing a minimum of wages. That in a short time the manufacturers, perhaps from the pressure of necessity, refused to abide by it. Then followed a new strike, with assemblages and processions of workmen. The feelings of all parties became irritated. The manufacturers accused the workmen of violating public order; and as they belonged to the most influential class of society, they easily enlisted on their side the sympathies and fears of the authorities. At their instigation military force was employed to disperse the processions. This was done with some violence and the loss of a few lives. Then insurrection burst forth like a volcano. The bleeding bodies of the slain, carried through the populous quarters of the city, stirred up feelings of revenge and despair. The insurgents carrying flags with the words inscribed upon them, "Let us live by our labour, or let us die fighting!" "Work or death!" drove out the garrison, and kept complete possession

of the city for several days, during which they showed the utmost respect for the persons and property of those whom they considered as their oppressors. At last an army of twenty thousand men, headed by Marshal Soult and the Duke of Orleans, appeared, and they surrendered without having gained the least advantage by their resistance. Many had perished in the conflict; many more were consigned to prisons, or avoided this fate by flight; the cholera thinned out the remainder the ensuing Summer, and the rest of the population were enabled to vegetate for a few years. In 1834, a new insurrection took place, more serious than the first. The government, after subduing it, erected a citadel to overawe the rebellious city, and placed there a strong garrison of "armed paupers to keep in subjection paupers without arms."

With regard to the effects of factory labour upon the workmen in France, Mr. Raudôt says: "Every year about 300,000 young men reach the age of twenty. (The age of conscription.) Out of this number half only, and this is a deplorable fact, are fit for military service." And Mr. Charles Dupin, one of the first statesmen of that country, from the rostrum of the Chamber of Peers, declared that "out of 100,000 young men called to military service, the ten most manufacturing departments furnished 8,980 infirm or deformed." By the most moderate calculation, those ten departments could furnish, at the outside, only one-seventh of the 100,000 recruits, or 14,285, of whom consequently *nearly two-thirds* were disabled or deformed before the age of twenty! The comparative absence of physical deformity in our Southern population, is a relief to the eye and the feelings of any one whom a long residence in a large European city has accustomed to behold daily in the streets, vast numbers of the lame, the blind, and the hunchbacked.

It is certain that where the children of the poor are sent to the factories at the age of ten or earlier, to labour twelve or fourteen hours daily, there is neither time nor opportunity to impart to them any education. Accordingly, the documents

referred to afford the most abundant proof that the moral and mental condition of the labouring population is as miserable as can well be conceived. Mr. Kay says that more than half of the poor in England and Wales cannot read. A writer in "Household Words" says that the great bulk of them cannot; and remember that to speak of *the poor* means the great mass of the people. An article in the London Times in November, 1849, states that the convictions for crime in Dorsetshire alone, for four years, amounted to 4,000. An English writer, in 1834, stated as a fact, that about 120,000 of the population are always in jail. And when we think of the crowded condition of families, and even strangers, all sleeping together in the same room and the same beds as previously described, and this by the absolute compulsion of circumstances, can we wonder at being told by their own countrymen that this leads to the most demoralizing effects; "that there appears to be a perfect want of decency among the people." "That," says the rector of a parish, "the immorality of the young women is most horrible, and on the increase in an extraordinary degree." "That," says another, "promiscuous intercourse is most common, is thought of as nothing, and the women do not lose caste by it." That "adultery and incest are frightfully common!"....

Nothing can show their mental state in so striking a manner as the evidence derived from the examination of the children themselves by the sub-commissioners. Here is a fragment:

"A girl, 18 years old—I never learnt nothing. I never go to church or chapel. I have never heard that a good man came into the world, who was God's Son, to save sinners. I have never heard of Christ at all." (Evidence, Mines, p. 252.) "The Lord sent Adam and Eve on earth to save sinners." (p. 245.) "I don't know who made the world; I never heard about God." (p. 228.) "Jesus Christ was a shepherd; He came a hundred years ago to receive sin." (p. 232. "Jesus Christ was born in heaven, but I don't know what happened to Him; He came on earth to commit sin. Yes; to commit sin.

Scotland is a country, but I don't know where it is. Never heard of France." (p. 265.) "I don't know who Jesus Christ was; I never saw Him, but I've seen Foster who prays about Him." (p. 291.) "I have been three years at Sunday school. I don't know who the Apostles were. Jesus Christ died for His Son to be saved." (p. 245.) Employer to the commissioner: "You have expressed surprise at Thomas Mitchell (the preceding witness) not having heard of God. I judge there are few colliers hereabouts that have." (Second Report, p. 156.)

"It is stated by all classes of witnesses, 'that the most revolting feature of juvenile depravity in this town is early contamination from the association of the sexes;' 'that juvenile prostitution is exceedingly common.'"

Of the girls employed in the nail factories at Sedgley and the neighbourhood, the lace makers of Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Beds and Bucks, the account is equally unfavourable. The dreadful sufferings of the London milliners, working eighteen hours a day, are graphically described in the same documents. (See Edinburgh Review, January, 1844.)

But wherefore multiply quotations and accumulate evidence which might be increased almost without limits. Does any still doubt? Let him turn to the modern literature of Europe, especially of England and France. I care not what he reads! The historian, the philosopher, the journalist, the poet, the novelist, the orator and the dramatist, are all as if fascinated by the fearful subject: the sufferings, the degradation of the labouring classes; that is to say, of nearly the whole nation. Thomas Hood's Song of the Shirt is not the lyrical embodiment of a fable; nor is the "Joe of Tom's All Alone," in Dickens' "Bleak House," a creation of the romancer's brain without many a wretched prototype in real life!

For what equivalent, (if the word can be used without bitter mockery,) does the wretched labourer, or artisan, sacrifice his health, shorten his life, destroy the souls and bodies of his tender children,

and reduce himself to the level of the brute?

For an average of twelve shillings a week, or forty-four cents a day, for adult labourers, and two to four shillings a week for children. Sometimes, as in the case of the Lyonesse silk weavers, for *eighteen cents per day of eighteen hours' work*; and this in countries where most of the necessities of life are dearer than in ours.

What crushing oppression, what intolerable tyranny compels them to it?

Inexorable necessity! Gaunt, ghastly hunger! Think you that anything less would have power to do it?

Yes, it is hunger which presses them; and there are at all times, in those great manufacturing countries, thousands of able-bodied and industrious men who are willing to labour for the merest pittance which will keep soul and body together, and who can find no regular employment.* Their cry is not for alms, but for work, but no man needs them or their work. They are supernumeraries. We are told by Political Economists, that the wages of the labourer cannot sink below what is necessary to support him and to enable him to rear a family, otherwise the race would perish, or be so much diminished as to cause a scarcity of labour which would be followed by a corresponding rise in its market value. But where there are so many thousands of superfluous hands, wages must fall below this limit, at least so much as to allow multitudes to perish yearly from the consequences of destitution; the compensation of the labourer may be very little above what is absolutely necessary to support him alone, and yet the supply remains greater than the demand. Though many die, yet too many are left.

Even this minimum might be deemed a blessing. The miserable operative, dividing among many the bread sufficient but

for one, would waste and decay slowly; he and his wife and children would shrink and wither day by day, but he might perhaps be patient and hope on to the end, and die at last, attributing to disease what was merely starvation.

But what is to become of him in those crises so common in modern society? Cotton rises five cents per pound, or the silk crop fails, and consequently twenty commercial houses become bankrupt, involving in their ruin a hundred manufacturers, who stop twice as many mills or factories; and fifty thousand workmen are discharged at once, perhaps in one single district. Or else there is a general money pressure, and all manufacturers contract the sphere of their operations, throwing hundreds of thousands out of employment.† Or, again, a great war breaks out; the supplies of raw material are cut off, or the outlets for the manufactured article are closed, and a similar result follows. The French Revolution of 1848, threw out of occupation one million of men in that country alone. Nay, more than this; a mere whim of fashion may deprive thousands of the means of subsistence. The simple substitution of shoe-strings for shoe-buckles is stated to have deprived of employment twenty thousand persons in Birmingham and Sheffield. In such cases, what can the workman do but starve unless public or private charity interferes to save him from such a doom?

What is then the labourer of modern society? A slave! Ay, worse than a slave, for he is of no value to any one. Hear what Linguet said of him ninety years ago. "The slave was maintained when he could not work. But the free labourer who is badly paid when he does work, what is to become of him when he does not? Who is there to trouble himself about his lot? Whom does it cost anything when he perishes of languor and

* Not less than 480,000 yearly in England alone.

† The crisis of 1857, which had not begun when these lines were penned, is a sad illustration of this assertion, and its effects at the North show that even our peculiar advantages will not shield us from the consequences of excessive industrial competition and a superabundance of labour.

he is there, consequently,sted in hindering him from The slave was precious to account of the money which him. But the free labourer h voluptuary who employs

In times of servitude the had some price; they were t what they brought in mar-hey are no longer sold, they no intrinsic value. In an pa horse is of much more a soldier, because the horse ad they can get the soldier

The suppression of slavery his calculation of war to pass y life. (LINGUET. *Théorie* 4.)

iew of the condition of the labourer, which has led the European socialist schools to a of liberty: "Liberty is the merely the right,) belonging exercise his faculties as he rule is Justice, its limits, others; Nature is its principlaw its safeguard."

is the commentary of one of distinguished upon this defi-

gnifies a right to acquire ted to all, when credit and ants of labour belong only to at signifies a right to pro-ut the means of realizing

What matters a broad and the wretch who cannot walk? he possession of the instru- labour is a monopoly; wher-ling out of credit is in the ivate capitalists who lend only wherever competition leaves ipitalist at the mercy of the ver the lives of the citizens upon their good conduct and but upon the cessation of demand or the invention of od; wherever the children of forced away at seven years the school where they would d, and buried alive in the re they are worked for twelve y; where, in fine, there are teen prostituting themselves

for bread; infanticides from penury; workmen whom the invention of a new machine turns into the streets to starve, and thousands of labourers who wake some day with pale faces and raging hearts, and rush to the fight with this cry: 'Let us live by our labour or die fighting!' freedom is but a lure, but the hypocrisy of despotism."

"And," continues he, "the fault is not in men, but in things. . . . The destruction of a despotism of this sort is therefore an affair of science, not of revolt. It is the principle that is impious; it is the situation which is guilty." (LOUIS BLANC, *History of Ten Years, Conclusion.*) We have here the French counterpart to Southey's mournful exclamation quoted above, "There is no liberty in England for the poor!"

Yes, they are all compelled to acknowledge it. The poor man has only changed his name. He was once called a serf, then a villein, and now a labourer; but in reality he is now, more than ever, a slave. And his bondage is but the more cruel, *because instead of being the slave of MEN who would be merciful, for the sake of their own interest if nothing more, they are the slaves of things, of circumstances which can have no mercy.* When English legislation wished compassionately to interfere to protect the poor from the effects of their own competition, and enacted that no females should work in the coal mines, and that the factory working hours should not exceed ten, multitudes of operatives petitioned that these enactments might be repealed; and that they might be allowed to deform their bodies, to ruin their health and morals, to wear out their lives and those of their little ones, and why? Because by these limitations upon their labour they would earn a few ounces less of bread; because fatigue, dangers, blows, exhaustion, deformity and moral degradation seemed to them preferable to the pangs of hunger!

To all these evils, add the unspeakable hatred and rage accumulated and "compressed in the heart's hot cells" of those millions of wretched beings, who knowing themselves to be of the same blood and race as the more favoured classes, see

these revelling in wealth, while they themselves are perishing of misery. Compare those pale, haggard, hollow-eyed, famine-wilted populations with the black slaves of our country, the *best paid*, and the most contented labourers on the face of the globe, cheerfully acknowledging the fitness of their inferior position, perfectly willing to remain in it, tormented by no envious heart-burnings or cares for the future, and say which presents the most proper object for the sympathy and compassion of the philanthropist.

Such, then, are the evils which attend the development of modern industrial society in Free countries. And we assert that the same causes will produce the same effects everywhere; if not immediately, at some period more or less remote. It is absurd to expect that even our country is to be an exception to the general rule. If the Northern States of the Union have not yet suffered from the effects of excessive competition, it is only because, however great has been the increase of population, the increase of our natural resources, by the opening of new regions, has been still more rapid. But the day must come in which the necessary consequences of the system will begin to show themselves. Free labour

leads to a superabundance of population, which brings on the unbridled competition which we have described, and all the woes which flow from it.

The view of the case would be incomplete if we did not take a glance at the supposed advantages of that form of society.

The true and proper object of government or society, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But under the system which we have been considering, the wretchedness and suffering which struck our eyes, is the condition of the immense majority. Who are the labourers, the mechanics, the poor in the Free countries of Europe where the system has had time to work out its legitimate results? Why, it is the nation. What if some few are enabled to display an almost fabulous luxury when this is bought by the miseries of millions. What if a Duke of Buccleugh or Sutherland, or a Marquis of Westminster, has an income of a thousand pounds a day, when hundreds of thousands die yearly of starvation. Surely the wealth of a few, however immense, is no compensation for the abject poverty of the mass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTE.—The greater part of this essay was delivered more than a year ago in the form of a lecture, before the most ancient literary society in the State of Virginia. In preparing these pages for the press, the writer has made some additions; numerous passages will also be found here, which, although written at the time, were left unread, some from want of time, and others from other considerations.

With regard to the facts mentioned, the writer's authorities have been chiefly the British Reviews, and some English and French authors named in the text. The high character of the works quoted may safely be considered a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the statements found therein.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE VANE."

"And thus he bore, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan
And soiled with all ignoble use."

IN MEMORIAM.

We need not offer any apology to Virginians for recording a few personal memorials of their countryman, the author of "*Florence Vane*." It is not too much to say that this little love song, like Ben Jonson's, "*Drink to me only with thine eyes*," and Marlowe's, "*Come live with me and be my love*," has become a portion of the English tongue. From many notices we select that of a recent writer, who appears to have had no acquaintance with, and little knowledge of the author. "There are some few pieces of poetry," he says, "which no critic has ever dared disturb. It matters not how savage and pedantic he may be, he passes by these as noiselessly and quickly as by the sheeted dead. Of this nature is the mournful lyric, 'O'Connor's Child' by CAMPBELL: 'She is far from the land' by MOORE, BURNS' 'Highland Mary,' and worthy of a place with these is the touching little elegy of 'Florence Vane,' written a few years ago by PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, a young Virginia poet, who lived just long enough to plant this flower by the grave of his 'gentle Ophelia,' and then died. In the whole compass of our language there cannot be found a more gentle, submissive spirit,—more touching pathos or feeling tenderness—than breathes in this exquisite gem." But we need scarcely multiply testimony upon the merits of this song. It has undoubtedly touched the popular heart, and attained to a widely extended popularity. Its author's claims upon the attention of his generation were not unsupported by many other poems, displaying rare delicacy and vigor of poetical genius—and yet perhaps, after all, these achievements were rather the earnest of what he might have done, had his life been spared. "Undoubtedly" says Mr. Rufus Griswold in his memoir, "Philip Pendleton Cooke

was one of the truest poets of our day, and what he has left us was full of promise that he would have become one of the most famous. The chivalric poetry had filled his mind early and long, and he was only abandoning it for the more independent and beautiful growth of his nature, when his untimely death destroyed hopes of fruit which the productions of his youth seemed to precede as blossoms."

We do not speak, therefore, of an unknown individual. The author of the "Froissart Ballads" is very fairly entitled to a conspicuous position in our Virginia Pantheon: and another critical estimate of the value of his contributions to the practical literature of the English language, in addition to the very many which have already appeared, will not, we are convinced, prove uninteresting to the world. We shall confine our sketch, more especially, however, to the author in his private character—that of the simple gentleman. We believe that an exhibition of his personal traits, together with a sketch of his life, will not prove without interest and advantage to those who pursue the noble calling of letters. Authors, in too many instances, have unfortunately been more or less addicted to erratic and forbidden tastes: their lives not seldom spent in the pursuit of unlawful indulgences. Benvenuto Cellini thought it a merit to have waylaid and killed his enemy. Savage and Steele, with all their "brave genius," cannot be regarded as respectable citizens; and the old English writers, with few exceptions, lived lives of sworn enmity to the officers of the law, and seemed to regard debt and drunkenness as the normal conditions of human existence. If this be true, and unhappily it is, of many of the most brilliant names of literature in every land, it behoves us all the more to

chronicle the life and character of one who pursued the noble career of letters without a blot on his escutcheon—without once forgetting that genius gives no license for irregularity. The subject of our sketch was such a member of the guild of authors. A delineation, however brief, of the man, will show that the “high art of the poet” may be followed tranquilly and innocently—that to be a devotee of the muses is not necessarily to be a bad citizen: and that the attractions of poetry may be thoroughly reconciled with the daily life of the good father, the devoted son, the honourable member of society—and, more than all, the pure-hearted Christian gentleman.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE was born at the old family mansion, called the “Stone House” in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia, on the 26th of October, 1816. He died in January 1850, at the age of 33.

His father was the late John R. Cooke, Esq., for more than forty years an eminent counsellor in the higher courts of the Commonwealth, where he enjoyed the admiration and warm personal regard of many distinguished associates. This gentleman was one of a family remarkable for vigorous intellects—we may mention among others the late Dr. John Estlin Cooke, Professor in Transylvania University, and founder of the Medical College of Kentucky, at Louisville, and Col. Philip St. George Cooke, now on the Utah Expedition. With the exception of a term in the House of Delegates during the last war, when he marched to the seaboard; and serving as a member of that “assemblage of giants,” as it has been called, the Reform Convention of 1829–30, we believe he never held any official position. In this latter body he was honourably distinguished; and at the close of the session served as one of the committee of seven—embracing Chief Justice Marshall, Ex-President Madison, John Randolph, Benj. Watkins Leigh and others—to whom was deputed the task of drafting the Constitution. He never afterwards held any public station, but he devoted his whole time to an extensive and arduous practice—dying finally like most

of the great lawyers of Virginia “in full harness.” He is still remembered by that rapidly disappearing generation who knew and loved him, as in his early years an impassioned advocate achieving extraordinary successes, before the higher tribunals, in his latter days, as a jurisconsult of profound and extensive learning—and in private life, as the very soul of kindness and honour; “the model,” says a gentleman who knew him long and well “of lofty courtesy, chivalry and generosity.” His wife was Maria, daughter of Philip Pendleton, Esq., of Berkeley County, a nephew of the well known Judge Edmund Pendleton of the Revolution—a lady still spoken of as having possessed the rarest loveliness of character, united to ardent Christian piety.

Phillip, the subject of our sketch, was the eldest son of this marriage, and those who knew him will support our assertion, that in his nature were perpetuated many of the sweetest traits of his parents. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Princeton College, where his grandfather, Dr. Stephen Cooke, and many of his maternal ancestors had graduated. Here he paid more attention to Belles Lettres, poetry and the departments of elegant learning generally than to the dryer, but more important studies of the Collegiate course. His knowledge of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Languages was appreciative and respectable, but by no means profound or critical. His attainments were, nearly all, in the direction of polite literature—and were very striking and unusual. Wandering at large in the libraries of the College, he seems to have emulated the habits of the bee—to have sought for the sweets of letters, in the “flowery parterres” of Spenser, Chaucer (always favourites with him) and the elder poets of the language, to whom his devotion continued earnest and unchanging throughout life. Those who knew him at this period, speak of him as somewhat exclusive and retiring in his associations and habits—and this we suppose will always be found the case in young men of his peculiar intellectual

his. That it did not spring from coldness his after life plainly shows. He was a member of the *Whig Society* of this College, as will be seen from the following notice of his death :

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ern, are yet

living; and it is matter of regret that they have not spoken "with authority," as they might have done, of this period in the life of their friend and kinsman. We should have had a faithful and attractive picture of the scenes in which the young Virginia poet acquired that proficiency in field sports which distinguished him, in the eyes of many persons, as greatly as his success in letters.

In a hunting article, styled "*The Turkey Hunter in his Closet*," he says, "My passion for, and all the skill I possess in turkey hunting, grew out of my association with two gentlemen nearly of my own age, and closely related to me in blood. One of these is so inveterate a hunter of this particular game, that his friends call him '*Turkey-Foot*.'" And writing subsequently to a friend, Mr. Griswold, he says, "It has occurred to me to turn my passion for hunting, and my 'crowding experiences' (gathered in fifteen or sixteen years of life in the merriest Virginia Society) of hunting, fishing, country races, character and want of character, woods, mountains, fields and waters, into a rambling book." It is to be regretted that this intention was not carried into execution. A volume of rare freshness would have been the result; for in the wooded hills of Frederick and Berkeley, on the banks of the stream bearing the musical Indian name of the Opequon, the young sportsman not only found every species of game—deer, turkeys, partridges, pheasants, in profusion; the locality was further interesting as the haunt of more than one singular character, which a graphic pen might have seized upon and immortalized. The memory of one of these, an old hunter named Davie Burns, still lingers. His singularities would have afforded scope for the genius of Cooper or Irving—his figure, as he sat at the door of his clap-boarded cabin, surrounded by his fishing nets and hounds, was worthy of the pencil of Strother or Darley. It was here, on the banks of the Opequon and the Potomac, in the beautiful days of autumn, and amid the breezy hills that the subject of our sketch acquired that robust liking for open air

occupations which never deserted him. He pursued his game amid the most picturesque scenes—drinking in at every pore, the free air of the hills and mountains: often whole days were spent in the woods, or the lodges of the wild hunters. Away from the dwarfing influences of "society," and "the world," the youthful sportsman yielded himself to the spirit of the place, and became a true forester—experiencing as supreme a delight in the wild hills and "beneath the greenwood tree," as ever did his favourite character, the bold outlaw, Robin Hood. He was in truth an outlaw by his own choice—not seldom sleeping under the blue canopy all spangled with stars, and returning to the elegant abodes of comfort and hospitality around him only when the keen pleasures of the chase had palled and the "merry society" of which he speaks attracted him—the smiles of ladies fair—or the pages of his friends, the elder poets.

Throughout his writings we discern the influence of these early scenes and associations. There is a breezy freshness in them—a breath from the woods, as it were, impregnated with the odour of leaves, and the perfumes of the forest. It is not fanciful to add that in the *Froisart Ballads*, and other portions of his works, the verse glides onward with the musical flow of the Opequon, on whose banks the poet so frequently paused to gaze at the enchanting landscape through which it steals to the Potomac. It was one of these forest streams, doubtless, by whose side he saw the maiden of his poem; the fair Emily:

"When I beheld her—form and face
So lithe, so fair—the spirit race
Of whom the better poets dreamed,
Came to my thought, and I half deemed
My earth-born mistress, pure and good,
Was some such lady of the wood
As she who worked at spell and snare,
With Huon of the dusky hair,
Or fled, in likeness, of a doe
Before the fleet youth Angelo.
But these infirm imaginings
Flew quite away on instant wings,
I called her name. A swift surprise
Came whitely to her face, but soon.

It fled before some daintier dyes,
And, laughing like a brook in June,
With sweet accost she welcomed me."

In the tale, "John Carper, the Hunter of Lost River," the love of wild scenes and homely character is strongly displayed. The hunter himself possesses rare truthfulness to life. Nothing in the portrait is over-coloured, or introduced for "effect"—that bane of cotemporary literature: he stands before us, the simple mountaineer, with warm feelings, a brave heart and an unerring eye for a deer or an Indian. Another portrait, that of the "Gray-Beard Miller of Crooked Run," in *The Murder of Cornstalk*, exhibits the same fresh colouring and fidelity to real life.

"The summer boughs of a chestnut spread
Over his white and reverend head,
And, catching the west-wind in their leaves,
Rustled against his cabin eaves.
The wind that stirred the lintel tree
Touched the old man tenderly."

The miller relates the wild tragedy of the death of the great Cornstalk: and the poet has displayed great art in making him thus narrate, as an eye-witness, the famous event. Many such incidents, characters and descriptions, occur in Mr. Cooke's prose writings, but it is in his poems particularly that we find the result of these early days on the Opequon—in his "Life in the Autumn Woods"—"The Mountains"—and other pieces. These are so many panoramas of the vivid and inspiring life which he led. The "brave splendour" of the autumn flushes his cheeks and pulses, and his verse glows with it.

"What a brave splendour
Is in the October air! How rich and clear—
How life-full and all joyous! We must
render
Love to the Spring-time, with its sproutings
tender,

As to a child quite dear—
But Autumn is a noon, prolonged, of glory,—
A manhood not yet hoary!"

But the splendid scene is but the theatre

impulsive sportsman; he immediately continues:

"What passionate
delight is in the proud swift
That time the lark, at heaven's red
ously singing—quite infuriate
With the high pride of his place;
As the unrisen sun arrays the
In its first bright adorning.

"Hark the shrill horn—
to hear as any clarion—
With silver call the ear of morn;
The steeds, stout Curtal, and Top-
And Greysteil, and the Don—
Of them his fiery mood displaying
With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse
Crying hounds in this fresh hour,
High hills—stem perilous streams
—
Glades ope give free wings to
—
And you will know the power
Of chase—and how of griefs, the
Cure is in the forest!"

"A wild freedom of the fields
—the pursuit of game—the
Of the deer"—the rapid rush
Through the open glades—is
An attraction, the only pleasure
He says:

"I love the woods
In season of the liberal year;
And their whispering solitudes,
Myself to melancholy moods,
With no intruder near:
Range lessons, as I sit and ponder,
In every natural wonder."

It is true:

But not alone
Sore's melancholy courtier loved
—
Autumn forest: and I own
Not oft have mused as he, but
To hunt with Amiens:—"

but still we fancy that, in the intervals, so to speak, of his fever, the youthful hunter was a true disciple of Jacques—sharing fully that "humourous sadness" which the melancholy courtier describes as compounded of so many ingredients. We feel very certain that he would never have fired upon the panting deer, the "sad creature wounded" despite his declaration in the succeeding couplet.

More than one of his early friends have assured us that, even in the most exciting scenes, he never wholly forgot his calling. He was still the student and interpreter of the mysteries of Nature—discovering in the "whispering solitudes" of which he speaks, and the "natural wonder" of the falling leaf, or the stream at his feet, the subtle charm known to the poetic dreamer. Stretched beneath the great trees towering above him; with no companion but his dog, or it may be, Spenser's Fairy Queen beside him on the leafy carpet:—thus buried in the depths of the woods, away from the bustle and glare of the world, the days of the young Virginian quickly flitted by—and amid such scenes was shaped that poetical character which ever after led its possessor to regard Nature as his loving friend—and to people the wildest solitude with the bright and beautiful figures of his imagination.

Thus, in alternate devotion to exciting field sports, poetic reveries over the open pages of Chaucer or the Elizabethan poets, and the claims of that "merriest Virginia society" of which he speaks, passed the two or three years succeeding his return from Princeton. Did it fall within our scheme, we might present a picture of that merry life, not wholly deficient, we think, in interest. On the canvass would figure very many gay festivals and country frolics—fishing parties of young men and maidens, wandering on the banks of the beautiful stream, or sailing in the boat which gently rocks to-day upon the current, under the great willow shadowing the Opequon, as in other years—gay riding parties, galloping through the Spring or Autumn woods—the time enlivened by the smiles of ladies fair—by a hundred jests, and

by joyous laughter long since hushed, but ringing still in the memories and hearts of those who remain to read these lines—night-hunting with hounds, or the spear used in transfixing fish seen by the light of the blazing torch—horse races—country weddings, where to the merry violin, the joyous reel went on its way in triumph, and the festival was kept up, without flagging, day after day and night after night:—these and a hundred other scenes in the old country halls, beneath the great oaks, or on the banks of the picturesque streams, might we describe; and if a strong natural taste, united to a considerable acquaintance with such pastimes be enough, we might make the picture entertaining. But the want of space forbids, and perhaps the theme would be to such as remember the “vanished laughter” of those scenes, a somewhat sad one:—recalling as it would to these—the friends and kinsmen of the subject of our sketch—the days when he was a bright-faced youth, his smile full of the happiest sunshine, his laugh the very echo of mirth and joy, it would only enhance the sorrowful character of that other picture—the pale statuesque countenance of the poet sleeping his last sleep—not looking from beneath his pallid eyelids on the weeping circle, gazing silently on his tranquil face—but smiling as he smiled when he died.

But our sketch of these youthful days expands unduly. During the period referred to, the young huntsman and poet was living at “Glengary,” his father’s estate, near Winchester. Whilst at home he passed his days either in active field sports, or in offering a divided homage to law and literature. Many of his friends now living will remember the little office in the grove, approached by a path, winding across velvet sward beneath lofty trees, where he wrote many of his earlier poems. The murmur of an Æolian harp, placed in the window, made the place vocal with delicate music; and here passed many delightful hours, spent by the youthful poet in congenial communion with the “sweet singers” of the elder English literature. The result of these studies was a series of articles on the

early “English Poetry.” These were published in the first volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then recently established—to which periodical Mr. Cooke continued his contributions to the time of his death; his latest work, “The Chevalier Merlin,” appearing there unfinished. The papers on “English Poetry” were greatly admired, we are informed, by Judge Beverly Tucker, and other competent critics, who regarded them as somewhat extraordinary productions for so young a man. Indeed they display a familiarity with, and critical appreciation of the elder poets, which would do honour to a matured intellect. They were followed at intervals by the “Song of the Seasons,” “The Creation of the Antelope,” “Young Rosalie Lee,” and, we believe, “Florence Vane,” which if not here published, was at least produced at this period, or soon after. To these were added some prose articles and poems published in the *Winchester Virginian*. *Kep*

But these favourite pursuits did not wholly banish the study of the law. Mr. Cooke came to the bar before he was twenty-one, and in the same year, we believe, was married. His wife was Miss Anne Tayloe Burwell, of the worthy family of the latter name in Clarke county—a lady who was too soon destined to support the dying head of one to whom she had proved an abiding joy and consolation. The years succeeding his marriage were spent by Mr. Cooke, to a much greater extent, in the practice of his profession, than in the indulgence of his literary tastes. The law, however, was never a favourite with him, as has been almost universally the case with those possessing the higher and more expanded imagination. Its routine of drudgery, and doubtless many of its technicalities, were repugnant to him. Though we have frequently been informed that his neighbours placed great reliance on his legal advice, and also, that his efforts as a public speaker, at the bars of the courts, were indicative of very striking powers in that direction, we are induced to think that he never surrendered to the law the best powers of his intellect, or acquired any fondness for its prosecution. When

s afterwards his father, forced in the value of his real estate, g of his fine establishment at r," and additional misfortunes, rder and more lucrative field ertions in the capital of the Cooke virtually abandoned the ecution of his profession, and wn quietly with his young he "Vineyard," in the Shenan-y, where he spent the remainder

ntiful region in which he thus s abode, was eminently favour-pursuits in which he loved to A hospitable and refined society d the little village of Millwood, istance of a few miles—the ing mountains were filled with , turkeys and other game—but the affluent grace and beauty ble landscape appealed to his ished tastes and instincts as a ardent lover of the "sweet and wild charms of Nature. been written touching the de-haracter of this region. Mr. his Life of Washington, speaks magnificent forests;" and Mr. his delightful *Southward Ho*, regret is not before us, says a Shenandoah valley a poet may most perfect realization of the 'Arcady. The good Burnaby, sh traveller, who crossed at lap in 1759, devotes a glowing e attractions of the landscape, on the summit of the mountain. I was got to the top," he says, expressibly delighted with the t opened before me. Immedi-ler the mountain, which was with chamœdaphnes in full as a most beautiful river—be-an extensive plain diversified y pleasing object which Nature it; and at the distance of fifty ther ridge of still more lofty s, called the Great or North ich enclosed and terminated the "The Shenandoah," he con-is exceedingly romantic and forming great variety of falls, transparent that you may see

the greatest variety of pebbles at the depth of eight or ten feet. . . . I could not but reflect with pleasure on the situation of these people, and think if there is such a thing as happiness in this life, that they enjoy it. Far from the bustle of the world, they live in the most delightful climate and richest soil imaginable: they are everywhere surrounded with beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes, lofty mountains, transparent streams, falls of water, rich valleys and mystic woods. . . . They live in perfect liberty and possess what many princes would give half their dominions for—health, content and tranquillity of mind."

"The Vineyard," the residence of the poet, is a handsome edifice, and stands on a species of table land near Ashby's Gap, in perhaps the most beautiful portion of the entire valley—that just described by Burnaby. We shall not soon forget a morning in the summer of 1848, when we accompanied him to a point near at hand, from which the varied beauties of the exquisite landscape were plainly discerned. Immediately to the left stretched the battlements of the Blue Ridge, running far away to the South, and disappearing in a silvery mist which fell over the billowy headlands like a veil of gauze. Against the conical peak called the "Blue Ball," with its dark crowding pines, a dense white vapour, rising from the Shenandoah, was visible,—and through this vapour the purple rays of sunrise plunged like the spears of an embattled host, routing and driving it before them. In front a rolling country of green hills and wooded vales stretched away to the great North mountain, blue against the Western horizon; and in the middle of the valley, at the distance of about twenty miles, the imposing Massanutton range soared into the sky like a mighty wave of the ocean—its summit covered with light fleecy clouds which resembled foam. From the foliage of the forests rose the white walls of many country seats,—and over the whole landscape of hill and meadow, mountain and river, hovered that limpid haze, if we may use the expression, which so tempers the clear sunlight of the region, rounding every beau-

tiful outline, and communicating to the face of nature an enchanting warmth and softness.

From the lofty elevation upon which we stood, were visible more than one spot made memorable by the presence of great names,—and when not seen for the intervening forest, we still knew that they were near at hand. "Greenway Court," the residence of the eccentric nobleman, Lord Fairfax, who left the splendours of the English Court to come and spend the rest of his life in the wilds of Virginia surrounded by his deer hounds, still slept, with its old belfries, under the great trees but a few miles distant:—and here it was that a young surveyor, crossing the ford of the Shenandoah in the neighbourhood, had tarried for a season in the month of March, 1748, one hundred years before—a young surveyor only sixteen years of age, whose name was George Washington. Across the hills to the right was "Soldier's Rest," where he had often slept, his weary head resting upon his knapsack;—and in the distance was Winchester, the border sentinel of old days, where the same boy at twenty-three went through the terrible ordeal of the Indian massacres—bearing the woes and sufferings of the frontier on his youthful shoulders. In front—to end our enumeration—just beyond the village of Millwood was "Saratoga," the residence of General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Quebec, and Saratoga, and the Cowpens, who came here after a long and stormy life to rest from his toils. A hundred spots were thus suggestive of the past and its great names—of a thousand stirring deeds and "moving accidents." Indeed the valley of the Shenandoah is everywhere eloquent of the past. The "beautiful and abounding river" flows through history and romance, as well as through tall woodlands and green fields—over legends and forgotten things as over the bright sands and pebbles in its bed. The old days of the last century, and the centuries before, saw the Delawares and Catawbias clash together in the wild solitudes—the Blue Ridge and the Massinutton echoed with their savage shouts, and the limpid

stream was often dyed with blood:—for authentic history tells us that this region was in former years the battlefield of tribes and nations. Now it is tranquil and smiling—the blood and terror are forgotten; but every lover of the great past will hope that the "glory of the place" will stay. Not a stone should fall—not a footprint disappear. That dreadful disintegration which preys upon the foundations, however durable they may be, of the most splendid monuments of the Old World, should never be permitted to invade these places and memorials. They speak more clearly than all else of our heroic age.

We digress: but what we have said of the Shenandoah valley is not without bearing upon the subject of this paper. Every one is largely influenced by his surroundings, and especially is this true of those possessing the sensitive organization of the poet. Beyond all doubt, very much of the noblest poetry of Wordsworth was inspired by the wild and beautiful scenery of Windermere—and the author of "The Mountains" drew his inspiration from a similar source.

It was here, in this affluent and lovely land, as we have already said, that Mr. Cooke spent the remainder of his life. Surrounded by warm friends who loved and admired him with the heartiest affection and constancy—rarely fortunate in a family whose greatest happiness seemed to be in anticipating and devoting themselves to his slightest wishes:—with his favourite poets, historians, and novelists ranged before him on the shelves of his library—and when his old tastes seized upon him, the wild tracts of the mountain near at hand fully stocked with game for his amusement:—thus moored, so to speak, as a tranquil country gentleman,—his daily life, occupations, and surroundings, singularly genial and adapted to his tastes, it seemed that the literature of his native land should be enriched by the best growth of his intellect, unforced by harassing cases, and expanding freshly, under the healthful influences of ease, tranquillity and happiness. *Man disposes*—the remainder of

the sad proverb tells the rest. But we shall not anticipate.

He did not at once return to his literary pursuits. The Law still demanded a portion of his time, and when freed from the claims of the county courts, his old tastes for hunting, riding, and angling, generally urged their claims successfully upon his attention. Agriculture and gardening were favourite occupations with him also; and he took special delight in fine fruit trees, grapes, and to a less degree in flowers. In a letter lying before us, and written at this period, he says, "My fruit trees are beautiful. The peaches—eighteen varieties of the most famous kind—are full of fine, large fruit. My apricots are already bending with the weight of their fruit. The nectarines are in the same category. Apples, pears—of which latter I have fifteen trees, each different from the other—plums and cherries have not borne. My grapes, figs, raspberries, strawberries, etc., will not bear this year. The grapes are of superb varieties—the Vel, Violet Muscat, Frontinac, Golden Chasselas, Black Hamburg, Catawba, Isabella, Bland, and Sweet Water, are everywhere."

When not occupied by these more important amusements at his home, he gave himself up with great gusto to his boyish proclivities, nurtured on the banks of the Opequon, and in the fields and woods of "Glengary." With his double-barrel and favourite pointer, he would often make the entire circuit of the "Vineyard" estate, covering nearly a thousand acres—and frequently these expeditions would extend to the neighbouring mountain, which abounded, as we have said, with game. At other times, with some favourite friend, he would seek the banks of the Shenandoah, less than a mile distant, and spend hour after hour in the tranquil pursuit of honest old Izaak Walton's diversion—taking pleasure, we have heard him say, in "the very rustle of the leaves" of the gigantic sycamores bending above the limpid current. His success in these pursuits was very remarkable—more especially in field sports proper. Upon a scrap of paper before us, we have a chance memorandum of

game killed. The quantity of turkeys, pheasants, partridges, etc., would astonish a city sportsman. His long and ardent pursuit of every species of game had given him a thorough knowledge of their habits and haunts, and it was often observed that his success was ample where others had returned without a single trophy of their skill. Accustomed to rely upon this practical acquaintance with the habits of birds and his own powers, he had a great dislike for everything like frippery in his brother hunters,—and describes with great gusto a young gentleman "with gold spectacles, a mustache, and a coat with rounded collars," going in his elegant tandem, followed by a servant with bird-bag and pouch, to shoot turkeys. "I have a distaste for dandy shooting jackets," he adds, "and dandy particularities in the nomenclature of birds and beasts. I wish never so long as I live to bag either *coturnix Virginiana*, or *perdrix Virginiana*—yet I go to some trouble in preparing for the fall campaign against Virginia partridges." His campaigns were fatal—but fatal no less to himself. To the passionate love of his favourite diversion he finally fell a victim. His last illness was primarily brought on by passing through the icy waters of the Shenandoah, on a freezing winter morning before sunrise, in pursuit of game in the neighbouring mountain.

"So," he wrote, "have passed, five, six, seven, eight years, and now I am striving after long disuse of my literary veins, to get the rubbish of idle habits away, and work them again." The effort was successful, and Mr. Cooke continued to write both in prose and poetry during the remainder of his life. During these last years his character greatly changed—gaining largely in elevation and seriousness—which led him finally to embrace warmly and faithfully the great truths of Christianity. Always with a tendency toward piety, and holding in profound respect the great system of our holy religion, he had still, like most young gentlemen whose lives are spent in such "merry society" as he speaks of, given little thought to the

solemn meditations of the Christian. His changed habits of thought led him finally, at a period just preceding his death, to commence family prayer, and declare his changed feelings.

But we must turn to a brief enumeration of his productions at this time:—they are not numerous but in his best manner. In the *Southern Literary Messenger* he published *The Crime of Andrew Blair*, a tragic tale “exhibiting a wonderful acquaintance with the secret springs of human passion,”—*The Gregories of Hackwood*, of a similar character—*John Carper, the Hunter of Lost River*, which takes the reader to the wild mountains of Western Virginia in the days of the Revolution,—*Erisichon*, an amusing story of antiquity—and *The Two Country Houses*, the best in our opinion of the series. “These tales,” says Mr. Thompson in his memoir, “were greatly admired by the readers of the *Messenger* for the accurate delineations of character they presented, the affluence and purity of the author’s style, and the general *vraisemblance* of the incidents. Nowhere is the profuse hospitality of the olden time set before us in a more picturesque and agreeable manner than in *The Two Country Houses*.”

In 1847 appeared from the press of Carey & Hart, the *Froissart Ballads and other Poems*—the ballads being “versified transcripts from Froissart,” thrown off with great rapidity, and as we are informed by the poet in a letter to Mr. Griswold, “with the reluctance of a turkey hunter kept from his sport.” They were, however, received with unusual favour by the most intelligent critics—one of whom speaks of the work as “a volume ill suited to the utilitarian cast of the age, but exhibiting a ‘brave pomp’ akin to the prose march of the ancient chroniclers, and overflowing with the best inspirations of song.”

Mr. Cooke’s last work was *The Chevalier Merlin*, a serial romance, of which he says in a letter before us, “The Chevalier Merlin,” an autobiographical novel, which starting from a Norse hill reaches to Bender, and back again to Gothland. The Chevalier is with Charles XII. at

Bender. I made the story in a few hours.” The intelligent critic above quoted, Mr. Thompson, says of the story, “Of its execution we cannot speak too highly: the language is chosen with the most exquisite propriety; the dialogue possesses the sparkling transparency and runs on with the musical lapse of a mountain streamlet; and the manners of the age are described with unvarying fidelity. Edgar A. Poe declared in the hearing of the writer of this sketch, that the *Chevalier Merlin* was less a novel than a poem, and that no one but Mr. Cooke could have written it.”

The work was suddenly arrested by the author’s death. After a brief illness which no one anticipated as at all likely to prove fatal in its character, he died at the “Vineyard” of pneumonia, on the 20th of January, 1850.

We think those who have examined with critical attention the poems of PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, and estimated fairly, the earnest which they gave of after triumphs, will agree with us, that in his death, the literature of his native land sustained no common loss:—that American letters no less than his loving family and friends suffered grievously when he was thus

“Snatched all too early from that august
Fame
That on the serene heights of silvered age,
Waited with laurelled hands.”

To such a fame, we have abundant reason to know that he was singularly indifferent—“I look upon these matters serenely,” he said in a letter to Mr. Thompson, the editor of the *Messenger*, “and will treat renown as Sir Thomas More advises concerning guests—welcome its coming when it cometh, hinder not with oppressive eagerness its going when it goeth.” It came to greet him, but he never greatly valued it. His high calling was pursued for its own sake—poesy was its own exceeding great reward to him. He made few verses nor often consented to the scourging labor of embodying his beautiful ideals:—the ideals themselves were enough. He enjoyed with the most exquisite happiness, their pres-

ence in his mind and heart—their “bright influences” threw a flood of glory on his life—beyond that he cared nothing, asked nothing. In the leafy depths of the Autumn forest:—on the great mountains bathed in the purple light of dawn or sunset:—by the banks of murmuring streams whose mysterious language he seemed to understand, his muse followed and stood beside him—a beautiful maiden gazing on him with gracious eyes, smiling, and pointing out in the clouds which floated tranquilly above, or the burnished mirror at his feet, the beautiful and noble shapes which people the airy world of the poet. It was enough that he could return thus to the days when he wandered with *Young Rosalie Lee*, by valley and river, and beneath the shadow of the “old wood bright with blossoms:”—or else with *Emily*, whose

“temples fair

Caressed by locks of dark brown hair,”

dwelt in his enamored memory:—that he could go again to the hoary ruin where *Florence Vane* listened to his vows, or to the quiet spot where beneath lilies and pansies she slept silently:—it was enough that the *Power of the Bards* aroused for him, clear, brilliant, breathing as it were, the splendid scenes of the great English story—the “plumes of Normandy” at Battle Abbey—king Rufus hurled from his “flying steed”—the lover of the fair Rosamond “stealing to Woodstock bower”—the gallant Harry Monmouth—and the “bannered roses”—good queen Bess and Robin Hood, and Marian with her

“pitchers of metheglin

To crown the woodland cheer.”

It was enough to see and feel the presence, as it were, of these bright and beautiful shapes, and those of Gawain, the gentle knight, and Jocelind, and all the long procession of sweet faces and great forms:—with this august world of loveliness and splendor open to him, as vividly through the imagination as though in actual reality, the poet did not greatly covet the favour of the universe in which he lived, the clink of compliment, or the poor sen-

timent of gratified vanity. There was assuredly no bitterness or slighting estimate of the world, in this: for after all is said, and every argument against its possibility is exhausted, there will still remain a fact which the lives of many prove, that often, the outer world disappears, and the poetical nature is content to *be* and not to *perform*—indifferent to all beside its own beautiful existence.

Such a fact is almost incredible to some: but none the less is it a truth, while the world is rushing onward in the excited race for power or wealth—while the “man of business” is toiling from morning to night in dusty cities—the poet’s days are gladly passed far away beneath the blue canopy, by rippling streams, or on the brows of lofty mountains. Of what is he thinking? Of stocks, or dividends, or incomes? Of the means of advancing himself—of making men “pluck off their hats” when he approaches, and do honour to him? Let us listen to the murmur which escapes from his lips.

“I love to forget ambition

And hope, in the mingled thought,
Of valley and wood and meadow

Where, whilome my spirit caught,
Affection’s holiest breathings—

Where under the skies with me
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy’s bright Castaly.

“I think of the valley and meadow

Of the old wood bright with blossoms
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms.

I think of the lonely turtle

So tongued with melancholy,
Of the hue of the drooping moonlight
And the starlight pure and holy.

“Of the beat of a heart most tender

The sigh of a shell-tinct lip
As soft as the land tones wandering
For leagues over ocean deep:
Of a step as light in its falling
On the breast of the beaded lea
As the fall of the faëry moonlight
On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

“I think of these—and the murmur

Of bird and Katydid,
Whose home is the grave-yard cypress
Whose goblet the honey reed.

And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest:
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy
Suck sweets from her maiden breast."

Or it is another "maiden of past years"
who rises to his memory—perhaps the
same under another name; but now re-
membered with pain and bitterness al-
most, and yet with a lingering, yearning
affection, as her figure reappears from the
obscuring mists of other days:

"I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

"The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

"Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

"But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

"The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vieing,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!"

A gentleman of the far west, who
never seen the author, gave his
daughter the name of *Florence Vane*,
in a published letter says truthful-
ly of this poem, it is "full of the true
of a poet and good man"—the rh-
"like the waters of a spring, the po-
out of purity and vigorous freshn-
We think this estimate will scarce
disputed.

Our object in this sketch is not to
a critical estimate of the value of the
author's contributions to American p-
supported by citations from his w-
But we cannot refrain from adding
other brief poems, which very admir-
illustrate the writer's mental and
characteristics. The first is

THE DEATH OF ARNOLD WINKELREID.

"Right hardy are the men, I trow,
Who build upon the mountain's brow,
And love the gun, and scorn the plow

"Not such soft pleasures pamper these
As lull the subtil Bengalese,
Or islanders of Indian seas.

"A rugged hand to cast their seed—
A rifle for the red deer's speed—
With these their swarming huts they

"Such men are freedom's body guard;
On their high rocks, so cold, and hard,
They keep her surest watch and ward.

"Of such was William Tell, whose
Hurtled its shafts so long ago,
At red Morgarten's overthrow.

"Of such was Arnold Winkelreid
Who saved his fatherland at need,
And won, in death, heroic meed.

"That deed will live a thousand years
Young Arnold with his Switzer peers,
Fronted a hedge of Austrian spears.

"No mountain sword might pierce
hedge,
But Arnold formed the Bernese wedge
Himself, unarmed, its trusty edge.

"His naked arms he opened wide,
A great thought filled his eyes with pride
'Make way for Liberty,' he cried.

"And bounding at a runner's pace,
He met his foeman face to face,
And swept five spears in his embrace.

"He sheathed them in his breast and side,
And dragged them to the earth—and died,
Making a gap five spearmen wide.

"A moment's pause for gallant wonder!
Then crashing like the Ural thunder
When mountain crags are rent asunder—

Over their hero, stormily.
Make the brave sons of Liberty—
And Switzerland again was free."

From the stormy music of this glowing
poem, let us pass to another poem which
has touched a tender chord in many
hearts. It is entitled:

"TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.

"Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me:

A little shivering, feeble thing,
You were to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

"You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheeks
And deepened in your eye,
A year made dimples in your hands
And plumped your little feet,
And you had learned some merry ways,
Which we thought very sweet.

"And when the first sweet word, Lily,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times
And marked the famous day,
I know not even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word
But your proud mother surely knew
For she the sound had heard.

"When you were four years old, Lily,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled,
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

"When care pressed on our house, Lily,
Pressed with an iron hand,
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land.
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meanings sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again,
I felt my brotherhood

"And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags
And vice in cloth of gold:
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

"At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain:
In the good land where we were born,
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.

"Thanks to your gentle face, Lily!
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to him,
Who died upon the Rood—
I ask his gentle care for you,
And for your mother good."

In terminating our sketch, it is proper to add a few words in relation to the moral characteristics and personnel of the poet. He was the truest and most loyal of men, abhorring deceit indeed with utter hatred, and systematically regulating all his words and actions, by the dictates of the purest sincerity and honour. His affections were singularly warm and enduring—we cannot conceive the possibility of any one more deeply attached to his parents and whole family. In a letter before us, written during the sickness of one whom he loved with great devotion, he says, "give my overflowing love to her, and tell her that I would buy off, if I could, every hour of sickness from her, at the cost of a week of it endured by myself." To his "kindred blood" he was ever profoundly faithful and devoted. Indeed his love for these, had in it some-

thing of the confiding simplicity of childhood. Although in early life a man of strong and impulsive passions which more than once nearly led him into unfortunate affairs, his character latterly was extremely gentle—his charity enlarged and liberal—the whole tone of his nature considerate and magnanimous. The affection which he felt for others, was warmly returned; a gentleman of mature age and not given to impulsive outbreaks, said to us, not long since, that the death of his friend had shocked and pained him more than any other event in his entire life.

In person Mr. Cooke was somewhat above the middle height, gracefully and compactly built, and very erect in his carriage. His powers of enduring fatigue were unusual—in his hunts he would often wear out the strongest of his companions. His countenance was the model of manly beauty, and bore a very striking resemblance to the celebrated "Chandos" Shakspeare—a resemblance frequently noticed and commented on. None of the portraits or engravings which we have seen are at all faithful to the original. His eyes were of a deep hazel—his hair dark chestnut and curling—his expression one of great tranquillity and repose. In his manner he was somewhat stately and reserved unless with intimate friends—but this peculiarity was much modified by a scrupulous courtesy,—that now known as the "old school gentleman" air. A

very deep and musical voice, susceptible of great expression in conversation or his favourite amusement of reading from the old poets, added to the stately attraction of his manner. It was a very beautiful sight to see him in the midst of his youthful family, who loved him with extreme devotion—watching their happy movements with a grave sweet smile, and not seldom *sparing* in their sports. At such moments his countenance had something in it singularly soft and winning—the clear penetrating eyes grew mild and gentle, the proud, firm lips relaxed—and every feature of the fond father's face became full of gracious kindness and affection.

He smiled thus—when he died: the pale tranquil face displayed no indication either of pain or dread: no infant ever slumbered more serenely. It was the look of one who had passed away gently from the world, in the comfort of a certain faith, and at peace with God and man.

He sleeps in the "Old Chapel" graveyard, beneath a headstone carved in the shape of a lyre, on whose inner surface is an antique harp without strings. A weeping willow droops above the tomb, sighing in every wind. So he slumbers peacefully beneath the turf of his native land—which he loved so well and faithfully.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *this was a man!*"

VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

COME AND GONE.

Within those words how deep a meaning
lies,—

A ray of light, a gloom;
A ray as bright as summer evening skies,
A darkness like the tomb.

Yes, thou didst come like beam of evening
star

That, gleaming on the night,
One moment sent its treasured ray afar
And then was lost to sight.

Couldst thou not stay to glad our home
awhile,

Our home so rest and lone,
To light our pathway with thy tender smile,
To cheer us with thy tone?

No; by the truth that so bereaves my heart,
The sorrow deeply shown,

I feel that we have only met to part,
That thou has *Come and Gone*.

Caroline Howard.

It would be almost a vain attempt to describe Vernon's calm happiness when, upon reflection, he mused upon Isabel's letter. A new impulse to live and be happy, spite of his blindness, was given him. He thought first of Sybil's rejection of one, who, as Isabel had written, was in every way worthy of her, and it left him a hope that she might, unspoiled by the fascinations of a city life, be content to return to his more quiet home, and he revolved new plans in his mind to render that home more attractive to her than it had ever been. He sent for fresh luxuries and choice pictures; he had a garden laid out which he called Sybil's, and into which nothing but the rarest plants were to find entrance, and as it was Sybil's delight daily to arrange tasteful bouquets in every available nook and corner in the house, he ordered a variety of vases to be purchased, of antique forms and exquisite designs, blending poetry and sculpture, so that she might take renewed pleasure in her favourite occupation.

He even personally gave orders for a thorough remodelling of Sybil's own apartment, decorating it with a carpet which was more like an exquisite painting than a combination of woollen colours, while her pretty furniture was replaced by another set of a unique and elegant design, in which, as in all that was the result of Vernon's taste and judgment, might be traced an idea of the beautiful rather than the showy. Nor was the smallest particular neglected in the new arrangement, and now that he knew the shade of Sybil's complexion from Isabel's description, and that her hair was blonde and her eyes of the tenderest blue, he exchanged the hangings in her apartment for other drapery, so that it might lend to the beauty of the fair occupant its harmonizing and subduing tone. Then he reserved a place for the books which she loved, and further ornamented the room with exquisite and costly articles of *vertu*.

These seemingly unimportant details interested him more than he might have been willing to confess, but they were for *her*, to give her pleasure, and this was excuse enough to himself. Then when all was completed, and the old house-keeper had declared her approbation of the change, and had wondered what Sybil would do and say when she should first enter that enchanting chamber, he, too, grew restlessly curious to know what her first impressions would be, and more impatient was he for her return than ever. And yet somewhat resigned was he to her absence, for a definite time was fixed upon for its duration, and before long he knew he would stand in her very presence and be contented once more, and the counting of the hours and minutes seemed to take away from them half their length.

Then another object of pleasing contemplation to him was the idea of meeting Albert Linwood; of taking that true, honest hand once more within his own; of hearing his voice; of knowing that he

was near him once more after so many years of absence, in which everything had changed but their love for each other. What a bright picture the blind man painted in his mind—Sybil at home again cultivating her flowers, singing or learning some new lesson from his lips, while seated as of yore at his feet, happy in his praise yet grateful for his chiding if she in the smallest particular deserved it;—Albert seated with them, his conversation a rich treat as he discoursed upon what he had seen in that far journey, and his character doubly interesting, now that he had added to his other experiences the ennobling passion of a worthy love;—and Vernon himself, blind it is true to Sybil's loveliness and Albert's face radiant with happiness, but still contented at last under his terrible and irremediable affliction.

It was the first really healthy view that Vernon had taken of his own troubles. He raised his head once more from the drooping posture which it was beginning to assume, with something like the hope of his old life in his face and form; snatches of gay song, memories of sweet passages of poetry burst from his lips; he had turned over a new leaf in the book of existence; the very air which he breathed was more buoyant and welcome to him; he seemed to feel that the sunshine came in at the door where Sybil used to sit and listen to his songs, not as it had come in her absence, in a long line of unmeaning, yellow light, but with glowing, dancing rays, and he loved to draw his chair to the spot where she had passed so many of her twilight hours ere he knew the value of her whom he was entertaining unawares, and to feel their warming and cheering influence, and imagine that each ripple of gold as it reached him brought a special message telling of her return.

But the sunlight was unchanged, the earth and the air alike the same; the only alteration was the happy one in his own happy heart; but we, who have the privilege of looking into other hearts, know too well how ill-founded this security of content was, and how the beautiful picture that Vernon had painted

was sketched only upon the shadowy and evanescent clouds.

We left Sybil crushed and alone, and Isabel speeding upon her mission of joy. It was enough for Albert to know that she had been won without asking how and why. He was quite satisfied with the garbled, ingenious statement which Isabel made. Love such as his never reasons; like one intoxicated with happiness he called Isabel his good angel and besought her to ask Sybil but for one moment to return to him, so that he might by a single word or look express his gratitude, but she was inexorable, knowing full well that Sybil could not just yet have borne his presence, nor did she wish to subject her to it, remembering the mood in which she had left her, and that the chord drawn too tightly might snap if but touched with a feather's weight. Therefore she silenced Albert's eloquence by bidding him good night and wishing him pleasant dreams, while he, smiling incredulously at the thought of his losing that blessed state of happiness in unconscious slumber, he, who would not be able to sleep for joy, departed with a promise of an early visit on the morrow.

After a brief unconsciousness, Sybil awoke to life and its miseries and the new part which now devolved upon her to play. She longed for sleep, and it came to her like a gentle mother with a soothing melody for the weary child, and calmed the fever in her frame and the wild throbbing in her head;—her last free sleep she seemed to feel that it was, for on the morrow Albert would have a right to know her very dreams.

She arose early the next day and seeking Isabel, she expressed her desire to return to Vernon Grove. Vernon would scarcely expect her to avail herself of his kindness to remain away another month; it was but right and proper, she said, under the new relations in which she found herself, to go at once to him and acquaint him that she had done his bidding to the utmost; she knew of no other reason why he could have wished her to stay except that she might return as Mr. Linwood's affianced wife, and as the "first

wish of his heart" was granted, she presumed that she might now return.

Sybil spoke bitterly and with a crushed and broken spirit, but Isabel was not moved; there was something yet to be done, the drama was as yet incomplete, nor must the curtain fall before she had performed her part and won the applause and gratitude of Florence. It did not suit her to have Sybil leave her just yet, and so she reminded her of her promise, so willingly granted, to remain another month; and when Sybil said, in a strange tone of voice, that promises ought not to be held sacred with one so vile as she was, one who had forgotten what it was to be true, Isabel told her decidedly that it was not convenient for her to return at present, making some trivial and yet plausible excuse about the carriage which was to take her back to Vernon Grove.

Thus even the change and excitement of the journey were denied Sybil; she was completely wretched, and she looked in vain for that approving, inward sense of right which she knew followed the pursuance of duty. She longed for the solitude of the woods where she had ever carried her childish troubles and had found sympathy amid their shades; she longed for the tones of Vernon's voice, as well as for his written words which Isabel had told her of, to say that she had done as he desired. She felt the need of applause as much as an actress who has strained every nerve to perform her assumed character, and she thought, mistakenly perhaps, that could he only appear to her then and there, and say to her, as he had often done when she had performed tasks which she thought difficult once, but oh, how easy now—"Sybil—child, you have done well," that the tangled way would seem clearer to her weary footsteps.

Twice she sat down to write to Vernon, but that terrible third person, who was so necessary to him, would know all, and so it was denied her to tell him that she had obeyed him like a faithful child to the last.

Then her mood changed, and from that nervous and feverish state she settled into apathy and was indifferent to all around.

If Isabel spoke to her and counselled her to wear a brighter face for Albert, whom she expected momentarily, she simply said that it was impossible, that Vernon had not advised her as regarded the expression which she must assume, and that otherwise she had fulfilled his commands to the very letter; and so, like one wrought up to undergo any amount of mental suffering, she awaited Albert's coming.

It was only the old story over again, a hand without a heart,—and who so blind as he who loves? Calmly she listened to his rapturous words; patiently she received those caresses of his which raised him to undreamed of happiness; silently she heard his plans for the future in which she now formed the prominent part. For her to say that she loved him, he yet neither asked nor required, and this delicacy on his part so touched Sybil that she made a resolution, asking Heaven's aid, to try with every effort in her power to return his affection, but until that time came she was glad to feel that he asked for no passionate declarations of love on her part, but was content to sit holding her hand and gazing in her eyes, satisfied that she was his own. It was in such hours as these that all the secrets of his noble heart became hers; he told her of his faults, his aspirations; he exhibited to her his deeply religious nature and his dependence upon a higher power for all the blessings of life while he bent resignedly beneath its discipline. He dwelt long and ardently upon his love for the occupation which he had chosen and which kept him always so fully alive to what was beautiful in art and Nature; and one day he brought her the picture which had led him to fame, his Inspiration, which he had promised as a gift to Vernon, and he told her, now that she whom it so resembled was all his own, he was content to yield it up to another. Then he dwelt eloquently upon the coincidence of this his ideal of all that was lovely being so much like her; Heaven had guided his hand, he said, as Heaven had guided his heart.

But at last Sybil's strength was overtasked. It was one evening when the

chilly winds of winter came, and the rustling of the withered leaves, reminding her of the forest winds and leaves of Vernon Grove. Unmindful of the cold, she had sought that marble sylvan temple where, not many weeks before, she had breathed so freely and happily, and in its shelter she hoped to find the solitude which she so much needed. Everything told of a wintry frost, and though careful hands had been busied to preserve the beauty of the gardens, they could not prevent the unceasing fall of the dry, dead leaves, nor make the sluggish fountains flow, nor give an appearance of warmth to the chill, glistening marble.

Sybil sat down and bowed her head in her hands with such a spirit of loneliness, such a desolate sense of homesickness, that she felt as if her young heart *must* break.

It was here and thus that Albert found her, and drawing her hands from her face he chid her gently for seeking the cold outer air instead of the glowing flame within the house. But the only answer that Sybil vouchsafed was a passionate flow of tears.

"Are you not happy, dearest?" he asked anxiously: "am I not worthy of of you? do you need a more devoted love than mine?"

Sybil still wept wildly, and Albert drawing her head upon his bosom pil- lowed it there, and awaited anxiously for some word of explanation from her whose single tear was a source of anxiety to him. It was the place above all others where, if she needed comfort and if she had loved him, she would have found it, but raising herself and rejecting the proffered resting place, she looked with tearful eyes into his and spoke.

"I confess it," she said, "I do *not* feel happy, and it must seem to you ungrateful to hear me say it, but I cannot help it. I have given you my esteem and respect and you said that you would wait patiently for my love to come. Your devotion should have touched my cold, hard heart and melted it ere this, but I suppose that the time will come, yes, *it must*, when I can repay you better for your love than I do at this moment; but, oh,

Albert, just now, just for a little while, look upon me as a poor, weak child and treat me like one, and let me go back at once into the country. I know not why I am thus dispirited and so unlike my former self, unless it be that I have led this artificial city life too long, and it seems to me that a purer air and the free, free woods in which I was born would restore me to something of my native cheerfulness. Here, I know that I shall distress you by this weary, listless spirit, here," she added, with sudden energy, "*I feel that I must die.*"

Why did he not see it all before? he asked himself, why did he not read her thoughts and discover how little the sweet wood-violet could flourish out of its own pure atmosphere. He hastened to Isabel and urged her to send Sybil back to Vernon Grove at once, and the former no longer objecting to her going, acceded to his proposition, naming the day and hour for Sybil's departure. It was not quite as early as Albert could have wished, for she still wanted time. She no longer raised obstacles to the leave-taking, because now she would go as Linwood's affianced wife, but some preliminary steps were to be taken. She must write to Vernon and let him know of Sybil's return and under what circumstances;—this was a delicate task, but her ingenuity soon found a ready way to accomplish it. Fortunately for the development of her plans, she had told Albert and Sybil that she would herself write and acquaint Vernon of their engagement, and she congratulated herself upon waiting until the precise and most auspicious moment had arrived.

When Albert left her, she sat down and penned a few hurried words to Vernon, duly approved of by Florence, and with which she herself was satisfied as a master-stroke of policy, and though she knew that the shock must be a great one to her brother when the intelligence first would reach him, still it must exonerate her from all blame in his estimation. Those hurried lines were the following:

"Dear Richard:

"Who can foretell the future! Albert Linwood has selected a bride, as I fore-

warned you, but you will be astonished to hear that his affianced is Sybil Gray, astonished and delighted both, for she is the child of your adoption and he the brother of your love. You must expect to see Sybil in the early part of next week; Albert will follow her a day or two after her departure, when you can judge for yourself, how certain it is, that with their congenial ages, tastes and dispositions, they will be happy in their united lives.

"As ever, your loving

"ISABEL."

It was well that Vernon's servant, who read this abrupt epistle, not in the least suspecting the agony it inflicted, immediately left the room to give notice that Miss Gray was soon expected back, an event which caused the whole household, as well as himself, who had now risen by his devotion to Vernon's interest into a humble friend, great rejoicing, for Sybil was beloved by all.

It was well that in his presence Vernon had command over himself, for no sooner had he departed than his old enemy, unrestrained passion, burst forth; he felt struck as with lightning, not dead, that would have been best, he thought, but scathed as with liquid fire; the bitterest curses issued from his lips, and he hurled upon the head of the child whom he had loved so tenderly and upon the friend whom he had cherished, maledictions deep and strong.

His life all lonely, his hopes all blasted, wronged as he deemed it by his friend, forsaken by Sybil, he was reckless.

Suddenly seizing a pen which he knew lay upon the table, and with which he had often employed himself in forming characters since his blindness, he wrote a few words to Sybil and folded the letter, then calling John he bade him direct, seal and forward it without delay, feeling a fierce satisfaction in what he had done, and yet succeeding well in preserving an outward calm before his servant.

Sybil was luckily alone when she received the letter. At first she did not understand its cruel meaning, and then when she spelled out the strange words,

and their significance broke upon her with its full force, she would have fainted had she not felt that she had need of all her self-possession, for a battle was before her which she would be obliged to fight alone, because she knew that what such a man as Vernon had written she must abide by then and forever.

The few terrible words ran thus—they were scarcely legible, but too truly were they written there—

"Sybil, *the blind* can write under some circumstances, and a few lines will convey to you what I design to say. Your aunt Mary, no doubt, will receive you, for this cannot be a home to you again; you must come to Vernon Grove *never more*.

"RICHARD VERNON."

If she had known what she had done to provoke his anger, if he had only enlightened her as to the extent of her delinquency, she could have borne better that dreadful mandate of banishment even though she had been accused wrongfully, but he had shut the door to everything like an explanation and only time would reveal to him the wrong that he had inflicted upon her. But perhaps she deserved it, she thought. Then at this suggestion, with a scrutiny which gave herself no mercy and spared not her slightest fault, she examined her words and acts for the past two months, and still she could find nothing very blameable in her conduct, not even any inconsistencies too flagrant for forgiveness on his part.

To Vernon's sister she felt that she must not complain; what right had *she* to intrude herself upon Isabel's home and protection, when her brother had discarded her as too unworthy to find a shelter beneath his roof! No, some other plan must be thought of.

Next, the idea occurred to her of writing to Vernon and humbly asking where her offence lay, and desiring pardon for any omission or commission on her part, but his having written himself, seemed to be proof conclusive that he did not wish another to share the mystery, whatever it was, and she did not dwell long

upon that thought because of its impracticability. She must act as though Richard Vernon, who had so often laid his hand upon her head and promised her protection through the storms of life, were dead to her, or had thrust her from his world.

Then to have asked consolation or sympathy from Albert, feeling as she did towards him, she could not, would not; so turn where she would, like a poor wounded hare pressed hard on all sides by its pursuers, she stood stationary for an instant with a glare almost of insanity in her eyes, looking around to see if there was no way of escape, through tangled wood, or fern, or deep waters, or burning fields. Had she paused long in that unprofitable survey it would literally have maddened her, and so at once seeking Isabel she told her as calmly as she could that she would avail herself of her kindness, and taking the carriage she, instead of going to the Grove, would pay a visit to her aunt, whom she had not seen since her early childhood. Isabel thinking this arrangement natural enough, and supposing that Vernon would send for her there, readily acceded to Sybil's wishes, and little deemed that under that calm, cold exterior a human heart was bleeding.

Then came the parting with all who had been kind to the gentle girl. Her consideration always won the love and respect of domestics, and as they gathered round it was a sad trial to her to hear their words of sorrow at the thought of losing her, or some chance allusion to Linwood, for their relation to each other was generally known, and though couched in respectful terms, the simple wish of a long and happy life and a pleasant journey with her chosen companion to the end, failed to bring the smile which they tried to call to her lips.

Next followed her farewell to Clayton; if he could have loved anything but his wife and the constant accumulation of gain, he must have loved Sybil, for she had left the impress of her pure and beautiful spirit upon his household, but his heart was hardened to anything like affection beyond his contracted sphere, and a hurried "good-bye" was all that

he vouchsafed her. Afterwards she turned to Isabel, looking to her, at least, who had taken such an interest in her fate, for some deep emotion now that she was about to leave her, but she, feeling somewhat conscience-stricken at the sight of that pale, suffering face, affected an air of levity which served to deaden her self-reproach, and Sybil turned away from her heartless adieu to meet what she most dreaded, Florence's scornful bearing. Delicacy might have kept her away, for she knew that Sybil could feel no affection for one who scarcely made a secret of one day hoping to take her place at Vernon Grove, but curiosity prevailed, she wanted to see the last of her rival who was now so surely removed from her path.

She was more regal than ever, Sybil thought, and that queen-like bearing became her well; her lips were blandly smiling, but her eyes were gleaming with a cruel light, an assumption of power, which lit up her face with a wondrous beauty.

Sybil extended her hand and looked deprecatingly towards her as though silently asking her not to kill one so crushed already, with a word of unkindness, but Florence, in the height of her pride and consciousness of success, like a tiger watching her prey, still kept her basilisk eyes fastened upon her and heeded not her beseeching glance.

"I suppose," she said, touching Sybil's hand with the tips of her long, slender fingers, "that when we pay another visit to Vernon Grove, *as we intend to*, Mr. Linwood will have claimed you as his bride, and Mr. Vernon will be our sole entertainer. We shall miss the little songstress who entertained us, and should we go upon an expedition to the Cave, we shall feel sadly in want of some one to get up an exciting scene."

"Would to God I had died in that gloomy cavern," thought Sybil, but she only murmured some common-place words in reply, and passed out to the carriage where Albert was waiting to arrange her furs comfortably, and to utter some low, tender words at parting, which Sybil scarcely heard or understood.

"Expect me soon, dearest," he whis-

pered, "I shall hasten from Vernon Grove as soon as I possibly can after my visit to Richard, and see you at your aunt's, for where you are not, there is no happiness for me."

"Thank you," said Sybil looking up with a strange, almost idiotic smile. She felt called upon to say something, she did not exactly know what, and the carriage moved off with its sad and weary occupant.

It was a long, long drive, and before many miles were passed the rain came down in a steady drizzle and the cold wind moaned through the branches of the trees.

"Better thus," thought Sybil, "than the gay, happy, mocking sunshine."

The carriage reached the humble cottage door, and Sybil alighted and entered. A staid woman, with placid face, and her gray hair combed smoothly upon her unwrinkled brow, sat by the fire intently engaged in knitting. So passionless an aspect had she, so mechanical were her movements, so busy was she in her occupation as though life had no other work for her to do, that a looker-on might have said she had traversed the stormy waves of existence, and had now emerged into a calm, open sea, where not even the memory of the past remained to her to disturb the serenity of her look; or if passions were beneath that calm exterior, or had memory ploughed deep furrows in her soul, she had learned the art of keeping them subjected to her will and out of the sight of others.

She did not hear Sybil's step nor know of her presence until she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and a most musical voice speaking close to her ear.

"Dear aunt Mary," said she, "I have come to live with you, if you will let me,—you remember Sybil whom you called your pet once when she was a little child. I am strong and shall not be much of a burden to you, for I can help you work—will you let me come?"

The kind-hearted woman arose at once, and gazing a moment intently at Sybil, brushed away a few tears as she saw her brother's features reflected in his child's, then kissing her she bade her welcome,

took off her bonnet, chafed her cold hands until they were warm, threw an additional stick upon the fire which burned brightly with a cheerful glow, saw that her trunks were carefully placed in the little passage way, and then sat down with her at the hearth.

It was all humble enough, but it was a *refuge* and a *home*.

"And so those grand proud folks have forsaken you," at last said the placid-faced woman. "'Put not your trust in princes,' says the good book; have they turned you away, Sybil, dear?"

"They have, aunt Mary."

Sybil shivered, the truth had not come home to her so certainly before, here was no glossing over of words, she had been literally turned away, forsaken.

"You are cold, child, draw nearer yet to the fire."

"Oh, no, I am not cold *now*," she answered; "you are so kind and good, and it is so warm and comfortable here; what a pleasant home you have, dear aunt Mary." Sybil felt what she said spite of the stained plastering, rough floor, and rude chair upon which she was seated.

"I wonder that you think so," returned her aunt, "just coming as you do from the grand home of a rich man, but you will get here what failed you there; some one to love and cherish you always; some one who will not forsake you until death takes her from you. I always thought that it was a bad plan of your grandmother's to give up her cottage and take you to live at Mr. Vernon's, but what better could we have expected from a soured, unhappy, wicked man?"

"Oh, no, not *that*, not the last," answered Sybil, rising and laying her hand upon her aunt's.

"Well, perhaps I may be mistaken," she said less bitterly, "but he has done you some wrong, has he not darling, that you come from his downy carpets and silver dishes to this humble shed?"

• Sybil leant her head against the low mantel and gazed dreamily into the fire. "He has only told me never to come to Vernon Grove again," she said with a tremulous voice.

"Never! that is a hard, cruel word, Sybil."

"And yet I loved him, God knows," she said passionately; "I loved him in his helpless blindness as a sister might love a brother. I have been patient with him and self-denying, scarcely allowing myself needful exercise at times; then I have watched and waited for his faintest word, and fondly deemed that I had won from him a brother's love until this wretched day, when all is changed. Oh, aunt Mary, you know not what I have lost, such a friend, and such a happy, happy home. If I had been ungrateful I might have deserved it all, but I have always tried to do what would please him best, and not to know *why* I am banished is the bitterest pang of all."

"Do not weep so wildly, dear Sybil," said her aunt, frightened at the violence of her grief, "if you have lost one home, here is another, humble though it be, where you and your grandmother will ever be welcome."

"I know it, I feel it," was Sybil's answer, and you must not think me repining or dissatisfied; it is so hard to realize this sudden change, so hard to think what she will do in her helplessness without me, and how Mr. Vernon, proud though he be, will find his way through the tangled woods to his favourite haunts without my hand to guide him."

Her kind relative tried by reasoning and comforting to still those passionate words of despair, but in the end she let her weep on, until at last quite new to sorrow such as this, or indeed any sorrow save the terrible ordeal which she had lately passed through in promising to be Albert Linwood's wife, she accepted, like a poor ship-wrecked mariner, any aid that was offered, and half kneeling before the glowing fire, the violence of her grief seemed spent, her tears turned to occasional sobs, and pressing her hands hard over her eyes, she became more quiet. Then the old lady drew the child towards her until Sybil's weary and aching head rested in her lap: Soon Sybil's sobs came less frequently, her breathing was more regular, her limbs relaxed,

her hands dropped helplessly from her closed eyes and she slept for very sorrow.

Her sleep, if *that* it could be called, in which there was no real repose but a succession of starts and a quivering of her rich, ripe lips like a grieved child's, did not continue long, and she awoke with a frightened look and gazed wildly around.

"I would not think about him any more," said her aunt, now finding it necessary to be decisive, "forget one who has proved so cruel, so false-hearted."

"He is *not* cruel, not false-hearted," she answered quickly; aunt Mary, if you love me you must take those words back."

"I cannot take them back, and will not, either," returned her aunt, "until you can prove him otherwise by letting me hear the whole story; sit down, Sybil, and tell me all, so that I may judge between you, for now that he has sent you away from him into another home, discarded you, as I understand you, without a hearing; now that you are mine, and not his, I must hear all."

Sybil seated herself again, gathered up her long, dishevelled hair into something like order, clasped her hands together, sighed deeply and then began her story, while her aunt Mary bent over her knitting-work, and the polished needles clicked in their eternal round.

CHAPTER XXII.

How changed since last her sparkling eye
Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
Where high-born men were proud to wait,
Where beauty watched to imitate
Her gentle voice and lovely mien,—
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its queen.

Byron.

"So the dreams depart,
So the shadows flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."

"Well, aunt Mary," Sybil began, "you know that he is very rich; you, in your humble home here, can scarcely realize what his wealth is, and how, though he never has beheld and never will be-

the magnificence at Vernon's inner spirit craves for what is beautiful and refined. You could understand, unless you knew it, why it is that he cannot unless he is surrounded with the most attractive in nature and art, even though blind, he is at a place where a picture ought to be, where the lights may fall upon it, or where groups of flowers are the best display. Even I do not understand it fully, though I have known it so long, unless it be that it is a spirit of beauty, a harmony, just as there is in an artist's work which calls for a corresponding thought."

"The story," said aunt Mary.

"Yes, I had forgotten! Ever so long ago when I was quite a little child, I saw him coming to grandmother's and saying to her in his cold, dry, while he leaned against a pillar near the porch—

"We come to ask you to live with Mr. Gordon; you are declining in health, but few comforts around you, but may be of use to each other; and your buoyant spirit which knows well how to live down trouble and disappointment, can cheer me,—and with me will save you much anxiety and labour for the future; come, the obligation will be mutual; be content not to be entirely a stranger,—mother's early friend."

Grandmother glanced at me and smiled; then remembering that I could neither see the glance nor the smile, she said:

"The child, Mr. Vernon; I promise to forsake her, and her parents or the world will ask her at my side, and perhaps if I take her to your home, her wild, untaught ways and emotion to her might not be exactly what you would like."

"The child, Mrs. Gordon," he said, "your duties to her shall interfere with what I would require."

Continued grandmother, "there are reasons which make it seem

best that I should remain here. There are so many changes with the great and wealthy, that we may have after all to return to our cottage, not so content as when we left it. I have heard, too, of a place where the blind can go to be taught better to enjoy life, and where it becomes quite easy for them to read and write. Still, if these are not objections, there is another thing which would materially alter Sybil's fortunes and mine; this dreary country life, now a novelty to you, will not content you long; you will leave it for other excitements and pleasures, and in your wanderings you would find many a lady of the land who would be glad to place her hand in yours and lead you the world over."

"Though it is many years ago that he stood there before the cottage door, I shall never forget the lights and shadows of feeling that passed over his face, like the play of summer lightning. It seemed to me that the light was there because grandmother had drawn a pretty picture of a blind man led by a fair, white hand and guided on by a tender voice; and shadows, because he knew that at least then, it was not real, and no one waited at home for his return; or perhaps after all it was only the evening sun that brightened his face for a moment ere it disappeared, leaving his naturally gloomy aspect darker than before.

"Mr. Vernon was silent for a moment, and pressed his hand upon his heart as though there was a pain there, and then answered sadly and with something of bitterness in his tone—

"You need fear neither of the events which you have mentioned; first, because I am past the age when I could regularly apply myself to learn a new language, the language of the blind, and because I should be too impatient to study the minute details of such instruction: then as for the other contingency, I fear that the ladies of the land, as you call them, would scarcely thank you for the privilege which you are so ready to offer them; true, there might be some who with a Sister of Charity spirit, for pity, might undertake such a task; and I know one, and perhaps others, who would ac-

cept the office for the sake of the gold which gilds it and which happens to be the blind man's heritage, but these I want not. As for inspiring pure love, the love which endures all, hopes all, gives all, *that* I can never hope to gain. I have *experience* to tell me this,—and my contempt for woman as I have known her, her deceit, her avarice, her worldliness, is too much a part of my nature for me ever to regard her otherwise than I do now. But though this is my view of the ball-room butterflies that I have met, I am afraid that I do some choice spirits that I have not met a grievous wrong, and it is for this very reason that I want your companionship, so that you may lead me to suppress this continual murmuring against men and destiny, and make me look on the bright side of life instead of its darker aspect. It is because I am proud, and suspicious, and wilful by nature, that I want your kind counsel to check me and to help me to be more like yourself,—tried, and yet patient; afflicted, yet humble; lonely, yet not repining; yet why, oh, my God! he exclaimed passionately, 'why is it that I am so stricken down and need this discipline? Why, under such a dispensation, was I not made gentle and forbearing? Life is almost too worthless a thing to care for. A blank or positive torment would be almost preferable.'

"It appeared to me that grand-mother with her calm, passive nature, scarcely understood his impulsive words, so sad and despairing, or the character of him who stood before her as he bared his proud heart and showed its secret sins, for she said something reproachfully about his battling against the decrees of Providence, and his gathering only thorns when he might gather flowers.

"'Flowers!' he said, while his blind eyes seemed to gaze fruitlessly around, show them to me; tell me where they there are any in my path.'

"I could not understand then *all* that he meant, though I do now, and simple child that I was, I took the wreath that I was weaving and stood by his side; then as he had said that he wanted flow-

ers, I held his hand and twined it my pretty garland.

"'These are beautiful flowers, Vernon,' I said timidly, 'carnations, yellow, and blue, and the loveliest brightest green I could find. I am giving them to you, little Vernon, you take them and carry them home?'

"'God bless the child!' he said, 'so you bring me flowers, a pure offering laid by pure hands on the blind man's path. Will you live with me, come and lead me, let sunshine sometimes and let me hear the tones of your child-voice, Sybil?'

"Foolish words, I answered, but they could not be refused.

"'Yes, I will come if grand-mother does, for she has often told me that the great house beyond the hill with its books, and gems, and pictures, and golden broideries fit for a queen, we go to-day, or to-morrow, now?' I asked with childish eagerness.

"His hand dropped mine. He said 'you are not separate from the draperies and tinsel, broideries are the uppermost thoughts and all of your sex; nevertheless, Gordon, come, and bring them, for at least are an exception, and being tempted with these.'

"Then he stooped as if to kiss me, turned his head listlessly and said grand-mother good bye, and his servant, departed slowly through the twilight woods.

"You know that we went; that we bade farewell to our home, Mr. Vernon sending his grand coach, and that we left our simple life for his splendor. You see how I grew from a simple woman, while he loved me as if I were his sister; at least I thought so until you have heard how grand-mother usually became imbecile and he even has ceased to recognize me as his child, and yet that he provides comfort as if she were all in all to him, that he let me be of service to him sometimes, repaying him in a small way for all the care and expense that

upon me. Then came his sister with her beautiful friend, who, mes imagine, might have made less of my simple rustic ways; may be a harsh judgment and I it back. Next, my gay, care-urn at Mr. Clayton's city home, everything was as bright and beau-a dream; and last, Albert Lin-arrival. He, I must tell you, is non's best friend,—an artist just studies in Europe, and a great with all who are acquainted. *He, aunt,"* said Sybil blush-determined to have no half-way-ces, but to tell the whole truth, ed me after he had known me while, but spite of all that his aid in his favour I could not re-affection, though his society al-re me pleasure. He was so im-e, so determined to win my love, day I told him that it must be a subject, because the more I about it, the more I felt that we ver be nearer than friends. This, it, finally decided the matter, s. Clayton received a letter from ion counselling, advising, in fact e in just so many words, that he ish me above all things to be-ert's wife; and so pressed hard les, knowing Mr. Vernon's wish, rt's worth, subject to Mrs. Clay-stantly advocating it, I forgot rely and promised to be his. r I had yielded to the wishes around, my life seemed to be , dreadful blank, but now that I loved so well has forsaken me, o turn to Albert as a last refuge, in the end that his devotion will , if not happy, content; for ve I now to go to for protection stl but you and him?"

tepped for a moment in her nar-and seemed lost for awhile in ight,—then her face brightened, at brief space of reflection she l that she had discovered the Vernon's course of conduct.

e is one other thing, dear aunt be continued, "which I forgot t, and which may serve to ex-

plain this dark mystery which surrounds me. I met at Mrs. Clayton's another person—a man of wealth and position whom I was so unfortunate as to inspire with love, too, but neither could I respond to his, any more than to Albert's mad worship, and so I had to send him away unhappy and disappointed. The idea came to me just now that Mr. Vernon had heard of this, and that he would rather have me marry him than Albert because his wealth and influence are very great; I thought, that provoked because I had refused so brilliant a lot, Mr. Vernon might impulsively have written that dreadful note of banishment. But my judgment is feeble, my brain throbbing, my ideas not clear to-day, dear aunt, and now that you know all, tell me what you think, and so ease my heart of its heavy load of wretchedness."

But no satisfactory judgment could her sympathising friend form, even though Sybil had told her all, and kissing her affectionately, and telling her with the earnest trust which was a part of her life, "to be of good cheer, for there was a silver lining to every cloud," she led her to her little room and bade her good night, promising to consider what she had told her, and perhaps on the morrow she might be able to arrive at something like the truth.

The griefs of girlhood are very often magnified, and sometimes from the lips of youth come passionate exclamations which would seem to betoken utter misery, while longing for death and vague thoughts of seclusion for life, or a journey in disguise to some foreign country, are often a theme of meditation for those who are suffering under imaginary or real slights and ill-treatment. But Sybil was bowed by no imaginary grief. Up to the time of her departure from Vernon Grove, her life had been one pleasant dream with scarcely a ripple of sorrow to break upon its even tenor; her trials had not come to her by degrees, but had suddenly enveloped her in gloom; and thus when she was left alone in that unfamiliar chamber, with the drizzling rain beating against the window panes, she felt utterly forsaken; ♣

—“the future stretched before her
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.”

Even when her thoughts rested upon her aunt, she felt as though she were no real refuge for her, since though strong minded and patient, tried by sorrow herself, and submissive, her walk in life had been but an humble one, and though it was no fault of hers, Sybil knew that she could not appreciate her nicer feelings or sympathise with the refined education and associations which had been hers since she had found a home with one so fastidious as Vernon.

Had she discovered anything where-with to reproach herself in that long and lonely vigil, she might have gone to her accuser, and humbling herself before him, have asked his forgiveness, but all was a blank save his letter, the words of which seemed burnt into her heart and brain.

Ah, how weary she was with weeping; her head throbbed wildly, and fever flowed with the blood in her veins. The day had seemed to her longer than any other in her life, because so comfortless and wretched; it appeared to her almost a week since she had left Mrs. Clayton's house. Poor, forsaken Sybil; she sat by her window heedless of the rain and damp air, and looked out into the night to see if a single friendly star was in the heavens to shine upon her with a cheering ray, but in vain did she look for sympathy there, for the night was starless; the fitful waving of the trees and their grotesque grouping frightened her, while a sudden gust of wind and sleet drove her with unfriendly violence away, and she closed the casement and her heart despairingly, while the last gleam of hope of any external aid, to dull the point of her sharp sorrow, died away.

“It cannot be wicked sometimes to wish to die,” she murmured, as she gazed vacantly at the fading embers on the hearth, “if God has appointed a time for every one to leave this world of bitterness for another, why could not mine be this hour, this very instant? I would gladly welcome death if it were not impious to

pray for it, and how sweet would be the eternal calm of the grave compared with a life of misery such as mine.”

Then she whispered to herself the words of another, which she in her careless, happy life of the past had often wondered at, so improbable did it seem that any one should desire to leave this bright, beautiful world of sunshine, but now they came home especially to her saddened heart.

“Take me, my mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest,
The long day is o'er;
I'm weary, I would sleep,
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.”

Alas! for Sybil! alas! for us all! There are some nights when we cannot sleep; when the overstrung nerves refuse to be quieted and the anxious heart will not be still, and the weeper watches drearily on. God save us from many of these frightful vigils,—God keep us from the fierce agony of such sleepless hours!

When such an experience comes to youth, as it did to Sybil, it is forgotten almost through a life time. The cold night succeeded by the colder dawn found her still weeping, and watching, and longing for rest,—and through all, came a cry wrung from her young heart, with no answering voice to still it—
“Alas! what have I done?”

CHAPTER XXIII.

The death-bed of the just—
Angels should paint it.

Young's Night Thoughts.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not
cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and
new—
What hope? What help?

Mrs. Browning.

Sybil's change of destination determined Albert at once to visit his friend,

ag in the all-absorbing passion
d now became a part of his ex-
that he had neglected one to
owed so much, he hastened to
love. He longed to impart to
joy that this new tie in his life
d, to thank him for all that he
to Sybil and all that he had
her, and to receive his congrat-
person.

of the presence of others, and imbecile to
perfect childishness, but on the morning
of Linwood's arrival a change had taken
place, for the better, as regarded health,
an unconcerned looker-on might have
said, but a return to consciousness, like
the bright flicker of a dying lamp, only

The sound of approaching wheels led
him from Mrs. Gordon's room to the en-
trance door, with a vague hope that Sy-
bil had not obeyed his cruel mandate and
Vernon Grove, but in-
sted grandchild's arri-
around her relative's
entered, and with ex-
loving voice, greeted
no time, nor hour for
ess, and when Albert,
joy in his tone, and a
beating heart, began to tell him his tale
of happiness, instead of smiting him to
the ground as the evil part of his nature
suggested, he simply interrupted him by
saying that he knew all from Isabel's let-
ter, and wishe
piness, then as
woman, he be
return in the
veyed him thit
her grandmoth
ed Vernon thu

had gone to her aunt's, as he thought depressed and sad, and that the rain had poured in torrents during her lonely drive, Vernon shuddered to think that he had caused her the suffering which she had so plainly showed, and hurried Albert off to expedite her return to her old home.

Not long after Sybil's humble, noon-day meal, a vehicle drove up to her aunt's door, and Albert Linwood alighted. Sybil knew at once from his sad and subdued expression that he was the bearer of evil tidings, and importuned him to tell her at once if he was the messenger of any ill news, and in obedience to Vernon's injunctions to delay not an instant upon his errand, he acquainted Sybil at once with the truth. No burst of useless anguish overcame her, no wringing of hands and sobs of despair, for in the school of sorrow through which she had so lately passed she had learned something of self-command, but with a terrible sinking of the heart and with trembling hands she made her preparations for departure, blaming herself the while in her silent sorrow for having ever deserted that bed of loneliness and sickness. Only once did Linwood see that calm, settled look of despair alter in its stony expression, and this was as she turned to bid her aunt farewell. Throwing herself passionately into her arms, she kissed her lips, her silvered hair, her placid brow, as though she were parting from her only friend, and sobbed out her thanks as she embraced her, while the kind old lady, wiping her own fast flowing tears away, bade her remember that the cottage was now her home, the little attic-room her own, and the white curtained bed, come weal, come wo, especially reserved for the dear child who had entered like a gleam of sunshine into her lonely home.

Sybil could only look her gratitude for this renewed kindness, but Albert with many eloquent words thanked their generous hostess, and with a glance of pride at Sybil, bade her remember that he had a claim upon her likewise, and that at some future time not far distant, he hoped

to reciprocate her hospitality by offering to her a home with them.

The old, despairing look came back to Sybil; a sudden shudder seized her upon hearing Linwood's words, and uttering an impatient "come," she sprang into the carriage and they were soon speeding swiftly on their way. Sybil was silent during the ride, tormenting herself with new reproaches and grateful, oh, how grateful to Vernon for allowing her the privilege of returning to give one look to that beloved face which had watched her from her cradle to womanhood; and yet she almost shrank from the ordeal which awaited her. She had never seen death, she had read of it only, either as surrounded with horrors or as an event which was a swift and beautiful transition from earth to a higher life, where a corpse was bedecked with flowers or drooping willows hung poetically over a fresh-made grave, but in her conception of it there was nothing real. What she had heard and read seemed to her afar off, like the memory of a dream, but now, here it was close at hand; the rigid form, the icy brow, the stiff, unanswering lips, the unyielding fingers, and she sank back in the carriage and covered her eyes as though to shut out from view the image that still pursued her, and which no effort of hers could banish. Albert, after attempting to engage her in conversation in order to turn her thoughts from painful subjects, and failing in his efforts, left her to herself, and Sybil appreciated his delicacy in conjecturing that in an hour like that, words had no comforting power, but he could not refrain from occasionally taking her hand and pressing it tenderly, or whispering a single word of endearment, which she, however, scarcely heard, since there seemed only one bitter thought left her, one over-mastering sensation, involved in a little sentence, *the presence of death in the household*.

At last the carriage stopped and she was at home—yes, she thought, spite of all, it was still her home, and the journey to it, that ride which seemed to her to have extended over numberless days, was at last at an end, and the hallowed spot was reached. How her heart yearned

Is each familiar object, how even eyes now fast filling with tears
 the growth of her favourite
 delicate blossoms of the fruit
 which she had left with bare, crag-
 ges, the fresher look of the rain-
 and verdure. She scarcely availed
 of Albert's proffered assistance,
 sinking lightly to the ground, hur-
 ried to the servants' words of
 rushed by them past the long
 up the wide flight of steps, and
 noiseless, but swift footsteps,
 that dim and silent room of

led not her voice in its cry of
 she knelt by the couch, to tell
 of the inmates of the apart-
 er return, for Vernon had rec-
 her first foot-fall on the stairs,
 beating tumultuously as she ap-
 nearer and nearer to his pres-

sence of two long months was
 for a moment he forgot that she
 er's and remembered her only
 e Sybil whom he had been ex-
 long and so fondly, and an im-
 ld her to his heart was too soon
 by the memory that she was
 forever.

scene that Sybil never forgot.
 the dying woman gasping her
 e Vernon leaned over her whis-
 at words of comfort his lips
 e. Even in the very presence
 he felt a quiet satisfaction in
 at they were at least still bound
 friendship, and that the doom
 sent and estrangement extend-
 er.

mother, look at me," she cried,
 wn upon her knees by the bed
 give me for the wrong that I
 ring you; ah, you know not
 er."

ed eyes turned lovingly upon
 g suppliant, and a smile lit up
 e lying there which was more
 many words.

you only be spared a little
 id the sobbing girl, "I would
 now much I love you, I who
 desolate and ill."

"He has been very kind to me," gasped
 out the dying woman, pointing to Ver-
 non, who could not withdraw himself
 from the room, though he felt that per-
 haps that parting hour should be sacred
 to the dying woman and her orphan
 child.

Sybil drew nearer to him and laid her
 wet cheek upon his hand.

"I knew he would," she said softly,
 "I trusted you with him because I was
 sure of his kindness and faithfulness."

An act so full of confidence and words
 so sweet and forgiving brought a conscious
 blush of guilt to Vernon's face.

"Have I been kind and faithful to you,
 beloved child," he whispered, bending
 over her; "have I not rather proved my-
 self faithless and not worth trusting at
 all?"

"You did not mean to do *that*," she
 answered, pressing the soft velvet of her
 cheek still more closely to his hand, "it
 was a mistake, some one misled you. Ah,
 there is no home like this; no hand so
 fit to guide me as this; you will not send
 me away from you again, dear Mr. Ver-
 non, *promise* me that you will not."

Her gentleness, her sweet call for pro-
 tection, her dependence upon him thawed
 his cold nature, and opened his heart to
 her once more. He drew her head upon
 his breast, and it rested there for a brief
 moment, and could he have seen those
 eyes bent upon him with an inexpressible
 tenderness, he would have blamed him-
 self still more for every-tear that he had
 caused her to shed.

"Sybil," he said earnestly, "forgive
 me for what I have done; the demon of
 passion maddened me when I wrote
 those words, and triumphed; that demon
 which you alone can quell; but I am
 calmer, better now, and I promise, so help
 me God, if you can trust to the promises
 of one so unworthy as I, to keep you here
 with me as long as you will stay, and not
 to have one thought of you which does
 not relate to your welfare, ay, even after
 Albert himself comes and takes you
 away."

Sybil started at his closing words, and
 then crept still closer to him as though

he could shield her even then from that dreaded event.

"And will you promise me, too," she asked, "to tell me some other time than this, what bitter wrong I did you which led you to banish me forever from your presence?"

"It was no wrong, dear Sybil, or if there were any, it was all on my side. No, I can never disclose to you my reason for that insane act—there are some things in life which must remain secret between man and his Maker, some emotions which only He must behold. There was a struggle, but its nature you must never know—all that can be said of it now, is, that it has past, and that we, you and I, my precious one, are not to be parted save with your own consent again."

Sybil drew a long, free breath; she was satisfied; and those words exchanged in whispers, at that bed of death, were necessary to make them friends again. Mrs. Gordon seemed to be overcome with stupor during their short dialogue, but suddenly starting up she spoke her last earthly words.

"Sybil, my love, give me your hand, and now, Richard Vernon, yours. I thank you for all your kindness to your dear mother's friend; in that mother's presence I shall soon appear, leaving my orphan child to your care. Promise me, with her hand in yours, that you will be to her henceforth as you have ever been, her father, brother, friend, for she has only you in the wide world."

"Shall I tell her that you have another, Sybil, far dearer, far more worthy than I, to guide you through its perils and trials."

"Oh, no, no," answered Sybil, burying her face in her hands, "not now, let her die thinking—"

"Thinking what, Sybil? speak; her breath grows fainter each moment; let her depart with what comfort you can give her."

"*That I have but you,*" she answered, "any other knowledge would only disturb her now."

"*So be it,*" said Vernon, grasping her hand more tightly, while a holy joy shone

in his face, and upon them as they were clasped, Vernon's hand and Sybil's, Mrs. Gordon laid her own, breathed a blessing on them both and expired.

Vernon placed Sybil, whose strength had now well nigh failed her, in a chair, and calling one of the servants who was awaiting a summon, bade him tell Albert that he was wanted.

"It is all over now, my friend," he said, as Linwood hastened to him, "and Sybil needs your most tender and watchful care, for the blow, though long delayed, has prostrated her even more than I expected. Go in and see her, she had better not be left to herself just now."

Albert entered the room and strove to arouse Sybil from the unnatural and apathetic state in which he found her, but she prayed so earnestly that she might be alone, that in obedience to her wish he led her to her own apartment, and left her to the solitude which she so much desired. Sybil loved her room with an almost childish fondness, its four walls enclosed an atmosphere which breathed of content and quiet joy, how far soever she wandered from it, she felt that her spirit still lingered within it, and her thoughts turned towards it as the Persian worshipper turns his eyes towards the sun. She had builded an invisible shrine there whereon were laid her hopes, her aspirations, her prayers from her childhood, and it was with emotions of deep gratitude that she felt that she was to behold it once more, to take her old accustomed seat by her "landscape window," in her own comfortable yet not luxurious chair, and to lose in forgetfulness, on her own familiar couch, the memory of her trials and sorrows.

But all was changed there; too bright, too beautiful was it for her crushed and broken spirit, and she scarcely recognized it as her own chamber, where she had spent so many happy hours in the past. One thing, however, seemed familiar to her, that luminous, peace-shedding picture of Evening, whose calming power once interpenetrated her very soul, but before which she now closed her eyes, so intimately did it connect her with the artist who had painted it and to whom she

was bound by a chain which galled her daily more and more, and which she felt, if it were not for Vernon's sake, reckless of all that followed, she must sever in twain.

"Not for me," she said to herself, "can be these rich hangings, this soft, pliant carpet, these magnificent mirrors, for I was sent away in disgrace, and Mr. Vernon must have fitted up my room for another," and determined to end her suspense, and to check the bewildered state of her mind, she rang the bell, and the housekeeper appeared in answer to her summons. To her kind, sympathising glance, and offers of assistance, Sybil replied that she needed her not, except to ask her if she were right in coming to that room, where all was so new and strange, so elegant and tasteful, and if there was another fitted up for her, if she could be shown to it at once, and also if she would tell her when the lady was coming (she thought of Florence and how well it would suit her) who was to occupy that.

"It is for no one but yourself, dear Miss Sybil," answered the woman, "and it is pleasant to think of the praise you give it. I told Mr. Vernon how pleased you would be, and if you are satisfied we are thanked enough for our trouble. It would have done your heart good to see Mr. Vernon toiling and working to have all things in readiness for you; how he came up three or four times a day to ask all sorts of questions, how he had that little work table moved again and again, until it suited him, and that new picture, which came when you were away, changed from its place time after time, until he was sure, by what I told him, that the light struck upon it in a way that you would like. Then he worried himself more than such matters are worth, to know if the counterpane suited the curtains, and if every speck of dust was brushed from those curious mantel ornaments, and the swinging mirror hung just to suit your height. Ah, Miss Sybil, if you could have seen it all, you would not ask if he meant it for any one else, for no one would be so welcome here as yourself."

Sybil drew a long sigh of relief.

"Thank you, thank you, Mary," she said, "it is indeed beautiful, almost too beautiful, and Mr. Vernon has been very kind. You may go now, and some other time you must come and hear me praise, separately, all your nice arrangements."

Then Sybil prepared for sleep almost calmly; true, her grandmother lay dead in the house, but she had been called to her last, long rest, after a life of goodness and usefulness, and since her late years had been so unprofitable to herself, it was her great gain to wake up upon another life where she was sure of an active participation in the duties of the blessed sphere to which she had been removed. This reflection was certainly most tranquillizing, but her pleasure in the thought that her mind was more serene than it had been for several days, lay in the fact that she was not forsaken by Vernon; on the contrary, that she was the object of his especial care. She was somewhat perplexed by the mystery which she could not solve of those words of banishment which she knew that he had written with his own hand, but what mattered they, since he had recalled her and had so humbly asked her forgiveness!

Sweet was her sleep, sweet her innocent dreams, for even in her consciousness she felt that he loved and cared for her still.

After Albert had conducted Sybil to her room, he returned to Vernon, glad of an opportunity to pour out to him his thanks for all his kindness and consideration in allowing him to speak a few words to his betrothed, in fact for all that he had done for them both in a long series of unflinching kindnesses.

"As her protector, yours was the right to yield her up into my care, dear friend," he said, "and while I live I can never forget what you have done for us mutually. You have made her what she is, moulding her character by your watchful care to its present perfection, cultivating her mind until you have rendered her almost your equal in intellect, and helping her to develop those fascinating graces which charm every one who ap-

proaches within her sphere. Be assured, dear Vernon, that Sybil and I will ever make your welfare our daily prayer."

Vernon's heart seemed to him to be turned to stone; he could have said words blasting the man who told him so confidently that he would bear Sybil Gray away from his home and care; he could have uttered curses upon his head, or have struck him dead with a look, but the memory of that little hand which he had clasped within his own so lately, and of that fair, innocent head which had been pillowed upon his breast, restrained him, and though he could not answer this burst of gratitude with any gratulatory words, he was at least silent, and that was a gain for his rebellious heart.

Passing on to the solitude of his apartment, he closed the door against intrusion, and then threw himself upon his knees, prayer had taught him. What words addressed to an all pitying God he never knew; what agony was temptation, what struggle, what at last; but this we *may* know, that the grave of his aged friend he visited next day with a changed nature, free from many of its stains, given strong resolves, and bent upon the final conquest of self. The seed sown by the patient child who comforted him in his blindness, had borne into growth, and the harvest was abundant and blessed.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Well spake the Poet, that howe'er the cry
 Of frenzied sorrow might call loud on death,*
 No soul hath prayed that with our transient breath,
 The last sad burden of a mortal sigh,
 Life—thought—desire—should perish utterly;
 O! rather would the spirit bear the yoke
 Of torture, if beyond its prison-bars
 The glimmer of the feeblest promise broke,
 Athwart new heavens sown—thick with happy stars;
 O! rather would we hold that doctrine just,
 Whereby mankind—save some through Christ set free,
 Shall writhe for aye divorced from joy and trust,
 Than yield up thus our Immortality,
 Quenching THAT HOPE in darkness and the dust.

* "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
 No life that breathes with human breath
 Has ever truly longed for death."

[Tennyson's "Two Voices."

THE HILL OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Methought I had been passing for many hours through a forest, almost impervious to the sun's rays, and in its gloomy, mysterious stillness, forcibly recalling to mind those deep sepulchral groves in which the Druids of old held their mystic rites. I almost fancied myself transported back centuries, and beholding these same ceremonies performed with life-like distinctness. As this idea grew, a superstitious awe stole over me,—a feeling of terror, for which I could not account, seized upon my mind, totally unnerving it. Unable to combat my fears, I at length sank to the ground overcome by their intensity.

When I recovered consciousness, a spot of such surpassing beauty burst upon my enraptured vision, as dispelled every other feeling save those of astonishment and delight. Methought I was reclining on what, in my recumbent position, seemed a plain, but on rising to my feet I discovered it to be a hill, smooth and level as a garden plot for many acres, and then sloping off in various ways. A soft, velvet-like turf, elastic to the tread as a Turkish carpet, covered the surface, and giant forest trees, grouped occasionally with those of lesser growth, were interspersed at irregular distances; their trunks rising like stately columns, and their branches not unfrequently interlacing at the top, and forming a canopy sufficiently impenetrable to break the force of the sun's rays and admit only a chastened flood of checkered beams. Far off in the distance a limpid lake shone in the sunlight like burnished gold, and the remote roaring of a cataract came crashing on the ear like the booming of cannon, or the heavy rolling of thunder in the summer storm. Nearer, cascades were throwing up their foaming showers, and ever and anon diamond sprays pierced by a dazzling ray, glowed with rainbow hues. Hills and dales, the former sometimes scarce deserving the epithet of undulations, anon swelling into the altitude of mountains, surrounded this fairy region

on all sides. Every tree seemed vocal with gushing melody. The nightingale and the mocking bird, though natives of different hemispheres, were yet met here, pouring forth their rival sweetness from the self-same bough, and in such seducing harmony as "lapp'd the soul in Elysium." Upon farther examination, I found that on every side the hill sloped differently;—on one, the descent for some distance was as gentle as the sleep of infancy or of an innocent mind, and then, striking down abruptly, it terminated in an unfathomable gulf. The opposite side fell off in an undulating manner;—the rises marked by verdure and flowers of every form, hue and odor, but the falls as arid, as unprepossessing and difficult of passage as the desert of Sahara. The passage down another side was rugged and tedious—nothing to cheer a desponding mind attempting to accomplish it, save a little plot of grass, here and there, and the occasional appearance of some sweet and lovely flower; but, if once attained, what a rich reward awaited him! a vale, the quintessence of everything beautiful, seeming as if just dropped from heaven, smiled at his feet and owned him master! The decline opposite this was broken, harsh and sterile, with not one redeeming point, and ended in a frightful abyss. From the summit of the hill these harshnesses formed only an agreeable variety in the landscape, a minute survey alone betraying them in all their deformity. So engrossed had I been in admiring and investigating, that it was sometime before I became aware of not being the solitary occupant of the hill, and perceiving myself to have been unobserved, I withdrew behind one of the majestic trees near at hand, and attentively scanned my unconscious companion. Young he was, and a handsome, manly looking specimen of mankind; but his countenance wore a troubled and thoughtful expression, which, from the restless roving of his eye from one declivity of the hill to another, methought arose from uncer-

tainty as to which descent to take. Presently, a being, ethereal and lovely as one of those fleecy clouds which oft-times float in the deep vault of heaven, her every movement soft and light as a zephyr, glided towards him, and taking his hand in hers, addressed him in a voice, each intonation of which was melody: "Young man, I am the good Genius of this place, and, from my fairy cove in yon ancient oak, have watched you with intense interest. I know the cause of your disturbance, and, if you will permit me to be your guide, will resolve all your doubts as to the course you shall pursue. Upon the decision you now make, rests the future weal or woe of your life. Young, comparatively inexperienced, you know little of the wiles and snares which encompass you to your destruction. Listen to me, and I will suggest to you your path. You are now, my young friend, on the Hill of Life. This descent on your left, which appears to you so velvety and full of pleasure, is the road of Indolence and Sloth:—tempting it is to the footsteps, and its apparent easiness and softness too frequently betray the young into its pursuance, but alas! to lead their unwary steps into a bottomless gulf, unseen by you from this height, where is nought but sighs and moans; the gulf of Regret and bitter Repentance. The passage down the side of the hill immediately before you is that of Sensuality and Vice. Though this distance mellows some of its most repulsive features, and invests others with a kind of wildness, attractive in itself to some dispositions, it is yet irremediably hideous and disgusting, precipitating those unfortunates who follow

its devious route into the damnable pit of Ruin, Remorse and Despair, which yawns at its base to receive them! Observe that slope on your right. It is the pathway of Ambition, and rises and falls like the bosom of the Deep. More chequered in its characteristics than either of the others, it is yet hardly happier. True, you encounter spots of exquisite beauty which confer the highest delight, but the few who attain its termination are tempted to curse these same lovely spots as the *ignis fatuus* which allured them on to a desert of Bitterness and Disappointment. And now, my friend, turn and behold the descent I propose you shall follow—it is that of Religion, Industry, Honour and Love; toilsome and rugged it may seem, when you come to tread it, but there are many a verdant speck and bright plant along its borders to cheer the spirits of the wayfarer, and when he reaches the close a glorious recompense is there:—a fair haven, like unto Eden, with Peace, Contentment and Happiness as its guardian angels, becomes his fortunate yet deserved portion. Speak, young man, and say will you accept my proffered guidance?" With a face, whence every shadow of anxiety had disappeared, now radiant with Hope and noble resolve, he carried to his lips the tiny hand he held, and replied:—"I will, good Genius. I am only at loss to express my gratitude for the kindness you"—. "No more—it is my duty and pleasure to assist those who stand in need of aid;"—and she led him forward to the slope, which to my great joy they began to descend, when, some one calling loudly on my name caused me to start to my feet, and lo! it was but a vision!

ZEPHYR.

Tennessee.

THE FADED FLOWER.

A MYSTERY.

Φωάντα στυγδισιν.

PINDAR.

I.

A rosebud lay upon her breast;
 And as each swelling inspiration
 Heaved a gentle undulation,
 It seemed as gently rocked to rest.
 There sat beside her in that hour,
 And gazed upon the lady then,
 One whom perchance her beauty's power
 Had dazzled more than other men.
 That budding rose was in his eyes
 A richer far than regal prize.
 But when the lover sought to tell
 The wish that trembled in his heart,
 In faltering phrase his accents fell,
 Which scarce his meaning might impart:
 For much he feared her maiden pride
 Would hear his quest in cold disdain,
 And well he knew that if denied,
 His heart would throb with pain.
 Yet speak he did: the lady, musing,
 Paused and pondered his request;
 And then, a blush her cheek suffusing,
 Took the rosebud from her breast,
 And with some moments' coy delay,
 As pretty maidens will display,
 And in her sweet coquettish way,
 The lover's wish she blessed.
 Then instant bowed his grateful head,
 And, "Lady, for your sake," he said,
 "This rose shall never cease to be
 A consecrated thing to me:
 And though its beauty must decay,
 And all its fragrance die away,
 Your votarist will guard it yet
 As fairy-charm or amulet."

II.

Then happy he, as you may deem;
 And many a joyous spirit-dream
 Above him waved her rosy pinion;
 And hovering round in airy stream,
 Light dancing fancies might beseem
 Young frolic elves of love's dominion.
 Hope sweetly warbled in his ear,
 And fled afar each jealous fear,

And by his bright ecstatic eye
A magic vision then was seen,
Of life beneath a cloudless sky,
And as a summer lake serene,
Where love and truth and beauty's smile
Combine, as in Calypso's isle,
To paint and pledge such perfect bliss
As dwells not in a world like this.

III.

But happy days will vanish fast,
And parting-time must come at last.
He sat beside the beauteous maid,
And gazed and thrilled as late before;
And pressing prayed, though half afraid,
That she would deign one favour more.
Her heart, he hoped, could ne'er refuse,
At such a time, this added boon:
She would be kind, as maidens use,
In prospect of their parting soon:
The dear memorial which he sought,
If by her grace he might obtain,
With sweet associations fraught,
Would soothe his lone and pensive thought
Until they met again;
And save his own, no eye should trace
The features of that lovely face.
The lady heard. There seemed to stain
Her blooming cheek a brighter flush;
Yet if it sprung of high disdain,
Or told of love, that virgin blush,
He doubting mused: but when she spoke,
Her words upon his startled ear
Fell like the blasting thunder-stroke,
That scathes and rends the forest oak,
And scatters fragments far and near.
In words ungracious, light and few,
The wayward maid his suit denied,
And dreary-cold his spirit grew,
As hope within his bosom died.
Yet seemed the lady's conduct strange,
And causeless all this blighting change.
Perhaps with light and passing shade
Caprice had chilled th' inconstant maid:
Perhaps she simply sought to veil
In seeming scorn a softer feeling,
Which, while the lover told his tale,
Around her conscious heart was stealing:
Or else—but why the thread pursue?
'Tis mere conjecture, false or true.

If drooping lid and burning cheek
May whisper love and virgin shame,
Yet cool derisive words bespeak
A heart that scorns the gentle flame:
And fruitless toils the wildered mind
Through mazy rounds perplexed and dim,
Whose curious search is bent to find
A reason for a lady's whim.

IV.

Those fatal words, so lightly spoken,
His heart had crushed, his spirit broken,
But that a temper high and stern
Upreared within its stubborn head,
And gathering wrath began to burn,
And every gentler feeling fled.
For while their dangerous passions sleep,
Some bashful men are like the deep
When winds are hushed;—so soft and mild,
And quiet as a timid child:
But if by wrong or taunting word
From forth their slumbering depths are stirred,
The passions then tumultuous roll
In fearful surges through the soul,
As when the wave, 'mid foam and roar,
Is dashed against a rocky shore.

V.

The maid by stealth and half-askance
Gazed on him with unquiet glance;
Beheld the lowering cloud, and guessed
The angry thoughts that stirred his breast.
Then in her heart misdoubt began
Among its secret chords to quiver,
Lest he, that proud and moody man,
Incensed too far, might not forgive her.
Yet could she now her steps retrace,
And terms of dire affront efface?
With softened voice, and witching smile,
And playful words, she strove in vain
From brooding thoughts his mind to wile,
And smoothe his frowning brow again:
He heard, but with averted eye,
Nor ceased to frown, nor made reply.
Yet undeterred, though much perplexed,
Her pride against her heart rebelling,
With crimsoned cheek, the lady next
Some softer thoughts her bosom swelling,
By maiden shame till now suppressed,
In accents murmuring low confessed.

Then, baffled still, and nervous grown,
Besought that angry man to hear
In earnest deprecating tone,

With quivering lip and starting tear;
And on his hand, abashed, afraid,
Her trembling fingers gently laid.
His hand from hers he coldly drew,
Nor changed his brow its sullen hue,
Nor gentle touch nor winning phrase
Relaxed his hard and stony gaze:
Nor yet he spoke. The maid grew pale,
And felt her weaker spirit quail,
As on his lip, with deepening fear,
She traced, though veiled, a lurking sneer:
And seemed her shrinking soul to cower
Beneath some dark unearthly power,
When slowly turned that evil eye

On hers, with look so chill and dread
That in its gaze appeared to lie

A spell, as from the dead,
Of force her shuddering breast to fill
With presage dire of brooding ill:
As if the demon whose control
Swayed the deep passions of his soul,
And with revenge his bosom fired,
Had that malignant glance inspired.
For vengeful pride had now repressed
Each nobler impulse in his breast,
And urged his still reluctant heart
To act that mean and cruel part.
But though, in sullen sad foreboding
He felt despair his heart corroding,

Yet seemed he not to grieve:
But silent, stern, maintaining still
Cold-blooded his remorseless will,
He bowed his haughty leave.

VI.

Now cankering grief and vengeful ire
Burned in his breast as smouldering fire;
And o'er his soul a deeper gloom
Came like a shadow from the tomb,
As slow, with heavy step, he strode

Across the intervening space
That severed from his own abode

The lady's dwelling-place:
The taunt that by the maid was given—
The hope that from his soul was riven—
The reparation which, in part,
Though not confessed, had soothed his heart—
These memories of the recent past
In mingled phases crowded fast.

Then, with the morn the rolling car
 Would bear him from his home afar;
 And in the months that must elapse
 Ere his return, events perhaps
 Might supervene—his bosom wrought
 With restless and conflicting thought;
 Till slow he felt his soul relent,
 And slow his stubborn pride was bent,
 And in cold guarded terms he wrote
 A half-apologetic note,
 Which to the maid he sent.
 But though, as woman, much she longed
 To know the tale the lines reveal,
 Her maiden pride, too deeply wronged,
 Withheld her hand to break the seal.
 Pacific thoughts forever fled
 When he received the note unread:
 The better mind that half subdued
 The sternness of his savage mood
 Returned no more; and from that day
 Their correspondence ceased for aye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WANDERINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE YORK.

BY J. E. C. *soke*

I.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, POWHATAN:
 AT "ORAPAKES," 1608.

Did you never feel, good reader, that the life of cities, after all, was not the *summum bonum* of existence!—that the din of trade was not the sweetest music in the universe!—that life held something finer and more satisfying to the heart, than dividends, per cents, and bills of lading!—occupations more delightful than the trial of a warrant;—even of a case in the Hustings or the County Court?

It is many years since I embraced this view of things. Minds are so diverse! To one his dreams—to another his toils; but I think the toilers sometimes wish to dream!

If not, why should they long so often for the calm shades of the country—the green meadows of the summer land? It is well to toil and plan, and bend to the car in the tossing waves of life: it is also well to go away and dream,—to dream of the bright figures of another generation—to lie on the sward, or the pine-tassels, and construct in the memory once more—warm, breathing, and instinct with life—the days that are long since dead; the forms and shapes of an earlier time.

Do you wish to do so for an idle hour to-day? Would you go away from the present to the past—living for a moment as it were, in this bright land of dreams? If so, you have only to follow where I lead.

Come!

The trees wave, and murmur in the winds of Spring. The great oaks and pines are vocal with the songs of joyful birds; the leaves, or the tassels whisper of the past; the sun is shining in a blue and serene heaven, over which float cloud-ships, with their snowy canvasses spread to catch the breeze—white sea-fowl swinging gently on the bosom of an azure ocean.

We are in Virginia—after all it is the best of lands. We are on the banks of the York—it is a noble river. It flows serenely to the great Chesapeake, through a region which is crowded with traditions, with romances, and legends, and poems, and histories. In Virginia we have an advantage not possessed by many of our sister States; our history is, half of it, romance—a romance, however, thoroughly established by documents, and proof of the most irresistible description.

The life of our princess, Pocahontas, is one of the sweetest; not only of Virginia, but of the whole world. And here where we lie at length, listening idly to the songs of the birds, or the whisper of the pines—here it was, that her figure moved; perhaps her foot, as light as a deer's, has fallen, where you lean your elbow, on the carpet of soft tassels.

This county remembers the maiden; sleeping on the grassy banks of its three rivers, it dreams often of the past which it witnessed; of the strange scenes, and ceremonies of another age.

It remembers the festivities, and jubilees full of resounding horns,—the drums, and bonfires, and roasted captives,—which went to make up the daily amusement of the Charles V. of Virginia—King Powhatan. Let us ramble away to the Indian village of "Orapakes." It was the favourite hunting lodge of the excellent old Emperor. Here surrounded by the noblemen of his imperial court, he amused himself after his peculiar fashion. While he ate his deer or bear-meat from wooden platters, or from none, he caused the royal musicians to make hideous noises on the drum; for desert he would burn a few hostile Indians, taken captive in his Highness' tramps. He was now about sixty, we are told by Captain

Smith, and a gentleman of commanding presence. He would sit on an elevated couch, all covered with mats, and flanked by two belles of his Court. Below him were ranged in a long, august row, his lords, and dukes, and marquesses, and earls, in bear-skins—also their countesses duchesses, and ladies of the bed-chamber, wearing great chains of snowy beads, and mantles (scarf) of the down of feathers; one and all having painted their cheeks, after the manner of their civilized sisters. As to Powhatan himself, he outshone them all: he wore a necklace of pearls, and a robe of rich fur; he was tattooed in a manner exclusively monopolized by the royal family. The skins of snakes and weasels stuffed with moss, the tails tied together, and meeting in a tassel on the crown of the head, which a coronet of feathers encircled; such was his Highness, the Emperor.

The county remembers this worthy: a man of ability, but essentially a scoundrel; habitually performing actions which were positively shocking, and wholly unworthy of a gentleman.

Still, who will feel any astonishment? Have not kings in all ages, from Solomon to Louis XIV., lived much after the fashion which happened to please them? They have always persisted in roasting their enemies. In Europe they were sacrificed as "heretics," entirely for "the good of the Church." In Virginia they were "suppressed" on more general grounds, and chiefly for the amusement of the Emperor's afternoons. They had opposed him in battle; been taken, not killed, as was honourable under the circumstances; so much the worse for them. They would burn, of course; no trouble was necessary, no meeting of the cabinet. That was Powhatan's religious conviction of propriety; his plain, and delightfully simple logic.

A bonfire was accordingly made, and they roasted—defying their enemies to the last gasp with sneers and laughter.

After which his Highness rose greatly enlivened, and in excellent spirits. The "Queen of Appomattox," or some other lady, would come and kneel, and wash his hands in a basin, drying them after-

wards with a bunch of feathers: the dukes and barons would attend their Emperor to his royal wigwam—the imperial guard, with dangerous-looking bludgeons, would stand sentry at the opening; the excellent Powhatan would slumber serenely, under the combined influences of a dinner of raw meat, an easy conscience, and a well spent afternoon.

Such was his Highness—king of Poto-mack, Rappahannock, and Appomattox—Defender of his Faith; the motto of his shield more grandly simple even than the *Dieu et mon droit* of his English brethren:—

"Enemies to the roast!"

A man of unquestionable ability, he might have vaunted himself, as his cousin Louis XIV., did, *non pluribus impar*; that is to say, until Captain Smith came along. But even in his dealings with this noble Sachem of the White Faces he displayed excellent good sense, and the soundest logic. He put the point, as we now say, to the great chevalier in the most reasonable, and statesmanlike way.

"I have seen two generations of my people die," he said—the Captain tells us "not a man of the two generations is alive now but myself. I know the difference between peace and war better than any man in my country. I am now grown old and must die soon; my authority must descend to my brothers Opitchapan, Opechancanough, and Cata-touge—then to my two sisters, and then to my daughters Why will you take by force what you may have quietly by love? Why will you destroy us who supply you with food? What can you get by war? I am not so simple as not to know that it is much better to eat good meat, sleep comfortably, live quietly with my wives and children, laugh and be merry with the English, and trade for their copper and hatchets, than to run away from them, and to lie cold in the woods, feed on acorns, roots, and such trash, and be so hunted that I can neither eat nor sleep. In these wars my men must sit up watching, and if a twig break, they cry, 'Here comes Captain Smith!' So I must end my miserable life. Take away your guns and

swords, the cause of all our jealousy—or you may all die in the same manner!"

A speech eminently sensible, and reasonable; and no doubt agreed upon deliberately, in full cabinet council. It contains judicious reflections, clear reasoning, mollifying compliments, threats of enmity, and propositions of peace, good will, and "Holy Alliance." Of course, the Emperor was not so simple as to mean what he said; he knew his trade of Kingcraft too well for that. He desired to roast Captain Smith and the rest of the Pale Faces, for his profit and amusement, at the coming celebration of the moon of Strawberries, or Cohonks, or Snows; the first move, plainly, was to disarm his invader. But Captain Smith had frequently dealt with royal highnesses, and estimated their professions of regard at their just value. It is a pleasing reflection that the chevalier was "too much" for the good Emperor.

Suppose that he had wept feelingly at all these tender protestations. Suppose he had handed to his Highness, with a generous confidence, his sword and pistols, and embraced him. If such had been the tableau on the occasion, it is more than probable that the present writer would not now be busy with this history,

But the worthy Emperor has filled space enough. The royal hunting lodge of "Orapakes" has disappeared—and the excellent old gentleman, too, "sleeps well:"

"Malice, domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"

His epitaph, no doubt, did justice to his virtues. History has not neglected him, or passed him with slight notice. Being dead he still speaks; the dull eyes glow with royal light; the pale cheek turns once more to copper; the grim lips tremble with an amiable smile—and from his ponderous jaws escapes in a whisper the great motto of his shield and his faith:

"Enemies to the roast!"

II.

MATOAX.

From the stalwart Emperor—cold, wily, cruel, savage, wholly implacable and bloody, like a veritable “hero” of civilization—let us turn our eyes toward another figure.

It is the figure of a “simple girl.”

See that mighty oak which rises yonder—with its great gnarled trunk—its roots that seem to plunge toward the “stony bases of the world”—its rugged limbs, contorted like the writhing body of an immense boa-constrictor, and possessed of strength sufficient to defy the wildest tempest, bursting above its head.

That is an emblem of Powhatan.

And then look at the oriole which sways, like an animated flower upon the topmost bough, and warbles its glad note of joy and love, to the winds as they pass—the perfumed breezes, ruffling the gay plumage, as they bear away the sweet music of the little singer.

The bird is a symbol of Pocahontas.

The grassy banks of the York remember her well: the “Bright-Rivulet-between-two-Hills,” as her name signified in the Indian tongue. It was however only her public, and as it were, official designation:—her private, or “pet” name was “Matoax:” as Powhatan’s was “Wahunsonacock.” Still, we of the present day, know our little Indian Princess,—our beautiful queen of an exquisite legend, equally true and touching—by no other name than *Pocahontas*.

Not only this region, but the whole Commonwealth, the whole wide world, as it were, remembers her:—the timid flower of Virginia woods—the bright bird, singing musically, in the far away fields and forests of the far away *old* Virginia.

As we lie here on the russet carpet, under the great pines, which she too may have looked on, in her childhood—we may conjure from the past, her touching countenance—behold again the maiden as she lived and loved, two centuries and a half ago!

See, she comes! “A tender virgin” of “twelve or thirteen yeares of age:”—with

long raven hair, falling in profuse masses around delicate golden cheeks—from beneath a coronet of nodding plumes, the emblem of her royal blood. See, the round glowing arms, encircled by bead bracelets:—the small feet and ankles, encased in gay moccasins, all embroidered with pearls, and shells from the Chesapeake shore:—the soft mantle of deerskin, covered with the plumage of the most brilliant birds, and lined with white down from the breasts of the wild geese, and the wood pigeon. See the figure of the fair little princess of the forest—semi-nude, but chaste as a statue of modesty, which, clothed in its own purity thinks not of prying eyes—slight, slender, graceful—as straight as an arrow—and in every movement as supple and undulating, as a young willow swaying to and fro in the breezes of spring.

So she stands there before us, quite plain to the eyes of the mind—a maiden just opening from bud to blossom, into womanhood’s perfect flower. One foot is poised lightly as she looks over her shoulder; in her hand is a small cedar bow, and an arrow. That is Pocahontas; the guardian angel of early Virginia.

And now, do you deny the truth of the picture? Do you say that the painters have made her a handsome Creole, or a Spanish matron with a tendency toward *enbonypoint*—a good dame who has just put the children to bed, and is about to mend her husband’s stockings? I confess that my worthy friends the painters have done so: for which, their act, I as a Virginian, visit them with my bitter malediction. They have made either a fat Spanish woman, or a dame of the court of king James the first, in a hideous ruffe, and farthingale and hat, of my fairy of the days of romance.

Is there any, the slightest, authority for making Pocahontas *fat*?

Read the work of our nobleman of the early day, Captain Smith: “A childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age”—“this tender virgin”—“the king’s most deare and wel-beloved daughter”—“that blessed Pocahontas:”—“of so great a spirit, however her stature,”—these are the terms made use of by the Captain; and

I deny that, in the absence of all other authority, they indicate that Pocahontas was full in figure. I deny also that the portrait which remains of her in her court-dress, supports any such view. I visit my displeasure, in conclusion, on the painters for copying even that picture. "My friends," I would say, "we do not want *Mrs. Rolfe of England*, we want *Pocahontas of Virginia*. Let us not have a matron in ruffles, and farthingales, and a hideous masculine hat, about as appropriate on the damsel as a sunbonnet would be on the head of the Medicæan Venus: let us have, in place of this sedate matron, the Indian girl of Virginia. Let us see upon canvass, the warm glowing cheeks of our slender little fawn of the forest—behold, the maiden as she flitted through the sunlight and shadow of the glades of the woods—her slight arms, encircled, as we have seen, with rude bracelets—her ankles encased in pearl, decorated moccasins—her figure half-nude, and draped with the plumage of gay colored birds. Let us have in place of a full-figured matron, a light-footed Indian girl."

Such was Pocahontas—not a heavily-formed woman at all: a fairy of the old romances! A lovely maiden, bright-eyed, impulsive, devoted, unthinking—with the wild freedom and abandon of the wilderness, in her form, and carriage, and whole person.

You may doubt it, as you look at these pictures of *Mrs. Rolfe*: or when you read coldly some historian's paragraph about a character so unworthy of the "dignity of history," as a girl of thirteen years. But here where she lived and moved, it is different. Pocahontas is no longer a mere personage of history—*Mrs. Rolfe* of the court of king James I. She is the queen of poesy and romance, or what is better, the devoted child who clasped to her bosom the head of a hero, and shielded it with her own.

Captain Smith loved her always; and many years afterwards wrote a letter to the queen of James I. in which he tells of her virtues and services.

"Some ten yeeres agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of

Powhatan, their chiefe king, I received from this great salvage, exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaquatus, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a salvage,—and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most deare and wel-beloved daughter, being but a childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. She hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine, and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Iames Towne. And this reliefe most gracious queene was commonly brought us by the Lady Pocahontas: notwithstanding all these passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her, our jarres have been oft appeased, our wants still supplied. When her father with the utmost of his policie and power sought to surprize mee, having but eightene with mee,—the darke night could not affright her from comeing through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes, gave me intelligence, with her best advice, to escape his furie, which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. Iames Towne, with her wilde traine she has frequented, as her father's habitation: and during the time of two or three yeers, she next, under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lyne as it was on our first arrival to this day. As yet I never begged anything of the State or any; her birth, vertue, want, and simplicity doth make mee thus bold, humbly to beseech your Majestie to take this knowledge of her."

The rest of the letter to the queen is occupied by an account of the meeting between himself and Pocahontas at Brentford, when she cried, and told him that they had informed her he was dead, when he left Virginia. It is more than probable that some sentiment more tender than ordinary affection, mingled with the feelings of the maiden, when she first saw

her chevalier in the wilds—and suffused her cheek; and brought the tears to the eyes of the Lady Pocahontas in England. And here on the banks of the York, where we wander idly, in the summer morning, moved this graceful figure of another age. Here the maiden sang, and prattled and played in the immemorial years. Here her glad eyes were raised to the deep blue skies—hence she went with her “wild train” of attendants to Jamestown—here she listened to the vows of the young princes her suitors, from the neighbouring warlike tribes. It was yonder, lower down on the banks of the York, that she one day took in her arms and clasped to her pitying bosom, the head of a great soldier, a poor captive—on which the murderous war club was about to descend. In a thousand spots of the smiling summer-land around us, Pocahontas wandered—spreading to the breeze her raven locks—communing with her friends and playmates, the birds, the trees, the clouds, and the waves on the shore! She moves before us still—the genius of the spot—but her figure is flitting, impalpable. You attempt to fold the apparition in your arms, but it fades away—disappearing like a shadow or a dream!

But she lives—she will live forever: the incarnation of love, and courage and devotion—the brightest star in the coronet of Virginia!

III.

AT THE “WHITE HOUSE,” AND ST. PETER’S CHURCH. JANUARY, 1759.

Let us now leave “Orapakes,” and Powhatan and Pocahontas—stately figures of the aboriginal forest.

We will leave them in the semi-obscurity of the antique age of chivalry and adventure—the stalwart Emperor, and the beautiful child—

....“lily of the vale,
Half-opened bell of the woods!”....

impersonation of the loftiest courage and the tenderest devotion:—we will leave them to wander on the banks of the great

river, or beneath the drooping boughs of the forest: and rambling onward, seek for other scenes and personages.

Perhaps we shall find some that are equally famous.

We stand before old St. Peter’s Church, in New Kent county—built in the year 1703.

As we gaze upon it to day, in the good year 1858, it is thus one hundred and fifty-five years old—five generations.

Let us look at it carefully. It is the next oldest religious edifice, in which service is now held, in Virginia: old Blandford church, in Petersburg, being the most ancient. It is long, low, built of “sun-dried brick,” brought over from England, and the roof is unusually steep, as was formerly the good fashion. A sort of quadrangular cupola rises above the open vestibule, in which is the old vestry room, to which the ascent is by a lofty flight of ancient and creaking steps, down which the parson swept in his canonicals. The steeple is surmounted by crossed rods bearing the letters N. S. E. W.:—and above is a small portion of the tail of a weather-cock—venerable bird of the elder day!

Look well at the old edifice: it is worth your trouble. See how sturdily it stands on its wooded knoll, as though it had arisen but yesterday. See the names carved by idlers’ penknives in the marble-like brick; and the dates. One of these is 1739—before the battle of Culloden! Here is an old tombstone—prostrate and neglected, beneath the great oriel window which a singular taste has walled up. See the carvings on the dark stone: in bass relief. It is a coat of arms—a shield, with a single star: above, a knight’s vizard, bearing aloft what appears to be a ducal coronet, or that of a marquis—the whole surmounted by a wolf’s head. The date of this stone is 1716—the letters are as legible as if they were cut but yesterday—the fierce hanging tongue of the wolf is still perfectly defined:—like the edifice, the tombstone, carved in the city of London, was made to endure rain and snow, and tempest and sunshine. Do we order things thus to-day—to-day, when the tenement of last

week comes down with a crash: and the head-stone of last year is splitting and crumbling?

That stone of dark grey colour has endured the storms of seven score years, prone on the ground:—no atom has shrunk; no tracery is even indistinct!

And now turn and look at the great oaks:—beneath their shade the chariots of five generations of men and women have awaited the end of service:—to the boughs have been attached the “thorough-breeds” of gallants long mouldered in the dust.

The spot which we gaze on so idly was the stage of many comedies—and the comedians, male and female, wore the richest costumes. Strephon came in a great hanging coat and waistcoat, covered with embroidery: his hair powdered and tied with a ribband: his knees decorated with buckles: his cocked-hat with a feather:—Chloe issued from her chariot in a great hooped dress, and square-cut bodice, and hair à la Pompadour—stepping lightly on her high red heels, which were clearly seen as she raised her silk dress and scarlet petticoat. And Strephon and Chloe, and Damon and Daphne ogled and smiled, and languished and laughed—as they went to kneel decorously in the high-backed pews, and listen to Mr. Mosson in the tub-shaped pulpit.

It is easy, as we sit here beneath the great oaks and gaze at the memorials of another age, to renew the old scenes, and reconstruct the past. You lapse into a dream as it were, in presence of these objects—the present disappears: you see all the lights and smiles, and gay carnival of a generation that is forgotten—a day that is dead. But it is only to awake in the prosaic age!

Shall we linger still, for an hour, in the haunted domain of the past? The scenes which we shall witness belong to history; for a great name sheds upon them the unfading light of a matchless renown.

We stand before an old mansion called the “White House,” about three miles from St. Peter’s.

It is about noon, on a bright Spring

day of the year 1758:—just a century ago.

Two gentlemen—the first an elderly Virginia planter, the other a young officer, of about twenty-five, clad in a military dress, and followed by a tall servant—approach the portal and dismount. The young officer delivers his bridle into the hands of Bishop, his attendant—cautioning him not to leave the spot, as he will return in half an hour to continue his journey. He then enters the hospitable mansion with his host.

The old soldier-servant makes the military salute: allows his hand again to fall: and remains motionless like a statue in his saddle, holding the bridle of his master’s charger.

Half an hour—an hour—passes, Bishop looks with some astonishment toward the door. Another hour elapses:—Bishop gazes at the “White House” with an incredulous expression. He has never known his master to break his word before. Still, he knows only one law—military obedience. He will remain in the saddle all night—all the next day—until he receives new orders.

Luckily, however, this is not necessary. A servant comes out and informs him that his master will not ride further that day—decides, indeed, to dine and spend the night with his host.

Bishop nods—leads the charger toward the stables—thinks something strange has happened.

On the next morning he attends before the door again, in obedience to orders:—his master will immediately continue his journey to Williamsburg. His horse is fresh, and paws impatiently.

Bishop remains motionless for an hour—an equestrian statue as before: then the same servant re-appears and says that the Colonel will stay to dinner: prepare his horse immediately thereafter. Bishop slowly returns to the stables, reflecting that the end of the world must be coming, since the Colonel again changed his mind, and countermanded orders.

In the evening, however, the subject of all this astonishment appears at last, and mounts into the saddle, amid many courteous good wishes from his host. He

is a noble cavalier:—tall, graceful, of manly beauty—his bearing lofty and imposing, spite of his twenty-five years, but deprived of all appearance of stiffness by a certain calmness and majesty which seem inseparable from his character. His costume is that of a British Colonel in half dress; a sabre rattles against his horseman's boots: his cocked-hat is fixed firmly on his brow. As he reins in his splendid charger until he rears almost, and with his right hand extended, makes a sign of courteous farewell toward the mansion, where at an open window a fair lady may be seen—the young soldier is the model of a hero and a lover.

A handkerchief is waved in return for the salute—the Colonel strikes the spur into his charger—and followed close by Bishop, still erect and silent, disappears at a gallop on the road to Williamsburg.

Colonel George Washington, of "Mount Vernon," in Fairfax county, had seen for the first time Mrs. Martha Custis, the beautiful young widow who, a year afterward, is to become his wife.

Conflicting traditions indicate the "White House" and St. Peter's as the scene of the ceremony:—as the former is destroyed, let us hold to the more pleasant explanation, that the old walls of St. Peter's saw the festival. We, too, may see it, thanks to the brush of the painter who took his figures "from the original pictures of Colonel and Mrs. Washington, the one of the date of 1772, by Peale, and the other of 1759, by Woolaston." It is thus described—the picture.

"The scene is laid in the ancient parish church of St. Peter's, county of New Kent, colony of Virginia, time 6th of January, 1759."

"In the foreground and near the altar appears the Rev. Dr. Mossom, the officiating clergyman, in full canonicals; he is about to present the marriage ring. The bridegroom is in a suit of blue and silver, lined with red silk—embroidered waistcoat—small clothes—gold shoe and knee buckles—dress sword—hair in full powder. The bride in a suit of white satin, rich point-faced ruffles—pearl ornaments in her hair—pearl necklace, earrings and

bracelets—white satin high-heeled shoes, with diamond buckles—she is attended by a groupe of ladies, in the gorgeous costumes of that ancient period. Near to the bridegroom is a brilliant groupe, comprising the vice regal Governor of Virginia, several English army and navy officers, then on colonial service, with the very élite of Virginia chivalry of the old régime. The Governor is in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with bag wig and sword—the gentlemen in the fashion of the time.

"But among the most interesting and picturesque of the personages in the various groupes is Bishop, the celebrated body-servant of Braddock, and then Washington, with whom he ended his days, after service of more than forty years.

"This veteran soldier of the wars of George II. forms a perfect study in the picture. His tall attenuated form and soldierly bearing, as with folded arms and cocked-hat in hand respectfully, he has approached the bridal groupe, gives a touching interest to the whole scene. He is in a scarlet coat, and is booted and spurred, having just dismounted, and relinquished the favourite charger of his chief to a groom. Through the large folding doors of the church is seen the old-fashioned coach of the bride, drawn by six horses; also, the fine English charger bequeathed to Washington by Braddock, after the fatal field of the Monongahela. From the account of the marriage, handed down from those who were present at its celebration, it appears that the bride and her ladies occupied the coach, while the Provincial Colonel rode his splendid charger, attended by a splendid cortège of the gay and gallant of the land. Such was Washington's marriage in 1759."

Was not that a picturesque scene—a fair festival? But in the old days everything was picturesque: for life had not yet become a mere race for cash—a thing of dollars and cents. In those honest days, men and women were so unreasonable as to believe that pleasure, if innocent, was a desirable object:—that costume should be something more than

ng—that social gatherings and festivities were eminently promotive of good and regard. Do we live so much happily than our ancestors? Were the lives of the old Virginia planters, all, enviable?

Each the deep blue skies, with their clouds—in presence of dawns rolled a sea of amethyst from the forests to the zenith; or sunsets on the shores of evening in impurple, all spangled over with the gaudy and glittering fires of night:—the shores of their great rivers, plashed with silver ripples, or rolled with a stately and triumphal music on:—in the midst of these scenes—

the forests vocal with sonorous songs; or the smiling fields, all green and fertile:—in this land of fresh and beauty, went on joyously the life of the old planters. Is the life of cities—dust and glare to be preferred?

Great old houses, whose loose windows look in every blast—tables that were laden with profuse, wholesome food—places, roaring like so many bonfires—the long hours of the winter with freedom, comfort, social pleasures, books, the “Virginia Gazette,” and horse-races, assemblies, balls, and marriage jubilees:—thus

lived the planters in the old time, and enjoyed themselves, and laughed, and passed away. They had faults, not a few: but after all, are our modern habits really an improvement on the past? Let the impartial philosopher declare.

But I wander far from old St. Peter’s. Before we leave it let us bestow a parting glance upon its dilapidated weathercock—its old tombstones with their heraldic emblems—its open vestibule—its great oaks. We will not enter: for there the past disappears. The internal arrangements are all changed—it is a modern church from that point of view.

But, without, all remains unaltered; it stands as it did when the stalwart heel of Washington clashed on the stones: when the graceful figure of Martha Custis descended from the chariot, and passed in:—when the scenes of other days were acted under the great trees.

The old building sleeps amid its broken tombs—careless of rain or shine, of snow or storm. The passing years only make its material harder.

We have gazed upon it on this bright forenoon of 1858:—if some convulsion, or the hand of Vandals do not overturn it, other eyes may look upon the edifice two centuries from this time.

Ainsi soit-il!

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.

What though the envious sunbeams imbrown thee,—

What though with poverty thou hast thy part?—

Proudly and regally yet will I crown thee,

Sweet little maiden, the Queen of my heart!

Pleasure shall hand thee his goblet of nectar;

Honour to serve thee shall joyfully start;

Soon shall thy brow wear the garlands that decked her,

Sweet little maiden, the Queen of my heart!

What though a peasant’s rude garments array thee?—

I am thy *minion*, my *ruler* thou art;

Love is the fee I gladly would pay thee,

Sweet little maiden, the Queen of my heart!

There thou shalt reign in thy beauty most royal,

While, from thy kingdom, shall quickly depart

Each rebel thought, every subject disloyal,

Sweet little maiden, the Queen of my heart!

A. D. G.

Editor's Cable.

In the debates of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, during its recent session in Baltimore, we observed that a proposition was entertained providing for the simplification of the name of the body, so that members might indicate their rights in the confraternity by the employment of less cumbrous initials than M. A. A. A. S. We do not know what was done in the premises, but we confess we are hopeful that the good sense of the Association will never encourage the adoption of vain and high-sounding titles by furnishing its members with any more convenient and less ridiculous appendage than the five letters given above. Decency is constantly outraged in this country by the parade of empty dignities on the part of obscure and conceited individuals, and there is no surer sign of a snob than to see a man tacking on a long list of capital letters after his name. When we open a book which gives its author as A.M., L.B., LL.D., M.A.G.S., &c., &c., we always feel inclined to append A.S.S. as a matter of justice, and we are reminded by contrast of the piquant epitaph which Piron desired to have inscribed upon his tomb,

Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien
Pas même Académicien—

which somebody, we know not who, has so well paraphrased—

Here lies Piron, who was nothing, or, if
that could be, was less,
How nothing? oh yes nothing, not so much
as F. R. S.

We recollect that the Rev. J. C. Stiles of the Presbyterian church, when residing in this city several years ago, declined the degree of D.D., which had been conferred upon him by some learned University, as "a bauble unworthy of Christ's Ministry," and although we thought at the time the reverend gentleman had administered a rather sharp rebuke to very many of his excellent brethren in the pulpit, who had burgeoned into Doctors of Divinity, we are now more than satisfied that he was

right, and that the careless liberality with which such degrees are now-a-days conferred is not merely discreditable to the institutions from which they come, but tends to cast a shade of ridicule over the exalted profession of the clergyman. Indeed, we have heard a wicked story, which may perhaps be apocryphal, of a worthy old preacher of the Gospel, who, having received the Doctorate at the hands of a distant college, and being quite innocent of its meaning, somewhat startled the Faculty, in his letter of acceptance, by the use of small characters and a dash to indicate the compliment, in assuring them that he felt highly honoured that they "had selected him to be d——d."

With regard to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a title indicative of membership is worth absolutely nothing, since no evidence of proficiency in any department of scientific research is necessary for admission into the body. Any gentleman who will pay his initiation fee can be elected, without the slightest inquiry into his acquaintance with the imponderables, and thenceforward he is entitled to all the privileges that belong to M. Louis Agassiz or Professor Rogers. He may sit among the savans, and be reckoned a man of profound learning, though he may not be able to comprehend a sentence of a single essay that is read, or to tell the difference between a hypotenuse and a hippopotamus. Now, it is for the benefit of the feeble members that the Association is asked to provide initials convenient for ordinary usage. Great men, like those we have just mentioned, care but little for the dignity of membership; it is the small Professor, who perhaps has written a treatise on the "Wriggling of Little Eels," that would like to figure on the title-page of that valuable contribution to Natural History as a member of this great and learned society. It has always been the case that the less real learning a man has, the more is he desirous of being thought to have. This is adroitly suggested in the charming allegory of John Bunyan. When Hopeful and Pilgrim encountered the lad

Ignorance, we are told that he was coming out of one of the byways of the country of Conceit.

If the Association should ever gratify the vanity of its ignorant philosophers by furnishing them with a degree, we trust it will at the same time prescribe some qualification for membership. Let a man at least show that he has examined some branch of science with study and care, let him prove that he knows something either of ferns or fossils, that he has mastered an oration or an ology, before he shall be permitted to go out to the world vaunting his rights as a member of the Association. Otherwise the body cannot but lose scientific caste, in sending out yearly a host of snobs to show with what small attainments membership can be enjoyed.

We find the following remarks, prefaced to Coleridge's exquisite poem beginning

All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,—

in a late number of the *Leisure Hour*, a literary paper published at Oxford, N. C.

"The following poem was recently republished in the '*Home Journal*.' It purports to be, and may be, from the pen of Coleridge. It is not the poem of '*Genevieve*' that is to be found in any edition of Coleridge's works that has come under our eye. We have an edition of his works before us, as we write; but the subjoined poem is altogether different from the one in that copy. However, the reader will find the one published below a very beautiful and exquisite production.—ED."

We confess our surprise that any literary man should be unacquainted with this poem or in doubt as to its authorship. If the Editor will turn to his edition of Coleridge again, he will see that it contains the verses, under the caption of "Love," and that the *Home Journal's* copy of them is disfigured by several verbal alterations.

We are glad to have the opportunity afforded us by this paragraph of rendering a sincere tribute of praise to the *Leisure Hour*, a journal that we have already learned to value as the exponent of a high literary culture in North Carolina. There is a grace of expression, combined with freshness and independence of thought, in its

editorials especially which we greatly like. One such paper in every Southern State would much improve the literary taste and stimulate the literary production of our people.

Our friend, Charles G. Leland, Esq., writes to us, touching the article on Whittier and Mrs. Browning, from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, in our Table last month, that we are doubly in error in supposing him to be the author of it, and in stating that he contributes the literary critiques which appear in that journal. The article in question was prepared by another hand, and though "Meister Karl" does write for the critical columns of the *Bulletin*, our statement was certainly calculated to mislead in conveying the idea that he was the sole literary member of the *Bulletin's* staff. We make the correction with the greater pleasure, because we know that no man would be more annoyed than Mr. Leland in having honours imputed to him that are not his own.

The *Living Age* republishes, with a credit to the *London Journal*, poor Fenno Hoffman's beautiful poem of "Monterey." We approve the taste which dictated the selection, but wonder that the Editor was not aware of the American origin of the lyric. The author is unhappily bereft of reason and cannot assert his claim to his own verses—we are rejoiced to do this for him in transferring to the pages of the *Messenger* one of the most stirring battle-pieces in our literature.

MONTEREY.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day,
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot was hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
 Through walls of flame its withering
 way,
 Where fell the dead, the living slept,
 Still charging on the guns which swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.
 The foe, himself, recoiled aghast,
 When, striking where he strongest lay,
 We swooped his flanking batteries past
 And braving full their murderous blast
 Stormed home the towers of Monterey.
 Our banners o'er those turrets wave,
 And there our evening bugles play;
 Where orange boughs above their grave
 Keep green the memory of the brave
 Who fought and fell at Monterey.
 We are not many—we who pressed
 Beside the brave who fell that day;
 But who of us has not confessed
 He'd rather share their warrior rest
 Than not have been at Monterey?

Gen. Morris of the *Home Journal* has commenced the publication in that agreeable weekly of his reminiscences of distinguished and remarkable people. The following pleasant anecdotes are related of Gilfert, the actor, who is said to have been one of the most fascinating men of his time, and who, if we mistake not, was once manager of the Richmond Theatre.

At Albany he met with Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair used to tell the following characteristic story of of his friend:

"Monsieur Charles Gilfert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow *de l'argent* from me to large amount. He go to New York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *voyez-vous*, when I write him, he return me von *response inconvenante*, von impudent answer, and say, I may go to de devil for look for him! I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from *de bateaux à vapeur*, de steamboat. I go to my boarding house. I procure von large stick, and rush out of de *pension* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientôt*, I see him von large vay off, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat vid strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several time. Ven he come near my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile and

look over his spectacles at me. I say, 'You von scoundrel, *coquin infame*.' He smile de more, and make *un grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my *grande* indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow a thousand dollare from me once more, by gar! A very pleasant man vas Monsieur Charles Gilfert; ver nice to borrow *l'argent*, *ma foi*!"

—— Gilfert, like Sheridan, was in the habit of borrowing money from every body he knew, very little of which was ever repaid; but he always *intended* to return it at the time he promised. He was a visionary man, and did not make the best financial calculations in the world. We heard of his meeting a friend in the Bowery, one day, when the following circumstance took place:

"Ah!" said Gilfert, "you are the *very* man I wanted to see. Lend me two hundred dollars."

"I would, in a moment," replied his friend; "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and don't know where to get the money."

"A note," said Gilfert; "so have I. Let me see your notice."

The gentleman produced it from his pocket-book.

"Well," said Gilfert, "how much are you short?"

"About two hundred dollars," said his friend.

To his utter surprise, Gilfert handed him the money, "There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, *as they can't both be taken up*. If your note laid over it might hurt your credit; but, with me, it don't matter; as I am used to that sort of business."

—— At one time Gilfert owed Conrad, the printer, a bill. Conrad grew tired of dunning him for it, and one day wrote Gilfert a letter, which put the latter in a towering fury. Down he sat, and challenged Conrad to mortal combat, declaring that, if he refused to meet him, he would cowhide "the *form* of the *typo*" in the public streets the next day. Conrad returned for answer, that he would not fight until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would voluntarily go out "with *shooting-sticks* to fire at his own money." Some few weeks after this occurrence, Gilfert had an unexpected windfall, when Conrad received a letter from him, couched in the following terms:

"MY DEAR CONRAD:—I was wrong, but you had no right to insult me. Yet I ought to have paid you the money before. I enclose it to you now, principal and interest. Come and dine with me to-morrow
Tout à vous.
 GILFERT."

What a pity it is that some one would not give us the memoirs of this extraordinary man.

Notices of New Works.

THE EVERY-DAY BOOK OF HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY: *Embracing the Anniversaries of Memorable Persons and Events, in Every Period and State of the World.* From the Creation to the Present Time. By Joel Munsell. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 Broadway. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The design of this book is a very good one, being to note under each day of the year, from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, the most remarkable events with which it is connected, and had this design been carried out with a proper care, the "Every-Day Book of History and Chronology" might have been welcomed as a valuable addition to that shelf in the library which is given up to manuals, historical and chronological. But upon examination of the work, we have found it wholly wanting in the requisites of an authority in dates, facts and names, disfigured by countless errors of typography, slovenly in arrangement and most untrustworthy in respect of its statements. In such a volume, there must be a reasonable accuracy, at least as far as this may be secured by a reconciliation of conflicting data, and what is recorded must be altogether free from the prejudices of the compiler, or we can have no confidence whatever in his memoranda. And while it would seem unfair to condemn a compilation, manifestly the result of much labour, for a trivial error, yet when dates are frequently falsified, when gross inconsistencies abound, and when occurrences are wantonly and maliciously misstated in a work which commends itself to our notice as an authentic index, our duty is plain to show that it is entitled to no acceptance whatever. We propose to establish by a very few citations from this "Every-Day Book" that Mr. Joel Munsell is a very careless, inaccurate and unfair systematizer of facts, that he arranges his material as badly as he reads proof, and that his opinions are as partial as his chronology is loose.

Turning to page 337, we find this entry

"August 26, 331 B. C. Battle of Arbela, the modern Irbil, on the Lycus between the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Persians under Darius. (26th Boedromion.) The Persians were defeated and the fate of Darius sealed."

This is satisfactory enough until we come to page 384, where we have the battle set down as having occurred at a different season of the year, as follows—

"October 2, 331 B. C. Darius, King of Persia, defeated by Alexander at Arbela, losing 300,000 men. This defeat of Darius decided the fate of Persia."

But lest it may be thought illiberal to test Mr. Munsell by an event so remote, let us pass over twenty-one centuries or more, and see how we can rely upon him for an occurrence of our own time. Upon page 300, we have this delightfully indefinite item—

"August 1, 1821. William Floyd, one of the signers, died."

"One of the signers." Signers of what? Page 306 tells us, in giving this eminent and justly venerated man two deaths—

"August 4, 1821. William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died at Western, New York."

Certainly, we might suppose that concerning an incident so recent as the death of William Floyd there could be no great obscurity, and if Mr. Munsell thought proper to enter it in his Every-Day Book, he should have taken pains to learn the exact date of its happening.

But we will cite a third instance of his carelessness. On page 282, we read

"July 18, 1792. John Paul Jones died in Paris. He was distinguished as a seaman. Yet though both in the United States and Russian service, he died in neglected poverty."

The brave sea-rover and Viking of the last century comes to life, however, on another page to fight a naval engagement seven years subsequent to his decease, according to the following paragraph—

"June 16, 1851. Tom Johnson, a Norwegian, died at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, aged 100; the last survivor of the gallant crew who fought with Paul Jones, in the desperate conflict with the Serapis in 1799."

One extract more and we dismiss Mr. Joel Munsell's Every-Day Book of History and Chronology. We give it just as it appears on page 202, to justify at once what we have said of the author's prejudices and the proof-reader's negligence.

"May 24, 1856. Preston S. Brooks, a South Carolina member of Congress, wickedly and cowardly assaulted Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, while seated at his desk in the senate chamber, and felled him to the floor with a cane, in

retaliation for abusive language in debate."

Now, if the personal rencontre between the lamented Mr. Brooks and Charles Sumner (not Summer) in which the latter appeared to such disadvantage, was considered an event of sufficient importance to be chronicled by Mr. Munsell, he should have made a simple statement of the matter without the employment of epithets, but here we find him outraging orthography and maligning the dead in the same sentence, and while the former offence may have been, and probably was the result of accident, the latter was deliberate and must be regarded as unpardonable.

We have only to add that although the imprint of the Appletons appears on the title-page of this work, we are unwilling to believe that it was ever subjected to their critic or that it actually came from their press. Certainly it bears little resemblance to the many valuable books of reference which they have recently given to the public.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON. By E. J. TRELAWNY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Shelley is Mr. Trelawny's favourite and Byron is his *bête noire*, but Mr. Trelawny is his own hero, and accordingly, though he invites us to read this little volume by the promise of much that is new concerning the dead poets, he at last beguiles us into the perusal of the wonderful adventures of Mr. Trelawny in Attica, which, however entertaining in themselves, are not what the reader buys the book to learn, and are thus brought before an indulgent public by something very like a trick. We are not disposed to undervalue the narrative, though we can hardly impose implicit confidence in its statements concerning the Childs. Thirty years have elapsed since the happening of the incidents here recorded, and it may well be asked whether (in the absence of any motive to distort and granting the soundness of his memory) the author's readings and associations have not meanwhile tinged his recollections of the two remarkable men with whom he was then brought into immediate contact. If time has softened the picture of Shelley framed and hung up in the author's mind, it has deepened the shadows on Byron's handsome face and given him the scowl of Mephistopheles. There is much, indeed, derivable from other sources to confirm the delicacy of sentiment and gentleness of character which Mr. Trelawny imputes to Shelley, "the

idea of whose life" seems to have "crept into his study of imagination;" and as we read these memoranda of that loving, thoughtful and misguided spirit, we sorrow more than ever that the sea closed over his frail body before a more earnest inquiry had led him to discern the truth. But of Byron, though we had been compelled to form an unfavourable opinion of the man as the slave of passion, we cannot think as harshly as Mr. Trelawny would have us to do. Macaulay says that from his writings the youth of England drew a new system of ethics compounded of voluptuousness and misanthropy, the two leading principles of which were that you should hate your neighbour and love your neighbour's wife, and we do not doubt that his lordship at least practised upon these commandments; but, if we must believe Mr. Trelawny, he was mean almost to dishonesty, theatrical in all that he said and did, without one generous feeling for a human creature, and even impelled by no high impulse to offer his assistance to the Greeks. But in charity, as well to the bard as to his latest biographer, we do *not* believe Mr. Trelawny. He may intend to deal honestly with the fame and character of Byron, but it is evident that some undiscovered wrong, some grievous slight, some forgotten, unforgotten injury underlies the sketch of the poet which he has drawn for us. In one instance, certainly, it were a kindness to Mr. Trelawny to withhold our belief from what he relates. It were more charitable to think he has invented the scene for the sake of adding piquancy to his record than to suppose him so unfeeling as he represents himself. We refer to what transpired in the chamber at Missolonghi, when Byron lay dead on his couch. Mr. Trelawny did not arrive there till the poet had breathed his last, but the author shall tell his own story—

"It was the 24th or 25th. of April when I arrived; Byron had died on the 19th. I waded through the streets, between wind and water, to the house he had lived in; it was detached, and on the margin of the shallow, slimy sea-waters. For three months this house had been besieged, day and night, like a bank that has a run upon it. Now, that death had closed the door, it was as silent as a cemetery. No one was within the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had

effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish; yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it! He was jealous of the genius of SHAKESPEARE—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered; the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr. This was a curse, chaining a proud and soaring spirit like his to the dull earth. In the drama of 'The Deformed Transformed,' I knew that he had expressed all he could express of what a man of highly-wrought mind might feel when brooding over a deformity of body; but when he said

"I have done the best which spirit may to make
Its way with all deformity, dull, deady,
Discouraging weight upon me,"

I thought it exaggerated as applied to himself; now I saw it was not so. His deformity was always uppermost in his thoughts, and influenced every act of his life. spurred him on to poetry, as that was one of the few paths to fame open to him—and, as if to be revenged on Nature for sending him into the world 'scarce half made up,' he scoffed at her works and traditions with the pride of Lucifer; this morbid feeling ultimately goaded him on to his last Quixotic crusade in Greece.

"No other man, afflicted as he was, could have been better justified than Byron in saying,

"I ask not
For valour, since deformity is daring;
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the
equal—

Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For step-dame Nature's niggardness at first;
They war with fearless deeds, the smiles
of fortune
And oft, like Timour, the lame Tartar, win
them.'

"Knowing and sympathizing with Byron's sensitiveness, his associates avoided prying into the cause of his lameness; so did strangers, from good breeding or common humanity. It was generally thought

his halting gait originated in some defect of the right foot or ankle—the right foot was the most distorted, and it had been made worse in his boyhood by vain efforts to set it right. He told me that for several years he wore steel splints, which so wrenched the sinews and tendons of his leg, that they increased his lameness; the foot was twisted inwards, only the edge touched the ground, and that leg was shorter than the other. His shoes were peculiar—very high-heeled, with the soles uncommonly thick on the inside, and pared thin on the outside; the toes were stuffed with cotton-wool, and his trousers were very large below the knee, and strapped down so as to cover his feet. The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for; he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance. In early life whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick he might have tottered along for a mile or two; but after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without squatting down or leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand, never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again. In the company of strangers, occasionally, he would make desperate efforts to conceal his infirmity, but the hectic flush on his face, his swelling veins, and quivering nerves betrayed him, and he suffered for many days after such exertions. Disposed to fatten, incapable of taking exercise to check the tendency, what could he do? If he added to his weight, his feet would not have supported him; in this dilemma he was compelled to exist in a state of semi-starvation; he was less than eleven stone when at Genoa, and said he had been fourteen at Venice. The pangs of hunger which travellers and shipwrecked mariners have described were nothing to what he suffered; their privations were temporary, his were for life, and more unendurable, as he was in the midst of abundance. I was exclaiming, 'Poor fellow, if your errors were greater than those of ordinary men, so were your temptations and provocations,' when Fletcher returned with a bottle and glass, saying, 'There is nothing but slimy salt water in this horrid place, so I have been half over the town to beg this bottle of porter,' and, answering my ejaculation of 'Poor fellow!' he said—

"You may well say so, Sir, these savages are worse than any highwaymen; they have robbed my Lord of all his money and his life too."

"Whilst saying this, Fletcher, without making any remark, drew the shroud and pall carefully over the feet of his master's corpse—he was very nervous and trem-

bled as he did it; so strongly had his weak and superstitious nature been acted upon by the injunctions and threats of his master, that, alive or dead, no one was to see his feet, for if they did, he would haunt him, &c., &c."

Now, happily for Mr. Trelawny's own humanity, he is contradicted in the most striking part of this painful recital by what he has himself previously stated concerning Byron. The probabilities are all strongly against his story. He lived at one period in the closest intimacy with the poet, they slept in the same apartment, and many instances are recounted in which they went in swimming together. Shall we credit the fact that Mr. Trelawny discovered the true extent of the deformity, for the first time when he (so meanly and infamously, if at all,) raised the shroud from the poet's cold and rigid form? More than this, Mr. Trelawny says (page 203) that on one occasion, when bathing in the Grecian Archipelago, Byron crawled upon a rock, and holding out his right leg towards him, wished that the "accursed limb" might be knocked off in the war. Is this quite consistent with the death scene at Missolonghi? And is it altogether probable that Fletcher, who, in assisting to embalm the body, must have witnessed the exposure of his master's lameness before many persons, should have exhibited such melodramatic horror at the lifting of the shroud?

We have introduced this shocking incident and commented upon it only for the purpose of showing that Mr. Trelawny cannot be implicitly trusted in his "Recollections." It may fairly be inferred that what is told by him of Byron living is to be received with as much allowance as the unwarrantable liberty he took with the lifeless remains.

The book is certainly deeply interesting, but we may be pardoned for expressing the hope that the author has no more "Recollections" of distinguished people to give to the public.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN. By the Author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*." New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A new work from Diana Maria Mulock must command attention—the present collection of Essays deserves the thoughtful study of that portion of the community specially addressed by the author. Read these reflections, O charming creature! O dear divinity! whose existence is a perpetual round of luxurious, perfumed, incense-

breathing idleness; let the bright eyes, whose "languid light" is very frequently "weary of the rolling hours," fall upon these honest pages where counsel takes the place of compliment, and learn what a large-hearted, observant, prayerful woman thinks of the capacities and obligations of the sex. Nor should these "Thoughts" be pondered by the ornaments of the fashionable circle alone; Clara Vere de Vere and Flora McFlimsey may perhaps profit most of all by the essay on "Something to Do," but wherever a gentle, womanly spirit is struggling with the cares of life, wherever an humble abode shelters the daughters of laborious poverty, wherever a delicate flower springs up amid the weeds of society, there should the practical suggestions of Miss Mulock be accepted and acted upon.

It must be confessed that our author is cruelly satirical on her sisters. Thackeray has been dreadfully berated by the ladies for his female portraiture, but he has never ventured to say half as many hard things concerning them as this British Cynthia. Let us cite some of her accusations. First, and gravest charge of all, woman in general cannot fall in love, Lord Byron to the contrary notwithstanding:

"Many think they fall in love, when in fact they are only idle"—is one of the truest sayings of that great wise bore, Imlac, in *Rasselas*, and it has been proved by many a shipwrecked life, of girls especially. This 'falling in love' being usually a mere delusion of the fancy, and not the real thing at all, the object is generally unattainable or unworthy. Papa is displeased, mamma somewhat shocked and scandalized; it is a 'foolish affair,' and no matrimonial results ensue.

* * * * Gradually this mood wears out; she learns to regard 'love' as folly, and turns her whole hope and aim to—matrimony! Matrimony in the abstract; not the man, but any man—any person who will snatch her out of the dullness of her life, and give her something really to live for, something to fill up the hopeless blank of idleness into which her days are gradually sinking."

We may enter a protest against this atrocious heresy in passing, but in doing so, let us explain that the author of "*John Halifax*," who has drawn for us a beautiful picture of a loving woman in Ursula March, means only to declare that in a majority of instances the British maidens cherish this "mere delusion of the fancy," through sheer vacuity of mind, for the same reason that Molly Bawn's lover says the stars shine—"because they've nothing else to do." The following serious expostulation will illustrate her meaning, and we think it must go to the hearts of many of the young "adorables" who read it:

"Young ladies, 'tis worth a grave thought—what, if called away at eighteen, twenty or thirty, the most of you would leave behind you when you die? Much embroidery, doubtless; various pleasant, kindly, illegible letters; a moderate store of good deeds; and a cart load of good intentions. Nothing else—save your name on a tombstone, or lingering for a few more years in family or friendly memory. 'Poor dear—I what a nice lively girl she was!' For any benefit accruing through you to your generation, you might as well never have lived at all."

Rather severe that—*un peu fort*—certainly, but read this paragraph from the chapter on Gossip, most excellent Miss Araminta, without resentment, if you can:

"Should it ever come to a marriage, [that is a love affair]—and the wonder is, considering all these things, that any love-affair ever does come to that climax at all, or that any honest-hearted, delicate-minded young people, ever have the courage to indulge the world by an open attachment or engagement—heavens and earth! how it is talked about!

"Is not a little episode like this at the root of nearly all the family feuds, lost friendships, cut acquaintanceships, so pitifully rife in this world? It is the women who are at the bottom of it all, who, in the narrowness or blankness of their daily lives, are glad to catch at any straw of interest—especially the unmarried, the idle, the rich and the childless."

We are apprehensive that our female readers, who have not seen Miss Mulock's volume, have already become a little out of temper with that lady, nor will the succeeding sentences tend to mitigate their displeasure. She says,

"I am afraid it is from some natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that it is so difficult to teach us justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female; and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes. No; kindliness, unselfishness, charity, come to us by nature; but I wish I could see more of my sisters learning and practising what is far more difficult and far less attractive—common justice, especially towards one another."

And in another place, she writes:

"If, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, not two out of that number, we may safely say, are fit to be governesses."

Malicious Malthusian, unjust Miss Mulock, cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins to treat the *belle sexe* so abominably! They are deluded when they suppose they love, their existence is worthless, they will talk over all the engagements of their friends, they are in-

capable of doing justice to each other, and they are unfit to be mothers or governesses—is there any thing more of censure to be added? There is—

"And here is one accusation which I most sorrowfully bring against woman, as being much more guilty than man. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire. I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if *that tie ceases, pop! out it comes!*"

Let it not be supposed from these passages, however, that our author is always a satirist of her sex. With shams and insincerities she is indeed severe, but she deals gently with sorrow, and a kind word of encouragement to the unfortunate breaks like a sunbeam through her honest indignation—she turns from folly to suffering and she is all tenderness. Her sympathies are as cordial as they are spontaneous. It was in an amiable mood that she must have thus depicted

THE OLD MAID.

"She has not married. Under Heaven, her home, her life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or sweet they have been—it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion of it—not a year, not a month, not a day. Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful and at ease; her unflinching interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had time for it. And this her life-chronicle, which, out of its very fullness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do—she will never flourish in your face, or the face of Heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

"But—and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and Otherwhere—'*She hath done what she could.*'"

As a companion-piece to this beautiful portrait, so full of a holy calm, and for the purpose of showing that "A Woman's Thoughts about Woman" may be profitably read by young gentlemen as well as young ladies, we present Miss Mulock's crayon drawing of

THE OLD BACHELOR.

"Scarcely any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries, such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, etc., which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight, knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet Venus out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy, two-pair-back where his landlady cheats him, and his landlady abuses him: whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white neck-tie—to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom—if from his silence she had not been driven to go desperately and sell herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate—a mere woman of the world. And he—what a noble idea he has gained of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! with what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of 'The bridesmaids,' the hackneyed quotation about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically, at the 'ministering angels' who titter around him. . . . In the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided humbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus nature*, not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. Relieving his feelings with a grunt—half-sigh, half-sneer—he dresses and goes to the opera, or the *ballet*, at all events—or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be—what we are painted there!"

With this passage, which we commend to the young lords of creation, our quotations from the volume must terminate. We cannot close this notice without a word of hearty praise for the admirable style in which the book has been issued by the new publishing house of Rudd & Carleton, and the liberality manifested by them in allowing the English author a share in the profits of the American sales.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, *Railway Engineer*. By SAMUEL SMILES. 12mo. pp. 486. Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

There is an epic dignity in this biography of a man who by force of character overcame the most discouraging obstacles in the path to greatness. The inventor of the locomotive was the son of an obscure labourer in a colliery, his boyhood was passed in the pits under circumstances unfavourable to mental improvement, and the efforts of his manhood were steadily pursued in opposition to the deliberate judgments of scientific engineers; but the native energies of a powerful nature triumphed in the end to the advantage of mechanical industry and of the world. The life of George Stephenson would seem to confirm very strikingly the belief that certain men are destined to accomplish specific results, and for that purpose are not only endowed with the gifts requisite for the service, but subjected to a prescribed course of preparation and moved by given impulses to perform it. Stephenson appears to have been endowed with a passion for the steam engine, it was the toy of his childish days, and to contrive models was to him what making couplets was to the boy Pope or composing simple scores was to the youthful Mozart. The first great success he achieved in pumping the water from the Killingworth High Pit, and in after years the magnificent feat of carrying the railway over Chat Moss, in like manner, impress us as but the preparatory experience necessary to the final completion of the locomotive. They gave him confidence, and taught him reliance on his own powers in the face of the adverse opinions of the most competent men of science of the age. There is something sublime in the rush of the engine upon its iron grooves, over that dreary bog once deemed insuperable, at a speed which the best authorities conceived beyond the possibility of attainment; and we can well imagine that no conqueror after a decisive battle, no orator after the triumphant issue of a protracted debate, ever felt more elated by victory than the son of the Newcastle collier at that memorable moment. The joy of the fabled Pygmalion when the colour came into the cheeks and the breath heaved the bosom of the marble image he had wrought, may afford a better illustration of the engineer's rapture as he saw the rude mechanism of Trevethick, to which his own genius had imparted a new life, moving off like a monarch of the material world before the astonished gaze of scientific mediocrity. But the biography of this remarkable man is not without high moral suggestions of the importance of persevering labour and constant self-

respect, in elevating the humblest to the esteem and gratitude of mankind, and the study of the gradual development of his simple and earnest character cannot fail to produce a happy effect upon the young men of England and America.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: *A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge*. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. New York: Appleton & Co. 1858. Volume Second. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

We see no reason, upon the examination of the second volume of this important and valuable work, to change the favourable opinion we have already expressed of it—on the contrary we maintain, notwithstanding the pedantic criticism of the London *Athenæum*, that so far it has entitled itself to be considered the most useful dictionary of general knowledge for the American reader which has yet been published in the English language. The *Athenæum*, with characteristic unfairness, has seized upon a few trifling inaccuracies to sustain a sweeping condemnation of the whole performance, refusing to consider the more elaborate articles whose fulness and clearness give character to the Cyclopædia. In this Second Volume, which carries us midway into the Letter B, we find much that is new, and many subjects treated with an ability and judgment which belong to no other work of the sort with which we are acquainted. The article on Athens, for example, is more satisfactory to us than the article on the same subject in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the only other dictionary now in course of publication which can be compared with this enterprise of the Appletons. As regards American subjects, there can be no dispute that the home work is the better one, though the *Athenæum* in its prejudices would doubtless question the propriety of giving a place to many of the biographies of eminent Americans contained in it. We are sorry to observe a disposition in certain quarters of our section of the Union to decry the "New American Cyclopædia," because the Editors are known to entertain Anti-Slavery sentiments. As long as these sentiments are not obtruded in the pages of the work—and as yet we have detected nothing of the sort—we cannot fairly bring the fact forward as an objection to it. No one doubts the scholarship of the Editors, and the impartiality of the volumes remains unimpeached. Indeed to reject a really valuable and truthful compilation like this for certain crochets of the Editors which have no bearing upon its general character, is not only to exhibit a narrow and un-

worthy jealousy, but to impugn the sincerity and fitness of the Southern writers who have been engaged to illustrate Southern history, commerce and literature in the succeeding volumes. We again commend the "New American Cyclopædia" to our readers.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, *From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852*. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., Author of the "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution, 1789, to the Battle of Waterloo," &c., &c. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Sir Archibald Alison is a very industrious and pleasant writer of history. His works have a certain and high value—they present an immense mass of facts which can be found in no other compilation, and these facts are chronicled in a stately and agreeable style. His faults lie on the surface and may be readily discovered, nor are they of a kind to impair seriously the worth of his writings. Though a Briton and a tory, he endeavours to be fair and, unlike Lord Mahon, he frankly acknowledges his errors when these are brought home to him. His speculations are often rather specious than solid, and his rhetoric is at times too redundant, but he describes the march of events with a powerful pen, and his management of details is masterly. The present volume brings down his History to a very recent period and cannot but prove interesting to all readers. Indeed, the work is necessary to the student and the man of letters as constituting an important part of the literature of the age.

WYOMING; *Its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures*. By GEORGE PECK, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Wyoming is classic ground, and a great deal has been written about it, of which Mr. Campbell's beautiful poem is by no means the least authentic document. The accounts of the Massacre especially which have been accepted for truth in days gone by, are many of them discredited by modern inquirers, and Dr. Peck has done an acceptable service in collecting and arranging in proper form all the facts connected with the history of the Valley. The narrative he gives of his interview with Mr. Gardner, the only living survivor of the Massacre, is extremely interesting,

as are also his descriptions of the localities and of battles. The volume is enhanced in value by the numerous wood-cuts it contains. These are mostly from drawings on the spot and are executed in the very best manner of the Harpers. We must also notice with approval an Index to the work, a feature which is wanting in so large a majority of American publications.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. By THOS. BAILEY ALDRICH. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Our admiration is challenged, in opening this wee pretty book, by the marvellous beauty of the typography and the creamy tint of its smooth paper, and we inwardly congratulate the poet in advance upon having found publishers who know so well how to put airy fancies in print. An Oriental luxury prevades the forty-one pages, and we might imagine the young ladies of the Alhambra reading such light, delicious publications under the orange-bowers of Spain. For the poem itself, we can only say that it is a sparkling, sensuous production, based upon a story of Haroun Al Raschid, which Mr. Aldrich would hardly venture to tell in plain prose to a circle of young ladies. We are sorry to see this gifted gentleman's muse entering forbidden ground. Poetry should be pure or the poet must be condemned. Mr. Aldrich has unquestionable talent: we hope he will employ it no longer in throwing the graces of song around subjects so indelicate.

MEMOIRS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA. Vol. VI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858.

Before advertent to the contents of this volume, let us mention with pleasure the exceeding beauty of paper and typography which distinguishes the publications of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. We have never seen anything more admirable in externals than this number of their series of "Contributions to American History," and it must stimulate the members to historical research to have their Essays so nobly printed.

The papers contained in this volume are worthy of the highest typographical honours. Mr. Townsend Ward's "History of

the Western Insurrection," known as the Whisky Rebellion, is a valuable and interesting memoir, but the argument of Mr. Charles J. Biddle on the case of Major André in reply to Lord Mahon is the gem of the collection. The English historian is demolished. It is difficult to say which is the more to be praised, the cogency of reasoning or the purity of style in this masterly piece of criticism. It should be adopted at once as a companion-piece to American Revolutionary History in our colleges, and, so much do we wish it could be read widely, that, had we the Society's permission, we would republish it in our magazine entire. The Pennsylvania Historical Society have rendered an inestimable service to the country in bringing out such an argument.

THE BOOK OF THE GREAT RAILWAY CELEBRATIONS OF 1857, &c., &c. By WM. PRESCOTT SMITH. With Numerous Illustrations. First Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

We are indebted to the courteous and competent gentleman who compiled the interesting facts herein set forth, for a copy of the work. Mr. William Prescott Smith is Master of Transportation on that great line of improvement known as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and he may say of the interesting Excursions whose history he has so well written—"All this I saw, and part of it I was." And no unimportant part truly, as very many of the participants (and among them the Editor of the Messenger) who were indebted to him for numberless courtesies, can testify. We hope some day we may go over the ground again under his command—*Teucro duce et auspice Teucra*. Let us say, meanwhile, with regard to this book, that it contains much valuable information concerning the railway connection between the sea board and the Great West, which can be obtained in no other shape, and that apart from the festivities of the hour which are recorded in it with spirit and fidelity, its descriptions of scenery render it highly acceptable to the general reader.

Several book notices prepared for the present number of the *Messenger* are unavoidably laid over till next month.



THE
Southern Literary Messenger;

DEVOTED TO
EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE
AND
THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.
Crebillon's Electre.
As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XXVII.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1858.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

RICHMOND:
MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.
1858.

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NORTH AMERICAN LITERARY MESSENGER.

MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, JULY, 1858.

THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY.*

Testimony of the numerous and un-
able witnesses whom we have
seen, a testimony which might have
been implied to any extent, has shown
the mental and moral destitution
of the people is equal to their physical
poverty; hence we cannot look there (in
Africa) for the highest and best develop-
ment of civilization.

The advocates of free labour tell
us of the evils of slavery is, that
it is a rapid increase of the popu-
lation. We freely acknowledge this, and
that this is an inestimable benefit.
Population is not a good *per se*.
Up to a certain limit it is a positive
evil, has been shown previously. The
advantage of a very large
population is a relic of barbarism. The
republics of antiquity and the
empires of modern times, encouraged
war, gave premiums and pensions to
those who brought up large fami-
lies, thereby to multiply the
strength of the nation and consequently
its power. And they were consistent
because the main point of view
was capability for military de-
fence; aggression; and the more citi-
zens possessed, the more soldiers
they could bring into the field. But the
advances of religion and civilization have
changed our sounder views. The civilized
peoples of the world have found out that
war was not intended as a great
evil; that man was not created to
live for powder; that war is not
the natural condition of mankind. And
yet they still resort to arms to de-

cide their differences, it is with a daily
increasing reluctance due to their dis-
covery of the fact that wars are ruinous
follies, disastrous even to the conquerors.
A swarming population, however favour-
able to calculations based upon the em-
ployment of brute force, cannot therefore
be considered an element of happiness
by the political economist.

We are told, however, that a very
dense population increases the national
wealth and develops the natural resources
of the country.

This is no doubt true, but it proves
nothing as to the advantage of such a
density. National wealth and national
happiness are not synonymous expres-
sions. If a nation can with justice be
termed happy, it is because the great
mass of its citizens are so, individually.
But the aggregate wealth of a nation
may be immense, while its citizens are
individually in the most abject poverty.
Thus, the aggregate wealth of India is
prodigious, while nearly every one of its
hundred and eighty million inhabitants
is on the verge of starvation. A tax of
a few pence upon each produces a very
large aggregate income, and we might
think that population rich which is able
to pay such a revenue; while the truth is
that each is wrung to the uttermost to
pay even his few pence. Again, the
wealth and resources of England
may be termed infinite compared to those
of any county in Virginia. Yet, what
county in Virginia is not vastly superior
to England in the average comfort and
happiness of its inhabitants? The mil-

* Continued from Page 418—Vol. XXVI.

lions of hunger-driven labourers of England are as little benefitted by the prodigious accumulation of riches in their country as if they were the subjects of a bankrupt power. There is little doubt that the condition of the masses of the Spanish and Portuguese people is preferable to that of the English so far as comforts and happiness are concerned.

With regard to the development of natural resources, the favourite phrase of the day, we do not underrate its value; and we do not deny that a certain density of population is necessary to carry it out. But yet it is possible to pay too dearly for it. Laying aside the idea of military power, or political preponderance which amounts to the same thing, is it not better that a country should possess a number of inhabitants too small to develop fully its resources, but all enjoying an abundance of comforts and of the means of subsistence, than that it should have its powers developed to the utmost extent, when at the same time these are insufficient for the support of its overgrown population? Is it not better that half the land should remain an uncleared forest, if a few inhabitants live in plenty, than that every inch of it should be made to render its utmost yield if this is inadequate to maintain the vast numbers of its citizens? What benefit is it to the Lyonsese silk weaver, or the Manchester operative, dragging out his miserable existence and dying prematurely from the effects of continued privations, that his country is covered with an admirable network of railroads and canals, and that its mineral wealth has started into life thousands of industrial establishments? What advantage is it to the Chinese peasant that every foot of his native soil is cultivated with a skill and intelligence truly wonderful, when, out of the really prodigious aggregate of its products, the utmost that he can secure for his daily allowance is a handful of rice; and he is compelled to eke out his subsistence by having recourse to the most loathsome food? Better far that any country should be occupied by a few thousand citizens far above the reach of want, than by millions of beggars. It is possible that the more

rapid increase of population of the Northern States may augment their political preponderance; but in the superior standard of comfort and happiness of our people, we have an advantage far above mere political considerations.

The great problem of free society, and it is entirely independent of the form of government, is therefore this: *How can the existing social evils be removed or mitigated?*

The question is one of tremendous importance. Statesmen who see the toiling crowds, with rage and despair in their eyes, stand aghast and mute. Like the rash tourist who ventured too far on a reef uncovered at low tide, they see the swelling waves advancing with fearful certainty and there is neither retreat nor assistance. Yet a solution must be found, or society itself will perish in the awful convulsion.

What can—what should be done?

There is a large class of politicians who answer boldly: "Nothing. Labour is like any other commodity. It is worth just what it will bring in the market, and the labourer has no right to ask for more." We admit the truth of the assertion in the abstract. But suppose that the price of labour is not sufficient to enable the labourer to live, must he therefore die? Dare you tell—will it be safe to tell several millions of men, that whereas their labour is not worth enough to afford them a living, it is perfectly reasonable and in accordance with the sound principles of political economy that they should starve? and that they have no right to ask for relief at the hands of society or government? This may be true, but will they understand it and submit to it? Will they not rather rise in ungovernable fury and take by force the relief which you refuse? Or do you rely upon brute force, cannons and bayonets, to compel their acquiescence? If you do, remember that force is on their side for they are millions, and you, the holders of property, a few thousand.

Is there, however, no remedy?

He who asks this question is like the magician of old, who having unwittingly uttered the cabalistic word, found him-

self incontinently surrounded by the strange and fastastic legions of the Wal-purgis Night. Nothing can equal the number of quacks and inventors of nostrums for the body politic, but the hosts of patent-medicine venders who have undertaken to cure our mortal bodies of all the evils that flesh is heir to. It would require a Homeric faculty of enumeration and epithet, to name and describe these cohorts of political tinkers; Fourierites, Owenites, St. Simonians, Communists, Socialists, Icarians and *id genus omne*; to which may be added, by way of variety, Spiritual-Rappers, Free-Lovers and Mormons. Yet it is wonderful to see how small is the number of leading ideas in the whole sum of their theories. A passing notice must suffice for most of them. It will be easily perceived that one of the chief causes of their errors is their forgetting the sapient aphorism of Christopher North, "that there is a great deal of human nature in man." They have framed beautiful systems, and described in glowing colours the felicity which would be enjoyed by all in the Elysian Fields of their Utopias; but they have overlooked the simple fact that in order to realize their captivating visions, men must cast off the evil passions of their hearts and become angels; a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but rather out of the bounds of probability.

We shall not consider, in this argument, any of the schemes which have for their object an equal division of property between the members of society. The absurdity, and absolute impossibility of such schemes, have everywhere consigned them to oblivion. We shall not go back to antiquity, for our business is with modern society; but our readers will easily see that the theorists of our day have sometimes borrowed largely from the dreams of Plato, and the legislation of Lycurgus.

The systems which have been proposed for the reform of society, may be divided into two classes. Those of the first, aim openly at the total subversion of the present order of things, substituting themselves in its stead. Those of the

second, pretend merely to modify the existing institutions; to improve and not to eliminate.

To the first of these classes belongs the theory of Morelly, a French writer of the last century, who has furnished nearly all the doctrines of the modern socialists. Here are the bases of his system, as laid down in his "*Code de la Nature*. Paris, 1755."

"To maintain the indivisible unity of common funds and a common residence.

"To render education equally accessible to all.

"To establish the common use of labour and of productions.

"*To distribute labour according to strength; products according to wants.*

"To unite a thousand persons at least, so that each one labouring *according to his strength and his faculties*, and consuming *according to his wants and tastes*, there is established for a sufficient number of individuals a means of consumption which does not surpass the common resources; and a result of labour which renders them always sufficiently abundant.

"To grant *no other* privilege to talent than to direct the labours for the common interest, and to keep no account in the partition of the capacity, but only of the wants which exist above all capacity and survive it.

"Not to allow pecuniary recompenses, because capital is an instrument of labour which should remain entirely available in the hands of the administration."

The fundamental idea in this system as expounded later by Mably and Rousseau, and also by the socialists of this day, is that men are unequal in faculties and wants, but equal in rights. Therefore, justice consists in requiring more from him who can do more, and in giving more to him on whom Nature has imposed more wants. They propose, as a model for the State, the family in which the division of posts is made according to the strength; and of the fruits, according to the wants of the members: in which there is a disinterested command on the part of the father, and a voluntary obedience on the part of the chil-

dren. The advocates of this system assert that this principle would put an end to the remorseless competition of modern society; for, say they, why should any one strive madly for the highest posts when these would bring only an increase of duties and labours, without producing any more profit?

Bring this doctrine under the test of reason and what is it? "*Vox et preterea nihil.*" To suppose that society is or ought to be only the family upon a larger scale is a grievous error. It is impossible that men should have towards other men, not connected with them by ties of blood, those feelings which animate members of the same family. If the father takes upon himself the most arduous labours and keeps for himself only the smallest part of the proceeds, it is because conjugal and paternal love make him find his happiness in providing for the wants of those dear beings who are dependent upon him. If we were to act upon the principle of requiring most of him who can do most, without rewarding him in proportion to his capacity, and at the same time, to give most to him who has most wants, irrespective of his deficiencies in talents or industry, we dare say that most men would find it extremely convenient to say: "Oh, as to my capacity for work, it is exceedingly small indeed, but my wants are prodigiously large!" In reality, no surer plan could be devised to kill industry and invention, and all those splendid achievements which are the result of necessity or ambition.

"Oh, but if man, in the present state of society, does not love his fellow-man as much as his children," exclaim the advocates of this system, "it is because society, as it is constituted, has made him selfish. If he is fond of indolence, it is as Morelly says, because 'of social distinctions, which casting some into sloth and effeminacy, inspire in others a disgust and an aversion for forced duties.' In our renovated society, benevolence will take the place of selfishness, and the love of labour will supplant the disposition to self-indulgence."

"*Credat Judæus Apella non ego.*"

Human nature must be changed before all this can take place. Horace was much clearer sighted than our theorists when he exclaimed:

"*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*"

We easily recognize in this theory of Morelly, the basis upon which the chiefs of socialism have reared their systems. It was there that Fourier found his *phalanstères*, and he connected with this idea some kind of vague and mystical, or rather unintelligible Christianity, of which he pronounced himself the apostle. Pierre Leroux has done the same thing. Proudhon has, in addition, proscribed money from his republic; and in this he was logical. For in a society where all things are common, there can be no change of values. Every man brings to the supreme authority (whatever this may be) the products of his labour, and this authority distributes these products to each one "according to his wants." Therefore money, the only purpose of which is to serve as a means of exchange, must be perfectly useless in such a community. Louis Blanc and the St. Simonians, have also adopted the idea of the *Phalanstères* in connection with their own peculiar views.

In his "Enquiry into the Principles of Political Justice," Godwin, a well known English author of the last century, reproduces the main features of the theory of Morelly. The refutation of his doctrines, by the celebrated Malthus, is so complete that we cannot do better than to give an outline of it. Godwin having laid down the foundations of his system of communism, expatiates upon the beautiful results which are to flow from it. "The spirit of oppression, the spirit of servility and the spirit of fraud, these are the immediate growth of the established administration of property. They are alike hostile to intellectual improvement. The other vices of envy, malice and revenge, are their inseparable companions. In a state of society where men lived in the midst of plenty, and where all shared alike the bounties of Nature, these sentiments would inevitably expire. The narrow principle of selfishness would van-

ish.(?) No man being obliged to guard his little store, or provide with anxiety and pain for his restless wants, each would lose his individual existence in the thought of the public good. No man would be an enemy to his neighbours, for they would have no subject of contention; and of consequence, philanthropy would resume the empire which reason assigns her. Mind would be delivered from perpetual anxiety about corporal support; and free to expatiate in the field of thought, which is congenial to her, each would assist the inquiries of all."

This is indeed a glowing and captivating picture. But let us examine it a little more closely. Let us suppose the theory applied.

We will grant, for the sake of argument, that human industry will not be diminished by a system which removes the greatest incentives to action. All men are now equal, and as labour is necessary, *all* must labour; there can be no more drones in the social hive. Production is immensely stimulated. The proceeds go into a common fund, upon which every one has a right to draw according to his wants. For a time, all swim in plenty. But now the principle of population (page 8) begins to act with corresponding energy. Every one being free from all anxiety as to the support of himself or a family, will marry as soon as the inclination prompts him. All those checks upon marriage, imposed by the necessity of acquiring a trade or profession, or a little capital, or even a dwelling, will be swept away. Now if there is anything perfectly established and admitted among the acknowledged facts of human knowledge, it is that, under such circumstances, population will double in less than twenty-five years; it has sometimes done so in fifteen, without the aid of immigration. It is just as well established, that in old settled countries where there are no new regions to open, the productions of the earth increase only in an arithmetical ratio instead of a geometrical. This being so, twenty-five years after the establishment of this new order of society, the population will have doubled; and we will admit, for the sake

of argument, that the means of subsistence have doubled also. In twenty-five years more, the population is four times its original number, and subsistence is only three times what it was. The great plenty begins to diminish. Twenty-five years more; population is eight times and production four times what they were. The proportion of products coming to each is only half what it was at the start; and at the end of one hundred years, (a brief period in the history of a nation), you would have a population sixteen times as great as at the beginning to support upon means only five times as great. The plenty of former years has been exchanged for scarcity. That delightful reliance upon unfailing supplies is now converted into harrowing anxiety. Will not pressing want hold out a temptation to each one to secure and conceal more than his slender share of the common stock; and there being no law to protect private property, will he not be compelled "to guard by force his little store," which will become a sufficient cause of contention between him and his neighbour? How long will it be before "the narrow principle of selfishness" drives out once more that of universal benevolence? How long will men "abandon their own individual existence in the thought of the public good?" Will not the final result be an equality of frightful misery, which will suddenly check population by universal famine? Only two alternatives will then remain. Either to re-establish the institution of private property, and then you will have all the evils which you had hoped to avoid, and you will have them multiplied in proportion to the increase of population produced by your experiment;—or else you must relapse into barbarism, in which force is the only law. If any one thinks this dilemma would not spring up so soon, let him prolong the period to 200 years, and he will find that if nothing checks the operation of the law, there will be a population 256 times as large to be fed upon products only nine times as great as at the start. But in reality, if the experiment could ever be tried, it would end in universal starvation in less than 60 years.

Not only are the theories which contemplate the abolition of private property impracticable, but they are contrary to the essence and nature of man. To suppose that there ever was a time when man had no property, nothing that he called his own, is as absurd as to suppose that there was a time when he lived out of society. What has been called by some writers like Rousseau, the state of nature, is in fact the most unnatural of all states for man to be in, and it is a state in which he never was, according to their understanding of the words. Property and society, however limited, distinguish man from the brute. "Man," says Lieber, "cannot be, never was, without property, without *mine* and *thine*. If he could, he would not be man. In all stages of civilization, at all ages of life, we find him anxious to individualize things, to rescue them as it were from indefinite generality—to appropriate."—(Political Ethics, vol. 1. p. 120.)

"The idea of a chimerical fraternity realized upon earth," says Lamartine, "leads by a direct consequence to the suppression of the family. Without personal and hereditary property, this family, the source, the delight and continuation of humanity, has no foundation to germinate and perpetuate itself here below. The man is a male, the woman a female, and the child a young one of the human flock. The soil, without a master, ceases to be fertile. Civilization, the product of wealth, of leisure and of emulation, vanishes. The destruction of the family is the suicide of the human race!"—(French Revolution of 1848, vol. 1. p. 48.)

The next system to which we shall direct the reader's attention is one which, to the superficial observer, might appear identical with the preceding. It will be perceived, however, that there is an essential difference between them. Before examining the system, let us say a few words of its author.

Among the few noblemen of really ancient race, whom the course of time and revolutions spared until the nineteenth century, was the Duke of St. Simon, the descendant and heir of his famous namesake, the historian of the

reign of Louis XIV. Notwithstanding the aristocratic splendour of his birth, he made it his object to attack rank and privileges, and all artificial distinctions. Convinced that before composing a code for mankind it is necessary to have attentively analysed both men and things, he passed the first half of his life in studying society in all its aspects, practising, as an observer, vice as well as virtue, deriving a lesson from each of his falls, making a study of his own follies, lavishing prodigally, but with a purpose, a vast fortune; then poor to excess, living by a miserable employment as a mere copyist at the very time that he was governing the world in dreams; a sage in the estimation of some, a madman in that of the majority; ardent to enthusiasm, then desponding to the degree of attempting suicide, at last reduced to beg his bread, he who had so often assembled at his table, in order to judge them, the most brilliant artists and the most celebrated *savans*. Such was the life of St. Simon. Let us pass from him to his ideas.

He first divided society into workers and idlers; and believing that the future belongs exclusively to the first, he occupied himself with them alone. He sought the most exact classification to be introduced among them.

Man feels, thinks, acts. From the consideration of this triple function, he concluded that the whole work of the world is to be done by those who address themselves to the feelings of man, those who cultivate his intellect, and those who direct his powers of action. Hence three classes of workers: Artists, men of science, and men of labour and traffic. He adopted as his motto, "Everything for, and through industry." He declared that the time had come to inaugurate the reign of labour. He whom the men of labour looked up to, as the first man of labour among them, was to be the king of this new reign.

St. Simon died before his theory had been fully expounded. His disciples elaborated it as follows:

They occupied themselves with verifying, by historical inductions, the law

of progress, which constituted the basis of their belief.

With regard to the order of the feelings, they observed that the course of humanity was from hatred to love, from antagonism to association. Thus the conqueror began by exterminating the conquered. By and by he merely made him a slave. The serf succeeded to the slave, and the freeman to the serf. Again, they found a single family enlarging itself until it became a city; the city swelling itself into a kingdom, the kingdom becoming a federation of kingdoms, until, by degrees, a good number of nations united under the law of Christianity. The march of humanity was then towards the principle of universal association founded upon universal love.

With regard to the facts which concern science, history afforded them instruction of a no less valuable nature, for the development of civilization had continuously augmented the importance of the intellectual man to the detriment of the strong man. Humanity was then advancing towards an organization in which there shall be given to *each according to his capacity*.

With regard to industry or labour, the progress was manifest. Habits of industry had been gaining the ground which habits of war had been losing. War had not yet been banished, but its object was no longer the same. Where nations formerly armed themselves for purposes of devastation, they now armed themselves in order to establish marts of trade. The commercial conquests of England had been substituted for the triumph-conquests of old Rome. Napoleon himself, the man of battles, had held out to the ambition of his armies, commerce and peace as the objects for which they were to contend. Humanity was then marching on towards the organization of industry.

As the result of these historical investigations, came the three following formulæ:

Universal association based upon love; and as a corollary, no more hostile competition.

To each one, labour according to his capacity, and to each capacity rewards (or

products) according to its works; and as a corollary, no more hereditary possession.

Organization of industry; and as a corollary, no more war.

When they were asked who was to be the judge of the capacities, they replied: "He shall govern who shall feel himself the most capable, and shall be able to procure his reception as such." So that they had in view a personal and pacific dictatorship, having its source in the perfectly voluntary adhesion of the governed; or in their own words, their chief was to be "the most loving and the most beloved."

We have taken and abridged this exposition of the doctrines of the St. Simonians, from Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years." Should these doctrines appear rather vague and obscure, we can assure the reader that they are clear as noonday and the quintessence of good sense, when compared to the moral and religious dogmas which were advanced by the leaders of the school. These set themselves up as the apostles of a sect which they called New Christianity, and in that character published and propagated such an amount of blasphemous nonsense and mystical immorality as would surpass belief, were it not for the fact, that when man, forsaking the light of revelation, ventures to solve for himself the great problems of his existence and his relations to his Creator, there is nothing too absurd for him to fancy, nothing too monstrous for him to advance.

The difference between the St. Simonians and the followers of Morelly, Owen and Fourier, or the Communists, is one of principle. The latter said: "To each one, labour according to his capacity; products according to his wants." The former said: "To each one, labour according to his capacity; and to each capacity, rewards according to its works." Hence the bitter hostility between the two schools. To distribute rewards according to the capacities, was, in many cases, to give more than what the actual wants of the individual required; it was therefore to rebuild the institution of private property, for if any member of

the social body received more than his wants demanded, what would he do with the surplus but to accumulate it? The St. Simonian formula was pronounced unjust and subversive. "For," said their opponents, "whether inequality, the mother of tyranny, takes her stand in the world in the name of mental superiority, or in the name of physical conquest, what matters this to us? In the one case equally as in the other, charity disappears, selfishness triumphs, and the principle of human brotherhood is trampled under foot. Give to each according to his capacity! What then is to become of the idiots, the infirm, the incurably helpless, the old? Are these to be left to die of hunger? It must be so if you adhere to the principle that society owes nothing to its members beyond the value of what it receives from them. The St. Simonian logic was then a homicidal logic! No: it was merely inconsistent; for elsewhere it admitted of hospitals for the disabled and asylums for the insane. To assert it as proper that a man should adjudge to himself, in virtue of his intellectual superiority, a larger portion of worldly goods than to other members of society, is at once to interdict ourselves the right of execrating the strong man, who in the barbaric ages enslaved the feeble in right of his physical superiority: it is a mere transference of tyranny. Wants are the indications given by God to point out to society what it owes to individuals. The faculties are the indications given by God to individuals to show them what they owe to society. Then, according to the Divine law, written in the organization of each human being, higher intelligence is called upon to contribute more extended and useful action, *but is not entitled to more remuneration*; and the only legitimate rule with reference to inequalities in aptitude, is that, from those who are less apt for the duties of society, less duty shall be required. Adjust the social scale according to capacity; this is well, it is productive of good; but the distribution of the public means, according to capacity, is worse than cruel; it is impious!"—(Louis Blanc. History of Ten Years.)

This commentary on the St. Simonian doctrines, by the chief of a different school of socialists, illustrates the facility which every system-monger possesses of demolishing the theories of everybody else. We will examine presently what this one proposed as his nostrum.

The St. Simonians attempted to propagate their dogmas by publishing several newspapers, and to illustrate them by the establishment of associations for labour on the model proposed by Morelly and Fourier. Their teachings about the right of inheritance which they denounced most bitterly, about the relation of the sexes, the rights of women, their so-called priesthood and their religious extravagances, called upon them the attacks of government. It must be confessed that they had not much of the spirit of martyrdom. A very little persecution sufficed to scatter them and sink them into obscurity. Their last experiment was the establishment of a colony of "*Icarians*" at Nauvoo, under the direction of Mons. Cabet. It proved a complete failure. It is probable that although the chief of the colonists, he was not "the most loving and the most beloved:" or else, they were dissatisfied with his classification of their capacities. At all events, like the personage from whom they took their rather ominous name, their wings seem to have failed them in their trans-atlantic flight, and they have plunged headlong into the sea of oblivion, not leaving behind them a Daedalus to mourn their untimely fate.

We come now to a system which avows as its object, not the destruction but merely the modification of the present order of society. This is the "Association or organization of labor," advocated by Louis Blanc and his disciples.

It is evident from the historical works of Louis Blanc (and they are of high order) that he adopts very fully the doctrines of communism; and the great formula, "To each one, labor according to his capacity, products according to his wants," seems to him the sum of social ethics. The family is to him the model upon which the state should be framed. "Let the state," says he, "model its proceedings after those of the private family.

If it does not, there can be nothing but violence and injustice." This is a consummation which he looks for in the distant future. But what he urges as immediate is the organization and association of labour.* It must be acknowledged that it is no easy matter to determine accurately what is meant by these terms. It would appear that, well knowing the attraction which mystery presents to the ignorant masses, this school of sophists has endeavored to envelop its doctrines in misty definitions and formulæ. This seems to be the sum and substance of the whole matter.

The march of modern industry having put the labouring man entirely at the mercy of his employers and the unlimited competition between them, having for its effect to debase more and more the condition of the labourer, let the latter make himself independent of the employer who grows rich by his misery. Let the work-ers associate together and labour in common for their own account, and let them thus receive the profits which have hitherto gone to the capitalists. This is the association of labour.

Here, we have again the Phalanstères of Morelly and Fourier, and the St. Simonians. We must take it for granted that in order to put this scheme into operation, government, or society, or somebody is to furnish each association of labourers with implements, machines, workshops, capital, &c.; for as these labourers have nothing, they cannot start unassisted. We will not stop to consider the objections which suggest themselves to this plan; but we will merely observe that if it were once realized, that unbridled competition which it aims at abolishing, would merely be transferred to the associations of labourers instead of the capitalists.

The "organization of labour" is different. This is what Lamartine says of it in his History of the Revolution of 1848, (vol. 1st, page 237,) "Being only the enslaving of capital and the sovereign raising of wages by the state, it suppresses

liberty on the part of the employers and the interest of labour on the part of the labourer, and consequently, it suppresses capital, labour, and wages at a single blow." (Vol. 2d., page 34.) "It was the theory of wages to be fixed absolutely by the State."

The idea is so absurd, that it could never have been advanced but for the purpose of making political capital with the labouring classes. It was saying to every employer: "You shall give your workmen such an amount of wages, whether it leaves you any profit, or involves you in loss and bankruptcy." No other result could follow than the closing of every factory. The advocates of the system were too clear-sighted not to perceive the consequence to which it led, although they kept it from the public view. But they held in the back-ground this other doctrine: That Society is bound to furnish work to all its members; and here is the development of this doctrine by the high-priest of the sect, (Louis Blanc. French Revolution, vol. i.)

He points to you the competition for employment which exists among the labourers, and the restrictions upon the right of labouring which had been established by guilds and corporations; such as enactments about the number of apprentices which a master workman could take; the number of years during which these apprentices were to serve without wages; the amounts that they had to pay before being received as journeymen in their respective crafts, &c.; all tending to keep down the number of labourers in all those trades which require any degree of skill. Then he shows you the progress of society, breaking down these restrictions, especially in France by the Revolution, and extending more and more to the poor man the "right of labouring."

Hear him in his own words. Speaking of Turgot, a political economist of the last century, he says: "It was the *right of labouring*, which he admitted, and not the *right to labour*. (To employment.)* A capital distinction, and one whose

* -C'était le droit de travailler, and non le droit au travail qu'il admettait." The French expression indicates the distinction between the two ideas much more clearly than the English.

depths have not yet been sufficiently dug.

"What was the use of saying to the poor man: 'Thou hast the right of laboring,' when he could reply: 'How can I profit by this right? I cannot sow the earth of my own account, I found it occupied at my birth. I cannot take to hunting or fishing, it is the privilege of the proprietor. I cannot take the fruits which the hand of God has matured along the path of men, they have been appropriated like the soil. I cannot cut wood or mine the iron which are the necessary instruments of my labour. I cannot therefore labour without submitting to the conditions which the proprietors of the instruments of labour choose to impose upon me. If by virtue of what you call the liberty of contracts, these conditions are exceedingly hard; if they exact from me the sale of my body and soul, or if even having no need for me, the distributors of labour repel me, what am I to do? Shall I believe myself free while the slavery of hunger is upon me? Will the right of labouring appear to me a very precious gift when I die of want and despair on the bosom of my right?'"

Hence the definition of liberty quoted above:

"Liberty consists, not in the *right*, but the *power* granted to man to exercise and develop his faculties under the empire of justice and the safeguard of the law."

Hence also the doctrine that society is bound to furnish labour and consequently subsistence to all its members.

It is said that a witty Parisian author, seizing upon the ridiculous side of this doctrine, has written a clever vaudeville; in its opening scene is perceived a wealthy gentleman, comfortably seated in his library enjoying his Sherry and Havanna. Suddenly, a tailor enters and proceeds gravely to measure him for a suit of clothes. The astonished gentleman resists and declares that he has clothes in abundance and wants no more. Our tailor insists and invokes his right to demand employment from the possessors of capital. After the man of measures, a physician comes in with medicines all prepared. The poor gentleman protests that he never was better in his life, but

Esculapius silences him by quoting the great doctrine, and pours his doses down his reluctant throat. Hardly has he vanished, when a dentist appears, who appealing to the same principle, proceeds to deprive the unfortunate wight of sundry grinders of unimpeachable soundness. We do not know but that the piece concludes with the entrance of an undertaker who insists upon burying him in the exercise of his right to employment.

To avoid the difficulties which are sure to result from the interference of government between capital and labour, and to secure to every one the exercise of his right to employment, Louis Blanc and his school look to the gradual absorption by the State, of all industrial enterprise. When their social polity shall have reached perfection, the State will be the sole possessor of all the land, all the capital and all the instruments of labour. Private property will disappear. Then will the great maxim become the supreme law. The State will be the only employer distributing to all the citizens labour and wages; and each shall have given him, "labor according to his capacity, products according to his wants;" so that we are led back at last by a more circuitous route to the old theory of Communism.

It is not a little amusing to see how easily Louis Blanc could perceive the impracticability of the St. Simonian system, and yet be blind to the difficulties of his own. He pointed out very forcibly the impossibility of classifying the capacities in a manner satisfactory to all, when rewards or compensations are to depend upon this classification. But he seems to think that because in his republic products are to be distributed according to wants, there can be no difficulty in the way. But who is to decide of the capacities and consequently of the kind and amount of labour to be required of each one? Who is to decide of the extent and nature of the wants? Does he mean only the physical wants? He certainly means more than that; for in his definition of liberty, he says that it is the power given to man to exercise and develop his faculties. Now, the use of rare and numerous books, or of costly means of scientific in-

on is a very pressing want with men; with vastly more men than would find it possible to supply by any means. Who shall decide as to the wants of this nature shall be satisfied and whose shall not? Who shall select such an individual who thinks as a Raphael or a Blackstone in his art is fit only to make shoes or guide a plough? But indeed it is useless to discuss the subject. If such a state of things could ever be established, it would be nothing but *slavery*. The utopia nearly realized upon a Southern plantation, where each slave has his labour sold to him "according to his capacity by his owner; and receives provisions, lodging, clothing, &c., according to his wants." In the community of Louis Blanc, there would be no private property, therefore no accumulation of wealth, therefore no leisure; no development of civilization. The citizen, (if such a name could apply to a being,) would be the slave of an infinite sort of power which the theorist calls the State without seeming to give it any determinate or intelligible content to the word. This State would be called to give to each the means of subsistence irrespective of his works; and a very constitution would be prepared from encouraging him by any reward beyond the satisfaction of his acts. Under such an arrangement, increasing the natural indolence of all men, the pressure of want is removed even when it is not, it seems to require some means of coercion would be necessary to force the citizens to labour up to the full measure of "their strength." Instead of a portion, all would be slaves. This would be equality could be produced by levelling downwards instead of upwards.

It should be observed that Louis Blanc, a member of the Provisional Government of France, after the revolution had an opportunity to procure a favorable hearing for his theories. A large party favored them. The crisis was in fact produced by social as well as by political causes. The crisis was produced in commercial affairs,

had thrown out of employment one million of working men. As a temporary expedient to save them from starvation, or the land from plunder and civil war, the national workshops were established. This was construed by Louis Blanc into a recognition of his dogma, that the State was bound to furnish employment to its citizens; and it seemed to be the first step towards its application. Daily did he preach his doctrines in the workshops and the clubs. But in spite of his eloquence, the common sense of the masses rebelled at the absurdity and was confused by the obscurity of his theories. "There is neither capital, nor wages, nor work," said they, "without the liberty of contracts. If we deprive the manufacturer of liberty, and the rich man of capital, we shall all be equally wretched. It is the equality of hunger that they are preaching to us." All the impossibilities promised in the distant future, had no effect upon men who could not postpone the necessities of each day.

What is really astonishing is, that men of great intellect and eloquence, and lofty conceptions, such as Godwin, Morelly, Fourier, St. Simon and Louis Blanc, should have been so ignorant of the plainest principles of Political Economy. The great cause of the evils of the working classes is over population. There is in any country only a certain portion of its capital which is available for the payment of wages. If the number among whom this amount is distributed is so great as to make the share of each too small to support him, the only remedy is to diminish this number, or to augment the fund available for distribution. To take this fund from private hands, and to make the State the only employer and paymaster, will make no difference and can bring no relief. But while we condemn the errors of those theorists and their disciples, let us acknowledge as justice requires, that they were animated generally by pure motives. They were themselves men of education and talents, who could have acquired wealth and position in any other career. But their souls were filled with sorrow at the misery of their fellow beings; and in spite of persecution and

mockery and failure, they laboured earnestly though erroneously: and surely, their labours have not been entirely without result for the good of the labouring classes.

Among those who have suggested remedies for the existing evils of society, we would mention here the author of the publication called "Sociology for the South." The writer considers Free-trade as the great cause of the sufferings of the labouring classes? Indeed, he seems to be opposed to all international commerce. "Free-trade," says he, (page 18,) "occasions a vast and useless, probably a very noxious waste of capital and labour, in exchanging the productions of different and distant climes and regions. Furs and oils are not needed at the South and the fruits of the tropics are tasteless and insipid at the North. It is probable if the subject were scientifically investigated, it would be found that the productions of one clime when used in another are injurious and deleterious."* He seems to think that the abolition of Free-trade would put an end to that merciless competition, that war of the rich against the poor, and of the poor against each other. For our part we cannot perceive how any restriction upon trade could produce any such result. He quotes a number of Blackwood in which the Reviewer says: "This we do say, and with these words we nail our colours to the mast. Protection must be restored, or the British Empire will be dissolved." These words are quite in accordance with the usual doctrines of Blackwood, the organ of the Ultra-Tory party in England. But we cannot understand how Mr. Fitzhugh could see in them a solution of the question. The protection demanded by the reviewer is, of course, in favour of the only article in which the English labourer has any competition to fear. That is grain. Other nations may fancy that they need a protective tariff to defend their manufactures from the irresistible superiority of British fabrics. But the English manufacturer has nothing to fear from the introduction of foreign fabrics in his country.

There is one thing, however, which other nations can produce cheaper than England. There is grain. The high tariff which forbade its importation, having been modified and broken down, the 30,000 land owners of England saw their profits diminishing. *Hine illae lachrymae!* The country was going to ruin! "the British Empire will be dissolved!" But wherein would protection benefit the labouring classes. It may be said that the profits of agriculture being greater, the wages of the rural labourers would increase also. This might be the case for a short time, and even this is doubtful. But how would it be with the industrial classes who form the majority of the labourers? The first necessities of life would have risen in price, and the demand for manufactured goods would have diminished. It is an undeniable truth, that nations purchase products only with products; and if you exclude from the English market, the wine and grains of France and America, you exclude *pro tanto*, the British manufactures from France and America. Protective tariffs may be of advantage for a short time and under peculiar circumstances to an agricultural people, striving to establish their own manufactures, but they are utterly incompatible with the interests of great manufacturing nations.

In a subsequent portion of the same work, Mr. Fitzhugh seems to think that the reduction of the labourers to slavery would be a remedy. But besides being in this age entirely impracticable, where no physical difference exists between masters and slaves, the change would not be productive of any good. If the number of labourers is too great for the work to be done, if consequently their labour is unprofitable, and the amount of capital which is available for the payment of wages is too small to support them all in a state of freedom, how will their reduction to slavery alter the case? The Southern slave-holder is able to support all his slaves in comfort, because he keeps no more than can be profitably employed: but if you force him to keep ten times as

* How is it about sugar, cotton and coffee, not to mention tea and tobacco?

many, will not master and servant come to starvation? It is this very self-protecting power against over-population existing in slave countries, which is wanting in free society. This is our safe-guard, as we will show hereafter.*

With a juster appreciation of the causes of social evil, Sismondi, the eloquent historian of the Italian Republics, advanced the idea that, as the manufacturers derive the benefit of the labour of their operatives, it is upon them alone that the charge of supporting these operatives should fall at all times. But as it is manifest their number might become intolerably large if they were sure of their subsistence, he proposed that the manufacturers should be invested with the right of restricting marriage among them. Surely, this is a form of slavery which to most men would appear worse than chains and the lash. It is evident in addition, that if a manufacturer is bound by law to give subsistence to his workmen under any circumstances, he ought, in justice, to be allowed the means to *compel* the indolent and the refractory. There would be none but physical punishment in some shape. This would be a slavery infinitely worse than negro slavery; for the people held in subjection, instead of being stamped by nature itself with inferiority, would be entirely equal to their masters in every physical and mental quality. It is idle to suppose that such a plan can ever succeed.

All the systems and theories which we have hitherto been considering have been mere utopias, never put into actual practice. Or if a beginning of application has been made, the experiment has terminated in speedy failure. The system to which we now call attention differs in this particular: It is one of great importance. It comes to us mellowed by age and sanctioned by practice. It has been thought for a long period to be a sufficient remedy for the evils of free society. It is the only one which has not

burst asunder like an air-bubble at the first trial. It behooves us, therefore, to examine it carefully, and to see whether it is not a sufficient palliative, (we do not say a complete cure,) for the social disease. What recommends it specially to our consideration, is the fact that it has been imported, and engrafted upon our legislation; and that consequently it is here among us, a part of our institutions. Whatever there is of evil in it, is still undeveloped, but it waits only for the same combination of circumstances to produce here the same bitter fruits that it has produced elsewhere. We allude to the English Poor-Laws. For the following sketch of their origin and history, we are indebted chiefly to an article in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1841.

So long as the labourer was a serf or villein, he was nearly in the same condition as our slaves, except that he was *adscriptus glebe*, bound to the soil. He owed his lord his labour and his assistance in time of danger, and the lord in return owed him subsistence and protection. The serf had no care for the future, for the master's estate was bound to support him in some shape. The lord could regulate the number of his serfs by the number of habitations which he allowed to be built and the restrictions upon marriage which he generally had at his command. But when the villein became a free labourer this was all changed. The lord was no longer bound to support those who had been his serfs; and if he had no need of them, or if they were infirm and helpless he had only to turn them out. The law having taken away his rights over them, had also released him of his duties to them. The maintenance of the infirm and the helpless, and also of those for whom no employment could be found, had now to fall upon society, upon the State. Accordingly, we find that the first enactments extended to regulate the condition of the poor, appeared shortly after the

* While we take the liberty of pointing out a few errors into which we think Mr. Fitzhugh has fallen, we are happy to add the feeble tribute of our praise to his ability and zeal in the cause of the South.

abolition of serfage. They appear to have had for their object, not the benefit of the poor, but the protection of the masters against what was called the extravagant demands and the fickleness of the labourers. This class of enactments extends from 23d Edward III., (1349,) to 39th Eliz., (1597.)

The 23d Edward III. requires servants to accept the wages which had been usually given for five or six years before, and to serve, not by the day, but by the year; forbids persons to quit in the summer the places where they had worked in the winter, or to remove from one county to another. A few years later, the 34th Edward III., adds to the penalties imposed upon the labourers or artificers, absenting themselves from service, that they should be branded on the forehead with the letter F, and imposed a fine of £10 upon the mayor or bailiff of a town, who did not deliver up a labourer or artificer who had left his service. (People had not yet heard of the "higher law," it seems.)

The 12th Richard II., (1388,) has been regarded as the origin of the English Poor-Laws, in consequence of its providing that impotent beggars are to remain where they are at the time of the proclamation of the act; or if these places are unable or unwilling to support them, they are within forty days to repair to the places where they were born, and there to dwell during their lives. This enactment makes no provision for the support of the impotent poor; but by commanding them to be residents in one place the rest of their lives, it seems to assume that they shall be supported there. As to the labourers, they are prohibited on pain of imprisonment from quitting their residences in search of work; and because labourers will not serve without outrageous and excessive hire, wages are fixed every half year by the justices of the peace, according to the price of food; and punishments are decreed against the labourers who receive and the employers who give more. It is evident from these statutes and multitudes of others extending down to George 1st, that their principal object was the

suppression of vagrancy and mendicancy, the confining of labourers to their own parishes and the compelling them to labour at a rate fixed by the Justices of the Peace, so that the employers might always have a sure and abundant supply of cheap labour. "To effect this object," says Dr. Burn, in his *History of the Poor-Laws*, "the English statute book is deformed by enactments against able-bodied persons leaving their homes, or refusing to work at the wages offered them, or loitering, that is to say, professing to be out of work, which make this portion of English history look like the history of savages in America. Almost all severities have been inflicted except scalping." A new class of criminals was created by these sanguinary laws, designated under the names of "sturdy rogues," "vagabonds," "idle persons," "serving men having no masters," &c.

The first attempt on the part of a person dependent on his labour for support, to assert his free agency by changing his abode or by making a bargain for his services, or even by refusing to work for bare meat and drink, rendered him liable, by the law of 1536, to be whipped and sent back to his place of birth or his last residence for three years, there to be at the disposal of the local authorities. For the second attempt, he lost his right ear; for the third, he was hanged as a felon. Under the milder (?) rule of Edward VI., branding on the shoulders, slavery for two years, slavery for life, with grievous whippings, burning through the gristle of the ear, branding on the forehead, and finally death, were introduced as supplemental punishments. It would seem that these British Dracos shared the sentiment of a modern Dives, who, being told that poverty is no crime, answered, "Certainly not; it is a great deal worse!"

We perceive that these enactments make no provision for the support of the poor. They assumed that the impotent would be supported in their several places of residence, by voluntary alms. And as respects the able-bodied slave, for such the labourer was to the local authorities, they assumed that he could al-

ways be made to earn his maintenance. Thus the 27th Henry VIII., (1536,) requires the parishes to which the able-bodied should be sent, "to keep them at hard labour, in such wise that they may get their living by the labour of their hands." It directs the church-wardens of every parish to collect alms and broken meat for the support of the *impotent* poor, and forbids the giving of alms to any other.

It soon became apparent that voluntary charity was an insufficient dependence for the maintenance of the impotent poor; and that if private individuals had not found it profitable to employ a number of the able-bodied, neither would the local authorities find it so. It became, therefore necessary to raise a fund for the support of the impotent poor and for the purpose of supplying the deficiency in the returns of the labour of the able-bodied. To effect this object, was enacted the celebrated 43d Elizabeth which has been called the charter of the English poor, and which has had heaped upon it mountains of praise and of blame, without deserving either. We find in it first, the principal of *taxation* for the support of the poor. It provides that the church-wardens, and two or more householders appointed by the Justices, shall take order with the consent of the Justices, for setting to work children and all persons having no means to maintain themselves, and using no ordinary or daily trade to get their living; and to raise a fund, by taxation of the inhabitants, for such setting to work, and for the relief of the lame, impotent, old and blind poor, who are not able to work.

Far from being dictated by charity, this act was but a part of the scheme which imprisoned the labouring classes in their parishes, and dictated to them their employments and their wages. But on the other side, it is not justly chargeable with the mischievous consequences which brought England to the verge of ruin.

Subsequent enactments were made at different times, one of which was construed as giving the justices (without

consulting the church-wardens or householders) the power of ordering relief to any applicant who showed reasonable cause. This was taking the administration of the fund out of the hands of those most interested in guarding it, viz: the rate payers. Charity becomes very easy to practise when all that is to be done by A, is to order B, to be relieved at the expense of C. Hence it was found that the Justices ordered relief to be given, in a very indiscriminate manner. At last, in December 1795, the 36th George III., cap 23, authorized a *single Justice*, "at his just and proper discretion, to order relief to any industrious poor person or persons, at his, or her or their own home," without limit and without appeal. To show what were the doctrines held by the most eminent British statesmen of that period, we have only to state that Mr. Whitbread introduced a bill authorizing the Justices to fix a *minimum of wages*; Mr. Fox supported it on the ground that the magistrate ought to protect the poor from the injustice of a griping employer. Mr. Lechmere said that no labourer could support himself and his family in comfort, and that it was the *duty* of the legislature to relieve the industrious poor. Mr. Pitt introduced a bill in 1796, which entitled the poor labourer to an allowance *in proportion to the number of his children*, and authorized the parochial officers, if they thought his wages insufficient, to make up the deficiency from the parish rates.

Is it not a little surprising to find Pitt, the great champion of conservatism, advocating the identical doctrines now advanced by Louis Blanc, viz: that the labouring classes have a right to a support from the State, (whether for labour given in exchange, or not,) and that the poor man is entitled to relief according to his wants, since he is to receive allowance according to the number of his family?

The whole system of the English Poor-Laws rests upon this principle: that society owes every man a living. It gives every one the right to claim it from the

State as his absolute due.* Let us consider the results of this principle when put in practice.

One of its first and most fatal consequences, is the multiplication of pauperism. It has contributed more than any other cause to increase the evil which it was intended to cure.

The relief which is given to the impotent poor, is not liable to abuse; for, however comfortable we may render the condition of the blind, the insane, the cripple, this will not increase the number of those unfortunate recipients of public charity. It is not probable that any one will destroy his sight or maim himself for life, for the sake of obtaining public assistance.

But the relief of the able-bodied poor involves very different consequences. If it be given without being coupled with some onerous condition, labourers will simulate distress and give up hard work to obtain the gratuitous relief. To prevent this result, all kinds of devices have been employed. The first idea that suggests itself, is to require labour in exchange for the relief. It is evident, however, that when the labourer does not depend for his living upon his industry and skill, but is sure of receiving his allowance whether his work be perfect or not, his work will most probably be very unprofitable, unless you make him labour under the lash or the fear of it: that is to say, unless you make him absolutely a slave. For we must observe that with men reduced to the condition of paupers, there is no mode of compelling them to industry but the infliction or the fear of bodily pain. Confinement would be no punishment to the previously overtasked labourer who comes on his parish for subsistence. He would welcome it as a season of repose, unless you

were to establish a law that whoever becomes a pauper is to be a prisoner forever; and we will see that this experiment has been tried in another country.

It might be supposed that pauperism might be checked by giving to the pauper less abundant or less palatable food than to the independent labourer. But this has been found impossible and inconsistent with humanity and the purpose of preserving life; for the independent labourer is already reduced to the minimum which will keep soul and body together. Thus we find it asserted, and upon abundant proof, that when relief is given in kind, as in the parish work-house, the nourishment is both of better quality and more abundant than the independent labourer can procure. Any proposition to reduce it has been frowned down by every one as savoring of absolute cruelty.

There are other difficulties in the way of requiring labour as an equivalent for relief. That it is unprofitable, as we have already shown, might be borne with, if the loss which it entails were limited. But this loss is continually increasing, as if endowed with a self-reproductive energy. Public bodies are proverbially the loosest task-masters in the world. Parish labour being therefore less rigidly enforced than labour for a private employer, the labourers have a constant inducement to abandon the latter and to cast themselves on the parish.

But this is not all yet.

The labour of eleemosynary establishments necessarily creates a competition which no other kind of labour can withstand. The object of such establishments is not profit, and they are generally satisfied to dispose of the products of their industry for less than the actual

* We have seen the same doctrine advanced within the last few months, by the Chief Magistrate of the first city in the Union. The Mayor of the city of New York asserted in an official document, that it is the duty of governments, whether monarchical or republican, to afford to all the governed, employment, which means gratuitous subsistence if no profitable employment can be found. This fact shows that the system of free-society works out the same results in all countries and independently of the form of the political constitution.

cost of production, leaving out of the calculation the interest upon the cost of the buildings and implements of labour. The loss which would consequently fall upon them is made up by charity, or in the case of the parishes, by taxation. Hence the disastrous effects of conventual industry upon the manufactures of the surrounding districts. The private manufacturer is ruined by such competition; or else he must reduce the wages of his hands to mere pauper wages, that is the bare support of the workman alone, whose family is thus thrown upon the parish. In either case an increase of paupers is the result. Where there exists a great superabundance of labour, every pauper whom you turn into a labourer deprives of employment some other labourer and turns *him* into a pauper. Suppose for example that the demand of the market affords labour to a certain number of weavers in a given district; if you set to weaving five hundred paupers in that district, you throw out of employment five hundred weavers who come upon you as paupers, not alone, but with all their families.

It was then necessary to have recourse to other means in order to prevent the mass of the labouring classes from throwing themselves upon the parishes for support. Be it said to their honour, the disgrace attaching to the name of pauper, and the honest pride of independence have been the most powerful checks. The ingenuity of parish officers has been exercised in inventing others. Paupers have been imprisoned in the work-house, they have been harnessed to carts, they have been made to stand for hours in the pound; to attend numerous roll-calls, so that they might not use their labour for profit or amusement; to dig holes in order to fill them up again; to carry a ear of wheat ten miles in order to bring back a ear of barley.* Any and every means, however puerile, has been employed to couple relief with some distasteful condition; but all has been in vain. The poor rates increased yearly.

In 1776, they amounted to \$7,600,000; in 1785, to \$9,560,000. In 1800, a year of great scarcity, they reached \$50,000,000. Since then, they have been fluctuating between thirty and forty millions of dollars. In 1834, the amount was \$37,555,000.

Yes! nearly forty millions of dollars a year have been spent to relieve the eighteen hundred thousand paupers of England alone, for Scotland and Ireland are not included in the estimate. Bear in mind that this vast sum is public charity, raised by taxation, and does not include the large amounts yearly given away by private and voluntary charity. Now, let Englishmen testify as to the effects of a system involving so great a pecuniary sacrifice.

"The radical defect of all systems of the kind," says Malthus, "is that of tending to increase population without increasing the means for its support, and by thus depressing the condition of those that are not relieved by the parishes, to create more poor."

This encouragement to the increase of an already redundant population is direct and immediate in its action. When the labourer has nothing to look to for the maintenance of his family but his skill and industry, he is generally cautious enough not to marry until he has some reasonable prospect of being able to support a wife and children. But when he knows that he possesses a legal right to demand aid from the parish, why should he be restrained by any such consideration? More than this; when the practice prevailed of giving an allowance of from one to two shillings a week for each child above two years of age, a large family became a source of profit; and the young pauper would marry at eighteen or twenty, looking directly to parish assistance for the support of himself and his family. Thus it is that pauperism has gone on, multiplying from year to year, until, in 1848, the number of paupers amounted to more than two millions in England and Wales, and 900,000 in Ire-

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1846.

land. To such a degree did the poor rates increase, that in some parishes they swallowed up the *whole* surplus product of the lands, that is to say, the rents; and the possessors actually abandoned their estates to avoid paying rates greater than their rents. Thus in the parish of Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1833, the whole land was abandoned except sixteen acres.* In Palborough, Sussex, the rector was assessed at £2,032, an amount *double* the income of his benefice.

Another consequence of the poor laws is to impair more and more the condition of the labourer who strives to remain independent. If in a given parish there are able-bodied paupers, the usual practice has been to hire them out by auction for as much as could be got for them. "At Yardley, in Northampton," says Mr. Richardson, (commissioner,) "all the unemployed men are put up for sale weekly; and the clergyman of the parish told me that he had seen, last week, ten men knocked down to one farmer for five shillings. There were seventy men let out in that manner out of one hundred and seventy."

At Deddington, during the winter months, about sixty men apply every morning to the overseer for work or pay. He ranges them under a shed in a yard. If a farmer, or any one else, wants a hand, he sends to the yard and pays half the day's wages. The rest is paid by the parish. At the close of the day the unemployed men are paid the wages of a day minus two pence.

"At Burwash, in East Sussex, in 1822, the surplus labourers were put up to

auction and hired as low as 2d. and 3d. per day; the rest of their maintenance being made up by the parish. The consequence was that the farmers turned off their regular hands in order to hire them by auction when they wanted them."

The inevitable result of such a state of things is to compel the independent labourer to offer his services for the same price that the pauper receives from the employer. And as he cannot live upon it, he must also apply to the parish to supply the deficiency, and thus he is added to the list of paupers. In addition to this, there is another consideration. Every dollar that is taken from the employer in the shape of poor rates, diminishes just so much the sum which he is able to expend in wages. Thus if the farmers and manufacturers of a district have one hundred thousand dollars to expend in wages, and you impose upon them a poor tax of fifty thousand, they will have only fifty thousand to use in wages; and consequently they employ only half the labourers that they could before the tax was laid. The other half of these labourers must therefore become paupers; and an additional tax must be laid to support them; this further diminishes the ability of the employers to pay wages and adds more labourers yet to the poor list; and so on. The two things rest upon each other and are part of the causes of the self-multiplying power of pauperism.

But the worst remains to be told: the effect of the poor laws upon the morals of the people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Mr. Jeston, the rector of the parish, wrote in the following terms to the poor law commissioners: "At the present moment some of the proprietors, in answer to communications from me upon parish affairs, have confessed their intention *to abandon altogether their property in the parish*, rather than give themselves further trouble about it, from their having actually lost money by it; *the rates having more than swallowed up the rents*.

"About October last the parish officers, not being able to collect any more funds, threw up their books."

"The present state of the parish is this: The land almost entirely abandoned, (sixteen acres only, including cottage gardens, being now in cultivation,) the poor thrown only upon the rates, and set to work upon the roads and gravel pits, and paid for this unprofitable labour at the expense of *another* parish! I have given up a small portion of my glebe to the parish officers, rent free, for the use of the poor, (the rest is abandoned on account of the rates assessed on it.)" *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1846.

AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAYEN.

I.

"QUIET IS ON THE EARTH."

I.

Quiet is on the earth, and in the sky,
The moon rides pale and high;
Silence is o'er the city, and the gush
Of the sweet South is all that breaks the hush;
Oh! wonder not, while Earth thus lies at rest,
If thy dear memory stirs within my breast,
And from my bosom's depths, my love should rove,
Still seeking thine, dear love!

II.

How should I sleep, though daily toil be o'er,
Doom'd vainly to adore?
Like some heart-humbled devotee, I bow,
Yet the stern idol still rejects my vow;
Hopeless, like him, my erring prayer is sent
Into the bright, cold, loveless firmament;
Which, by its scorn, would seem to mock the prayer,
Whose worship is despair!

III.

In the deep blue, how graciously the stars
Smile from their silver cars;
And earth, beneath the dewy-dropping gleam,
Sleeps, as if favor'd with some happy dream!
Oh! while all nature laps it in delight,
Why should'st thou rise thus coldly on my sight!
Thou marr'st the music in the scene I prove,
Yet O! be there my love!

II.

"RENDER THY TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY."

I.

Render thy tribute to Beauty,
Nor question with doubt the decree,
That makes the sweet service a duty,
Though without seeming profit it be;
'Tis something to bend at the altar,
Where Beauty is Priestess, though still
The heart of the worshipper falter,
As the smile of the Goddess grows chill!

II.

'Twere sadder, the Fortune which found thee,
 From the bondage of Beauty set free;
 For the fetters with which she had bound thee,
 Did'st thou love them, were blessings to thee!
 She might scorn the poor captive's devotion,
 While holding him fast in her snare;
 But the freedom of Earth and of Ocean,
 Were but Exile, were Beauty not there!

III.

"DESTINED TO SEVER."

I.

Destined to sever,
 Thrice hapless! for years;
 Perchance again never
 To meet, or in tears;
 What, in the dreary hours,
 Then, shall repay,
 For the blooms, for the flowers
 Fate tears away?

II.

What shall restore thee,
 That sweet sunny clime,
 When life rose before thee,
 Unshadow'd by Time?
 When Hope, in glad bowers,
 Sang like the young bird,
 Born of beams, 'midst the flowers,
 By childhood first heard?

III.

To me, what can Being
 Then bring to restore
 Those young joys, once fleeing,
 We win never more?
 Those nights, when no sorrow
 Brooded over Love's sky,
 And no gloomy to-morrow
 Stood frowningly by!

IV.

With naught to endear us
 To what is left now;—
 With nothing to cheer us,
 In the dark Future's brow;—
 Where look we, sweetest,
 For the pleasures that last,
 The brightest—the fleetest?
 Ah! me! to the Past!

IV.

"THE MOURNFUL GOD OF FLORID'S CAPE."

I.

The mournful God of Florid's Cape,
 Hath taught his woes to me,
 And all the strains my fancies shape,
 Must share his destiny.

II.

He looks o'er weary wastes by day,
 And with its mournful flight,
 To mocking winds and storms the prey,
 He moans throughout the night.

III.

What other song should then be mine,
 Thus doom'd in exile's blight,
 O'er life's sad waste by day to pine,
 And moan through memory's night.

IV.

My lyre upon the sea-god's rock,
 What should its music be,
 Thus smitten by each tempest's shock
 That sweeps across the sea!

V.

"AND YET, THIS LONELY REALM IS FREE."

I.

And yet this lonely realm is free,
 And here my lyre may wake,
 Though all unheard, a song of thee,
 Still precious for thy sake!
 That lyre, so loved in better days,
 May well recal the words of praise,
 That soothed its infant fears;
 When thou and hope alike were young,
 And feeling, as each lay was sung,
 Repaid the chaunt with tears!

II.

These chords in mournful silence long
 Reveal'd thy hapless fate;
 Till memory came to wake the song,
 For love grown desolate!
 When thou wast silent, all grew dumb;
 No fancy could the spell o'ercome,
 Thy loss o'er life had cast:
 Yet, as the sorrow grew subdued,

Thy image fill'd the solitude
Though mocking all the Past!

III.

Oh! memory still her charms renews,
But not with former tone;
She cannot now, and would not choose,
Forget that she is lone:
That, if thou hear'st her tribute strain,
Thou dost not answer it again,
As 'twas thy wont of yore;
She dreams that thou art nigh, but sees
No more as Hope and Fancy please,
And looks, and sighs, the more!

VI.

"FORGET NOT THE TROPHY."

I.

Forget not the trophy we made her,
The country so glorious and dear,
In the blood of the ruthless invader,
Whom we slew with the bow and the spear,
He came with the engines of power,
And he uttered the Tyrant's decree;
But we rose in our wrath, and the hour
That saw us enslaved, saw us free!

II.

We struck down the fool for his error;
In the might of new freedom we rose:
He shrunk from the combat in terror,
Never dreaming how dread were our blows!
Did he deem that so feeble a spirit,
Though moved by such sovereign desires,
Could seize on the rights we inherit,
From a race of such true-hearted Sires!

III.

Forget not the trophy we made her,
That freedom so fondly we boast,
When we struck down the ruthless invader,
And scattered his insolent host!
When our banner of palm proudly waving,
Shone out o'er the perilous plain;
And our Eagle all destiny braving,
Grew drunk in the blood of the slain!

VII.

"TWAS A VISION FAIR LADYE."

I.

'Twas a vision of fair Ladye,
 Kept, and still must keep me here,
 Sadly sighing, when I should be
 Happier in another sphere:
 Such the fetter thrown around me,
 By her witchery, it hath bound me;
 That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
 Holds me fast in subtle snare!

II.

Many a hope would sweetly woo me,
 And, in other regions blest,
 Love and Glory both pursue me,
 Seeking place within my breast;
 Yet I linger, never fleeing,
 Losing daylight, bliss and being—
 That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
 Makes a captive of her guest!

III.

Like the Bird around whose pinion,
 Serpent spells have wrought a chain,
 I am held in close dominion,
 Seeking to be free in vain!
 Vainly words of wo I utter,
 In her bonds I fret and flutter,
 That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
 Laughs she not to see my pain?

IV.

Yet with spirit uncomplaining,
 Would I in her bonds repose,
 Were she not the while disdainng,
 The poor captive in her close;
 Would she now and then smile on him,
 Though her bonds have still undone him,
 That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
 Still might keep him bound, heaven knows!

VIII.

"GO, THOU FAITHLESS ONE."

I.

Go, thou faithless one, go wander,
 Fickle heart with sunny brow;
 It were base in me to squander
 One poor thought upon thee now!

Far, in other regions roving,
 It may be that thou wilt find
 Nobler hearts,—but none so loving;
 Brighter eyes—but none so blind!

II.

Both are free, though one with Ruin,
 Sits beside a lonely hearth;
 While the other, still misdoing,
 Revels in his wanton mirth!
 Though I droop with broken pinion,
 By the spoil'd, dishonor'd nest,
 And thou soar'st with wide dominion,
 Robbing other homes of rest!

III.

Though my foolish heart be breaking,
 Yet no plaint its breast shall show;
 Not a nerve within me shaking,
 While, with scorn, I bid thee 'go!'
 Every maiden hope hath perish'd,
 Yet no mortal eye shall see,
 That my heart hath ever cherish'd,
 One fond, foolish thought of thee!

IX.

"LOVE ON TO THE LAST."

I.

Oh! fly; but remember,
 We cannot forget;
 They may rob us of rapture,
 But not of regret;
 They may tear us asunder,
 Our hopes may deny,
 But love's thought is free'st
 Of all 'neath the sky!

II.

They call thee a traitor,
 And say when we part,
 Thou wilt banish my image,
 In scorn from thy heart;
 But the love in thy bosom
 I judge of by mine;
 And enough, that my faith is
 A sure faith in thine!

III.

And were I to doubt thee,
 And thou to deny,

To live on without thee,
 Were vain, I should die.
 But I wrong thee to whisper,
 A doubt which would blast;
 Hear my heart's only pleading—
 Love on to the last!

IV.

I make thee no promise,
 I ask not for thine;
 Keep thy faith but as fondly
 As I shall keep mine;
 If like me thou dost cherish,
 This living regret,
 We may part—we may perish,
 But never forget!

X.

“THIS FLOWER, IT BLOOMS 'MID A RUIN.”

I.

This flower, it blooms 'mid a ruin,
 But its sweet is more precious to me
 Than the wreaths which thy fortune is strewing
 Round the shaft of thy family tree;
 For it speaks to my soul of the blessing
 Which in deepest of wo was my gain,
 That love, which mine own is possessing,
 And for which thine hath striven in vain!

II.

Thou may'st joy in the splendour around thee,
 The state which makes gallant thy halls;
 In the crowd that with homage surround thee,
 And exult when thy enemy falls;
 I turn from the sting of their malice,
 And envy no pomp which is thine;
 I look from the lights in thy palace,
 To the one in this low cot of mine.

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

MR. EDITOR—Excuse me, if, for the present, I send you but a few of the papers mentioned in our last interview—papers which have been so long in our midst and accessible to the curious, but of whose existence so small a part of that enterprising company seem to have been aware. The collection is large, and I must reserve for an hour of leisure the task of presenting you with a fuller account of particulars than is now possible. Meantime accept these, both as a specimen and an earnest of what is to come. For, I may venture to say, there is much behind, little if at all inferior in interest or value to the present. Is it necessary to add, that your readers may be assured of the genuineness of what is laid before them—the copies having been faithfully compared with the originals in my possession?

C.

[Of the letters which follow it would be impertinent to offer more than a few words of explanation to the Virginia reader who is acquainted with our history. Four of them relate to two of the most stirring incidents in the greatest era of that history, and which are defended or narrated by the pens of the principal actors. The second, we need only say, vindicates a measure which was then thought to be rash or perilous, or of doubtful propriety. In another, the old hero of Point Pleasant, who—Washington said—ought to have been put at the head of all our armies, but whose statue is destined to occupy a pedestal below that of his friend—appears somewhat in undress. Of the writer of the last letter, which gives his version of the same affair, we may hear more anon.]

FRYTON RANDOLPH TO A COMMITTEE, ABOUT
THE AFFAIR OF "THE POWDER."

Williamsburg, 27th Ap'l, 1775.

GENT'N:

In compliance with your request, we give you a candid relation of the disturbance which happened last week in this city, about the removal of the powder from the public magazine. Early on Friday morning the inhabitants were universally and much alarmed, at the report that the powder had been removed the preceding night, under an escort of marines, and carried on board an armed vessel at Burwell's Ferry. The Common Hall assembled and presented the address, which we presume you have seen with the Governor's answer. The inhabitants were so much exasperated that they flew to their arms. This incensed the

Governor a good deal, and from everything that we can learn, was the principal reason why his answer was not more explicit and favourable. His Excellency has repeatedly assured several respectable gentlemen, that his only motive in removing the powder was to secure it, as there had been an alarm from the county of Surry, which at first seemed too well founded, though it afterwards proved groundless. Besides what he has said in his public answer, he has given private assurances to several gentlemen that the powder shall be returned to the magazine, though he has not condescended to fix the day for its return. So far as we can judge from a comparison of all circumstances, the Governor considers his honour as at stake; he thinks that he acted for the best, and will not be compelled to what, we have abundant reason to believe, he would cheerfully do were he left to himself. Frequent messages have been sent from the neighbouring counties to inquire into the state of this unfortunate affair, with the most friendly and spirited offers of assistance and protection. The city could not but hold themselves exceedingly obliged to those gentlemen, as they do to you, gentlemen, and the rest of our worthy countrymen, by whom we understand you are sent. We hope that you and the other gentlemen can have no doubt of our paying the utmost attention to the country's interest, as well as our own security in particular. If we, then, may be permitted to advise, it is our opinion and most earnest request, that matters may be quieted for the present at least; we are firmly persuaded that perfect tranquillity will be speedily restored.

By pursuing this course we foresee no hazard, or even inconvenience, that can ensue. Whereas we are apprehensive, and this we think upon good grounds, that violent measures may produce effects which God only knows the consequence of.* We beg that our thanks and best wishes may be presented to the several gentlemen of the country who have interested themselves in our behalf, and are gentlemen,

Your much obliged hon. servants,

PETTON RANDOLPH, for self

and the Corporation of Williamsburg.

To Mann Page, Jr., Lewis Willis, and Benjamin Grymes, Jr., Esquires.

PATRICK HENRY TO FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT
LEE.

Hanover, May 8th, 1775.

DEAR SIR:

For several facts relative to the transactions of the Hanover Volunteers, who marched in consequence of the Governor's conduct in the affair of the powder, and the reprisal made by us, I refer you to the public papers, which I expect will give a true recital of that matter. I find it is now said by those who opposed the measures we took, that the powder belonged to the King. And it is very remarkable the Governor, in his late proclamation, seems to rely upon that as a principal fact on which he is to be justified. But I rely on the address of the city of Williamsburg and his answer to it, also, to prove the contrary. Why does he promise to return it in half an hour? And again, what powder was he to return, or did he take? I answer, the powder mentioned in the address; to wit, that which was provided for the safety of the Colony, and for the loss of which Williamsburg was so much alarmed. But I ask, suppose it was the King's, what right had any one to deposit it in the magazine built expressly for the pur-

pose of receiving such ammunition as was at any time necessary for our safety? His Majesty can have no right to convert the houses, or other conveniences necessary for our defence, into repositories for engines of our destruction. So that the presumption is, that the powder being there, it was ours. 'Twas a trespass to open that place for the reception of any other. Add to this what is contained in his Lordship's answer referred to above, and no doubt can remain but that the pretence of the Crown having a property in it is a quibble. For the sake of the public tranquillity, as well as of justice, I chose to be active in making the reprisal. And having designedly referred to the Convention whether any of the money ought to be returned, lest presuming too much might be alledged against me, I trouble you, sir, with this to be an advocate for the measure if you think it right. I suppose my attendance at the Congress may prevent me from being present at the Convention, when perhaps an attempt may be made to condemn the measure and misrepresent my conduct. I trust that the moderation and justice of the proceeding will fully appear from a great variety of circumstances. And that my countrymen will support me in it, especially when we consider the hostilities to the Northward would have justified much greater reprisals, which I chose to decline as the Convention might probably so soon meet. To the collective body of my country I chose to submit my conduct, and have to beg you will excuse the trouble I have given you by this long letter. I only mean to beg your attention to the subject, that you may not be surprised by some objections against my proceedings, which I fear will be made by some gentlemen from below.

Will you be so good as to excuse inaccuracies? Hurry obliges me to use the pen of a young man to transcribe. The few reasons hinted above are indeed unnecessary to you whose better judgement

* From his subsequent conduct we may presume that the writer of this letter very soon thereafter abandoned all hope of a peaceable settlement of the controversy to which it relates.

is able to inform me. You will readily perceive the absurdity of the pretence, that the king can have a property in anything distinct from his people, and how dangerous is the position that his protection (for which we have already paid him) may be withdrawn at pleasure. If any doubt remains as to the fitness of the step I have taken, can it lay over until I am heard? I can mention many facts which I am sure will abundantly warrant what is done. Wishing you every good thing, I remain with sentiments of the highest and most perfect esteem and regard,

Dear sir,

P. HENRY.

THE SAME, TO RICHARD HENRY LEE.

Williamsburg, May 15th, 1778.

I beg leave, my dear sir, to give my most cordial congratulations on the late happy events that have taken place. May we be wise enough to improve these favourable occurrences into the permanent happiness of our country!

Yours of the 7th come to hand last night. I have got one swift boat now ready to sail. Another shall be provided in some short time. Ooracock is blocked up pretty much. The boats will go out of our capes. The Assembly is sitting: 500 horse were voted yesterday. Some may quickly be got. However, the affair will be suspended a few days on hearing the enemy are preparing to leave the continent.

God bless you, sir,

Yours,

P. HENRY.

ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR OF GWYNN'S ISLAND—AS CONTAINED IN A PRIVATE LETTER OF GEN'L ANDREW LEWIS TO HON. R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, July 15th, 1776.

DEAR COLONEL:

Give me leave to trouble you with some of the particulars relative to our engagement with the fleet, the troops, and ban-

ditti on the island. On the 8th instant, in the evening, I got to the camp before Gwynn's Island, and found that by employing a number of men to work in the night our battery might be opened in the morning. On the 9th, at 8 o'clock, the fleet lay in a range that suited our purpose. We instantly opened our embrasures, which to that moment were secret to the enemy. The Dunmore lay near and very fair, when she was saluted by our 18 pounders; our other battery of five guns was opened on them at the same time. Their amazement and confusion was beyond description. The Dunmore waited to fire only five guns. She slipped both her cables and was towed off by three boats, both batteries playing on her all the time of her retreat. She is prodigiously shattered, her cabin torn to pieces and several men killed. The shot that missed her could not fail taking place on some of the other vessels. The Otter, William, and the Fowey were so peppered that they were obliged to slip their cables also and tow off. The whole fleet were in confusion and moved to a safer distance. We are told that all the armed vessels and several others lost men. The guns of both our batteries were then turned on their camp, (the shot crossing each other in the centre of their camp,) this set them to scampering. The next morning we collected all the canoes that could be got in that neighbourhood, which did not amount to more than thirty. We then turned our thoughts to clearing the haven, and by making use of two six pounders, (brass pieces,) on travelling carriages, made a sloop of six guns and a schooner (well armed with some carriage guns and swivels) move their stations. They grounded; we manned canoes and took them. This step threw some of our men on the island, which being observed by some of the enemy, who were placed on lookouts, ran to their camp and greatly alarmed them by saying that the lower end of the island was full of "the d—d shirt-men." This struck them with a panic, and set them to the trot. Before we could, with our trifling canoes, land 250 men on the island, the vast multitude of boats be-

longing to the fleet (which consisted of upwards of 80 sail) took them on board. They left in their battery one excellent six pounder, and a considerable quantity of baggage in their camp. We shall have at least £1000 worth of cables and anchors, and 266 bars of iron, articles very useful to us. They burnt four vessels, one of them large; some took her for the Dunmore, but I think they were mistaken. The inhabitants of the island say that Dunmore received a reinforcement of 150 Tories from Maryland, and a considerable number of beef cattle, some time before they were routed. Fifty head of the cattle fell into our hands. I am told since I wrote the above, that after the fleet sailed, a large ship, taken to be the Dunmore, returned to the Otter, which lay near the mouth of the Rappahannock. The ship was buoyed by a number of empty casks lashed to both sides, and that after putting her loading on board the Otter she sunk and totally disappeared.

On Sunday evening Col. Charles Lewis, with four companies of his battalion before Gwynn's Island and three at Burwell's Ferry, had orders to march to Potomac, in order to afford quiet and protection until Dunmore should fix himself on some spot; after which we must take our measures accordingly.

I am your most obed't serv't,

ANDREW LEWIS.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Camp on Horn Point, }
July 30th, 1776.*

SIR:

Last Sunday I expected to have the pleasure of seeing you at Col. Richard Lee's, where I dined. I should have been glad of your opinion with regard to the stationing the 3rd battalion, which for the present are ordered to be posted between the rivers Coan and Nomini, with orders to be very attentive to the motions of the enemy; and that if any of the vessels move up the river Potomac (especially the armed ones) to detach men and prevent their diabolical attempts. As the enemy have no foothold on land,

their stay here, I think, cannot be long; some sailed out of the river last evening. Col. Thornton is to put two companies of his battalion above Nomini, one of them at or near your house. My return to Williamsburg is necessary, especially as the enemy avoid giving us any opportunity of attacking them, either on this or the Maryland shore. It is here reported that two companies of the militia, at the house of Col. Brent, on seeing a much inferior number of the enemy land (without firing a gun) threw away their arms and fled in the most shameful manner, and suffered all the gentlemen's houses to be burnt. I am afraid it is true, yet loath to believe it, as it casts a stain on the colony, and may invite our enemies to make many attempts which otherwise they would not think of.

I am with great regard, dear sir, your most obed't and very humble serv't,

ANDREW LEWIS.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Williamsburg, January 10th, 1777.

DEAR SIR:

In consequence of a Resolve of the Honourable the Congress, which with some others came to the Governor and Council of this State, I have put the second and seventh regiments under marching orders, though I have received no orders from Congress. How to account for my not receiving orders on this occasion is out of my power. I have sent Brigade Major Johnson, from whom you will receive this, in order to procure instructions, that I may no longer be kept in a disagreeable state of suspense.

The manner in which we lost Gen. Lee is so differently related, that I shall (if you can spare a moment) be thankful to you for information on that head, as well as the manner in which he has been treated since his unfortunate captivity. Pray let me know what prospect you have of his being returned to us, or if there are any proposals made on this subject. The glorious and well-timed stroke General Washington gave the enemy at Trenton will, I hope, be attended with

the best of consequences. Pray take the trouble to present my compliments to all our worthy Delegates from this State.

I am, with great esteem,

Your most obed't servant,

ANDREW LEWIS, B. G.

The Honourable RICHARD H. LEE, Member of the Honourable Continental Congress.

COL. ADAM STEPHEN TO COL. RICHARD HENRY LEE.—RELATES THE SAME AFFAIR.

Williamsburg, 13th July, 1776.

MY RESPECTED FRIEND:

The 9th of July I arrived, with Gen'l Lewis, off Gwynn's Island. I disdained the gutt that had been deemed impassable since Dunmore's arrival, but was unhappy to find that no provision had been made or necessary steps taken towards passing the gutt, or making a descent on the island. Suspecting the General took me and some other officers rather to dissuade and spare the public censure, than to attempt an attack upon the works or fleet; but fond of the 9th of July, and willing to please you as well as to the business, an attack was immediately made on the fleet and encampment of the enemy. The camp was put into great confusion, one battery drove them into the water, and with the battery of 18 pounders we drove them out again.

The Dunmore was the ship nearest to us; with the first gun we spoiled his Lordship's china and wounded his leg with a splinter. The next shot out his boatswain in two, put an end to his whistling, and carried off the thigh of his gunner. In short the ship was so much damaged that she and two others were burnt that night. We are not certain what damage the rest of the fleet received; but we have taken three tenders

and drove the fleet to sea without a biscuit or water. Some vessels, we are informed by the Pilots, had not a gallon of water aboard. They have plenty of flour, taken in the prizes, and plenty of Irish beef. I am in hopes you will prevent further exportation of flour and we shall starve them. It is uncertain which way they are gone. They have left the small pox and pestilence upon the island, and twelve negroes dead and unburied. Tom Bird was carted aboard, sick of the fever. There are 150 graves.

If we had been happy enough to have had boats or canoes to carry us over as soon as they were put in confusion, we would have possessed ourselves of all their cannon, ammunition, baggage and negroes.

His Lordship intended a long stay, which appeared by his new works planned—ovens built and a windmill begun; but this turned out a castle in the air. The Governor is still very ill, and his disease is like to degenerate into a long nervous fever.

I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, dear sir, your most ob't humble servant,

ADAM STEPHEN.

I congratulate you on the success Gen'l Lee has met with in S. Carolina. It is remarkable that so powerful a naval force made so little impression on our works. Sullivan's Island lies four miles N. E. of Charleston, is about a mile and a half square. To the N. E. of Sullivan's Island, and separated by a narrow gutt lies Long Island, on which Gen'l Clinton's troops are landed and attempted to cross the gutt while the ships were attacking the fort; but they were opposed and repulsed by about 800 riflemen, commanded by Col. Thompson on the Island Sullivan.

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OF THE SALLY MAGANN.

painters, but it is not named in any language. This hair is dressed invariably in the latest style.

Of the face of the Sally Magann, beyond its shape, little, or nothing is known. Its originality is entombed in art. It is by all means an angular face, of the loveliest pink-saucers and chalk-balls hues. The eyes are pale, and stick like a fish-bone in your throat. The nose is needled, and predestined to snuff. A shallow and quarrelsome opening, three inches long, puckered with *vinaiigre rouge*, subserves the uses of a mouth; beneath it lie an irregular collection of translucent cutting instruments, somewhat inlaid with gold, which are its teeth. It does not follow that a chin of a S. Magann must of necessity be sharp or prominent; on the contrary, an ovoidal retreating nub, something like the end of a darkish egg, constitutes the general appearance of this feature. Nor need the neck be stringy; it is irregularly fluted; aiming at a stringyness not yet attained.

Its frame is lean, its digestion feeble, and its flavor sour.

In dress, the Sally Magann labours to be tasteful. Its attempts would not always prove failures, if its body could be remodelled, and it could wish not to be noticed. It has a passion for silks of all sorts, but chiefly for those of a striking pattern. It haunts places where what are called "wet goods" are disposed of, and is there being constantly cheated. If in its cheap researches it could only light upon a "real brocade" and wheedle it out of the shop-keeper "for a song," it would go immortal.

A dress to a Sally Magann never fits in the back where the skirt is gathered. Since the advent of hoops this impossibility is greatly apparent, and it is a good mark by which to detect one of them.

Thus much for the physical S. Magann. The intellectual follows, and the moral.

Its views of life are three in number.

I. It will marry.

II. Whom will it marry?

III. Matrimony will be an un-ending ocean of dresses and joy.

er has much hair on its head, eg below the pecuniary level of and other costly greases, it kind- its its phrenology to clean lard- ted cologne, which it buys in long The colour of its hair may per- found in the shops of the sign-

Its mental operations being bounded by this triangle, its acts are immediately co-ordinated thereto. For young males boarding in the same house with itself, it has a body ever willing to be treated to ice-cream and theatres; and such of them as are disposed to do the gentlemanly to said body, find out the following in regard to the Sally Magann.

First. It may be kissed without much difficulty.

Second. It does not pay to kiss it.

A Northern Sally Magann, in select circles of its kind, always objects to the medical student who lodges on the third floor, but is privately infected with the madness of believing that the student aforesaid is a "wealthy Southerner." It therefore revolves in its mind the vexed question of slavery, and concludes that it will reluctantly yield to the impassioned importunities (not yet offered) of the student, and do its best to ameliorate the condition of sundry negroes upon the hypothetical plantation in Alabama.

As to the day-boarder, the dry-goods clerk, that dresses so nicely, and has given it four pairs of kid gloves, its mind is never sound. "He may get to be a partner. He may never get to be a partner." A dilemma like this is enough to unhinge the highest order of female intelligences; its effect upon a Sally Magann is such that the dry-goods clerk concludes that it is singularly unstable in its notions and affections, and, in consequence of this conclusion, he is often lost to the S. Magann. It grieves over his loss, sometimes to the latest hour of its life, with secretly commingled tears and snuff; deploring the folly of its youth, when it had "lovers by the dozen," while it titillates its Schneiderian membrane in impotent revenge.

But it is only its small shot that the Sally Magann wastes on callow youths. Its heavy artillery is reserved for the bland, portly, middle-aged "gentleman," (boarder,) who does a very large mysterious business, and who does not always prove to be a scoundrel and a swindler; but occasionally marries the S. Magann and disappears with it, none knows whi-

ther. For him it sings its best falsetto, and plays upon the piano its five or six good-for-nothing little tunes with its divinest unction. And *he*—he pronounces it "the sweetest little thing," and more need not be said of him.

The morals of a Sally Magann are—preachers. These it adores. For these it discovers its small capacities of needle and thread; and concerning these, next to "wet goods" and theatres, its giggly-gabbling is affluent beyond all measure. To sew on a button for a preacher, to visit his wife, to embroider a pair of slippers for him, to be spoken to by him when it affectates along the street, to kiss his children to death, is the finest joy of the S. Magann. If the preacher is unmarried, then is his divinity complete in the eyes of a S. Magann. How it hangs upon his lips, as it sits in a pew, and pushes up its bonnet slipping from the back of its head! Its fervent prayers that the Lord will deliver him into the hands of a suitable help-mate! Its anonymous letters of gratitude for his refreshing sermons; its incog bouquets! Could it be privileged to make a *robe-de-nuit* for a right young minister, it would willingly die.

But its destiny rarely comprehends the better-halving of pulpit joys. Generally it advances by distinct but rapid metamorphoses to old maidism; in which case, the sour element in its nature is seriously increased and aggravated, for a Sally Magann acidulates fiercer than any other variety of female. On the other hand, it *may*, as heretofore intimated, marry. Its destiny then includes early widowhood, an unpromising, unkempt child or two, and a most dreary after-existence of untidiness and paregoric.

This is the end of it. Amid the dregs of the demi-semi-genteel societies it noiselessly dissolves, without exciting a remark from anybody.

The purport of its coming into this world never has been, and probably never will be known. It appears to be a disease of shabby-genteel streets—an entozoon of cheap boarding-houses.

VERNON GROVE; OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

(COPY-RIGHT SECURED.)

CHAPTER XXIV. which she felt was undermining her very

hen, like the springs
earth's deep heart below,
own a thousand things
above may hear or know:
ried! Without sound,
t, night and day,
h, springs underground)
and can ne'er decay.

Berry Cornwall.

knownness.

she had taken her accus-
in the household, the ser-
to her for counsel and assis-
parently, the inner lives of
dwelt at Vernon Grove, were
nt systematic as the outer
, and a looker-on would
that Sybil, especially, was
un to have found such a
raon, and such a man as
ued to be her protector

e knew the secrets of that
me one knew of the strug-
hourly underwent. Each
that Albert was not to her
red in one who was to be
on nearer than a friend,
as to cherish for better or
ough she could not define
cular lay the deficiency, and
lf for her want of apprecia-
could not overcome the inde-
ance that he inspired, and

as touching and as sad as the instrumental music which accompanied them.

"Short, swallow-flights of song, that dip Their wings in tears and skim away."

And such was the life at Vernon Grove, monotonous, quiet, and too calm to be natural, for even Linwood's voice was toned down to a whisper, and his cheerful spirit imbibed somewhat of the prevailing solemnity which he felt, hung like a pall over them, and which was not exactly the "jubilee" which Sybil had spoken of as connected with his return from his wanderings abroad. But an event soon occurred which materially changed the state of things then existing at Vernon Grove.

One night after they had all retired to their rooms, Albert and Vernon to rest, and Sybil, as was often the case now, to the serious contemplation of her peculiar position,—as she was seated by an open window, she perceived a dense smoke arising from the wing of the house in which Richard and Linwood slept, and soon the conviction forced itself upon her that the building was on fire. Suddenly, as if to confirm her in her opinion, a bright flame shot upwards in the darkness, and Sybil, now fully aware of the danger, and with but one impulse in her mind, rushed towards Vernon's chamber. That she was the betrothed of another, that her duty should have led her first to the rescue of her promised husband did not occur to her; she simply obeyed the promptings of that strong, inward suggestion which overmastered every other, and which said as plainly as words, "He, Mr. Vernon, is in danger; *save him.*" Every thing was blank; her world contained but one individual; her heart beat but for one other besides herself; the prayer which escaped from her trembling lips breathed only for the welfare of one.

Speeding across the corridor, towards Vernon's room, she found that her passage to it was impeded by a cloud of smoke, and that the heat was so intense that it would be almost impossible for her to pass through it, but Sybil was a courageous mortal, and since she had given

up her happiness because Vernon had willed it, it mattered little to her whether she sacrificed her life also. For a moment she stood, irresolute; simply the yielding up of her existence for the welfare of one whom she loved was an easy matter to her, but the probable suffering which would lead to it, the sharp agony of the intense, scorching heat, the stifling suffocation, appalled her. The wavering only lasted for a brief time, however; drawing a shawl which she had thrown over her shoulders more closely about her, and covering as much of her head and face as was possible, she uttered a hasty prayer and plunged boldly into the thickening smoke, at last reaching Vernon's door. With a firm hand she knocked to awaken him, and told him in a few words, that the house was on fire, beseeching him to open his door as soon as possible, in order that they might think of some plan to gain assistance; she added that she could not retrace her steps, as the flames had crossed the corridor, through which she had just passed, but that she would wait patiently there until he opened the door.

Light and darkness being the same to Vernon, he hastily dressed himself, and was soon ready to admit Sybil and to hear further of the progress of the fire, but in the mean time the poor girl had suffered agony, for the flames gained upon her each moment, and her hands and arms seemed seared as with a hot iron. Her waiting there appeared to her like an eternity, and at last she thought of rushing back even through the flames, anything seemed preferable to the fearful misery of being slowly burnt to death where she stood, but at length the door opened and she sprang into the room with a glad cry of unspeakable joy, while Vernon, feeling the intense heat, knew in part, but only in part, what she had suffered.

"You must shut the door again," said she quickly, "or the draught will force the flames this way. God has been very good to you and to me, Mr. Vernon; if I had been one moment later I could not have come to you, and what might you not have suffered; perhaps in your un-

slumber you would have been to death."

"I know that you have saved my life, Sybil," he answered, "that life I would willingly lay down for a child; but this is no time for congratulation;—where is Albert? You have aroused him, of course, and warned him of his danger."

"I said Sybil, in a low tone, "I am first, I did not think of him." A rapid pulsation of joy, even in that moment of peril, throbbed in Vernon's heart, but duty was stronger even than love, which he felt for Sybil. His impulse was to ask her to say those words more, those sweet, low, musical words which seemed to give him the life in her memory; but in an instant he remembered how natural it was for Sybil should endeavour to arouse the master of the house, first; how she had taught her, since her childhood, everything to him which related to judgment or a course of action to be followed; and again, how custom had led her to offer him her arm as a

aid, we must remain here no longer," he said, "I hear the flames without, and human lives are in danger. There is another entrance to the house which leads out upon the street. Through that passage we must go, there is a second flight of steps which will conduct you from the basement into Albert's room; when we reach that, you must be a hero—wake more and awake him, if he is asleep. Suppose, already aroused by the sound of the unusual sounds, and in search of his treasure whom he will find here."

"Leave you in your blindness," said Sybil in a passionate tone to her; "how do I know but the flames may reach you even at the foot of the staircase before I return. Let me die, leave me here and do not before you send me away from home."

"Be calm," he said, "be calm!" They were passing down the narrow staircase, Sybil guiding him out into the

starlight, and as they neared the entrance the damp night air came gratefully to Vernon in contrast with that hot stifling mass of heated smoke, but Sybil scarcely knew or felt the change.

"Why must I be silent?" she said in the same reckless, impulsive tone; "do you wish to make me remember what I cannot very easily forget, that my life belongs to another, that I am bound even as a slave? But I will not be silent; I will say now what I have not dared to say before—"

The sentence was finished with a groan, and Vernon knew by the dead, heavy weight that fell against him that Sybil had fainted, and her strange words he concluded were nothing more than delirium occasioned by the excitement through which she had passed, the bewildering experiences of the hour.

They had reached the foot of the steps, and the way was free from impediments to him now; he knew that he was upon that green, soft sward, and every inch of it was familiar to him, and that he had only to proceed forward a few paces to gain a garden chair in which to place her.

It was clear to him that Sybil had fainted, and he judged rightly. But he little dreamed that it was from pain; that her delicate hands and arms had been scorched and blistered by the fierce heat as she stood waiting at his door. He only knew that his beloved was in his arms once more; that he held her there for the last time ere another claimed her for his own; that her breath was upon his cheek, and her heart near his. All the evils in the world seemed light while thus she lay. Even God would forgive him, he said to himself, for calling her his own then, and bending over her insensible form, he addressed her in many a name of endearment, and with a reckless kind of frenzy, he kissed her brow, her cheeks, her lips, and called heaven to witness that he loved her as never man had loved before.

Soon he became conscious of approaching footsteps and voices, and among the rest Albert's.

"God of mercy," exclaimed Albert,

"we have found her at last; speak, Vernon, tell me that she is not dead or dying that she lies thus."

"I trust not," said Vernon, trying to be calm, and resigning her to Albert with a sigh; "in order to rouse some one, for I believe that she was the first to discover that the house was on fire, she came to my room, and the confusion, the responsibility, the fright proved too much for her, and caused her to faint. She has been in this unconscious state once before to my own knowledge, and it will be sometime before she recovers."

"Thank God!" said Albert as he bent over her, thank God that it is not death;" then folding her in his arms, he tried to wake her to consciousness with burning accents of love.

The old demon of passion pulled hard at Vernon's heart. Linwood's words maddened him, and the desolating, fearful scourge of jealousy raged furiously in his breast.

"What of the fire?" he asked impatiently, "leave her to me, Albert, and follow the men who have gone to try to extinguish it. As I can be of no use, I will sit here with her until she recovers, while you can direct the hands, and if possible, save a portion of the house."

"The right wing of the building," returned Albert, "I fear must be consumed; I left a portion of the labourers trying to extinguish the flames on the other side, while I brought a few this way in my search for Sybil, whom the servants and I failed to discover in any portion of the house, although we concluded in the end that as both your and her rooms were vacant, you had sought shelter where we found you at last. As you suggest, I will go and try to give some system and order to their endeavours, but even with their best exertions, I fear that the house will not be habitable for some time, and to prepare you for the worst, Vernon, it may, possibly, if the wind rises, burn to the ground, and then what could we do with Sybil—where could we find the nearest shelter for her?"

"Leave that to me," said Vernon, "I have already thought of a plan. I pur-

chased the cottage in which she lived formerly, not long ago, and it is in the care of a trusty servant—if you will remain here and do what you can to assist those brave men, I will take her there, John driving us in the carriage. Save everything that you can belonging to her, and tell Mary to follow after us in your vehicle with every comfort which she thinks Sybil may require, and if we start immediately, I hope that the poor child will open her eyes upon a more peaceful scene, and one of a less exciting nature than this."

"Your plan is the best that could be imagined," was Albert's answer. "Vernon," he continued solemnly, taking his hand, "it is not for me to tell you, her protector, her friend, the guardian of her childhood, the faithful watcher of her maturer years, to shield her as you would the best treasure in God's giving, but oh, my friend, when I say to you be gentle with her gentle nature, be patient with her in her helplessness, you will realize how much, how entirely I love Sybil Gray."

And so it came to pass that Sybil, leaving the stately mansion of Vernon Grove a mass of thick, smoke and desolating flame, was bound on a pilgrimage to that humble homestead, the cottage in which she was born.

The rocking motion of the carriage and the current of cool night air, soon restored her to consciousness, but far better would it have been had she been insensible, for she awoke to experience a burning fever in her veins and a sensation as though liquid fire were playing over her hands and arms. Though her gaze could not penetrate through the thick darkness, she knew that her head was pillowed upon a beating heart, and that an arm was supporting her form. She knew that but one cared to hold her there and thus, and but to one belonged the privilege.

"Where are we going, Albert?" she questioned faintly, "when will this dark, mysterious ride come to an end?"

"It is not Albert, it is I," said Vernon in a voice trembling with emotion. "Albert is with the men trying to extinguish

agony is less, I have something to say to you, but not now."

"Is there any thing that I can do for you, any evil that I can avert?" said Vernon anxiously, drawing her tenderly towards him again, as though to protect her even then, "tell me; will you not let me help you with my advice or sympathy?"

The answer came in a way that he was all unprepared for.

"Yes, Richard."

The words were slowly and deliberately spoken, and thrilled him through; the tender tone brought the hot blood to his cheek; he could not believe that he was awake, but thought himself under the influence of a dream and was silent.

Like a poverty-stricken man who has prayed for relief and suddenly finds himself struck, bruised and felled to the ground with heavy showers of massive gold, so felt Vernon; the precious metal lay within his very grasp and yet it was denied him to gather it.

"Ah, Sybil," said he, breaking the silence at last, "I must do my duty by you though keen suffering to myself be the penalty. Though you promised to call me '*Richard*,' when you returned, and though the sound is sweeter than any that ever came to mortal ear, you must do so no more now that you belong to another. If he were here, Sybil, do you think that he would regard with complacency or any approval whatever that word spoken from your lips to me?"

Recklessly came her reply, a mad whirlwind in contrast with his calm, deliberate, cautious utterance; mad enough, strong enough, to demolish any barrier between them, powerful enough to bend, ay, to break even his iron will.

"I know not, care not, Richard."

But he kept his vow: love and honour made him strong; love for Sybil, whom he now scarcely regarded as a responsible person, but as one tortured into delirium by pain, and that strong chain of friendship by which he was bound to Albert, and which, rather than sever, he would have encountered death. Still something further must be said, and that he spoke desperately.

—Some other time—when this

"Sybil, Sybil, beware; you have redeemed your promise given under other circumstances than these; but if you do not, Albert would care had he heard you give utterance to the word which you used just now. Think you, if you were to me what you are to him, loving me and beloved by me, that I could calmly hear you call him '*Albert*'? Think you that I could spare a tone, a whisper of tenderness? Why, Sybil," he continued, eloquently pleading for another's right, and advocating another's cause, "were you mine, think you that I could bear you from my presence? no, you would be mine—mine exclusively, my treasure, my joy, my religion, my life, and next to the God whom you have taught me to love, my all. It is thus with Albert, his affection for you is as jealous, as requiring as this. Ah no, welcome as that word is, I must not hear it again; once, I might have wished it, but oh, not now, not now."

"Thank you for reminding me of my duty," answered Sybil, with something of her old dignity of manner, though in a bitter tone. "If I can, mark me, Mr. Vernon, if I can, I will be to you what you would have me, cold and distant," then withdrawing herself entirely from his support, she uttered a piteous moan of exhaustion and pain, and added in a voice of anguish that long vibrated in Vernon's ear, "but you are too cruel, almost too cruel to your poor little suffering Sybil."

These were the last coherent words that Sybil said for some days, for when they lifted her from the carriage and placed her on the bed where she once as a child lay, a brain fever, added to the severe injuries that she had sustained, brought on a raving delirium, and the kind and skilful physician who was sent for, plainly told Vernon, who besought him to be candid, that he feared that all his care and experience could not raise her from her desperate state to health. And then with as much delicacy as he could, he informed Albert and himself that they must be prepared to see her, whom they loved so well, the victim of a painful and lingering death; neverthe-

less, while there was life, there was hope, and that much depended upon unwearied attention to those dreadful burns, and careful watching.

Careful watching! the dove watches not her nestlings so jealously, nor the mother her child more exclusively than did those men, Vernon and Linwood, watch the poor sufferer who raved in delirium in that little chamber, not indeed in any words which could betray the secrets of her heart, but as if the mention of her cottage-home had brought back old memories in her unconscionance, she fancied herself a child once more, roaming in freedom there among the forest birds, and gathering wild flowers in her path. Both were bound to her, Vernon and Linwood, by a triple cord, and all jealousy, all envy were laid far away. Were she to die, Linwood felt that the world would be suddenly deprived of all interest and beauty, and rendered a gloomy place; he dared not contemplate the possibility of a future, even though it brought to him fame greater than mortal had ever won before, without the light of Sybil's smile. *Sybil and Death!* It was madness to breathe the two words in connection. After a life spent together, a life of perfect happiness and congeniality, he could fancy her hand in hand with himself, calmly journeying onward to the grave, and should the summons come to her first, being willing to part with her only because it would be an earnest of his soon rejoining her to part never more.

Sybil, dead! said Vernon in communion with himself, in thoughts which he scarcely dared to breathe to the winds, she who, to save him, had brought herself low even unto the gates of death: she who had counted suffering but a slight thing, so that he suffered not! Oh were she to die, willingly would he make his grave beside her, welcoming the pall, the bier, and even the dreaded uncertainty of the hereafter as a happy exchange for the positive pangs of acute suffering which such an event would bring.

But Sybil did not die. Youth and strength triumphed at last over that terrible attack, and she awoke to conscious-

low that her fearful and incoherences were over, and all immediate rest, the faithful housekeeper, who devoted to her through her illness, persuaded Vernon and Linwood to remain entirely to her care, as the exciting them and conversing with might occasion a relapse, and as it was to their precious charge than any sitting-room, they spent the part of their time in the library, which communicated with her, passing to and fro, watching tidings which were brought at intervals of the welfare of the and in arranging offerings of dried flowers or other little gifts they thought would amuse or interest, the sending of which was mixed always with cheering meditation.

She became convalescent and once more interested in external objects, the ticking of a clock attracted her notice which broke the monotony of long season of confinement; a stray ray of sunshine playing on the wall assumed to her almost the aspect of the real presence of some visitor; and when even the smiles of her old attendant, whose face were any thing but eventful, the vast importance in her lonely situation, it is not to be won that she often found herself to catch the tones of Vernon's and Ed's voices, or that it entertained her but heard a word now and then the little neighbouring entry.

One morning—one Spring-promising day, her attendant had, purposely, the door which led from Sybil's room to the passage open, in order to let her somewhat to the fresh air; she returned into it, and leaving her alone for a short time, she went to some household arrangement. She lay there feeling stronger and happier than she had done for many days, and the voices of her watchful nurse in conversation, and though she had her own name mentioned, and that it was almost a breach of trust

to listen, still she had neither the strength nor the will to let them know her proximity; a kind of trance-like spell enveloped her faculties and kept her mute.

But that hour achieved more for her than her physician's most devoted attention, and while she listened with a smile upon her pale face, and her eyes bedewed with grateful tears, it seemed to her as though some heavenly visitor stood before her and softly whispered, "*Sybil, behold your reward.*"

A week that she has heard Albert say, "ungentle; what patient, what true Christian

Vernon, "*Sybil acts as one would have the; when one thinks of the trifling burn, and at she has to bear, that, that tedious dressing, that retaining for hours without a murmur of discontent but be struck with ben add to these, that, thank God, she has the chill of ague, the fever and its terrible borne as though they were laid upon her,—the lived since that fearful preaching better things eloquent discourses.*"

"Here is indeed a patient spirit," answered Albert, "and it is with no little self-congratulation that I think that she who is the fairest creation I have ever seen, should also be the purest and best, and that the example of the woman who is to be my life-companion must ever be a gracious one to me. What an unenviable fate would mine have been had I, with my love of the beautiful, chosen a wife whose attractions were merely in the outward adorning and not in the perfection of the inner life."

"You are fortunate," replied Vernon, scarcely repressing a sigh, "and when I resign her to you, it will be with this testimony, that it was she who first planted the germ of resignation and religious

feeling in my breast. Often the poor child has seen it wither and fade, but by her prayers and tears she has guarded and watered it until it has grown into a wide-spreading branch; not that I boast of it, Linwood, for we are talking now as man to man, with freedom and unreserve, but because I rejoice that her prayers are answered, and that she, with her innocent trust, has made me almost what her aspirations have aimed at, one who humbly, and with a need of His mercy, loves and fears God."

Sybil crossed her bruised hands upon her breast and raised her eyes upwards as though her glance could pierce the inner heaven, and though she felt happier than she had ever been on earth before, she longed at that moment for the power to take wings and to utter her gratitude and delight for the words which she had heard from Vernon, at the very throne of the Almighty Father.

It was thus that her attendant found her on her return with that rapt angelic look, so much more beautiful than ever, so luminous with purity and joy, and remembering that she had promised to allow Vernon and Linwood to come in for a few minutes to see her young charge, now was the time she thought, when a faint colour blushed in her cheeks, and her eyes glistened almost with the brightness of health, to redeem that promise.

Telling Sybil that her faithful friends desired to congratulate her upon being so much better, she asked her permission to allow them to enter.

"Yes," said she gladly, "let them come in; how faithful, how constant they have been."

"But only for a few minutes," said the careful nurse, charging Sybil not to exert herself by conversation, and with another look at her patient to see if the rosy flush still remained, she went to acquaint Vernon and Linwood with the joyful intelligence that her patient would see them.

She was the Sybil, and yet not the Sybil that Linwood had last seen; the first was of earth, the other a vision from heaven.

She was lying half-prepped up by pillows, with her face in full relief against

their snowy whiteness; her brow was marble-like in its pallor, her lips like those of a carved statue, not crimsoned as Sybil's had once been with the rose-bud hue of health, but almost colourless, while her cheeks were so faintly tinged with the rose that one might have thought their blush a reflection of the skies at dawn. Her hair, always floating in natural curls on either side of her brow, was now put back from her face in a smooth mass like a cluster of pale, golden threads, while over her bosom in graceful folds, lay her white robe, with its delicate edging of lace, giving additional softness and purity to the whole.

Sybil was the first to speak.

"How good, how kind you have been," she said, looking from one to the other with moistened eyes. She glanced over at Linwood, but upon Vernon her gaze rested with lingering fondness.

Led by the sound of her voice, Vernon stepped forward to take her hand, the common, every day act of the blind man's life, something that stood in lieu of a sympathizing expression which others could throw into their eyes.

Sybil stopped him as he approached. "You forget," said she playfully, "that a burn is a long time in healing, and no lily-white hand can I offer you as did the dames in days of old. My faithful knights must live in hope that one day I may fasten a favor on their shields, when the bandages from my poor, disfigured hands are removed."

"Forgive me for my thoughtlessness," replied Vernon while he turned away from Sybil that she might not see on his face the anguish that he felt. "I forgot for one moment that terrible experience in my joy at hearing your voice again. Would to God, Sybil, that mine had been the fate to perish that night in the flames if it would have saved you from a single instant of suffering."

It was far from Sybil's thoughts to awaken any sad memories, or to have that visit sought but a cheerful one, and hasting to change the conversation, she dwelt upon the pleasures which were in store for her, and listened gladly to the plans which Albert and Vernon had

ing for her, until the minutes loitered by the nurse passed away, and she warned them that had expired. While she was Vernon cut into the passage, and with a terrible flaking of that Albert remained behind.

"My own, my beautiful," he said, "I thought I loved you once, but for you was weak compared almost worship that I feel for you. Could you not speak one word to me to be to me a memory, a joy, a joy again?"

He tried to articulate, but no sound came, while a spasm like pain crossed her face, and her eyelids helplessly over her eyes. "Must go now, Mr. Linwood," the slight attendant, who glanced at the returned, "am I not right?"

"Yes," was the impatient answer, and the door was closed upon him, leaving her nurse, who had no words, and thought that her was returning by her wild maniacal expression.

"I cannot, shall not last," she said, and it, or I must die."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Farewell; may never come to thee again; thy good requires my pain, I shall never hear from me again thy words—nor shall thy eyes e'er speak a lingering love for me."

"For I have given thee up," he said, "I have loved and lost, I have loved at all."

He came once more to Sybil, as the dawn spreads the morning sky. His pale flesh, then a rosy gleam, his blushing red. She was waiting strength to perform a duty, of which haunted her like a curse, and which she knew must be deferred, and at last she felt that had arrived.

Vernon spent most of his time at the Grove, endeavoring to lay plans to remedy the ruin which reigned there, and it was well that he thus had an object to distract him from gloomy thought. He tried to cheat himself into the idea that he was becoming more light-hearted and cheerful, when in fact he was only endeavoring, for the sake of those whom he loved, to cultivate cheerfulness, and when he returned to the cottage at evening, though a heavy and sad heart lay beneath, his was the merriest laugh, he the most buoyant of the trio there.

One morning when Vernon had thus left Sybil and Albert together, to enjoy, as he imagined, as fond lovers, the sweet freshness of the day, the coming Spring time, and the luxury of quiet interchange of thought, Sybil proposed a drive through the beautiful woods which surrounded the cottage as a sure means of entirely re-

freshen; the birds hopped noiselessly from branch to branch; the cattle in the distance were passively lying in the fields; everything breathed of the *fullness of rest*. All nature seemed plotting against Sybil and the work which she had to do. In the still air, the cloudless sky, the silent earth, there seemed to be a pause, but had an angel appeared beckoning her out

to wander in Paradise, she would have said calmly—"By and by; now there is something for me to do."

She sat in a low chair by the window with the dreamy influence of that brilliant noon upon her, with no remains of her illness lingering about her, save a faint scar upon her hands, which she almost hoped for the sake of the memory it brought would never entirely be effaced. Albert leant over her and was saying something playfully about her brilliant colour, and how well it would contrast one day, not far in the future, with white orange blossoms. They looked happy lovers—they were—what? Their words will show.

She could not mistake his meaning, and with a start she woke into life.

"Sit down, Albert," she said, "here before me; I have something to say to you."

So seldom did Sybil express a wish in Linwood's presence, that ere it was well uttered, he dropt the ringlet of gold which he had caressingly coiled around his finger and obeyed her, and sitting full in the light of her eyes he awaited what would follow. Then she gazed quietly, steadily at him as though she would read his very soul and measure what he could bear mentally, he who loved her so.

Albert took her hand, while she scarcely observed the action, so absorbed was she in thought, and pressed it to his lips.

"Ah, this little hand," he said fondly, "this little, scarred hand; tell me, Sybil, when shall I have the right to call it my own?"

Sybil, still gazing down into his eyes with that searching glance so unlike every other glance of hers, which had ever before been turned away from his, firmly drew her hand away.

"Albert," she said, "you must bear patiently with me, you must listen calmly to me. I am about to tell you something which will make us both sorrowful all of our lives, but not to say it would bring to me, madness. Promise me that you will not frighten me by a violent expression of disappointment, for I feel that any undue excitement might carry me back

to those fearful hours of delirium through which I have so lately passed."

"Anything that you have to say," he answered with assumed calmness, "I am ready and willing to hear."

"Then I will say it at once," she replied, turning away from him at last the fixed gaze of her eyes. "It would be hypocrisy to act towards you any longer as if I did or ever could love you. For Mr. Vernon's sake whose wish it is, and for yours, I have tried, with earnest prayers to accustom myself to the idea that in you, I should at last find that peace and happiness which one would naturally expect, situated as we have been. I have schooled my heart, I have put fetters on my free soul in vain. That the fault is altogether independent of yourself, that you are all tenderness and goodness, and that I am ungrateful and wicked, almost, I humbly confess; but why waste words upon the prelude? Albert Linwood, I can never be your wife."

Linwood's face had gradually assumed an expression of mute despair, and then when the whole truth came, he bent his head slowly and held his hand before his eyes as though to avert some horrible doom which would crush him to death. He did not weep, he did not moan; Sybil would have been glad had he done either; any thing was better than that deep, dead silence, that upraised arm and deprecating look, the quivering which passed over that strong man's frame.

"Albert," she said softly, removing his hand from that fixed posture of despair and looking upon him pityingly, "let me be to you a sister, a friend; speak to me; tell me that what I have done has not made you hate me."

"Hate you?" he answered in a voice of unutterable tenderness, "it would be hard to do that, beloved." Then changing his tone and looking at her fiercely, he continued—"And yet I ought to hate you; I ought to hate one who, by a few utterances, things called words that have the power to blast a life forever, has taken away in an instant of time hope, joy, happiness, and left me desolate, ay, desolate, Sybil, take it, in its full, wide meaning and bring it home to yourself. Re-

verse the case," he said, with increasing excitement, grasping her wrist and compelling her to listen to him, "suppose that you had learned to love some favoured one with your whole being, that never prayer was uttered by you which included not that other, that you looked forward to a life spent with him as a consummation of bliss not ending here, but continuing on into eternity;—then imagine some terrible fate coming between you and the loved one, more terrible than if the man dying of thirst should be denied water, the weary man rest. Would you not be tempted, mind you, only *tempted*, to curse that fate?"

"And so you curse *me*, Albert?" she said mournfully, "*pray* rather, for those who despitefully use you and persecute you."

"No, no," said he, drawing her towards him with inexpressible tenderness of manner, "how can I curse what is mine, and you know that you are mine, Sybil, now and forever. There is no escape from a promise given calmly and willingly as you gave yours. Sybil, I cannot let you go, you are too precious, too much a part of my very life; yes, thank God, *you are mine*."

Alas for Sybil, her task became more difficult each moment; it was almost as hard to gain her end as to live the false unnatural life of the past few months, but she had plunged boldly into the stream, and nought remained for her but to seek, with what strength she could, the opposite shore.

"I know," she said, "I know that you have my promise to be yours, *and that you love me*. It is because you do love me so fervently that I make this appeal to you. Oh, Albert, you would never be quite happy, with your exacting nature, in a life without affection on my part; there would always be a cloud over our home as if God had forgotten us in dealing out his sunshine; our mornings would be cheerless, our evenings gloomy because of the want of perfect sympathy, and I feel, I feel in my inmost heart that ours would not be the true life. There is a better, a happier state of being, when the pulses bound at the sound of a beloved

voice, when the blood runs swifter at the approach of a coming step, when the heart, satisfied with its destiny, says, 'I am content! This could never be our united experience,'" said Sybil, her cheek kindling at the picture she had called up. "Then let me appeal to the very love which you have for me, to release me from the promise, which I gave before I had a realizing sense that I was acting out a grievous wrong, a sin. Say but four words, Albert, four simple words spoken because of your generous nature; if only breathed in a whisper I shall hear them; say to me, '*Sybil, you are free*.'"

In the earnestness of her appeal, she arose and laid her hand upon Albert's, while her beseeching eyes were raised expectantly to his. She might have said as other women had said before, after a solemn promise to be constant,—"*Go*,"—one word having the power and significance of many, but the memory of perjury would have haunted her through a lifetime. She wished him to resign her by an act of his own will.

There was a pause, a long, painful pause; a mighty struggle raged in Linwood's breast; he felt like a shipwrecked mariner who sees that the frail plank to which he clings must inevitably be swept from his grasp, and yet with the certainty of his doom hanging over him, is loath to loosen his frantic hold.

"Have patience with me, dearest," he said at last, "you have appealed to *my love*, that strong, absorbing, second nature of mine; have patience with me awhile; I would be alone with my thoughts, and make the trial in imagination, to see if I can do what you ask; like the martyrs of old, I would measure my strength of endurance and consider if I could bear unflinchingly the cruel tortures, the fierce devouring flames which assail me and which at last *must reach my heart*."

Saying these words he put her away from him gently, and paced the room restlessly, as though he were a criminal pacing his narrow cell. His eyes rested upon her not for a single instant, he seemed to be oblivious to her presence; his thoughts all introverted, *himself* was the one subject of his contemplation.

At last there was a cessation in that quick, nervous tread and he stood before her and gazed at her long and earnestly. His look was haggard, his whole expression was changed and years of suffering seemed to be stamped upon his face.

"Sybil, look up," he said; "if upon the outer man is pictured what I feel within, then there will be something for you to remember in all the years of the future. Not, dearest, that I would have the memory a suffering, a sorrow, but because I would have you feel that it is no light thing to which you have appealed, no passing fancy, but a principle of my life mingling with my being, as the heart throbs in my breast, or the blood flows in my body; had my love been less, had it been selfish, did I not count myself as nothing in comparison with your peace and happiness, this sacrifice would never have been made, but since you wish it, dearest;—*Sybil, you are free!*"

Her joy told itself in her suddenly clasped hands and an inadvertent, "Oh! Albert, I thank you."

"She thanks me, Oh! God," he exclaimed bitterly, "she thanks me, she might have spared me *that*."

"Forgive me," said Sybil, her eyes filling with tears, "I only meant —."

"You meant what you said," he answered mournfully, "and I must not blame you for your truth; but Oh, my beloved, my own precious one, my lost treasure,—the years will be very dreary to me now; summer will bring me no sunshine, winter no joyous fireside, time no glad, elastic renewal of youth. Stars will shine, but not for me, Sybil, for you alone gave beauty to my life, and you alone can take that beauty away. Remember me, dearest, as ever thinking of you, ever praying for your welfare, and so mingling your memory with each noble inspiration, each successful effort, each triumph in my profession, that my love of you and love of it will be one and the same. Every blue sky will tell me of your eyes, dearest, those tender, soul-eyes that won me with their wondrous beauty; every golden sunset remind me of your wealth of rippling hair; every line of grace in earth or air bring me in thought

to you. Say to Vernon that I have gone, for I cannot see him with this weight of anguish crushing me, gone forever from him and you. Yes, I *must* go," he answered in reply to her appealing look, "for were I to stay, my eyes would haunt you ever with their mute sorrow, while turning upon you especially their old loving glance. And now, Sybil, farewell; if you ever think of me, if ever you say to yourself 'where is the wanderer now?' imagine me as toiling for fame, not for any joy it might bring me, but simply as an object in life, something to sweeten a bitter memory, something to blunt the sharp point of an eternal agony. Seated there with your head bowed and revelling perchance in your release like an uncaged bird, (I blame you not, dear love,) you little know at what a price you have bought your freedom; behold in it a crowning sacrifice of affection, the very perfection of love, yes, Sybil, you are *free*."

Softly he raised her head and kissed her brow, and smiling strangely that she wept, bade her not waste her tears upon his sorrows—then laying his hands lingeringly upon her fair, drooping head, he looked once again at her wondrous beauty, as though to impress it unfadingly upon his memory, and departed from her path forever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The banquet and the song;
By day the journey, and by night
The merry dance traced far and light,
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long."

Rich? ask't those if he's rich? Observe
me, Sir!

His money bags are torpid they're so full!
Crammed, glutton-like, with lumps of spend-
thrift gold,

That swell their sides and sleep!

Barry Cornwall.

"Good resolves a moment hot,
Fairly begun but finished not."

Mr. Clayton's house was still a central

gaiety, and Isabel a star that shone over it, but at times there was an inexplicable expression of joy in her face which was apart from and lent to the crowd who gathered around her, a look as though she were listening to music unheard by other ears. Beautiful forms visible only to her. But her secret, whatever it was, did not interrupt her life of thoughtless enjoyment, so glittering with gems as the fair mistress of the ball-room?

As his master changed in aught, the opening of our story save in a bodily change that years would bring. Now, as then, he was flushed with success; everything that he touched turned to gold; no speculation, wild, but yielded him abundant returns so extravagant but that it was a return ten fold.

Follow-eyed men, harassed with failure, besought this flourisher for his assistance or simply to assist, since he was so successful in everything he undertook, but the last he was not ready to give, because it might reveal his secret of luck,—the first heads of Charity Societies applied to him in vain. What had he to do with charity, when he paid an exorbitant sum to support the poor? Little children pleaded with him for some starving mother, howled forbiddingly upon their faces, and sent them away empty.

His hair silvered his head, reminding him of the flight of time; death aimed its arrow at friends and companions, reminding him that the grave was the end, and still the toil was only for the sake of other treasure did he lay up.

Linwood had entered like a meteor among them, and like a shadow withdrawn. In a few words to Isabel he told her what had come to pass, and bade her farewell forever. A single tear dimmed her eyes as she listened to his touching words, but a smile succeeded almost be-

fore he had passed from her sight; she had other things to interest her besides the story of another's sorrow.

To Florence, when Isabel carelessly related the account of Linwood's visit and its cause, the intelligence came like a death-blow. Her existence suddenly became a blank, for her schemes had proved useless, her toils futile, her life a wreck, made so by her own imprudence and folly. With no object to interest her, more and more restless she became, more and more repining and discontented, until even Isabel deserted her once intimate friend or welcomed her only when she could be entertaining and cheerful to her guests or herself.

The soft, mild, earnest of Spring which saw the parting between Sybil and Albert was followed by a spell of severe and almost unprecedented cold, one of those atmospheric phenomena for which there is no accounting, when the chilling ice and snow treading close upon a genial smile of Nature blight the fair promise of a season of fruit and flowers. The ice hung in long festoons upon the newly budding trees, the sod was frozen and hard, the sleet came down in one white, pitiless sheet, and the sudden change of temperature was a trying ordeal even for those who were housed and comfortable.

But upon the poor, especially the improvident poor, the visitation of another wintry spell was an unlooked-for event,—the more so because the unusual severity of the weather shut them out from many employments that it was their custom to be engaged in, but though neither help nor advice were withheld by those who had their welfare at heart, the demand for money to supply their necessities was so great that their friends almost despaired, under the new appeals which were made to them for succour, to satisfy even their moderate demands. In answer to one who was interested in their destitute condition, and who applied to Mr. Clayton for a mite from his overflowing treasury, he replied coldly that he had nothing to spare, inasmuch as if he gave to one he would be obliged to give to all of the applicants who daily besieged

ed his doors. Failing to move Clayton's stony heart, and knowing the thousands that he bestowed on useless luxuries, the zealous advocate was not to be discouraged, but sent his wife to the rich man's wife with a touching account of a family in utter poverty, whom she might relieve by a trifling amount spared from her superfluities.

The weather was cold, as I have said, and the day particularly so when the appeal was made. In a luxurious chair, whose downy cushions alone would have imparted warmth to a freezing body, sat Mrs. Clayton, when the friend of the poor was ushered into her presence. A glowing fire burnt upon the hearth, a foot-warmer supported the feet of the dainty lady whose form was wrapped in a superb cashmere robe, lined and doubly lined for warmth, and the cold air was excluded by every contrivance that art and ingenuity could fashion.

She was watching the snow-flakes as they softly descended with a dreamy smile upon her face; her eyes were directed towards the window, but her thoughts took a wider range and dwelt upon the future, the coming eventful latter days of Spring, when she trusted that upon her breast, as lightly as laid those feathery flakes upon the earth, a little child would rest as pure as they,—that long wished-for, long-denied gift of God, the secret of her happy, mysterious smile.

The door opened and a servant approached and said to her that a lady without desired to see her upon a matter of importance.

"Show her in," said Isabel, quite willing to be amused or interested by any one;" bring more coal and keep the fire glowing this freezing day."

The servant left her and ushered in the humble and conscientious pleader of the poor man's cause. Well-bred and refined as she evidently was, she could not repress a look of astonishment and curiosity at the luxury around, but soon remembering her errand she thus stated the case—

"They live," she said, "this poor family, in the worst hovel ever seen;

nothing but a crazy shutter excludes the cold, and when it rains, the floor, from the dilapidated condition of the roof, is inundated with water. They have no money because the father can obtain no work, and the mother is too ill to think of exerting herself in any way for their maintenance. The worst feature of the case is, that a little child, who might be relieved by timely aid, a bright-eyed nursing of only six weeks old, must soon die unless it can obtain the nourishment which the mother is too weak to give it."

"Ah, then, they have an infant," said Isabel, showing for the first time an interest in the recital; "and is it pretty, and attractive, and has it sweet, winning ways?"

"That, I scarcely know," replied her visitor; "all that I do know is, that the child is very near death, and we have had so many calls upon us lately, that it is impossible to assist these as effectually as we would like to. Could you not from your abundance spare enough to keep that father from despair, and the mother and child from starvation?"

Isabel's heart was touched; she expected her purse to be plentifully replenished in the evening when her husband returned, she said, and then would send an abundant supply of money to relieve their necessities.

Her visitor then carefully designated where the donation was to be sent, and was most particular in her directions; a neighbour she said, as poor almost as they were, who had rendered many a service to the suffering family, would be the recipient of the donation, and lay it out in a judicious way for their comfort. Then calling heaven's blessing upon Isabel's head, with grateful acknowledgments, she departed.

Mrs. Clayton passed the remainder of the morning absorbed in a new novel, and forgot, in imaginary griefs, the real ones of which she had heard, when the dinner hour arrived and her husband returned. He shook the feathery flakes of snow from his dress in a playful manner, and looked as though he had enjoyed the frore air without, so well had he

tested by fire and the warmest against its severity. His spirits were, too, and he entertained Isabel on account of that day's glorious events, in which he had outwitted all business men, and had come home with several extra hundred pounds. The dinner passed cheerfully; and Isabel's siesta, an hour of uninterrupted repose, almost necessary because of her late and evenings of excitement. On the next morning, too, she had especial need of rest in order to be able, with refreshment, to attend a grand festival which occupied her thoughts for many days. The Fancy Ball, in which she was to appear in the character of *Night*.

Her sleep was long and refreshing, and her first thought on awaking was to make arrangements for arraying herself in the long-talked-of, long-anticipated toilet which, though exquisite simplicity, was remarkable for its elegance and perfect taste.

Her dress consisted of black velvet of the softest and most silky texture, relieved by a fall of the most delicate lace which art could manufacture at a money purchase. Her hair was parted evenly over her brow, and above the smoothness rose a tiara of diamonds in the form of a crescent, from which descended a black veil almost to the feet, and which, together with the dress, was literally studded with pearls composed of the same precious stones. Upon her arms and neck were sparkling bracelets and a necklace of diamonds, and never had Isabel so well deserved the epithet, "beautiful," as she did on this night, when she appeared before Clayton in her imposing and magnificent costume.

"How magnificent," said Clayton, gazing upon his sight in all her beauty and loveliness, "even the gorgeous diamonds will find a rival in you this evening."

"I am not right in thinking that you would like me," she said with a smile of gratified vanity, "my friends told me that you would approve of me, and now, Clayton, I am not right in thinking that

you would not love me half so well if I were simply attired as a village country girl?"

"That is not a hard question for me to answer," he replied, "but still one that I could not merely dismiss with a 'yes,' or 'no.' I could not love anything that I was not proud of, and Robert Clayton's wife is most loved when he is most proud of her."

"And are you proud of me *to-night*?" she returned with pretty coquetry.

"What a question to ask when you know that you are peerless, and when I have told you that the Night herself, the inspiration of song, the beloved of the poets, will look at you with envy through her ten thousand starry eyes."

Isabel was satisfied; she knew her power, she mistrusted not her fascination, but there was a yearning in her heart to assure herself that the mere externals were not what Clayton alone prized, a yearning which all women must have who possess that fleeting, perishable gift of perfect beauty, so dangerous in more than one sense. Nor is it a satisfying possession; there is a continual struggle to preserve it and to meet the expectations of friends, and when it fades,—as fade it must,—unless a mind is well regulated to bear changes and disappointments, its decline is a positive period of suffering to her who has owned it. Far preferable must be that happy medium state termed "good looking," upon which years make no impression, except in many cases to improve, and where not cognizant of any great falling off, one feels somewhat of an approach to the happy consciousness of "growing old gracefully."

"Suppose," continued Isabel, "that there had been some mark of defect upon my face, suppose that I did not possess the beauty which you give me credit for, or that my eyes had been blinded like poor Richard's,—would you have loved me then as now?"

"Your beauty first enchained me, I confess," said Clayton seriously; "that was to me all potent, and I was fortunate while I felt a willing captive to your charms and won you for my own, to find

you possessed of fine qualities of the heart. I fear that if you had had any of the defects which you have just mentioned, you would not have attracted my admiration, and that, alone, leads to my love. No, had you been blind or deformed, I would have passed you by as not in or of my world, for I have a dread of anything that is so constituted by nature. An accident, like that of Vernon's, I should view in a different light; when the beauty of one who is dear to you is defaced after you have learned to love him or her, habit is so strong that you are not repulsed but love on,—but this, Isabel, has nothing to do with your question, and I have been led into quite a little oration while the carriage has been in waiting for some time; why agitate such questions, dearest? Be satisfied that you are all that I could wish, and that I love you as devotedly, as exclusively as even your requiring nature can desire."

In this half playful, half serious converse, which they both had reason to remember for many, many years after, passed the half hour that preceded their going to the ball, and amid its brilliant scenes, where Isabel reigned triumphant, *her promise to the friend of the poor was forgotten.*

A late breakfast found them talking over the events of the night before, and as the same lady, whom Isabel had so cordially welcomed the day previous, desired to speak to her for a few minutes, the waiter ushered her in without ceremony as one whose visit would be acceptable.

Isabel received her with a conscious blush, and stammered out some apologies which her visitor did not appear to hear.

"I have come," she said hurriedly, "to inquire about the money which you sent yesterday; unfortunately it did not arrive at its destination, and it must have been taken to the wrong house."

Clayton looked from one to the other for an explanation.

"It is only about a poor and suffering family," said Isabel, "to whom I promised to send some aid."

"I am sorry," said Clayton gravely, "that misguided persons will persist in making their ill-timed applications for assistance here,—and more sorry, that at this time, Isabel, they should worry and distress you by their revolting pictures of the suffering of the poor, who, after all, seem to me to be surrounded by comforts without the trouble of toiling for them. You have promised, however, therefore you must perform; here is sufficient to keep them for some time from starvation, though I think it a superfluous donation, inasmuch as I have to pay enough away to-day in the shape of poor taxes to pave their floors with silver."

Isabel extended her hand to receive the comparatively small donation which her husband handed her.

"Stop, Mrs. Clayton," said her visitor, laying her hand with dignity upon Isabel's; "there is no need of your charity in the case I mentioned, as it would come just twelve hours too late, and your promise did not extend to others. After I left you yesterday, hope sustained the little group I mentioned to you, until the day wore into night, and then it merged into despair, and I learned this morning that after waiting in vain for the assistance which I told them they could depend upon as being sent from you, the husband, maddened by poverty and want, took refuge in the bottle, and is raving in the delirium of drunkenness; the wife, more shocked at his state than pressed even by hunger and disease, dying,—and the little infant whose frail thread of life was only held unbroken by its mother's devotion, far beyond pain and trouble—dead."

"Dead!" echoed Isabel. The word rang like a knell in her ear while her lips repeated it again and again. "The little infant dead!"

"Children die daily," said the visitor, unable to refrain from a parting word of reproach, "but scarcely under such circumstances as these."

Clayton frowned gloomily, Isabel trembled at the just rebuke, while, conscious of having done her duty, their unwelcome guest passed quietly from the room.

A MAIDEN'S VISION.

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE OPEQUON.

A. D. 1858.

I.

On the crown of the hill where the sunbeams lie,
 Piled in golden drifts by the gleaming clouds:
 Where the large oaks loom, and the noisy birds fly
 At dawn from their coverts in light-spurning crowds;
 Thick flowers behind, and a green slope before
 In a gentle declivity drawn to the stream,
 Stands a Mansion of peace with a wide-opened door,
 And a perfume of pleasure as sweet as a dream.
 From the porch in front your delighted eye
 May sweep o'er a picture surpassingly fair;
 The billowy fields and the mountains high,
 Where the clouds rest to loop up their loose-flowing hair;
 The knightly oak, and the minstrel-pine;
 The laurel, so sweet to an aching brain;
 The oak, and the tulip, whose bloom holdeth wine,
 Wherefrom the bee drinketh an odorous pain.
 Oh! fair are those woods in the Moon of leaves,
 When the Spring sleepeth there with vine-hooded face,
 But fairer are those, who, in purple-eyed eves,
 Mellow woodland and sky with transfiguring grace.

II.

Whereof I would write 'tis the false-hearted May.
 When meek Viola's eyes swam in tears of blue light.
 There were seen on the green sunny flashes of white,
 And the swell of proud forms, and cheeks envied of Day.
 There were little feet tripping along the walks.
 There were little hands busy among the flowers.
 "Oh! Robin, pour song thro' the jessamine-bowes!
 Oh! humming-bird, rifle the sweet-laden stalks!"

III.

1.

Two accoutred horses champ before the door.
 One is as white as the creamy spray, 'neath the Moon on the Ocean's shore.
 Two accoutred riders walk along the sand.
 One has a rosy-tinted neck and a lily-enwoven hand.

2.

Oh! the sweep of the swelling robe on the air that whistles by.
 Oh! the flash of the clear-cut limbs, like arrows that seek the sky.
 The nodding plumes, and the liquid laugh,
 (So swift they pass you but hear it half)
 Thrill each steed with a drunken speed.
 They go through the valley and up the hill, like barbs on the desert freed.

3.

Aha! 'tis the blood in the charger's veins: it soon will run less warm.
 'Tis the thrill and the dart of a fiery pulse at the touch of that splendid
 "The hill is steep; your eyes are blind with the shower of drifting mane
 "Sit firm in the saddle and tightly grasp in your right the too-loosened re
 "Hurrah! we are down; the bridge is passed; now up the hill and aw
 He leaped from his horse with a lusty shout. At his feet the lady lay.

4.

Cold and white,
 Like the snow on the Earth in the silent night,—
 Shut eyes—closed lips—her head reposes
 On a bed of curls, crushed like storm-trampled roses.
 Will she not hear? He whispers near.
 He breathes soft words in her very ear.
 The angel who guards the buried child
 Hears not the Mother crying wild.
 She has passed away from this world of moan
 To walk in a dream-world of pain alone.

IV.

1.

What saw she in that world of swoon?
 A summer land whereon a moon
 Did pour its silver wo,—
 Blue-waved skies with stars like shields
 That glitter on tempestuous fields
 When blustering bugles blow,—
 A long and tremulous line of white,
 That curved and gleamed beyond the sight
 Between black streets of trees,
 Upon whose banks wild roses blew,
 And lilies spread, and poppies threw
 Deep slumber on the breeze.
 A silent night-bird, circling over
 The wave's profound, disturbed a rover
 Who floated in a barge
 With silver oars that brightly shone,—
 A solemn barge yclept "Alone,"—
 Amid the lilled marge.
 Slow was its course adown the stream—
 The man leaned forward as in a dream.
 The white-lipped ripples wound
 In languid circles round the oars
 That amorous stretched to reach the shores
 Whereon a castle frowned.
 It was a building dark, with walls
 Such as when twilight round him falls
 A child sees built in sky,
 Grim, vast and terrible. High loomed
 Huge towers wherein were secrets tombed
 That with the dying die.

The dungeon-windows, black with bars,
Closed mouldering argosies of wars,
Stark skulls and whitening bones.
Along the halls there ran a clash,
When winds burst through with roar and dash,
Of steeléd armour-tones.
The old clock struck a mournful time.
The Christmas bells scarce knew a chime.
The flag forgot to float ;
The mountain-pile of wall, whose gates
Once hurled defeat on hostile fates,
Now choked the hoary mount.
The bugle dreamed—the nests of war
No Eagles warmed—the fire of Mar
Died out long, long ago. •
Deep quiet settled on the towers,
Like sleep on children lapped in flowers.
Only the stream did flow.
The fierce old Lord of other days,
Was lying 'neath the Summer's maze,
The Moon's scorn on his breast—
And, it was said, his wraith each night
Walked round the towers in armour dight,
Death could not give him rest.
He had a daughter—never wed—
A saint's sweet halo round her head,
A cascade of wild hair.
Her eyes were marvellously clear,
Fringed with long lashes, where a tear
Did sometimes make a lair.
For years she had not crossed the moat.
Only she poured her golden throat
Across the stream at night.
And then, twas said, her father's shade
Shrank back into the grave, dismayed,
And stars fell from their height.
None guessed how she beguiled the time.
Whether with pencil, skein or rhyme,
Whether with smiles or tears.
They only heard her tender tunes
Float out below the rising moons,
Like dirges over biers :
Or, often in the evening late,
Some reaper hurrying by the gate,
Looked with a sad amaze
Upon her at the window sitting.
Watching the swallows round her flitting,
Dreaming of other days.
And then he thought how, when a child, •
Her beauty thrilled him on the wild,
A pale, slight youth beside her,
And how the land flashed with the tale—
Her father's wrath—his dying wail—
Her lover (wo betide her !)

Sprinkled with blood from duel-grounds,—
Pursued afar by phantom hounds,

And this sad prophecy:

*That never till his soul could meet
On Calvary's mount or Salem's street
Relief from torture—pardon sweet—
Could they united be.*

Alas! full many a year had flown.
Her trysting-tree to fruit had grown.

"She must be sadly worn
With watching,"—So the people said.
"Alack-a-day, if I were dead!"
They sometimes heard at morn.

2.

The star-led bargeman, as in dream,
Scarce touched an oar upon the stream.

Lo! skyward rose her song.
It sighed—it swelled—it sank—it soared—
It shook a soul's most dainty hoard,
In swelling cadence long.
It was a tender tale of wo,
With burthen wrung from long ago,
Of watchings many a year.
And thus it floated o'er the lilies:
(Alas! for her. How very chill is
Such grief sung slow and clear.)

3.

"He will not come. The breezes blowing
"Among the roses faint and die.
"Upon the fields the herds are lowing
"Responses to the milkmaid's cry.
"He will not come. The shadows creeping
"Enwrap the dim plains in their gray.
"The sun has set—the stream is sleeping—
"My heart is dying with the day.
"Ah, me! Ah, me!
"Would I might die with this sad day!

4.

"He will not come. No more forever
"His eyes will beam their love on me.
"Our feet no more will press the heather,
"Our steeds like wild winds sweep the lea.
"But I will wait. In heavenly places,
"Beside the streams whose waves are white,
"I there will twine celestial graces
"To fill his soul with deep delight.
"Ah, me: Me, me!
"My soul floats outward to the night.

Maiden's Vision.

1

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Sound on the air did float.
 The moon looked down the clear stream over.
 She saw the maiden and her lover
 Pass arm in arm along
 The lilled marge. "Both day and night
 "I've waited for you at yon height,
 "And poured my wail of song."
 "While I," he said, "have knelt beside
 "The tomb of kin who for us died.
 "Or in Gethsemane
 "Have prayed the slow-houred night away,
 "And wept in morning's dewy gray,
 "If mercy *there* might be."
 "Oh! it is *here* and has been ever,"
 The maiden said, "you wronged me never,
 "But I could glad forgive,
 "Love, like the sun doth never die.
 "Through clouds obscure the azure sky,
 "Or through a lightning-sieve
 "The large rain sweeps in spectral lines,
 "Some wild light floats—some rainbow shines—
 "Some gushes fleck the lea.
 "My heart, like old Manorial hall,
 "Waits but to hear Love's bugle-call,
 "From your heart's chivalry.
 "I sound the bugle," then he said.
 He clasped her to his breast—her head
 Drooped on his shoulder broad.
 Her eyes forsook their woeful look—
 The sunlight darted from the brook—
 "Her soul straight skyward soared.
 "The oracle is sealed," he said,
 "The ghost will slumber with the dead.
 "We meet no more to part.
 "Oh! stars, claim audience of the night!
 "Oh! moon, make pathway with your light
 "Unto the halls of glory bright,
 "The halls of truth—the realms of Might—
 "Where reigns supreme—the *Heart*."

V.

'Neath the rosy domes of June,
 To the mocking-bird's wild tune,
 We make love. Ah! well-a-day.
 June may come and June may go,
 Autumn gleam and Winter snow,
 But Love maketh sweet delay.
 Go, swift birds, from East to West.
 Where you find a place of rest
 Come and tell me. *There's my Love*.
 She is here and she is there,
 In the ocean, in the air.
 Sweet, sweet heart that livest above!

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

FIFTH LETTER.

Mozis on Kansas. Inside view of Political Life. Miz Hanscum and Mayan.

DEER BILLY:—Billy that warnt no Kongiss I seen, twarnt nuthin but the Spreame Kote, which I shoold uv knode it in a minnit ef that ar loryer hader hiseted the saddil sheerts uv his mentil anemil and socked the rowels uv his vois intoo the intestines uv his argymint as is the fashin uv the mo notid as well as uv the yung and asspirin membus uv the wrooril barr. Uv the reoul Kongiss thar is a par uv um, bein 2, wun small wun calld Sennit, and wun bigg wun calld Hous. But lets furst igzamin the struckcher uv the Spreame Kote of the Yewnited Staits uv Emerryky, which it shall bee a breef expositchin, quite breef.

You buy a par uv plow lines from—we'll say Ned Sinker in Fomvil. They terns out to be wrotin in the twins, and you refusis to pay fer um. You git sude, and jedgemint goes agin you. You apeals, and the sute goes on frum Kote to Kote, hier and hier, untwell it gits way heer into the Spreame Kote, sichyewatid under the Washintun Kongiss bildin, as afosed. Thar it stops, it's got too the verry lass knotch on the beam uv the mighty stil-yuds uv Jeetis. Nine humin turkils in silk gounds takes the kais in hand, and when they've sed thar say, nuthin mo kin be sed, you got to shet up, pay fer yo ole wuthless, ole plow lines, and a heap mo besides. At lees this ar Mr. Argruff's explaynashun which he gin it too me sune arftur the advencher wrelated in the finis, the cend uv a phormur episill.

As to Kongiss, to retern. Thar's a par uv um, Hous and Sennit. Ef wun ar called Hous, the uther orter be called Hut or ruther Volt, saia Oans, becos Sennit ar a meen littil gougoudout darkey hole, whar-as Hous ar a wresplendid and imments apartmint, got up without wregard to coss, and full of the finis paint and gildin, jined together, in the mose startlin and ixquizit tace, saim is a wrjch, a brite and a brilliyunt quilt, which a stewjus ole

made in the country, havin a igzistunts littrully bloated with spar time, she maiks it, and sends it, with menny aint-chent and vurgial teers, and phond hoaps uv glowry, to the Anyul Farr at Richmun, whar it taiks the pries or doant taik it, akordin too the mo or less pew-terifide cents uv the bewtyfull uv the Kummitty on quiltz fer the time bean. Thus seth Oans, and I fobar to add nuthin to the crittycism.

Sence heer I've bin, I've bin to Kongiss a menyer time, and ef I has lernt ennything, which I has my douts uv it, it ar this. Ef uvver I doo cum to Kongiss, which I shill nuver doo it is long is I kin mall rails or eet persimmuns, the fust thing I intends to doo ar pintidly to interjuice a nact to amend a nact that nuver wuz intitled a nact to permote the efeeshincy uv Kongias; fur uv all peepil on the fais uv the erth to tauk, and tauk, and tauk, and do nuthin, they is the beet.

And Kanzis, Billy—goodnees nose I wisht it wuz berrid under Willisis moun-tin. I doo think it's enuf to maik a man cuss out and quit the humin famly which has heerd what I has heerd on this drottid subjick; constunt, Billy, without no se-sashin furuvver and furuvver mo. Nar a tiem has I gone to Kongias but strait-way a man upriz and pode foth the viles uv his rath on Kanzis, howlin at it like a houn when you blow the hon fer dinner, yelping at it like a fice when he seas a straindge nigger cummin in the yard.

But I stans by my party in this heer matter, Billy. The gloyus dimmockrasy and Mister Wilyum Cannon (I hates the vulgly way uv callin uv him Mr. Buck Cannon) is rite, pufficky rite in thar peitsahun. What is the sacks in the kais? To witt, the folrin, naimly:

Kanzis is throwd opin fer settilment. The Noth rushis at it, an the South rushis at it, but the Noth havin uv mo wuthless peepil with nuthin to doo, and bean wre-

lidgusly deranged on the subjack uv slaivry, gits the upper hand of the South—thar is mo Nothun than Southun peepil in the Terrytory. Mr. Wilyum Cannon sais, “now gentmen, thar’s but wun pint uv diffrents betwixt you, and that ar the queschin uv niggers. Hold a lection and detummin fer yoselves whether you’ll come into the Yuneyun with niggers or without um.” Warnt that puffickly far, Billy? Puffickly. And the Southern men in Kanzis sais it’s far. But what duz the Northern men say? The Northun cretus in Kanzis sais to Mr. Wilyum Cannon: “You’s a derved ole fool. Aint we hide by onr fannytickie preechers and peepil, and our expentis pade, to cum heer and make mischief? And you reckon we’s a gointer quit makin uv mischief jess becos you say so? Sposin we quit, what we gointer doo? We aint plantid no cropp, we aint ingaged in no reglar honiss business, we dun got used to travlin bout the kuntry killin uv the cussid slaiv drivers, and we cant quit—we aint got no tace, and we aint good for nuthin eltse. No sir ree, Mr. Wilyum Cannon, we’s a gointer keep on a makin uv mischief is long is we ken maik a livin by it, and taint no yuse fer to say nuthin bout it. Now you got it.”

Akordingly the Northun men wrefusis to vote at the leckshuns, and Kanzis cums heer a slaiv stait. Mr. Wilyum Cannon is ablest to let her in, evin if he didn’t want to doo it. He cant help it.

Billy, spose you wuz the farther uv a famly, which I hopes you’ll have two duzzun uv childun, all boys, werkin out in the feel. Cum dinnir time, the boys all aproachis the house, drest in nuthin but thar sherts and britchis, dirty at that. Cumpny is in the drawrin room, ladies and gentmen. You goes to the frunt dough, and sais in a plesint vois, “my suns, go and dress yoselves nice and cleen and cum in, cumpny’s in the parler.” Part the boys goes and dressis, but the most uv um cussis you to yo fais, and sais they wont do no sech a thing; that they’ll cum in jess is they ar, and what’s mo they’ll cum in start nakid ef they want to. And then they goes off behind the kitchin and thar holes a meetin, and re-

solves that you is a meen, tiranicul man, and they intend to cum in befo all that nise cumpny start nakid or die in the atemp.

Spose this wuz to happin, Billy; what wood you do? Ef you wuz the rite sort uv a man, fit to be the hed of a famly, and to guvvun it proply, so is to hav the respekt uv yo childun and nabors, you’d pay no atenshin to the rezolooshins ur them nakid fellers, but you’d send a nigger into the woods for a arm full uv hickery switchis, an you’d whip evry nakid rascal uv um until they cum to thar sensis and ased yo pardun. That’s what you’d doo, Billy, and all the habus wood say you did jest igzakcky rite, and ef you wont abil to whip um yerself they’d help you.

Now the case uv Kanzis is jess like them boys. Uv koas the Noth stood by the nakid boys, becos they are the nakid boys themselves, and run madd enay way; but how enny Southun man shood uv hav stood by um is a mistry to mee. Perhaps they thot the nakid boys wuz too strong for you, and wuz a cummin into the house and take poseshun uv it and the hole plantation, in which kais, thinx the few Southun men that did stah by um, will cum in for sheera, and maybe they’ll make us ovesee, and we’ll hav the manidgment uv the whole istait. Self-intruss wuz at the bottom uv it, you may be boun, Billy.

But wun thing knox me about this Kanzis. Doant it apeer to you that them nakid boys, swarrin and declarin that they goin to doo jes is they plesse, wrepresents what they call poplar sovringty? Certny. And yit, in Kongias, and all over the kuntry, gnuspapers and all, both them that went fer, and them that went agin Kanzis, includin Mr. Wilyum Cannon in his nogrul, all made thar argymint in the naim of the nakid boys, which is poplar soveingty, bowin down to um, complimentin uv um, tellin um they wuz the soace uv all powur, the vois uv God, and all that ar. Nar man has yit dared to heist his speach bold and squarr aginst them nakid rascals uv poplar sovringa. When things is cum to sich a pass that we ar ableeged to carry on the guvnur-

mint and exekeut the lora, under falts pretentis as it twuz; when we cant doo what we kno to be rite ixcep in the naim uv them we kno to be doin rong, then the grate hoss cart uv public afars is a gointer to stall pritty soon. It's bin a travlin uv a mitey ruff rode lately ennyway, the tail-bode is bustid, and the most vallybil kontents is a joltin out wun arfter another powful fast. Befo long, I'm afeard Mr. Wilyum Cannon will fine his hosses is goin too fast, and lookin roun to sea what's the reessin, will fine the waggin-boddy intiley empty, the lode all gone, cleen.

In Hous and Sennit, frum time to time, I've sea the mos distinguisht meu uv the nashin, and bin astonisht at thar close resemblants to the rest of mankine. But menyer grate man lives in a common house, like Unc Jim for igsampil; so tis with the soles of jeenyus, which most in ginrally speakin dwells in tennymints, badly bilt at ferst, and soly in knead uv new wetherbodin, white-wash, and mo brix on top uv the chimbls to bring um up to the standud uv granjer.

I has sed thar is a close resemblants between Kongismen and human nacher is you find it layin about ennywhar. To be kandid, Billy, they is wun and the saim thing, identykil, wrepresentatives and men is. Git jam up aginst um, you can't tell um apart to save yo life you can't.

I wuz struck with this remokabul fac freakwently when I has went into Honnerbul Mr. Swomplansis room, and a pompus and mo kunseetid ole fool than ole Swomplans nuver had pockits in a kote tail. Puanally hees igxactly like Littleberry Huddilston, igsept his hed ar ball, but his cacktur ar a mixtur uv Ganwy's Yawk and Bell. Now tuther nite.

Thar wuz thar in ole Swomplans' room three or fo yung Kongismun, and bewchiful speemins they wuz. Nuver in all my bawn dais did I heer sech cussein an swarrin and tellin uv joaks. They got to runnin wun nuther about thar reekods.

You sea, Billy, soon's a man gose into pollitix everything he sais and dux is kep akount uv, and that akount is called reekod. So ef a pollytishun dux ennything rong, his ennymis goes to his reekod and pints out the fac, and the very plais and time whar he dun it, and has got to tell mo lies than anuf to get shet uv it. So when they wuz all a talkin bout this, yung Mr. Joans he ups and swo he had the damdis mos butyfull reekod on erth. Then yung Bosin ript out and sed he wisht he may be teetotally swept into—I kant use the word, Billy,—ef his reekod warnt p'yo* and spotliss is the senter page uv the sacrid album uv a virgin's sole. "D— it," sais Joans, "howd you vote on the Kanzis-Nebrasky bill?" "And cuss you, diddin you maik a speech lass Summer in favu uv distributin the proceeds uv the publick lams? You ar no better than an infunnil No-Nuthin ennyhow," replies Bosin. So they went rippin and cussin at each uther tel Swomplans he spoke up and tule um they wuz compromisin the dignitty uv Kongreshnol carrickter. "What," sais he, "wood yo constitchyunts think ef they ood heer this undignifide, pofane, and vilent oltercashun?"

They both damd thar constitchyunts to the ole boy, and took a drink. They wuz cummentsin at it agin, when lettill ole Melloo stopt um, sayin uv: "Gentmen, you ar both equilly grate, and yo reekods equilly immachulet, but listin to this." He red frum a paper heed bin ritin, which went on to say that a telegraf dispatch just reeseved frum the grate Dimmo-kratie Convenshun, then settin (imadjnin the year ateen-sicksty-ate) at Hayvanner in the Ilund uv Cuby, had anounst that eether the Rite Honnerbil Sennytur Bob Joans, or Guvor Tom Bosin had reeseevd the unanmus nomnashun fer Pressydint.

"Uv koas you'll be electid," sais Melloo, "whichever gits it, and as things is goin on wun uv you will be boun to git it, and now I wantur know what you gointer doo for me, yo ole and valyud fren and intmit kumpanyun?"

Bosin spoak furst. He sais:

"I shell pursurve the dignitty uv my stashin. I shell say, Mr. Melloo, I'm not unmineful uv the past. I recall the plesint hous uv yuth, when we wuz frens togethur, as I'm yose now. But I o it to my kuntry and myself to make my adminnystrashun gloyus, and to that eend I inten to slekt for my constietewshunul advisers, and for the princepell wrepresentatives uv the wrepublikk abroad, the verry furst men in the knashin. My long akwaintunts with you will not justify me in assining enny uv theese psichins to Mr. Melloo. Nevvertheless you shell hav a poss uv honnur and uv profit. Whereupon I'll hand you yo commisshin as consul to Liverpool or Peekin."

Then Joans sed: "You aint goin to hear no such stuff is that frum me. Soon's you call on me at the White Hous I am a gointer say, 'Peter,' (that Melloo's givin naim,) 'Peter, ole feller, how ar you. I'm d—d glad to see you. Taik a seet and set down.' Then I'll send for a bottle uv green ceal, and we'll both git is drunk is d—. (Billy, you mus igskuse my koting his drefle pofannyty.) And befo you go way, I'm gointer say to you like Ole Buck sed to Forny, 'taik whut-ever you dam pleas.' And ef you ar smart like Forny, and go in fur the publick printin, you shell hav it. I'm not goin to refuse you nuthin. It'll then be wuth about two milyuns a yeer, and ef we dont hav the tallest kind uv a time you may take my hat. We'll liv like the Sardeens uv Annapolis,* becos I doant inten to git marrid, but I'm a gointer to hav all the pritty wimmin in the Yunitid Staits bodin at the White Hous free uv charge; and we'll rip rite throo fo splendid yeers, certin an sho! Joans may talk about his adminnistrashin, but mine is gointer to leave behine it a streak uv glowry long is tail uv a comick and brite is a flash uv litenin. That's so. You may bet yo life on it. The way for a man to maik his administrashin glowyus is to stan up to his frens like ole Jacksin and taik the responsibility. Twont do

for a Pressydint to be squeemish and consentshus. Consents be d—d! Ole Buck's tride that gaim, an it doant pay. Why the — doant he buy up about forty Black Republickines and put Kanziis thoo? He kin doo it eesy enuff. Peers wood uv dun it long ago."

Billy, them's his verry wurd. It's true he ware yung, both Joans and Bosin, but they ar upun a par with the ballance, jest is smart and smarter than wun haf uv um. And that's the way grate men, Dimmocrats and all, go on when they by themselves talkin bout thar kuntry, thar Pressydint, and the responsibil duties uv thar station like it warnt nuthin. Doant you say a wurd about this, you heer. Ef uvver it wuz to git out, the kuntry wood be ruined, ruinatid. Nuvver no members uv Kongiss wood cum heer no mo. Hoo cood truss um arftur talkin in that ar way? Why peepil in the kuntry, when they went to maik thar speechis at a preesink, wooddint dare to come anigh um. Wood they, Billy?

Heer I've dun run away with myself agin, like a ole hoss arter sum mischifus boy hav put a cuckly burrer under his tail. But pollytix ar a subiect the mos profound, requirin abundunts uv time and spais fer the propper treatmint and elucydashun uv it. Ef brevity ar the sole uv witt, lenth are the upper-lether uv lojick, which my mine ar verry cleer on this pint tharof.

I promist to tell you how I becum akwaintid with the ladis at the Mintzpi Hous, which the way uv it were in these wise. Wun day, goin in to dinner, my centsis compleatly absorbd in absents uv mine over the still mo futher puffekashin uv my projick, rite at the dinin room dough I run agin Miss Saludy Prungil cummin a dantein out as ushil, like a duck swimmin up to mill-wheel, and stumblin is I fell, I reecht out my han nachrilly to ketch sumthin, and getherd up sum tabil cloth and sum frock and sum cheer, which I think it muster bin the hac uv the saim, becos I upset Miz Hancum backrude, brakin uv her plate

* Can Mr. Addums mean Sardanapalus?

and spillin uv a salt-seller in my eye. Thar it wuz befo the hole cumpny, and how I got out'n it I suar ef I kno. I nuvver shell git over it when I thinx uv it. I kno I diddnt eat nuthin that day, and were shamed to go to tabil tel'evry-boddy had lef, tel laity.

Oans—I doo like that Oans—he cum to me and cunsold me, and when my mine grajually settled, tole me twux my dewty to goe and apollygize like a gentmun. The perpriety wharof I persevd at a glants. I ased him to give me a day to pepar my mine fer the undertakin, and when the day were past and gone, with grate delibyrashun and funness I adrest myself to the task, and dun it. Jest befo I lef hoam on this expidishun you reckollect I got me the finis kine uv a sute uv clothes maid in Fomvil, which I reckon they ar eekul to enny maid ennywhar, I doant keer whar. Rambut fer koats, and Forrer fer britchia, the wirl cant beet um. And I had a par uv boots maid by Tony; kin mo be sed?

Araid in theese garmints, I felt like a gentilmun, which I ar in sperrit ef not in speerunts, and, with the help uv Oans, maid my apollogy soe satisfacktry, I soon becum a grate favrit with all the ladies, aspesibly Miz Hanscum—powful atracktiv womun she is, Billy. Arfter a modrit amount uv ixperryments, I felt as nachrul in the Mintspi parler is a steer in a patch uv clover. I vissitid thar freakwintly, and sumhow or ruther I were always thode with Miz Hanscum, which were the okashun wun nite uv this hapnin.

Didje ever hav a par uv dough-skin broad-cloth britchia, Billy? How slik they is. Well I had on mine that nite, and whenuvver I has um on I cant help allidin my hans doun um, it feels so good to the pam. Settin talkin to Miz Hanscum, she uberved my stroakin my britchia doun to the knees, like they wuz the nakes uv two blak hosses jes curry-combd and rubd doun—ubervin this, it atracktid her attenshun, and she sais:

“Those speer to bee verry nise pant-looms, Mr. Addums.”

“Yee'm,” I sais, “Forrer maid um.”

Then she ased me hoo Forrer wuz, and

I tole her, and that indewsd her to queschin me sum mo, and mo yit, tel finely I giv her my hole histry. I reckon twux levin o'clock befo I got thoo, and everybody wore gone out'n the parler ixcept us, and we wuz settin plegg-takid clost together, she lookin so wurm and good out uv her brite eyes like she reely keered for my welfare, and I fealin fine and puffickly kuntentid to stay rite thar, and ef ennything a leetil closter, tel day. Jest then, the dough opened and in cum Oans, ervvydently not ixpectin to find noboddy. I aspect he wunted to look at hisself in the long lookin-glass they got thar runnin fum the flo clean up to the seelin. Ennyhow, the momint he seen us settin so intmit, he sais quick “ixcuse me,” and went rite out.

This kinder flustud me and I jumpt up, but Miz Hanscum she diddnt mine it a bit, but sais in verry cam vois “set doun,” and I set doun, and we went on talkin mo intmit than ever. All uv a suddin, I jumpt up agin and sais “ixcuse me,” and run out and diddnt hardly stop runnin tel I got into my oan room.

“What maid me doo so singly?” you sais.

Billy, she wuz arfter findin out my seakrit, shose you born she wuz!

You doant kno theese peepil in Washintun, and how keen they is arfter a vallybil thing. Haddint I heerd how the cunnin roskuls fum the North inveegils membus uv Kongis with pritty ladies? You cant fool me.

To tell the truth, Billy, this acurrants happened only lass nite, and I got a grate mine to stop bodin at the Mintspi. It's danjus.

But this mornin I got up and tole Mayan the intire suckumance, desirin to hav a intellijint veu uv a womun's dooins fum another womun. Mayan were dustin the mantil pees when I cummenst a tellin her, and she ternd roun and listined good til I got clean thoo. Then she ternd roun and cummenst dustin agin. I waited, but she diddnt say nuthen. Gitin impaitent, I sais:

“Warnt I rite in my conjeckshur?”

She kep on dustin, and sais in the mos keerless manner:

"It's no seekrit the pritty lady's afther a tall, a tall."

"She aint so mitey dog-gon'd pritty," I sais, "but what were she arfter then?"

And reckin, Billy, she diddent say she were arfter *me*. That bewtifull, writch Miz Hancum arfter me! The idee! Then I reekollectid Mr. Argruff sayin how all the ladies in Washintun wus bleest to luv Mozis Addums, the bar cunsephun uv which giv me a pane in the eye-ball uv astonishment. Verrily, the wirlde are straindige. Then I remembud the dispartity uv our suckumunsis in life, *at presint*, and sais out loud,

"Sher!"

But Mayan she went on rubbin uv the mantil pees—she dun rubd it all over two three times aready—not notésin me in the leese. Jest then my eye lit upun her han, and consoun me, Billy, ef it warnt the prittiest, lettlist, whitist, well formed han in the wirlde.

S'I "Mayan. Look heer. Thar's sumthin rong about you. That aint no servunt gearl's han. That aint no han custumd to werk."

Soon's I sed it, she snatcht her han away like a bee had stung it, and hid it. Facin roun, she lookt at me white is a sheat, movin her lips, but sayin nuthin. Culler begins cummin to her cheek, yusuly verry rosy, and she broke out:

"Mozis Addums, you the biggie goes in the wirlde," an she phled, and wuz doun stars in a minnit.

The sentents abuv, she sed it in the verry bess uv Inglish, like me an you speeks it, and it starkled me. I jumpt up and run arfter her, callin her:

"Mayan, Mayan." I sais.

"Surr," she wreplide, frum way doun the steps. It cum up coas is the teath uv a whip-sor, and it hert me that bad I went and set doun on the bed fer a nour befo I gits over it.

Billy, thar's sumthin rong about that gearl you may be boun, and I'm not a gointer res tel I finds it out.

I shoold uv hav rit you this letter long ago but fer the arivil heer uv Oans' par, a scrowgin ole gentmun, long amost is the toe-line uv canel, havin uv ruther a plect in fais all kivered with har, and runnin all over toun like he wuz distractid, and me and Oans kontinyul runnin arfter him in a stait uv painful mentil inxiety and ankwish, fer feer heed loss himself or git bert. Peepil ort reely to be mo keerful how they low thees ole creturs to buss loos frum the wristraints uv the famly and fside, and ixpose himself to the temtashins uv fashnubbil life in a sitty. It's hily injuyus.

So far yo wel, Biily, tel nex time,
MOZIS ADDUMS.

ANALECTA SHAKESPERIANA.

We suspect that but few persons are aware how many of our familiar and household expressions are traceable to the writings of Shakespeare. All who read the bard of Avon, quote him, but there are millions that scarcely ever read a line of his works, who have his phrases upon their lips every day. Such expressions, for instance, as the "observed of all observers," "tell truth and shame the Devil," "suit the action to the word," and a great number of others, are of daily use by persons in every class of society. They are never thought of as quotations from Shakespeare, but have long been regarded as the common property of all

who speak the English language. You cannot take up a book, a magazine or a newspaper, that these Shakesperian proverbs do not meet the eye at every turn, and you cannot listen to an harangue in the Senate, at the Bar or from the Hustings, that they do not fall upon the ear. In conversation they are heard with even greater frequency, and indeed it is a rare thing for any tolerably educated person, to write, speak, or talk for fifteen minutes at a time without quoting Shakespeare, either consciously or unconsciously, so deeply are the thoughts of this author interwoven with the very structure of the our language.

We have collated from the dramas of Shakespeare some of these popular and commonplace phrases. The collection is very far from being a complete one, but such as it is, it will assist us to appreciate the prodigious impress which Shakespeare has made on the minds of men. No English writer, either in poetry or prose, has stamped the image of his own genius so deeply and indelibly on our language. Let the reader undertake to make up from Milton, from Pope, from Dryden, or from any other celebrated English poet, a list of proverbial expressions similar to that which we give below from Shakespeare, and he will soon find that his labour is spent in vain. The aphorisms which cluster so thick in the pages of the great dramatist, are to be found, if found at all, only at long intervals in the works of other writers, and we have not the slightest doubt that a larger dictionary of popular quotations could be compiled from the plays of Shakespeare alone, than from the writings of all the other English poets put together.

The "*disiecta membra poetæ*," which we here present to the reader, do not, of course, form the hundredth part of the quotations from Shakespeare, which are in common use. They are only the more trite and familiar ones which, as we have already remarked, have almost ceased to be regarded as quotations at all. We hold it to be a curiosity in literature, that a language should be indebted for so many of its axiomatic phrases to a single writer, and that the words of one uninspired individual should be echoed so often from the lips of millions.

ANALECTA.

Tell truth and shame the Devil.
More sinned against than sinning.
To go unwhipt of justice.
More in sorrow than in anger.
A custom more honored in the breach
than the observance.
Something rotten in Denmark.
Weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.
The times are out of joint.
There's method in his madness.
The ill that flesh is heir to.
A consummation devoutly to be wished.
To shuffle off this mortal coil.

The undiscovered country from whose
bourn no traveller returns.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.

The observed of all observers.

To tear a passion to tatters.

To tickle the ears of the groundlings.

To out-Herod Herod.

To suit the action to the word.

Lay not the flattering unction to your
soul.

The engineer hoisted with his own
petard.

To what base uses we may return.

The head and front of my offending.

Moving accidents by flood and field.

Most lame and impotent conclusion.

To do the state some service.

Nothing extenuate nor set down aught
in malice.

Albeit unused to the melting mood.

A rose by any other name would smell
as sweet.

Let slip the dogs of war.

None so poor to do him reverence.

The unkindest cut of all.

The winter of our discontent.

A marvellous proper man.

The milk of human kindness.

Compunctious visitings of nature.

To buy golden opinions from all sorts
of people.

To screw one's courage to the sticking
place.

The snake is scotched not killed.

Cabined, cribbed and confined.

To make assurance doubly sure.

Fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

Curses not loud but deep.

Applaud to the very echo.

Fall of sound and fury signifying no-
thing.

To palter in a double sense.

To call spirits from the vasty deep.

Though last not least.

Could have better spared a better man.

Discretion the better part of valor.

Beggarly account of empty boxes.

The wish was father to the thought.

To flesh his maiden sword.

There needs no ghost to tell us that.

Under which king Benzonian?

Tedious as a twice told tale.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily.

To burn daylight.

The baseless fabric of a vision.	I have thee on the hip.
Such stuff as dreams are made of.	I thank thee Jew for teaching me that
Trifles light as air.	word.
Jealousy, a green-eyed monster.	Sweet are the uses of adversity.
Strong as proofs of Holy writ.	All the world's a stage.
To murder sleep.	Chewing the food of sweet and bitter
To play fantastic tricks before high	fancy.
heaven.	To live and die in single blessedness.
Dressed in a little brief authority.	To roar gently as a sucking dove.
The Devil can quote Scripture for his	To shoot madly from its sphere.
purpose.	To give to airy nothing a local habita-
All that glitters is not gold.	tion and a name.
A second Daniel come to judgment.	Comparisons are odious.

IGDRASIL.

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

Let me read the mighty inner meaning
Of that hoar and huge Icelandic myth,—
Holding the old Norse Thoughts' scheme of being:—
Let me find its deep and truthful pith.

Igdrasil! vast type-tree of existence,
Reaching over Nature, Space and Time,—
Grasping all the Universe, from Asgard
Down to dusk and sullen Jötunheim!

Rooted fast in dark, sepulchral Hela—
Thus the Life-tree springeth aye from Death:
There the Nornas, Present, Past, and Future,
Each her ministry of duty hath.

All its boughs high Epics bear of empire,—
From the elder foretime, grand and dim,
Every leaf, and bud, and knotted fibre
Singeth to us some world-battle hymn.

Words of sages, acts of fearless heroes,—
Men who show humanity divine,
Lives and deaths, events whose glowing issues
Throb in History's fair, unique design!

For one constant purpose blends in union
All the fitful throes of every soul,
Naught is lost, but each, or germ or blossom,
Tends forever to the single whole.

Life is onward, growth, a glad expansion,
No dull cycle through unwidening round;
'Tis a progress—no mere sterile movement,
To dead wheels and iron levers bound.

Honour now, to those believing pagans,
For their hopeful instinct toward the truth,
For their trusting, honest, prophet-spirit,
Keeping faith in Earth's eternal youth.

BLAISE PASCAL.

There are mountains upon our planet whose snowy peaks, glowing in the rays of the ascending sun, foretell the day, long before it breaks, with splendor, in the east. So are there colossal and towering spirits, who catch, in advance of their generation, the light of those dawning truths which shall be unfolded, in their fulness, by the future. Such regal souls, thus gifted with prophetic thought, stand always on the borders of those eras of illumination, when the race, by some grand impulse, makes giant strides in progress.

Blaise Pascal lived about two hundred years ago. It was at the opening of the reign of Louis XIV, the Augustan Age of France. Just as he appeared, one splendid company of intellects was passing away from earth. Shakespeare and Cervantes had lately died, to be followed, at no long interval, by that august trio, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon. Already new lights were mounting in the firmament. Milton was then a youth of fifteen years. Cromwell, in whom lay burning the thought of the British Commonwealth, was twenty-four. Midway between these groups stood Pascal, linking that majestic constellation which was fading silently, star by star, with the radiant cluster just climbing slowly up the skies. It was an epoch rich with omens and prediction, the period of transition from the old to the new in Literature, Politics, Philosophy.

Even in his youth Pascal gave tokens of his greatness; making, while a child, a very pastime of the Mathematics; and later, by his triumphant confirmation of the Torricellian experiment, dealing a staggering blow to the Aristotelean authority, then grown strong in the undoubting deference of ages.

But the full measure of his genius was not displayed in these early labors. They were only the gymnastics of his profound and restless powers preparatory to an entrance upon a nobler mission. The far grander problems of morals and religion, even amidst the studies of his youth, had engaged his devout attention; and he found in them a dignity worthy of his highest efforts.

He now approached the spiritual crisis of his life, the memorable accident at the Bridge of Neuilly. There he met the last great enemy face to face, and stood for one moment upon the sombre threshold of eternity. After this ghastly glimpse of death, from whose fearful grasp he was snatched by a signal providence, he relinquished the vanity of human learning, and sought, in the quiet of his cloister, to realize the better life. His heart was now consecrated to the service of religion. Thenceforward, he beautifully blended in his being the elements of reason and devotion.

Although affected, like the masses of his fellows, by the leavening influence of the Reformation, Pascal remained a faithful Catholic. We may not blame his loyalty to the church of his filial love; for, doubtless, in this loyalty he saw his duty. The contests of theology into which he entered, show him consistently upon the nobler side. In the famous encounter between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, he wielded his Damascan blade in behalf of the more earnest party. The disciples of Jansenius were reformers but not heretics, for their teacher leaned firmly on the canonised and revered Augustine. They sought a deeper inward purity, and largely prized the exercises of an honest and healthy conscience. The Jesuits, however, perverting the sublime sentiment of Loyola, "For the greater glory of God," were grovelling in the basest casuistries. They were poisoning the fountains of men's souls. A searching, satiric intellect was needed to unmask them to the execration of the world. The company of Jesus had been gathering strength for a century; and was now a Briarean power, grasping Europe and the globe. Through its cardinal precept of Obedience, its tremendous energies could be called into play at a dash of the Superior's pen. Against these appalling odds, Pascal boldly pitted his single brain. We may read the issue of the struggle in the subsequent overthrow of that once mighty

Pascal strove persistently after that spiritual excellency which is the highest style of manhood. To his transcendent

institution. The *Provincial Letters*, exposing to the light of day the monstrous ethics of the Jesuits, unfixed their hold upon the masses, and brought about, in no long time, their prosecution throughout Christendom.

The literary merits of these *Letters* are of the highest order. Combining the diverse excellencies of Bossuet and Molière, they prove, to-day, the justice of Voltaire's emphatic praise in styling the writer of them the first of satirists. Even now they stand among the foremost of French classics. They are, moreover, monumental, as marking the formative era of that Literature through which France has led the nations in Philosophy and Civilization. Thus Pascal did for his own land, in subduing her language to the uses of the pen, what Luther had done for Germany.

Pascal now for a time returned to science; and, by a brilliant exploit, made good his claim to ascend the Olympus of her heroes. Geometry, the mistress of his boyish dreams, now came to him, with kindly ministry, in his sleepless nights of pain. The cycloid engaged his thoughts, and a felicitous conception led to the complete discovery of its properties. These results, although the highest thitherto achieved in Mathematics, and fixing the terminal pillars of its progress in his day, would yet have been forgotten had not the honor of the Christian church been made a plea for their publication—a plea to which Pascal could not but respond. He, accordingly, first challenged the geometers of all Europe to solve the problems; and, upon their failure, he published his own masterly solution.

A still higher toil awaited him to which he now addressed his undivided strength. He entered upon a work which dwarfs even his immortal triumphs in its exceeding grandeur of design. His labors were henceforth dedicated to the production of a great Apology for Christianity which should scatter that alarming Atheism already rising like an exhalation and covering the heavens.

The French scepticism, with all its political and social issues, has its root in the philosophy of Abélard. This great teach-

er of the twelfth century, made "provisional doubt," or the absence of positive opinions the basis of our reasonings while faith was recognized as their conclusion. Through a long series of disciples, this new Pyrrhonic school came down to Pascal. He, following the admired Descartes, adopted this theory which regarded not belief but doubt, as normal. His feet touched, very soon, those sacred boundaries which human inquiry may not transcend, and where reason loses herself in trust and adoration. He had explored the labyrinth of Pyrrhonism within the recesses of his solitary mind. He encountered at last an impregnable authority, and he knelt reverently before it. Having mastered the hidden things of Science, now, through Faith he laid hold upon the eternal mysteries. He looked about him and saw men bowed down beneath that bondage of unbelief whose fetters he had rent by a single throe. He burned to lead them out into the sunlight of his own glorious liberty. He essayed to shape the evidence, so clear to him, into a complete, convincing argument for sacred truth. Such was his lofty task.

He had but just entered upon this, the crowning effort of his life when the summons came for him to die. No hand has yet succeeded in rearing the materials he left behind into the structure he contemplated. Like those majestic though unfinished cathedrals, begun by the piety of the middle ages, but left to crumble into ruins, so may this grand attempt of Pascal remain forever a mournful memorial of unfulfilled endeavor.

Though there survive but fragments of that master work, whose consummation would have given an epic symmetry to Pascal's life, they do not wholly fail in accomplishing their purpose. The *Thoughts of Pascal*, isolated as is almost each of them, have a golden and perpetual value. Rich with suggestion and glowing with noble beams of truth, they can never perish nor grow old. In them reason renders to faith her highest homage. Of signal service this armory of weapons shall yet be in that portentous conflict, now closing fast around us, when Christianity shall finally encounter pantheism.

interpret this matchless genius, as if the stately soul of Plato reappeared in Pascal. They had, both of them, the same clear insight into nature, the same deep intuition of superior laws. They had the same surpassing sweep of understanding, traversing in its range the total realm of knowledge and reaching out eagerly after the veiled verities that lie beyond. They had a kindred and divine simplicity of spirit, to which Pascal added what Plato had not, the virtues and graces of the Christian.

CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

WHITE LAMB.

mother, the small, white lamb has strayed;
 d 'neath the hazel shade;
 and in each forest nook,
 's margin of the brook.
 r from out the Shepherd's pool,
 ha, the water is so cool;
 the yellow and the white,
 re blossoms gay and bright;
 'as so afraid
 back, that from the flock has strayed;
 re oak-tree's shadow fell,
 Aleck used to tell;
 knights, on chargers bold,
 which, in the days of old,
 ur revel used to keep,
 s, I quite forgot my sheep.
 pon their awaying stems,
 ould change to burnished gems;
 , pearl each blossom white,
 aves to diamonds glist'ning bright;
 which I would bear away,
 he noble and the gay;
 , through all the day should keep,
 s, I quite forgot my sheep.
 rched through all the wood,—
 best amends I could;
 nor chidingly upbraid,
 he white lamb must have strayed.

se small, white lamb is here;
 from the flock so dear,
 st, O, remember child!
 o dream of fancies wild;
 ir wings are only lent
 n and discontent;
 your thoughts from wandering keep,
 t, forget to watch your sheep. A. G. D.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.*

The Forum; or, Forty Years Full Practice at the Philadelphia Bar. By DAVID PAUL BROWN. Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Robert H. Small, Law Bookseller, No. 21 S. Sixth Street. 1856.

Our main purpose is not so much with Mr. Brown's book, as with a topic he has incidentally discussed—the ethics of the legal profession. We fully agree with him in the statement that his work has no pretensions to style. The frankness of the disclaimer will somewhat blunt the edge of criticism. As mere collections of anecdotes, and brief sketchings of legal biography, his volumes will prove to be passably interesting, and pleasant light reading; had their author claimed for them a higher position, they would unquestionably not have secured it. Humble, however, as are the claims of Mr. Brown's work, it should not go wholly unrebuked. We admit his perfect right to publish as many of his personal recollections as he may choose; and if designed and heralded as his own life, to mingle with it as much of egotism and self-laudation as may suit his taste; but we strongly question his right to devote largely more than a hundred pages of a work, professedly giving an account of the practice and practitioners of Pennsylvania, to a discussion of his own merits and position, while his recital of the character and life of such a man as Justice Washington is compressed into about twenty. The disproportion may not have been noted by Mr. Brown. He may possibly imagine that each has been treated according to his deserts—that the author of "The Forum" is entitled to fill a much larger space in the public eye, than the great, venerable and distinguished Justice; but Mr. Brown will scarcely get the reading public, either professional or non-professional, to agree with him. To

prevent mistake here, let us say that the memoir of Mr. Brown prefixed to his work was not written by his own hand. It seems to have been prepared originally by a friend of the author, for a place among the catalogue of the distinguished living, published by Mr. John Livingston in his "Biographies." The writer, however, had peculiar advantages for the work. He quotes the private journal of Mr. Brown, and gives us an account of his first public effort. From this it appears that Mr. Brown's debut in the courts of Pennsylvania equalled, if it did not excel, the highest efforts of Grecian or Roman oratory, and instantly placed the orator upon the pinnacle of fame! The biographer does not tell us, that like Erskine on the occasion of his famous first speech before Lord Mansfield, the Philadelphia orator received thirty retainers before he left the court room. He doubtless deserved them.

Having said thus much in censure of these volumes, we must say what it is in our heart to say in commendation of the writer and his work. He seems to be a good natured, cheerful old gentleman, liberal to a fault, and a sincere teacher of the lesson of good fellowship. He has placed a high, but not too high, estimate upon the practical value of strict professional decorum; and inculcates as one of the essentials to success as well as to comfort in the practice of the law, the cultivation of an equable temper, and seasonably and shrewdly remarks, that "no client would be safe in trusting the management of his cause to a lawyer who is incapable of self-government." He

* We regret that the article on this subject, which the author desired to appear simultaneously in the July number of the Christian Review and of the Messenger, reached us too late for full publication in the present number. The extracts we publish above, taken from advance sheets of the Review, embrace the substance of the argument of the article. It is hardly necessary to add that the Review is a long established and very able Quarterly, under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, published in Baltimore.

ention, too, to another feature in
 le, which may strike with some
 those who are not familiar with
 r departments: "The result of
 mal harmony is the greatest mu-
 rderance. They rely upon each
 word as an infallible bond. As
 themselves, they rarely require
 ting as an assurance. They nei-
 thor are doubted. This, among
 r lofty principles of the profes-
 secured them here and every-
 position which neither envy nor
 can ever destroy or impair."
 and profession has been the sub-
 alanny. No one will doubt this

not hesitate to meet its full responsibili-
 ties, and to discharge them all; and if
 the life of the Christian be incompatible
 with the ene-
 yer's office,
 himself dem-
 yer should
 robes, and
 pursuit. Ti
 which we in-
 tian do this
 character, o
 fluence?

There is nothing essentially variant in
 the profession of Christianity and the
 practice of the law. To embrace the
 principles of the one does not, in itself,
 imply the denial of the principles which
 should rule in the other. So far as hu-
 man laws are written on the statute
 books of the country, or have been un-
 folded and expounded in the decisions of
 the courts, the principles which underlie
 and regulate them are found to be, are
 designed to be modelled after and built
 upon the principles of Divine truth. If
 there be occasional aberrations from the
 standard, these have occurred, not from
 intentional disregard of the claims of the
 "higher law," but from misinterpreta-
 tion or misapplication of the text; and as
 fallible men have had to expound and in-
 terpret the statutes and to apply in prac-
 tice these principles, it is surely not with-
 out excuse that occasional departures
 from their true development have been
 made—occasional errors committed.

There is not only no essential variance
 between the principles of Christianity
 and the principles which should rule in
 the practice of the law; there are de-
 signed coincidence and harmony between
 them.

In civilized countries the great code
 regulating the dealings of man with man
 is the code contained in the Holy Scrip-
 tures. Various expressed as their stat-
 utes have been,—assuming with every
 different nation and people a distinct
 and separate form, according to the con-
 dition, and mental habits, and varying
 circumstances of the people for whose
 control they are designed,—they all ac-
 knowledge, and are all designed to incul-

cate, obedience to the Divine law, as expounded from Mount Sinai, and as interpreted by the only *Infallible Interpreter*. Let a man but obey this law, in its spirit and letter; and he need not fear having broken any of the positive statutes, or run counter to the written decisions of the courts of a civilized people. Legislatures and courts alike have bowed in homage to the Divine model; and have striven to make their enactments and their rulings conform to its high standard. The common Law of England, though its foundations were laid in a dark and inauspicious age, has become the boast of lawyers and statesmen, and the pride and glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, its highest and happiest accomplishment, in a history crowded with wonderful successes, and almost unexampled fortunes. No wonder that it was cherished with affectionate remembrance by our fathers; and though they were compelled to sever the national bond of union between them and the mother country, no wonder they fondly clung to this, the earliest and the best boon they had inherited. Yet after all, what is this Common Law, which law writers proudly characterize as the highest reason? Whence has it derived its splendor, its justness of proportion, its solidity of principle, and its practical value? From what source has it received the maxims which it has written as the guide of the courts? Whence derived the canons which govern and control them? When we assert for this common law these high claims, we are not asserting them as due to its intrinsic and self-derived excellence; we are only commending a glory and a grace which are reflected from it, only as it has imitated and embodied the principles of the Divine law, as promulgated by Moses and as expounded by Christ. David Hoffman, in his excellent treatise on a course of legal study—a work distinguished for its comprehensiveness and completeness—instructs the student to lay the basis of his legal studies by securing an accurate acquaintance with the Bible. We quote his language:

“The purity and sublimity of the morals

of the Bible have at no time been questioned; it is the foundation of the common law of every Christian nation. The Christian religion is a part of the law of the land, and, as such, should certainly receive no inconsiderable portion of the lawyer's attention. In vain do we look among the writings of the ancient philosophers for a system of moral law comparable with that of the Old and New Testament. How meagre and lifeless are even the ‘Ethics’ of Aristotle, the ‘Morals’ of Seneca, the ‘Memorabilia’ of Xenophon, or the ‘Offices’ of Cicero, compared with it.” “If treatises on morals should be the first which are placed in the hands of the student, and the structure of his legal education should be raised on the broad and solid foundation of ethics, what book so proper to be thoroughly studied with this view, if no other, as the Bible. But the religion and morals of the Scriptures by no means constitute the only claim which this inestimable volume possesses on the earnest attention of the legal student. There is much *law* in it, and a great deal which sheds more than a glimmering light on a variety of legal topics. Political science is certainly indebted to it for an accurate account of the origin of *society, government, and property*. The subjects of *marriage, the alienation of property inter vivos, its acquisition by inheritance, and bequest, the obligation of an oath, the relations of governor and governed, of master and servant, husband and wife, the nature and punishment of a variety of crimes and offences, as murder, theft, adultery, incest, polygamy, &c., the grounds of divorce, &c., &c.*, still receive illustrations from this copious source; and this high authority is often appealed to by legal writers, either as decisive or argumentative of their doctrines.” “We have been thus particular on the subject of the utility of the Bible to the *lawyer*, from a deep conviction that its ethics, history and law cannot fail of being eminently serviceable to him; from our observation that young lawyers frequently read any other book but this; and, lastly, from the fact that nearly all the distinguished lawyers with whom we have been personally, or through the means of books, or otherwise acquainted, have not only professed a high veneration for Biblical learning, but were

themselves considerably versed in it. Lord Coke had, no doubt, made the Scriptures his study, long before Archbishop Whitgift sent him a copy of the New Testament, with a request that he, who had so thoroughly mastered the common law, should study the law of God; be this as it may, his writings abound with arguments and illustrations taken from that source. The names, also, of Bacon, Hale, Holt, Jones, Erskine, Yates, Grotius, D'Aguessau, and very many others, who have testified their respect for this knowledge, by frequent reference to the sacred volume; added to the like tribute, so often paid to it by poets and orators, were a sufficient warrant, if one were needed, for the urgent manner in which I press this subject on the student's attention."

Similar recommendations of the study of the Holy Scriptures are given in every respectable treatise on the study of the law. The uniformity and urgency of these commendations at least show that legal writers have never discovered in the sacred writings anything to discourage, or embarrass, or hinder the young legal student in the pursuit of his profession—at least they show that lawyers of eminent learning and experience believe that the practitioner will be better equipped for the successful discharge of his duties as a lawyer, if he has stored his mind in youth with the truths of the Divine Word, mastered its teachings, and familiarized himself with its principles. Nor will it be objected, we are sure, that these writers are wanting in perspicacity. In claiming for the legal profession the power to understand their true interests, we are but claiming what every one will, without argument, acknowledge.

There is, moreover, no external circumstance attending the study of the law, in itself considered, preventing the prosecution of Biblical and religious truth.

The professional student may be helped in his legal studies by the prosecution of religious studies; he will hardly be hindered by them. A too great devotion to strictly professional treatises has in some instances, doubtless, contributed to divert the attention of the legal scholar

from the claims of the Holy Scriptures; but this may be objected as well to every other engrossing science; whether geology, mineralogy, astronomy, chemistry or botany, or leaving the departments of natural science, whether one's studies incline to metaphysics, strictly so-called, or to the *belles lettres*. Many of these, we know, have sometimes fully occupied the time and attention of those whose chief business it should have been to study and to preach the Gospel. If we would then do away with the study of the law, because in some instances its prosecution has hindered growth in spiritual knowledge, consistency requires that we should destroy as well the sciences and arts, and indeed every occupation or study of life not strictly and technically religious. The critical objector to the practice of the law would hardly insist on carrying out his principles to consistent conclusions, if he should thereby peril or destroy his own pursuit. He would find the claims of Divine philosophy not altogether so exacting and so exclusive as he had been accustomed to believe: to nourish and sustain the "little ones at home" he would speedily know to be of as lasting obligation, if not of as high a character, as the mere acquaintance with Divine teaching, without its practice.

So far, also, as the study of the law is a mental exercise, calling for the use of the highest powers of the mind, for severe analysis, for the accurate investigation and elimination of principles, and their practical application to human relations and duties, so far will it prove of advantage in enabling one to know religious truth, and to understand how to apply it. No one will question that the lawyer is advantaged in a mental and moral point of view by his frequent application of moral principles to human conduct. This is an important item, and ought not to be neglected in making our estimate of the peculiar facilities of the bar. But we call attention to the fact here, simply to show the superior vantage ground of the lawyer as a hearer of religious truth.

Every minister of the Gospel has ex-

perienced the difficulty of securing attention to the doctrines he proclaims. The people lack consideration. It is very hard work to think;—to think on new topics when totally new, to continue to think on old topics, when very old. We would account it strange, were we not so familiar with the fact, that the minister encounters both these difficulties in nearly every congregation he addresses. Some of his auditors have never seriously thought upon the topic he discusses; to them his teachings are misty and confused, the impressions they receive dim and imperfect. Others have thought upon the truths so often, have heard them handled and applied so often, that they have become old and trite. The lawyer—the true lawyer will not generally be found in either class. He has learned by continual and repeated practice, to grasp a novel subject in all its relations, and he follows with delight the preacher into new fields of thought: and is gratified by the amplest range and largest discourse. On the other hand, the lawyer will know how to value the old; and will not unfrequently, while a hearer, contribute from his own stores of thought, or by some practical and recent experience in illustration of its truth, invest the teachings of the pulpit with freshness and power. When attendants on the ministry, we may claim for the bar that they are attentive and appreciative hearers. The statement, too, may startle the reader; yet it is nevertheless true, that as large a proportion of legal men are diligent in their attendance on the preaching of the Gospel, as of any other profession or pursuit.

While what we have stated is conceded to be true; and the probability of Christian sentiment at the bar, if there were no hindrances in the way, is also conceded; it is objected that the facts tell on the contrary side of the question; that legal men are not often professedly religious; that the large majority of them acknowledge no allegiance to Divine truth, neither obey it themselves nor encourage its obedience in others; that among them infidelity numbers its advocates, and that a practical and a theo-

retic disregard of the claims of Christianity is the rule, and not the exception; and indeed, it is further objected that this disregard of Christian obligation is not a mere accident of the profession, but one of its essentials, the due discharge of legal duties requiring a sacrifice of Christian principle. If the latter branch of this charge be true, attempts to defend the practice of the law would be vain, and the necessary and consistent conclusion would be that pure morals and a regard to the public welfare would demand the suppression of the legal profession. But is it true?

[The writer then defends the profession from the charge by a reference to the treatises on the study of the law which establish a code of ethics as pure as any other—and insists that these treatises, being designed for the use of lawyers alone, best show the *animus* of the profession even as “the ordinary conversation and tone of remark of a private individual would disclose more aptly than in any other way his personal character.” He proceeds:]

But while legal writers teach thus decidedly and emphatically the duty of the lawyer, not willingly to undertake the espousal of an unjust cause—one that he knows to be unjust, and with the view to forward or protect injustice—much diversity of opinion exists among them, as to the obligation a lawyer is under to a client whose cause he may lawfully espouse. Some, but very few, maintain with Lord Brougham in his famous defence of Queen Caroline, that “an advocate, by the sacred duty he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of his office, but one person in the world—his client and none others,”—that “to save his client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and amongst others to himself, is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; and that “he need not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other.” We know of none, however, who would adopt the further sentiment of this distinguished

lord, when he adds that "separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them if need be to the winds, the advocate must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection." Others, however, and the larger and more considerate part, adopt the sentiments of Hale: "I never thought," says that distinguished jurist and Christian, "I never thought that my profession should either necessitate a man to use his eloquence, by extenuations or aggravations, to make anything look worse or better than it deserves, or could justify a man in it; to prostitute my eloquence or rhetoric in such a way, I ever held to be most basely mercenary, and that it was below the worth of a man, much more a Christian, to do so."

If Lord Brougham's remarks are to be regarded as the calm utterances of his cool judgment, and not as the result of excitement produced by a trial of unusual interest and importance, and if his sentiments were generally entertained and carried into practice by the bar, we should greatly fear the corruption of justice in the country, and should be the last to commend the pursuit of the law as a high and honourable and Christian calling. But they are not so to be regarded. His own cooler and more dispassionate consideration of the disastrous consequences of the universal acceptance of his doctrines has doubtless satisfied him of his error; and the day, we hope, is far in the future, when such sentiments as these shall meet with favour from an enlightened bar. While duty demands the exercise of the best gifts with which the advocate is endowed by his Maker, and their exercise to the utmost extent, it has never required—it never will require, that he should plead the cause of injustice, or espouse the defence of iniquity. Strictly consonant is this remark with the further one, that even the guilty man should be defended. Guilty as he is, the law annexes to his guilt but a certain penalty; and the infliction of a penalty variant from that either in character or degree, would be a

clear violation of justice, and of the plainest dictates of right. He needs, then, an adviser and defender to protect him from the unjust infliction of a severer penalty than he deserves; and the Christian lawyer may rightly assume his defence for that purpose. It is equally true that even guilt had better go unpunished, than that the solemn sanctions and safeguards the law has thrown around the lives and liberties of the people should be violated. And so, when in order to execute speedily upon the culprit the extreme penalties of the law, lynch-law is resorted to, every just-minded and reasonable and law-loving citizen exclaims against the outrage—even though the object of it be notoriously guilty of crimes of deepest malignity. If in popular outbreaks thus characterized, the guilty are punished without the law and against the law, and the punishment is thus decried as unjust and iniquitous, it is true, also, that where any of the barriers erected for the protection of life and liberty are broken down by a yielding or timid judiciary, or removed by a truculent and trimming bar, and even the guilty are thus punished, a wrong is done—an injury is inflicted which the culprit may not only complain of, but the body of the people as well. The honour of the State, the vindication of justice, and the lives and liberties of the citizens are as much concerned in the proper defence of the accused culprit at the bar, as in his due prosecution and conviction by legal means, by the prosecuting attorney; and a high philosophy and a profound knowledge of the question in its diversified relations, would teach us that we are as much interested in the one as in the other. Take, for example, the case of a man indicted for murder. He has been guilty of an atrocious crime. He deserves to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but he must suffer it in a legal way. He is a free man, and entitled under the laws to be tried by a jury of his peers—his equals. Did not his peers sit upon his trial, a verdict of guilty might be returned against him, or without a verdict the judge might pronounce the sentence of execu-

tion, but in neither case ought the law or justice to sanction it. He is entitled to be confronted with his accusers. A conviction obtained by testimony secured privately, apart from his presence, and with no opportunity on his part to test the accuracy of the memory, or the veracity of the witness, would be unjust, and such a conviction ought not to stand. He is entitled to have his triers sworn or solemnly affirmed, before passing upon the question of his life or death. If they are not, and they convict, the conviction is, it ought to be, naught. He is entitled to a speedy trial, while the recollection of witnesses is fresh, and the circumstances attending the fact, preceding or following it, may be accurately detailed—while his own witnesses are in being, and may be had. If his trial be unreasonably delayed, and the facts have faded from the memory, and witnesses have died or removed to distant places, and beyond the reach of the court, and he is convicted because of their absence or death, the conviction is unjust, and should be annulled. Last of all, he is entitled to an acquittal *until he is proved to be guilty*, and if the proof fails, and the judge, pressed by outside popular sentiment, or thirsting for blood, or influenced by the moral conviction of guilt upon his own mind, either by actions or by words, either in admitting improper testimony or rejecting that which is proper, influences the mind of the jury wrong, and they convict, and the man is hung—the culprit is judicially murdered!—he has suffered a penalty the law did not demand, and his execution should be viewed with no higher favour than if, immediately upon the commission of the crime, a fierce and angry populace had hurried him to the gallows without the mockery of an unjust trial. In all these steps, the man needs assistance. To protect him in his rights he should have the counsel and aid of those who know his rights, and who will maintain them. Who shall say that the Christian lawyer, even in such a case, owes it not to himself and to the ordinary law of humanity, to the cardinal rule of love to his neighbour, laid down specifically by the Saviour, to undertake

the cause of the culprit, and to guard for him his rights?—for rights he has; the law has guaranteed them to him; and he is wronged, he is unjustly dealt with, if they be taken away.

This is an extreme case, and one usually put to the lawyer as a test of conscience. We have seen that to espouse even such a cause is not altogether beyond excuse; that it may be right. We confess that we cannot see that a judicial trial and conviction by any unfair or unlawful means, and subsequent punishment, differ from an execution by lynch-law; or, if there be differences, that they are not in favour of the latter, for while the process of lynching must, from the necessity of the case, be notorious, and of infrequent and extraordinary occurrence, judicial murderings without law or evidence, might be perpetrated in secret and without responsibility! If prisoners are protected by appropriate counsel, these will but infrequently occur: if they are wholly undefended, their numbers would be greatly enlarged.

[The remainder of the article discusses the religious character of the legal profession, points out the peculiar religious difficulties of the barrister, notices his peculiar advantages and enforces the duty of sincere attachment to Christianity. An extract in conclusion on this point:]

As a teacher of moral truth, then,—an expounder of the laws (which are but moral truths condensed) in their applications to the varying circumstances of life, we call upon the lawyer to be a Christian. We will not say he may not properly discharge some of the offices of a lawyer without being a Christian; we will say he cannot properly discharge all of them without it. Weight of character necessary for making due impression upon the minds of men, for influencing aright courts as well as juries, in some measure may be secured outside of the Christian Church; but it will not be denied that the mere worldly-minded barrister, the frequenter of feasts and revelry, the champion of quoit-clubs and race courses, is less likely to secure confidence, and command respect in his vocation than the

Christian. One not in the habit of attending courts might be surprised at the potency of moral character—might stagger at the assertion that as much depends upon the confidence of a judge or jury in the truthfulness of the advocate, as upon the merits of his cause. To secure our rights, to vindicate justice, it is not unfrequently of paramount necessity that we should have one espouse our defence who can secure confidence not only in his ability, but also in his integrity; and who so likely to command respect and to secure success, as the Christian lawyer who, by a life of devotedness to the right, has won for himself the confidence of the community? If then, as is undoubtedly true, weight of character is an essential ingredient in the successful prosecution of the profession, and if to enforce one's views of truth and to vindicate justice, he ought in his own life to exemplify its excellence, may not the lawyer earnestly covet, even for success in his profession, the special gifts of the Christian?

Again: the study and practice of the law, when associated with sincere Christian principle, afford opportunities of almost unparalleled usefulness.

Second only, if second at all, is the vantage ground of the advocate to that of the minister of the Gospel. The intimate relations subsisting between pastor and people are copies of those subsisting between the counsel and his client. In some respects, the latter are more closely intimate and blended. A pastor experiences no little difficulty in *getting at* his people; there seems to be a something (he cannot tell what) which hinders his full access to their hearts, and the pious minister is stripped of the opportunity to do much good which he would do if he knew how to make his people unbosom themselves to him. Very little of this embarrassment attend the conferences between the lawyer and his client. The merely perfunctory in his legal character is lost sight of by the applicant for legal aid, in his anxiety to secure assistance; and all embarrassment is taken away. The man shows more of his heart and of his motives to the lawyer than he would dare to do to his preacher. He unfolds

with specific minuteness, and in detail, his condition in life, it may be, or some sad chapter in his experience, needing a skillful and a faithful hand to bind up the wounds. He knows—that is, he sometimes knows that to protect his interests, he must be honest; and he tells the whole, as well the questionable and doubtful as that above suspicion and beyond doubt. How ample then the opportunity to direct to the right—by a suggestion of the proper course of conduct to incline to it—by a word of counsel wisely given to save one from ruin or from shame. These are not merely imaginary cases. The history of every sincere, conscientious, Christian lawyer, in full practice, would disclose not a few such examples. We know that this is not the feature of the legal character usually presented to the public; but it is nevertheless true, and faithfully drawn; and in nothing have even wise and good men greatly erred, than in the harsh judgments they have rashly and indiscriminately pronounced against the bar. Let the truth be told. Professional gentlemen will be the last to deny that there are tricksters and fraudulent pettifoggers, who are with them but not of them, who would not hesitate to do a dishonest or scurvy thing, and whose opportunities for villainy being so great, have accomplished an untold amount of evil; and by how much on the one hand these are enabled to do more harm in the superior advantages afforded them, by so much on the other are the upright enabled, prompted by proper motives, to promote the good. In the single example of peace-making—the quieting of family disturbances, where else there had been feuds perhaps bitter and unrelenting, what has not been—what may not be accomplished by Christian lawyers? Who can not call to mind one such instance, in which such an one has interposed, and poured oil over the troubled waters, and caused a great calm?

Again: the lawyer's peculiar talents fit him for usefulness in the Christian Church. For the main advancement of the cause of Christianity in the earth, for its full progression and final success, there are some, many whose influence is compara-

tively inefficient. Their introduction into the Church is a blessing to themselves, and may, in some instances, lead to the blessing of others; but their lives are passed in obscurity, their talents are not commanding, their influence is contracted. Not so with the Christian lawyer. If he has wisely selected his profession; if he has not been thrust into it by injudicious and imprudent considerations; if, in short, he is adapted by natural gifts and ample studies for its successful prosecution, his introduction into the Christian Church will be a matter not merely of personal concern and importance to himself, but will prove to be of essential advantage to the body of which he becomes a member. His talents will fit him for the discharge of many of the offices, not strictly clerical; and by his conversation and example he will win many more of like capacity with himself to the service of Christ. A body of such men, animated by a sincerely humble and devoted spirit, would wage no light warfare with the hosts of sin; and even when segregated and separated from each other, their information, their talents and their capacities would greatly promote the cause of Christianity. We have sometimes looked with no little admiration at a bar consisting of many of the wise, the eloquent, the talented and the energetic, in an inland city, and pictured in our imagination the good these might accomplish, the harvest of true fame they might reap, if they were all sincerely pious. Alas! how few have been proud to call themselves Christians—how many of the few have been self-deceived; or have perhaps wittingly and willingly worn the Christian profession for the purpose of deceiving others. In continuation of this topic, it may not be amiss to remark that the ministry looks for some of its recruits from the bar. We are not of those who imagine it to be the duty of every Christian lawyer to undertake the office of preaching the Gospel. True; the gifts and the acquirements which fit him for the successful prosecution of his profession, will most probably adapt him to the pulpit. But this is not universally true; and if it were so, yet other traits of char-

acter and capacities than the gift of merely speaking from the pulpit are demanded in the Gospel preacher and pastor; and the lawyer may be a Christian without having these. Besides, the vocation of the law demands as high Christian principle, and the exercise of the purest Christian character; and for the sake of the rest, it would be unwise and imprudent to withdraw from the bar the entire Christian element. Some professing Christianity ought to remain, that the influence of their example upon those in the same calling may be the more felt; as well as for the sake of those who shall come after—the young men in the profession, whose example and character are to be determined largely by the prevailing tone of character among their elder professional brethren. Yet, notwithstanding the truth and justness of these remarks, the pulpit looks to the bar for recruits; and many of the most distinguished and useful pulpit orators have risen from that profession. Why may there not be among the twenty thousand practitioners of the law in the Union, one-twentieth of them, or even a larger proportion, who shall devote their time, their talents and their fortunes exclusively to the service of Christ, in the proclamation of the Gospel?

But this is not all, nor indeed the chief service which Christianity demands of the legal profession. She wishes to fill up her ranks of laymen with intelligent, thinking, laborious men; she wishes counsellors in the churches, in the prayer-meetings, in her more public congregations. She wishes to point to "honorable counsellors," not a few; her adherents and supporters, in the courts and in the offices; men of uprightness and integrity; men of moral weight and justness of views; men of thought and men of purpose. She wishes that examples of holy living may be given; and that the ministers of justice, strictly so called, may become themselves the lovers of just dealing and just doing. She wishes that in every vocation of life, in every employment and pursuit, her votaries may be found; and especially desires that the guardians of the law, the defenders of human rights

and the avengers of human wrong, shall be controlled and swayed by her sweet and chastening influences—shall illustrate in their lives and example, and teach by their language, that there is a law higher than human authority, of sacred and universal obligation, and that they honor themselves and honor humanity by bowing to its commands.

It will appear from what we have said, that we desire that barristers should do something more than make a merely external profession of religion. We would have the Christian barrister and counselor exemplify, in his life and by his words, the truth and the power of Christianity. His inner life would then disclose a high state of spiritual earnestness and sincerity. While engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, in vindicating by his eloquence and wisdom the right, and holding up to just censure the wrong, he would find it not impossible for him to cherish a sacred nearness to Jehovah, and to preserve that intimate communion with

Christ, which are the distinguishing marks of the active Christian. Such a lawyer might write upon his law-books and legal opinions—upon his legal conduct and legal life, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and in every act and word, in every public effort at the bar, in every opinion given at chambers, in dissuasion from strife, in exhortation to justice and charity, would utter in no uncertain language, the sentiments, and exhibit the life of the Christian. Some Christian lawyer once said—"that he never undertook a cause for the success of which he could not pray, and he had never lost a cause for which he had prayed." Could the principle underlying this action be carried into universal practice, there would be no need for defences of the bar; the life of the Christian barrister would be its best exposition and ablest defence; and the slanders so often recklessly and wantonly uttered against this honorable and useful calling would rebound to the damage of the assailant.

HOW A BIRD SANG TO MISTRESS I. H., OF BRANDON.

WHERE IT WAS.

Where by a mighty stream, which from the crest
Of ancient mountains rushes to the breast
Of awful Ocean, lies the fairy scene
Of Brandon's woods and lawns forever green,
At early morn I lay upon the ground
With trees, and flowers, and loveliness around.
In front, th' expanse of dreamy waters lay, }
Above, the sky just wak'ning into day, }
Cloudless, serene, and musical with May. }

Good sooth, few eyes were open but mine own,
And those of birds, who with exulting tone
The morning hymn poured forth. But slumb'ring near
In those ancestral halls, were hearts most dear,
And honoured heads, and one whose deathless name
Is stamped with words of fire upon the rock of Fame.
Perchance it was a dream; for sure am I
'Tis hard to find such sweet reality
In this cold world. Just then, with cleaving wing,
One of the feathered warblers of the Spring

Rose to a lofty bough. A magic spell
Seemed in his notes most musical to dwell.
In living words upon my ear they rang
As to the mansion's Lady thus he sang.

WHAT THE BIRD SAID.

Waken, dear Lady, waken and see
What things Dame Nature offers to thee,
Cast in thy pathway, cast at thy feet;
All that is brilliant, all that is sweet:
Music and sunshine, green leaves and flowers
Woven in wreaths by the fugitive hours.
Glittering waters that tranquilly pour,
Pour on in floods by thy diamond-gemmed shore;
And in thy dwelling—garden more fair—
Gather around thee treasures more rare,
Riches of nature, riches of art,
Gems of the fancy, gems of the heart,
Honour and friendship, love and esteem,
The Orator's truth and the Troubadour's dream,
Bird which have spirits, sweet flowers that move,
Leaves that have voices, plants that can love—
All these are round thee, waken and see,
What things kind Nature offers to thee.

G. P. R. JAMES.

Editor's Table.

Supplementary to the anecdotes of Gilfert, narrated by Gen'l George P. Morris, which we published in our table last month, we give below some slight sketches of the man from the pen of a Southern correspondent, from whom we would gladly hear again. We were in error in supposing that Gilfert was an actor—his connection with the stage having been purely managerial. An old citizen of Richmond tells us he was remarkable as a billiard player, and that traditions of his prowess with the cue are extant. He seems, from all accounts, to have been one of those gay, good-humoured members of the Poco-Curante Society, whose memoirs, could they be written, would be infinitely amusing, though they might convey no higher moral lesson than is conveyed in the extremities to which an irregular and careless life will reduce its followers. But to our correspondent's sketches:

In your June number there are some remarks following anecdotes of Charles Gilfert with a regret that a man rather remarkable in a certain way should be forgotten. I knew him very well. Your correspondent is mistaken in calling him an actor—he never was on the stage as such in his life. Mrs. Gilfert, his wife, was an admirable actress and an excellent lady; but he was manager, and before that, led the orchestra. As a pianist, he stood unrivalled in his day for the exquisite delicacy of his touch. When he occasionally advertised to give a concert and play a difficult piece, his neglectful and careless habits found him unprepared,—his genius on such occasions filled up the canvass by improvising to the admiration of his cultivated and uncultivated listeners. His manner was winning, and he possessed the rare art attributed to Sheridan of meeting an angry creditor and ending the interview by borrowing more money. "I always make it a point to quicken my pace in approaching a tailor's establishment, which I pass with a run, and when I feel some one touch me on the

shoulder, I never turn, but only say, 'at whose suit?'" One of his wishes was only to be Secretary of the Navy for an hour. This was the style of his humour or pleasantry.

When he was leader of the Charleston orchestra, Cooper played his round of characters, and the Gamester brought abundance of tears from a crowded and fashionable audience—the pit soon filled with ladies—towards the end of the tragedy a pack of cards is dashed on the stage, and one reached as far as the point between the stage and the orchestra—our leader, in this theatrical distress, reached out his hand, seized the knave of spades with a determination to bet on it as an offering from fortune, did so and lost every dollar he possessed.

Gaming filled up much of his leisure hours, which were his days and nights. He was generous and liberal, and like men of this sort, would make every sacrifice for a debt of honour, but indifferent about other kind of debts. Among his various pursuits and callings, he was organist of one the Churches, and you might meet him on Sunday running to be at his post for the organ, having overstaid his time possibly through the fascination of the faro-bank.

He dined with me in 1811, at the City Hotel, N. Y., and we remained at table after everybody else had left it, indulging in his second bottle of Maderia. In talking of his ever changeful life and fortune he said, "only once here (referring to some period anterior) I felt so depressed as to resolve on suicide, but not having the means of procuring the vial of laudanum, I went to the bar to borrow twelve and a half cents, when the barkeeper handed me a letter which contained money from a friend whose aid I had solicited."

Gilfert possessed the pure Teutonic courage, he had no fear in him, his nerve and eye in that day never failed him, and he would bet that his ball at ten paces would pierce the ace of hearts—he was the most brilliant player at the Billiard table—such accomplishments, address, appearance, and determination in the proper pursuits of life with a morality in harmony with his superiority of intellect, would have made him distinguished in any pursuit he had chosen. F.

The subjoined verses are remarkable as the production of a boy only eleven years of age. They are taken from a long and

continuous story, based upon certain incidents in early Chinese History, which, we have been assured by competent persons who have seen it, is very cleverly constructed and forcibly written, without the child's having received the slightest assistance from any one. We think the verses are calculated to interest the curious in such matters as evidence of a precocity like that of Pope—

Who lisped in numbers for the numbers came:

PEKIN AFTER NAYAN'S* REBELLION.

Kambalu confused awaits
For that news within her gates
Which the conflict of the States
Must decide.

All along the city street,
Where the various rumours meet,
Or the warrior brave would greet
News of strife.

"Nayan and Kublai ply the war,
Where battle's sound is heard afar,
Whose is the ascending star?"
Said one.

"Kublai will win," another said.
"When has the noble Tartar's blade,
"Or what the lord of lords† hath said,
"In battle failed."

"News of battle, news of battle," cried a
herald at the gate,
"Warder, warder, open quickly,
"None in Kambulaigh‡ can wait!
"Who stands at the Northern gate?"

All await in expectation, fear, or hope, or
exultation,
With a fierce determination
For the war-field burn a nation,
Kublai's banner there they see.

Slow the gates turn on their hinges and
the people press to see
Rumours, murmurs die amongst them,
Then bursts the cry of 'victory!'

* Nayan was Kublai Khan's cousin, and his earliest and most formidable competitor.

† The literal translation of the word Kublai.

‡ The city of the Khan the earliest appellation of Peking.

"Ring the bells and sound the trumpets—
 "Hoist the banners to the air—
 "To the roofs all press to see
 "Kublai has won the victory."

The literary editor of the Philadelphia Press thus speaks of the forthcoming work of Mr. James and its author—

"Mr. G. P. R. James, the English novelist, who is now British Consul in Virginia, announces a new novel—or rather Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, do so for him. Mr. James has been several years in this country, has written two or three different novels upon American subjects, has voluntarily pitched his tent in this country, and may claim to be an honorary, as he is an honorable, member of our Republic of Letters. His forthcoming work is a romance of the seventeenth century, entitled 'Lord Montague's Page.' The book, in one volume, will have a fine portrait of Mr. James, engraved on steel, with a vignette on the title-page, and will be put before the world in that elegant and tasteful manner for which his publishers are distinguished. With engravings, and handsomely bound in muslin, it will be sold at a dollar and a quarter; in London, spread over three volumes, without the engravings, and in fragile boards, the price would be a guinea and a-half—equal to seven dollars and fifty-six cents. Mr. James is undoubtedly the most prolific of modern novelists. He has published nearly one hundred and fifty volumes of prose fiction, besides numerous biographical, historical, and poetical works. In all that he has written, there cannot be found

'One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.'

His purity of language and plot has been among the leading causes of his popularity. One day, and the sooner the better, he must publish his Personal and Literary Recollections,—for he has known quite an army of eminent persons, all over the world, and has much to tell about them. For example, his English residence, for many years, was within a stone's throw of Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington invariably passed the autumn, and where he died, in September, 1852. When Mr. James first went to reside there, he called the place 'The Shrubbery,' because it had been newly planted, and the prefaces to some of his books are so dated. In time, however, the shrubs grew into trees, (in the sagacious words of Lord Monboddo, "they had nothing else to do,") and then Mr. James renamed the place, dignifying it with the

name of 'The Oaks.' This was much like the English practice of raising a man in the Peerage—for example, from an Earl-dom to a Marquisate. Mr. James, before he became neighbor to 'The Duke, stood, or rather lived, in the same relation to Sir Walter Scott, near Abbotsford. He has been intimate, also, with Bulwer, Dickens—with most authors of mark and note in England and the European Continent. The large number of his initials reminds us of an amusing bit of literary history. When Mr. Robert Chambers was writing his "Encyclopædia of English Literature," he was at some loss to learn what the initials 'G. P. R.' prefixed to Mr. James's name, meant. A wag, disposed to sell him, stated that Mr. James, though born in an early part of this century, had not been baptiz'd until the accession of the Prince of Wales as his father's *locum tenens*, and had then been named after the Prince. Accordingly, never dreaming of being imposed upon, Mr. Chambers gave the full name, 'George Prince Regent,' instead of 'George Payne Rainford,' which is Mr. James's actual baptismal appellation. Of course, the error was detected, laughed at, and corrected—but many early copies of the 'Cyclopædia' contain the name as originally given.

The *Winchester Republican* in referring to the article in the last number of our magazine, entitled "Recollections of Philip Pendleton Cooke," corrects an error of the writer as follows—

"It was the *Winchester Republican*, not the *Virginian*, to which he contributed many of his earlier compositions, under the *nom de plume* of *Larry Lyle*. There are graduate-printers of the office who bear him well in mind; how particular he was as to the correctness of his articles, though, in his aversion to give trouble, whenever he 'stopped the press' to alter a phrase or remove an error, he would quietly deposit a piece of silver in the hand of the lad who placed him satisfactorily before the public. It is a matter of admissible pride with a journal that boasted such a contributor, with such a poet as James G. Brooks as editor nearly about the same time, to be placed *rectus in curia* on this point of credit, and Mr. Thompson, of the *Messenger*, will oblige us if he will so put us on record in his columns, where the error, if unnoticed, would seem to substantiate the similar statement in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*."

It gives us great pleasure to set our readers right in this matter, the more especially

as the *Winchester Republican* still maintains its ancient character as a valuable and interesting journal, under the management of

a gentleman who is himself a poet, and who has contributed at times to the *Messenger's* pages.

Notices of New Works.

POEMS. By HOWARD H. CALDWELL, Boston; Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1858. From George M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

The latest claimant for the laurel in our sunny Southern region, Mr. Caldwell of South Carolina, gives evidence in the pages of this modest volume of many qualifications for the difficult office he has assumed as interpreter of the beautiful. He has a ready appreciation of beauty, fine imaginative powers and the command of a rich and copious vocabulary. That he is a gentleman of no ordinary scholarship appears in almost every one of his poems, indeed this appears, we think, too abundantly, and suggests that his sources of inspiration have been found rather in the classics of antiquity or in medieval literature than in the grand old woods, hung with gray mosses and tangled with sunlight, of his native Carolina. It is the tendency of young poets, who are also scholars, to write from books rather than from nature, and this implies no lack of original genius. Their verses based upon literary models must be regarded, however, as poetical exercises and not as examples of their native strength, just as the crayon drawings of the Niobe or a copy of Claude by a young artist, however admirable, are to be taken as proofs of his mastery of the pencil and the brush and not as indications of the *vis virida* within him. It is only when the poet, discarding all imitation and entering into communion with the spirit of the visible universe, going out to see and to feel, records for us in soulful strains the impressions made upon his mental vision and the emotions awakened in his heart, that we can judge of his claim to be recognised as one of the world's singers for all time. We would not do Mr. Caldwell the injustice of implying that he is a mere copyist. But we say that he seems to us to have selected his themes unfortunately. That he has surrounded them with much graceful imagery, that he betrays tenderness and sympathy in his musings, that here and there we catch the iridescent gleam upon the river of his thoughts, we gladly acknowledge. His poem of *Ænone*, for example, is very beautiful, but it instantly challenges

a comparison with the poem of Tennyson—shall we not say it?—to Mr. Caldwell's disadvantage. If he must go back to the Olympian time and sea and sky for the subject and conditions of his poem, might he not have taken some other passage in *Lemprière*, some more recondite mythos, to be wrought into poetic form?

To descend from the matter to the manner of Mr. Caldwell's poems, while praise is justly his due for the general management of his verse, we feel bound to say that he appears to have paid too little attention to the niceties of rhythmical structure. The Spenserian stanza, for which he manifests a decided preference, is capable of grand effects, and Mr. Caldwell has shown in "The Star of Suicide" and "A Dream of Maries" his ability to employ it, yet in these same poems he gives us some very slow Alexandrines indeed. What shall be said of the cruelty wreaked upon the *cæsura* in the following?—

The priest averted, turned his back; 'twas
soulless, dead!

But dared not, lest core-cut, indignant it
should break!

Their strange, wild music, so like weirdly
Runic rhymes.

It still must live, deep-graven in my memo-
ry.

Nor can we fail to enter our protest against the frequent use of obsolete forms of expression which give an air of pedantry to verses otherwise strong and simple. Such words as "battalous," "purified" "deceasing," &c., Mr. Caldwell might profitably have left in the old volumes in which he first met them. We object, too, most decidedly to such rhymes as *poured* and *chord*, *showed* and *proud*, *up* and *hope*, *shake* and *rack*, *yet* and *sweet*, *eighty* and *commemorate ye* (in a serious performance,) *Charles* and *pearls*, *ripe* and *ship*, &c., &c. We know that perfect rhyme is not the most important requisite to true poetry and that some license ought fairly to be allowed, yet if we are to be entertained with the

recurrence of sounds at all, let them be exactly the same or the ear is rather offended than gratified. There is scarcely one of the poems in the volume before us in which a person with a nice sense of rhythmical music will not be pained by bad rhymes. In the "Somnambulist," Mr. Caldwell seems to employ inadmissible rhymes upon principle, for, though the poem is but 70 lines in length, he commits this offence with the same vowel sounds three times over. Not to mention *be* and *day*, *speaks* and *breaks*, we find in it these lines,

With a quick, thoughtless word dismissed
That lover true, nor would arrest
His going—

and farther on, near the close, we have,

The miniature she took and *kissed*;
And warmly now De Courcy *pressed*.

Now if Mr. Caldwell could have married *kissed* to *dismissed* (a difficult thing, we acknowledge,) and brought *pressed* in the relation of correspondence to *arrest*. (a much easier affair,) the rhyming would be satisfactory, but as if to show that he disdained such propriety, he concludes the poem with the third *mésalliance* of sounds—

Sweet Alice gave up all her pride;
And wonders now, which were more *blest*,
The Bride, or the Somnambulist.

We mention these small offences in no spirit of hypercriticism, but to justify us in saying that Mr. Caldwell must pay greater attention to the mechanical structure of his poetry before he can receive the guerdon of applause to which his powers fairly entitle him to aspire.

Let us add, lest we may be thought to have delayed this notice of Mr. Caldwell's poems unreasonably, that it was not until the month of June that we received the volume.

SPECIMENS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT, &c.,
&c. Arranged by his son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1858.
[From James Woodhouse, 137 Main St.

The enterprising Boston publishers, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, have ministered to a general curiosity awakened in this country concerning Douglas Jerrold by his recent death, in bringing out this collection of his epigrams and *bon mots*. Some of these are gleaned from *Punch*, others are torn from their context in his novels or dramatic writings, while others again are traditional. Jest books we have always thought dull reading from Joe Miller down,

and this volume is not to be exempted from the rule we have laid down concerning them. Here and there in it shines a brilliant, but it contains many pebbles, and Douglas Jerrold's reputation as the brightest intellect of the age could not safely be reposed on such a basis. We are hopeful also that the book misrepresents the man's heart, for all that is smart in it is spiteful, and all that is amiable is dull.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM;" *A Glimpse of Frontier Life*. By Mrs. VIELLE. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1858.
[From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The wife of a soldier relates in this beautifully printed volume the experiences of life with the army on the frontier. The style is animated and natural, and her descriptions of scenery and society are not the less pleasant for being strung together carelessly. Mrs. Vielle sentimentalizes with abandon, and her comments on matters and things out of the range of womanly observation are sometimes superficial even to drollery, but we can pardon sentimentality and shallowness in a good-natured woman whose impulses are always generous and whose want of depth is compensated by a certain sparkling vivacity. We part company with her, as the last tap of the drum is heard in the final chapter, with regret.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOUR; Containing Selections from the Writings of the Most Eminent Humorists of America, Ireland, Scotland and England. Edited by WILLIAM F. BURTON. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.
[From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Old Burton was the genius of melancholy, to describe whose ragaries and suggest their cure he wrote one of the most entertaining books in the language—the Burton of our day is the patron of fun and he has here compiled the literary inspirations of Moinus in two portly volumes, which the Appletons have published in their handsomest style. The selections are admirable, and embody no mean portion of American Literature. Many finely executed portraits of our wits and humorists embellish the work which we can commend most heartily to our readers as the very best companion for summer idleness that has appeared during the season. The Cyclopædia affords abundant readings for all the unoccupied moments of a six weeks' vacation in the mountains or by the seaside.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1858.

THE PROBLEM OF FREE SOCIETY.*

If you teach the labouring classes that the State is bound to furnish them with labour or subsistence, or rather with subsistence independently of the value of their labour, and this as a matter of right, you remove from them the principal motive to exertion. Why should they strive to be industrious, or skilful, or sober? Why should the labourer try to please his employer? He finds it more pleasant to sit all day in the parish yard, or pound, and be paid one shilling and nine pence for it, than to spend his strength and tire his limbs by working for two shillings. Examples have not been wanting of workmen absolutely refusing an order for work, because it would interfere with their parish allowance.† Why should he try to be skilful? Why should he not spend all that he can get, at the alehouse? Why should he try to save something for his family? The parish will take care of them. Every stimulus to good conduct, industry, economy, is withdrawn. The labourer, so far as his motives to exertion are concerned, becomes assimilated to the slave; with this difference, that the slave is made laborious by the fear of punishment, or by the desire of pleasing and promoting the interest of a master whom he almost always regards with affection, because he feels himself a part of his family; whilst this so-called free labourer feels nothing but envy and hatred towards the em-

ployer, and has no fear of bodily punishment to urge him on.

Moreover, when the labourers believe that they have a legal right to be supported by the State, it cannot be expected that they should be thankful for any relief given them. On the contrary, every necessary check that is put upon the administration of the relief for the purpose of preventing fraud or the increase of the number of paupers, is regarded by them as an abridgement of the acknowledged right, and excites every revengeful passion in those who are subjected to these checks. The labourer considers his employer as an oppressor who cheats him out of his just reward; and the employer looks upon the poor as natural enemies whom he is compelled to support without any equivalent. There never was a worse spirit exhibited between those two classes of Society, than shortly before the Poor Law Reform, when the rates amounted to nearly forty millions of dollars; when each labourer received allowances proportioned to the number of his family, when all received wages without performing any work, or supplemental aid to bring up wages to the minimum judged necessary. This spirit showed itself in the fires, riots and outrages of 1830. Says an English writer (Ed. Rev. vol. 84, page 150-'51): "It was in the parish roads and in the parish gravel-pits that the robbery and

* Concluded from Page 18.

† Ed. Rev., vol. 84, page 47.

devastation of that period were organized. It was in those *ergastula* that the labourer acquired his hatred of work and his hatred of his employers. It was there that he found himself treated as an encumbrance, fed, lodged and clothed, because the magistrate so ordered it; and kept to work, not because the work was profitable to his parish, but because it was painful to him. It was there that he learned the doctrine that society is divided into the rich and the poor, and that it is the duty of the rich, out of their inexhaustible funds, to provide for the comfortable subsistence of the poor, however large their number, however reckless their improvidence, however valueless their labour. It was there that he was taught to feel every task as a punishment, every privation as a robbery, and all the evils of life as wrongs inflicted by their superiors."

Allow me to quote here a fragment of the Report of the English Commissioners on the Poor Laws.

"Under the influence of this system, say they, piece-work is refused to the single men, or the married man if he have any property, because they can live on day wages; it is refused to the industrious because they would earn too much. The enterprising man who has fled from the tyranny and pauperism of his parish to some place where there is a demand and a reward for his services, is driven from a situation which suits him and an employer to whom he is attached, and forced to receive, as alms, a portion only of what he was obtaining by his own exertions. He is driven from a place where he was earning, as a free labourer, twelve or fourteen shillings a week, and is offered road-work, as a pauper, at sixpence a day; or perhaps he is put up by the parish authorities at auction and sold to the farmer who will take him at the lowest allowance.

"Can we wonder if the labourer abandons virtues of which this is the reward? If he gives up the economy in return for which he has been condemned to involuntary idleness, and the prudence, if it can be called such, which diminishes his means just as much as it diminishes his

wants? Can we wonder, if smarting under these oppressions, he considers the law and all those who administer the law as his enemies, the fair objects of his fraud or of his violence? Can we wonder if to increase his income and to revenge himself upon the parish, he marries, and thus helps to increase that local over-population which is gradually eating away the fund out of which he and all the other labourers of the parish are to be maintained?

"The constant war which the pauper has to wage with all who employ or pay him, is destructive to his honesty and his temper; as his subsistence does not depend upon his exertions, he loses all that sweetens labour, its association with reward; and gets through his work, such as it is, with the reluctance of a slave.

"In all ranks of society, the great sources of happiness and virtue are the domestic affections, and this is particularly the case among those who have so few resources as the labouring classes. Now, pauperism seems to be an engine for the purpose of disconnecting each member of a family from all others; of reducing all to the state of domesticated animals, fed, lodged and provided for by the parish, without mutual dependence or mutual interest.

"At the time of my journey," says Mr. Cowell, "the acquaintance which I had with the practical operation of the Poor Laws, led me to suppose that the sum annually raised upon the rate-payers and its progressive increase, constituted the main inconvenience of the Poor Law system. The experience of a few weeks served to convince me that this evil, however great, sinks into insignificance, when compared with the dreadful effects which the system produces upon the morals and happiness of the lower orders. It is as difficult to convey to the mind of the reader a true and faithful impression of the intensity and malignancy of the evil in this point of view, as it is by any description, to give an adequate idea of the horrors of a shipwreck or a pestilence. A person must converse with paupers, must enter work-houses and examine the inmates, must attend at the parish pay-

table, before he can form a just conception of the moral debasement which is the offspring of the present system; he must hear the pauper threaten to abandon his wife and family unless more money is allowed him, threaten to abandon an aged, bed-ridden mother, to turn her out of his house and lay her down at the overseer's door unless he is paid for giving her shelter; he must hear parents threatening to follow the same course with regard to their sick children; he must see mothers coming to receive the reward of their daughters' ignominy, and witness women in cottages quietly pointing out, without the question being asked, which are their children by their husbands and which by other men previous to marriage; and when he finds that he can scarcely step into a town or parish without meeting some instance of the sort, he will no longer consider the pecuniary pressure on the rate-payer as the first in the class of evils which the Poor Laws have entailed upon the community."

Among the evils connected with the Poor Laws, are those arising from the laws of settlement and chargeability. The expense of the support of the poor of any parish being borne by that parish alone, the overseers of the poor evince the greatest anxiety to prevent the settlement of any labouring man; for even if he is able to earn his living when he comes into the parish, they fear that he may become a burden at some future time. "Chargeability," says a writer in *Chamber's Journal*, "is the English slave system. The poor man cannot go where he lists in search of employment, for fear that he may become chargeable. He cannot take a good place which may be offered to him, for he cannot get a residence lest he become chargeable. Houses are pulled down over the ears of honest working men; and decent poor people are driven from Dan to Beersheba lest they become chargeable. There is something infinitely distressing in the whole basis of this idea, that the English peasant must needs be regarded from his birth, and all through life, as a possible pauper."

It is to avoid this chargeability that the land-owners have pulled down multi-

tudes of cottages, in order that the labourers whom they were compelled to support by poor-rates might be driven away from the rural parishes. A quotation from the speech of Mr. Chadwick shows the operation of this course of action. "The lower districts of Reading," says he, "were severely visited with fever during the past year, which called attention to the sanitary condition of the labouring population. While making inquiries upon the subject, I learned that some of the worst conditioned places were occupied by agricultural labourers. Many of them, it appeared, walked four, six, seven, and even eight miles, in wet and snow, to and from their place of work, after twelve hours' work on the farm. Why, however, were agricultural labourers driven in these fever-nests of a town? I was informed, in answer, that they were driven in there by the pulling down of cottages to avoid parochial settlements and contributions to their maintenance in the event of destitution. . . . Near Gainsborough, Lincoln and Lowth, the labourers walk even longer distances than near Reading. I am informed that from the like cause, the evil of overcrowding is going on in the ill-conditioned villages of open parishes."

By pursuing this system, a number of land-owners combining in one parish and pulling down the cottages on their estates, drive all the labourers to some little town in a neighbouring parish; and in this way, while they can have them as labourers if they want them, they are relieved of the burden of their support, which falls upon the merchants and citizens of the towns.

It is to prevent chargeability that the overseers of the poor have hurried away, in open carts, dying paupers in order to save the parish the cost of their funeral, and women about to become mothers, for fear that their infants might obtain a residence by being born in the parish.

Such was the effect of the whole system of the Poor Laws, that England, which had withstood the efforts of Europe in arms, was sinking under the canker of pauperism. To find a remedy was an imperious necessity. Commissioners were

sent by Parliament to examine personally into the working of the system. They published a report in fourteen folio volumes. The Poor Law amendment act was passed soon after, containing the following provisions. The power of administering and regulating relief was vested solely in a Central Board of Commissioners, residing in London and assisted by assistant-commissioners, each itinerant in his own district. One of the first acts of this board was to arrange the fifteen thousand parishes of England into five hundred and ninety-five Unions, each furnished with a work-house. We have already seen that the attempt to make public relief distasteful by giving the pauper a subsistence less abundant or less palatable than that of the independent labourer was impracticable; that it was impossible to impose upon him labour more arduous than that to which he had been accustomed, or even as much so; and moreover, that this labour was necessarily unprofitable. It was now determined to put another condition upon the administration of relief. No able-bodied person was to receive it from the parish except on becoming an inmate of the work-house, that is to say, a prisoner. It was thought that confinement and restriction to the tedious tasks and regular hours of the work-house would drive away the poor. But in the first place, how was it possible to confine nearly two millions of paupers in less than six hundred work-houses? It is clear that the thing was impossible. What alternative remained? Should relief be refused to twelve hundred thousand human beings, who had no means of earning a living since their labour was not wanted, merely because there were no places of confinement sufficiently large to contain them? Was society, which had encouraged their multiplication by a vicious legislation, now to decree that, whereas they were supernumeraries in the great family, and whereas it would involve an immoderate expenditure to erect jails for them, they

must therefore starve? Humanity forbade such a conclusion. Relief to the able-bodied must therefore be continued, acts of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding. And it was not humanity alone which urged its claims on this occasion. Twelve hundred thousand paupers, turned loose upon society with no other prospect but starvation, would have taken by force the relief which was denied them, and would have been supported in the act by twice that number of those who are always trembling on the verge of pauperism. The result would have been a revolution of unspeakable horror. The remedy came too late. If imprisonment and separation of families had been made the condition of relief from the beginning, no man would have married when it was probable, nay, certain that he would be compelled to submit to such terms or to die. The number of labourers would have remained proportionate to the demand. But now, these supernumeraries had been called into existence by the direct effect of the Poor Laws, and society must bear the burden of them.

Those who had been so short-sighted as to expect any important advantage from the amendment act, soon found their expectations deceived. The bill came into effective operation in 1836. During the ten years following, the proportion of those receiving out-door relief has varied between eighty-five and eighty-nine per cent.* "At the last return," says the *Edinburgh Review*, (Oct. 1846, page 162,) "out of 1,470,970 relieved, only 215,325 were inmates of the work-house." The poor-rates, which had at first very much diminished, soon began to increase again. "During a period, not merely of profound tranquillity, but of eminent prosperity, the expenditure has gone on increasing, until, in eight years, it has risen nearly twenty-five per cent. If its advance be not checked, it must in time eat away the whole rental. . . . We trust that we shall escape these as we have escaped many

* *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1846. The sum expended in relief in those ten years was \$236,164,000, over twenty-three and a half millions a year.

other perils which seemed scarcely avoidable; but we must say that of all the dangers to which we are exposed, those connected with the Poor Laws are the most threatening." (*Ibid.* page 163.)

It will be perceived, not without surprise by many, from this sketch of the English Poor Laws, that while the doctrine of the Right to employment and subsistence has been advanced on the Continent as a mere theory, it is in England that it has been actually put in practice, and with the disastrous results that we have seen. While French and German publicists were asserting that society owes every man a living and were laughed at for their pains, British statesmen acted out the aphorism until ruin stared them in the face.

And yet, look at the industrial world. Mark the contrast between the rich and the poor. See the capitalist becoming more and more wealthy from year to year, while his operatives are sinking lower and lower in the depths of misery, and thousands are unable to find even the least profitable labour. Then hear some eloquent, generous-hearted apostle of these *pariahs* exclaim: "This is not just! Those stout-armed labourers, without whom your society and civilization would sink into non-entity, are worthy of their hire. This is the truth: *whenever a human being does devote, or is willing and ready to devote his life to one of the pursuits which are beneficial to society,—to him society owes, in return, a living.*"

Does not this sound plausible? Does it not seem reasonable?

Undoubtedly it does. And this is why it has been believed and acted upon. Not only so, but it is true in the abstract. In the abstract, he who labours, is entitled to a compensation, a remuneration, for his labour. But living men are not abstractions; capital, the means of subsistence, are not abstractions. They exist in definite quantities; and definite relations exist between them. Granting the abstract right of the labourer to compensation, of what use will the right be when the number of labourers becomes so large that the means of compensation fail? The attempt of any state or government to de-

cree that there shall be employment and subsistence for every one, is the same thing as saying that the state shall create out of nothing the means of subsistence for its citizens, whatever may be their number, however superfluous or unprofitable their labour.

The truth is that this right to a living does not exist, *because it depends upon an impossibility*. It may be said that it is the duty of the rich to divide their surplus among the poor, and that if this were done, all would have enough. But the only effect of doing so would be to make all poor, to disperse capitals, to compel all men to forsake all pursuits except that of procuring the means of satisfying their physical wants; and consequently to destroy learning, science, literature, and civilization. "If the poor had really a claim of *right* to support," says Malthus, "I do not think that any man could justify his wearing broadcloth, or eating as much meat as he wants for dinner; and those who assert this right, and yet are rolling in their carriages, living every day luxuriously and keeping even their horses on food of which their fellow-creatures are in want, must be allowed to act with the greatest inconsistency. Taking an individual instance, without reference to consequences, it appears to me that the argument (for the right to subsistence) is irresistible. Can it be pretended for a moment that a part of the mutton which I expect to eat to-day would not be much more beneficially employed on some hard-working labourer, who has not perhaps tasted animal food for the last week, or on some poor family who cannot command sufficient food of any kind fully to satisfy the cravings of appetite? If these instances were not of a nature to multiply in proportion as such wants were indiscriminately gratified, I should not have the smallest hesitation in most fully allowing the right. But as it appears clearly, both from theory and experience, that if the claim were allowed, it would soon increase beyond the *possibility* of satisfying it, and that the attempt to do so would involve the human race in the most wretched and universal poverty, it follows necessarily that our

conduct, which denies the right, is more suited to the present state of our being than our declamations which allow it." (MALTHUS on Population. Appendix.)

The simple fact is this. The sum which is available for the payment of wages in any country is in its nature *limited*. Although it is *indefinite*, that is to say variable with circumstances, it is not *infinite* as seems to be supposed by the theories and systems which we have considered. If the number of labourers among whom this sum is to be distributed be very small, the share of each one will be very large. If this number be very large, the share of each one must be very small, too small perhaps to sustain life, and then suffering and starvation must diminish the labourers until the portion of each increases sufficiently to support him. The taxation of the rich cannot make the sum larger; for what is taken from the rich in the shape of poor-rates is subtracted from what they would spend in the wages of servants, labourers, &c. It relieves the evil with one hand and multiplies it with the other.

Let us observe here that these perplexing problems are but slightly modified by political institutions. England has a powerful aristocracy, primogeniture, and the Poor Laws; all her lands are concentrated in the hands of only thirty thousand proprietors, and she suffers from

these social evils. France has no aristocracy, no primogeniture, no Poor Laws, and her lands are distributed among fifteen millions of proprietors, and she has rushed from revolution to revolution, the last two or three of which were caused mainly by social and not by political evils. In the Netherlands the number of paupers depending upon public charity is one-fifth of the population. Even in this Union, pauperism, like all other isms, is gaining ground in the Northern States: these bear in their bosom the seeds of all the calamities which afflict England at this day.*

To attempt to remedy such evils by revolutions as France has done, is to pour oil, not upon the troubled waters, but upon a fiery blaze. Suppose for a moment that in England, for example, where exist the greatest social inequalities, where we find royalty costing yearly an immense sum in empty pomp and sinecures, an established church, a prodigious public debt, a Sutherland and a Westminster, with incomes of five thousand dollars a day, and by the side of these, two millions of starving wretches; suppose that there a revolution were to equalize all things, to sweep away the burden of costly establishments and the public debt: it is possible that the masses of the English people would experience a temporary relief. Grant, for the sake of the argu-

* The truth of this assertion has unfortunately been demonstrated by the effects of the late commercial crisis in the Northern cities. Bread-riots and processions of unemployed labourers demanding relief from the government, show that there is, in many places, a redundancy of labour.

We must be allowed to quote a brief article which met our eye when about to send these sheets to the press. We quote from the National Intelligencer of March 16th, 1858.

"Albany and Clinton counties, N. Y., have failed to make returns. In the remaining counties of the State the whole expense of support and relief amounts \$1,354,383 90. The number of persons relieved is set down at 173,249; of which 75,400 were inmates of the alms-houses; the remainder are termed "out-door poor," and receive temporary relief only. The "poor-house establishments," with which is connected 7,101 acres of land are valued at about one million of dollars. The annual value of pauper-labour, in all the poor-houses, is estimated at \$27,000. Of the number of paupers, 67,000 were born in the U. States."

This is the English system out and out. Already the work-houses are insufficient to contain the paupers, and nearly one hundred thousand persons are receiving out-door relief. In this case the seed has sprouted, and the Upas tree of pauperism is already sending forth vigorous shoots.

ment, what most certainly would not be the case, that every one would be in comfort and plenty. The result would be that all those prudential checks upon marriage, which are caused by the fear of want, and the difficulty of ensuring the means of subsistence being withdrawn, the population would double in less than twenty-five years; and at the end of that period, the evils now existing would return with more than double the amount of pressure.

It is much more difficult to obtain copious information concerning the Poor Laws of continental Europe than concerning those of England.

It seems that most of the European nations reject, or have never entertained the idea that the State owes relief to the poor. Although France is honourably distinguished by the number and the liberal administration of her eleemosynary establishments, she has never granted to the poor a legal right to succour, in spite of the declamations of her demagogues. She has reaped the fruit of this wise policy in the greater self-reliance of her labouring classes, which have also been prevented from multiplying as rapidly as they would have done if they could have depended upon the State for the maintenance of themselves and their families.

Other nations seem to have been aware of the evils consequent upon a redundant population, and have discouraged imprudent marriages. It has been remarked by Malthus that even two or three years added to the average age at which marriages are contracted, make a sensible difference in the average number of children to a marriage. The obligation to military service which exists in almost every continental state, has for its effect to retard the period of marriage and consequently to check the increase of population.

In the "Preface to the Foreign communications on Poor Laws, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, February 21st, 1834," are found the following statements:

"The conditions on which parochial assistance is afforded in the countries in question, (Russia, Norway, Sweden, Den-

mark and the German States,) form perhaps the principal difference between their systems and that which we have adopted. In England where the scale and the allowance system prevail, no condition whatever can be said to be imposed on the pauper. What he receives is a mere gratuitous addition to his income. Even where work is required, the hours are in general fewer, and the labour less severe than those of the independent labourer; and the workhouse, the most powerful of our instruments of repression, affords in general, food, lodging, clothing and warmth better than can be found in the cottage, *and may be quitted at a day's notice.*

"But in all the countries which we have been considering, except the Canton de Berne and perhaps Denmark, the great object of pauper legislation, that of rendering the situation of the pauper less agreeable than that of the independent labourer has been effectually attained.

"On recurring to the statements which we have extracted, it will be seen that he loses all right to property; that he becomes incapable of contracting marriage while receiving relief, cannot marry until he has reimbursed the parish, or has procured security that his future family shall not become chargeable, or till three years have elapsed since he last received relief. If married, he loses control over his children—he cannot choose his residence or his occupation—and if he once becomes the inmate of a work-house, *he incurs the risk of imprisonment for life.* When such are the terms offered by the public, it is easy to understand that none but the really destitute will accept them.

"The prevalence of habits productive of pauperism is repressed by subjecting the whole labouring population to superintendence and restrictions which we would consider vexatious.

"In almost all the countries which have been mentioned, endeavors are made to prevent the existence of a redundant population, by throwing obstacles in the way of imprudent marriages. Marriage on the part of persons in the actual receipt of relief, appears to be every where prohibited, and the marriage of those who

are not likely to possess the means of independent support, is allowed by very few.

"Thus we are told that in Norway no one can marry without showing to the satisfaction of the clergyman, that he is permanently settled in such a manner as to offer a fair prospect that he can maintain a family.

"In Mecklenburg, that marriages are delayed by conscription in the twenty second year, and military service for six years: besides, the parties must have a dwelling, without which a clergyman is not permitted to marry them. The men marry at from twenty-five to thirty, the women not much earlier, as both must first gain by service enough to establish themselves.

"In Saxony, that a man may not marry before he is twenty-one years old, if liable to serve in the army. In Dresden, professionalists, (by which word artisans are probably meant) may not marry until they become masters in their trade.

"In Wurtemberg, that no man is allowed to marry till his twenty-fifth year, on account of his military duties, unless permission be especially obtained or purchased. At that age he must also obtain permission, which is granted on proving that he and his wife would have together sufficient to maintain a family, or to establish themselves; (from \$100 to \$300, according to the size of the town where they are to reside.)

"It is possible that a compulsory Poor law may work tolerably well in countries where the bulk of the population possess property; where every motion of the labourer is watched by an inquisitive police and controlled by an arbitrary government; where marriage is forbidden to the indigent, and where the relief itself is a sort of punishment."

From this sketch of the condition of the poor in Europe, (and the poor comprise the great bulk of the labouring classes, that is to say the mass of the nation,) it is evident that they are in a condition of bondage at all times. While they call themselves independent labourers they are the slaves of the employers, or rather what is still worse, of circumstances over which it is impossible to exert any control. When

they call upon the government for relief, they can obtain it only by submitting to the most absolute slavery, abandoning their rights to property, choice of residence, employment, even marriage and control over their own offspring; if these conditions are not enforced, the consequence is the rapid increase of pauperism and the ruin of the country.

Can any man in his sober senses imagine that such a state of things is so attractive as to induce the Southern people to liberate all their black slaves in order to reduce *themselves* to a condition in so many respects worse than slavery? And yet this is the form of society which is held up to us as vastly superior and preferable to ours.

But are these evils inseparable from free society? Must the State be corroded and eaten up by pauperism, or else must it protect itself against this canker by a restrictive legislation upon marriage, residence, employments, which virtually would make slaves of all the citizens?

The question cannot be answered better than by quoting the words of the distinguished English Political Economist, John Stuart Mill.

"No remedies for low wages," says he, "have the least chance of being efficacious, which do not operate on and through the minds and habits of the people. While these are unaffected, any contrivance, even if successful, for temporarily improving the condition of the very poor, would but let slip the reins by which population was previously curbed, and could only therefore, continue to produce its effect if, by the whip and spur of taxation, capital were compelled to follow at an equally accelerated pace. But the process could not possibly last for long together; and whenever it stopped, it would leave the country with an *increased number of the poorest class, and a diminished population of all but the poorest*, or, if it continued long enough, with *none at all* (but the poorest.) For 'to this complexion must come at last' all social arrangements which remove the natural checks to population without substituting any others.

"By what means then is poverty to be contended against? How is the evil of

low wages to be remedied? If the expedients usually recommended for the purpose are not adapted to it, can no others be thought of? Can political economy do nothing, but only object to every thing, and demonstrate that nothing can be done?

"If this were so, political economy might have a needful, but would have a melancholy and a thankless task. If the bulk of the human race are always to remain, *as at present*, slaves to toil in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest, drudging from early morning till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellectual and moral deficiencies which that implies; without resources either in mind or feelings; *untaught*, for *they cannot be better taught than fed*; selfish, for all their thoughts are required for themselves; without interests or sentiments as citizens and members of society, and with a sense of injustice rankling in their minds, equally for what they have not, and for what others have; I know not what there is which should make a person, with any capacity of reason, concern himself about the destinies of the human race."

You would naturally infer from this passage, that its author who so forcibly depicts the evil, is going to point out a remedy which will be at least of some appreciable effect within a reasonable time. What is the first and the most efficient which offers itself to every reflecting mind? The education of the children of the labouring classes; not that boasted Prussian system of which so much has been said of late, but which has never given to Prussia any rank or weight or influence among civilized nations, beyond what her *material power*, her three hundred thousand bayonets secure to her. But an education, the chief object of which would be to diffuse among the masses that species of knowledge best suited to them; an education which placing history and political economy in the first rank, would teach men that it is vain and absurd to hold governments, or society, or the possessors of capital responsible for the evils which are the necessary

consequences of the want of foresight of the people; and which would impress upon them the lesson that it is to their own virtues, self restraint, industry and frugality that they must look for amelioration in their condition, above all, an education which would increase the wants of the people; for without the creation of what some call artificial wants, there can be no civilization. He who has none but the lowest physical wants is a savage. He, who like the Irish peasant, is satisfied to vegetate in a mud hovel on the produce of a half acre of potatoes, is but little higher in the human scale; and he is willing and ready to marry before twenty, and to bring up a family in the same abject condition. An education which would make the masses consider as a necessary condition for marriage, the possession of a comfortable house or the reasonable assurance of being able to rent one, and the certainty of being able to earn enough to subsist on food not inferior in cost or quality to wheat bread, meat and milk, and these in abundance, would raise the self-respect and the standard of comfort of the people, and would be the most powerful, the only effective check to that over population which is the curse of free society. Without this, neither emigration nor the putting in cultivation of waste lands, (the other remedies proposed by Mr. Mill,) can bring any relief, for they would prove only a stimulus to the multiplication of the already redundant labourers. Such an education is then the remedy in view.

But how is it to be applied? What chance is there of imparting an education to the poor man's children, when inexorable necessity compels them to begin a life of unrelenting toil in the factory, the coal pit, the work-shop or the field, before they have reached the age of ten years? How many centuries perhaps, must elapse before the English operative and peasant and the Irish cottier, embroiled by twenty generations of misery, privations and bad legislation, can be raised to the desired level? In view of the difficulties in the way of its application and the great length of time which must elapse before its effects can be felt,

are we not justifiable in considering the remedy as illusory?

But there is another obstacle in the way. The tendency of free society is to counteract the operation of the remedy; to lower the average standard of comforts and consequently the self-respect of the people. Where there exists no well defined line of demarcation between the lowest class of society and the class immediately above it, the downwards transition is easy and not attended with much shame or injury to men's feelings. No such facility however in the transition upwards; "*Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum. . . .*" The young tradesman or mechanic, who is for the present a little above the labourer that lives from hand to mouth, might by using prudence and waiting a few years, marry with a reasonable prospect that his family would, if not rise in condition, at least remain stationary. But when his feelings are excited by youthful passion, he will lay aside all penitential considerations. He will not be deterred from marrying five years too early by the prospect of himself and his children's being reduced to the rank of the mere day laborer or even the recipient of public charity. For yielding to that so natural tendency to prefer present gratification to future advantages, he will argue that after all, the inferior condition is not degrading; he sees in it multitudes of men no worse than himself in blood, intellect, education or virtue. And when he sinks into that condition, (and this by his own fault and imprudence,) he will find millions around him to keep him in countenance, to repeat with him that they are as good as those more favored by fortune, and to attribute the cause of their misery to social injustice, the oppression of the employers, or the misrule of the government.

But where a strong, unmistakable, ineffaceable line of demarcation separates the lowest class from all the others, no one can sink into it without shame, moral suffering, and a deep feeling of degradation. Hence the conservative influence of slavery upon the standard of comforts and self-respect among those that are above it. It is said by our Northern

brethren that slavery has instilled into the Southern people the idea that labour is degrading to the white man. This is true as regards the lowest departments of physical labour, which involve the least exercise of the mind, and which are consequently the worst paid. But what is the necessary consequence of this characteristic of the Southern people? As they will not engage in this lowest manual labour, they are compelled to acquire such knowledge as will fit them for something above it, whether in agriculture, the learned professions, or the mechanical arts, (which, whatever has been said, are highly honoured and more lucrative than at the North.) Another consequence is the vastly increased power of what Malthus terms the prudential check on population. The Southerner, unless already degraded, will not marry if he perceives that by doing so, he must sink himself or his offspring to that level which is in his country that of the slave or the colored man. If he is poor, he waits until he accumulates sufficient capital or secures adequate employment to enable him to retain his place in society; and frequently in order to do so, he seeks his fortune in regions far distant from his native state. This self-respect, call it pride if you choose, is one of the most precious qualities which a people can possess. Those who are deficient in it can never be raised in the scale of humanity.

The chief, almost the only cause of social evils, is the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Slavery is a mighty bulwark against this. It is owing to the influence of slavery that the whites increase more slowly in the South than in the free states. Some may regret this, because they see in it the loss of political preponderance. But though this may seem an evil at present, it will be more than counterbalanced by the social elevation of the Southern people. Let us repeat it once more, for it is an important truth: the idea of the advantage of a very dense population is founded upon that of physical force. It considers citizens as so many soldiers to be used for defense or conquest. But where the laws of justice and equity prevail as they

confederation, this consideration has no weight. Little should be as carefully rights as if she could number of soldiers to deter New York to deter laws are to be discretion which possesses rity, the sooner this d, the better: and in , the South has nothing g a less numerous population enough, and strong ance on our own soil to We should therefore re- de increase but slowly, of that they will not sh their high position

ing power of slavery lation, applies to the us to the employers. It of regulating the dis- r. In the free coun- s could be relieved by art of the population ere it is too dense to ven to colonies where . But this cannot be ing to the State the emigration; that is to riving the labourer of eing his residence, his ployments; in a word, im a slave.* Slavery f removing the redun- places where their la- itable. If this is done ost of much individual

suffering by the separation of families, it is not an essential part of slavery. The law which limits the right of the master over his slave in our country by protecting the life and securing the subsistence of the latter, and in other countries by prescribing their hours of work and of recreation, the quantity and quality of food, the nature and degree of his punishments, may also forbid the severing of his family ties so as to render the separation of families no greater than is usual among the labouring classes of any country. And at last, when the whole country open to slavery shall have been fully settled, and it is perceived that a further increase of labourers is injurious, (if such a period can arrive before the end of all earthly things,) the worse then that can happen will be to check their increase by laws restrictive of marriage, similar in their results to those of Sweden, Denmark, Wurtemberg, Norway, and other countries previously quoted.

The advocates of free society often taunt us with the contrast between Northern energy and what they are pleased to term Southern indolence. We might deny the existence of this latter quality as applied to the sons of the South. Surely neither on the field of battle nor in the settlement of the South-western States, —Texas, especially,—have the Southern people been one whit behind their Northern brethren in energy and enterprise. We will not deny, however, that the energy of the people of the North is more auspicious. But do they deserve the

ment that powerful inducements to emigration should be offered. Men submit to much suffering rather than give up certain pleasures or they are allowed the absolute liberty of choosing their residence they are sining where they are superfluous; and they may bring the whole er than remove. Thus we have seen in the city of New York pro- en shouting "Bread or death!" and many thousands have no doubt tions. And yet, it was not here as in England. They could have ent in abundance, by removing to other localities at no unreasonable il in this case sprang from the determination of several hundred , remain fixed upon a space of three or four square miles, and to risk l war rather than abandon the attractions of a great city. How much e city fathers would have been simplified had they possessed the the removal of the redundant to localities where their labour was , they would have proved a blessing instead of a curse!

credit they take to themselves for it? Occupying a country insufficient to support the large population which covers its soil, under a harsh climate, they were compelled to put forth their energies, to create branches of industry and commerce whereby to obtain the means of subsistence which agriculture could not afford them. They were under the pressure of necessity, and hence they put forth their energies.

There is no great cause for wonder or boasting in all this. Place the Southerner under the like circumstances, and his now latent energies will soon exhibit themselves. Northern industry has accomplished much, but it has been chiefly in those departments of life which are not best calculated to elevate man's moral and mental condition. Under the depressing influence of the "*Res angusta domi*," the Northern mind has become accustomed to parsimonious calculations, and to the relentless pursuit of the almighty dollar as the chief end of man and the only object of life. It is true that while the Southern planter's son is riding his blooded horse after the hounds and scattering his gold with wild profusion, the heir of the Northern merchant prince is not unfrequently bound to the drudgery of the counting room or the school-house, with as keen an eye to the emoluments as if he had no other dependence. This is what makes the Northerner so sharp in business, so fully aware of the exact commercial value of money. But which type presents the higher qualities of human nature? Where will you look for generosity of feeling, for liberal hospitality, for lofty disregard of the petty tricks and low cunning which so often mingle with the pursuits of trade?

"But," exclaim our opponents, "you Southerners can afford to be lavish and self-indulgent, because you are rich, while we are not, or at least cannot be and remain so without incessant economy and exertion."

Exactly so. And yet you point to our indolence, as you choose to call it, which is merely the consequence of our wealth and hold it up as one of the evils of

slavery. Would it be desirable, that we should throw away this wealth which you acknowledge, and place ourselves under the same pressure which weighs upon you, merely to have an opportunity to display our energy. Shall we not rather be thankful that there exists no necessity for our being so constantly under whip and spur?

To sum up:

We have carefully surveyed the physical, mental and moral condition of a great mass of the people in those countries where the so-called free system of society has had the time to work out its results. From the testimony of interested witnesses, residing in those countries, and hostile to our institution of slavery, we have seen that the great majority are free in name, but in reality slaves,—and this in the most full sense of the word; for they are slaves, not of men who are by their nature merciful, but of things which do not feel or exercise mercy. We have considered the great problem which arises from this status: "How can the evils which afflict free society be removed or mitigated?" We have passed in review the various schemes which have been offered as the solutions of this problem, and we have seen that while some are totally impracticable, others lead to greater calamities. What shall our verdict be? Shall we acknowledge the inferiority, in any sense, of free society over ours? Shall we, who are so perplexed by these perplexing questions, most of us are ignorant of their very existence, set aside our institutions to those which must bring in their train evils that we have discussed, and upon us the fearful problem which we have not been able to solve? Shall we open wide our country to foreign and Northern emigration, and let loose without check or hindrance the mighty engine of population, in order that we hereafter puzzle our ingenuity in covering for its redundancy the remedies which so many have sought for in the past? Shall we augment tenfold the number of our citizens in order that each of them may find his wealth less?

than at present? Shall we reduce ourselves to penury that we may display our energies by struggling against it? Shall we set free our coloured slaves, in order to make ourselves all slaves together, having for an inexorable and inflexible master the fluctuating numerical ratio between the capital available for wages and the number of the labourers?

"Risum teneatis amici!"

What shall we then conclude? That free society is a state of unmixed evil? God forbid! Shall we on the other side assert that slavery is a good *per se*, an unmixed good, the *magnum bonum*, the great blessing from which all others flow? By no means! We will not lose sight of this cardinal truth. This earth is the place of trial for a fallen and sinful race; labour, compulsory labour for the means of subsistence is one of the punishments inflicted upon man for his disobedience. There never was upon earth but one man that could be called a free labourer because his subsistence did not depend upon forced labour, and that one was Adam before his fall. From the hour of his transgression, all men have depended directly or indirectly upon compulsory labour. The immense majority have to perform the task in person, and the few drones who endeavour to avoid its accomplishment, cut themselves off from the blessings with which Divine mercy has mitigated the curse.* Slavery being compulsory labour, may thus far be called an evil, but it is the universal evil of the race. To expect a state of society from which suffering and want, and consequently the absolute obligation to work shall be banished, is the absurdity of Godwin's Utopia, in which selfishness, avarice and penury shall find no place. Southern slavery is no such chi-

merical Eden. Like free society, like every conceivable human institution, it has its good and its evils. The part of wisdom is to endeavour to mitigate the ills which accompany every earthly condition, and to give its preference to that state of society in which most good is mingled with least evil. In this view of the case, should we desire to persuade the free countries to adopt our peculiar form? Certainly not. Their circumstances forbid the idea. At the present day, a number of white men cannot hold towards their *equals in blood* and everything else but wealth, the relation which the people of the South hold towards their slaves. Those countries must retain their form of society and try to make the best of it. But we contend that ours is better. We assert that in all countries and at all times, there must be a class of hewers of wood and drawers of water who must always, of necessity, form the substratum of human society. We affirm that it is best for all that this class should be formed of a race upon which God himself has placed a mark of physical and mental inferiority; because its members are satisfied with their position at the bottom of the social scale; because they are willing and contented to acknowledge their inferiority, and feel neither degradation nor heart-burning at occupying the place which they know to be the best suited to their capacities. We believe that it is infinitely better, and that all are vastly happier, when interest combines with benevolence in making the higher classes the careful guardians of the welfare of the lower, than when the labourer's perishing of misery is a matter of indifference to the employer. We believe that it is infinitely better to have a lower class of such la-

* To show that labour is the inexorable law under which mankind exist, a distinguished philosopher, Frénel, points to the fact that whenever four generations succeed each other without practising any kind of manual labour, the children of the fifth generation die young and of consumption; manual labour being indispensable to the healthy development of the lungs. Thus we see the feudal nobility, healthy and flourishing while addicted to the rude and laborious pursuits of chivalry; but feeble, dying off and disappearing by absolute extinction, as soon as the invention of gunpowder rendered military exercise apparently useless.

bourers, than one composed of men who feel their equality in blood, capacity, rights, and whose hearts are continually "stirred to mutiny and rage," by the impossibility of rising to the position of those who have no other superiority over them than the possession of a little wealth. We assert, and we think ourselves fully borne out by the proofs adduced, that if we compare *class with class*, our black slaves are superior not only in physical comfort, but in their moral and mental condition to the great mass of the European day-labourers, (and to the corresponding class in the Northern States which is composed mainly of those same labourers and of free negroes.) If we compare the classes above the lowest, we find among us, without those prodigious inequalities which are seen in England, and elsewhere, a uniform standard of comforts and self-respect, and an average wealth superior to any on the face of the earth. We believe that it is preferable that our natural resources should be developed but slowly by the gradual settlement of conservative slaveholders, to seeing our old and respectable Commonwealth over-

run by hordes of pauper labourers. The present generation might consider it a blessing to have our existing population trebled at once, all the lands opened and settled immediately, all our internal improvements finished in a short time by means of the increased revenue accruing from the influx of inhabitants and the advanced value of property; but the following generation would be burdened with the *curse of over-population* which would probably descend to the latest posterity, bringing in its train all the evils which it has produced elsewhere.

So long as the prosperity and self-respect of the Southern people remain as they now are, unequalled in the world, so long as we see our poor houses and jails comparatively empty, our cities undisturbed by mobs and unpunished violence, our pulpits undefiled by fanaticism and political passions, our legislation untainted by the thousand isms which have found their congenial soil in free society, let us be excused for preferring

—"rather to *cherish the blessings* we have,
Than fly to *evils* that we know not of!"

R. E. C.

SONNET.

To Philip Pendleton Cooke.

BY JOHN S. STEWART.

And thou hast sung of glorious Florence Vane,
Of Rosalie, the joyous and the good,
And trod the Mountains, or with Spencer stood,
In equal friendship, by the lucent Main.
Grand breezes sweep the vine-heights of thy verse,—
An age heroic dwells within its scope.
Thou sawst the star-locked gates of glory ope
With a proud vision. Then thou didst rehearse
The wonders of that world—a splendid scer.
Oh! Antique harp, now stringless! Oh! large soul,
Moving to Poesy's sublime control
Around Truth's central orb! We miss thee here,—
We miss thy hate of wrong, thy love of truth,
The squadron-sweep of Song's immortal youth.

JUNE, 1858.

OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was in a mood somewhat like that which has been described above, with sorrow in his heart but with a song upon his lips, that he entered the little porch at the cottage on the evening of the day which had witnessed the parting between Sybil and Albert.

Sybil had never been told just how much Vernon had lost by the fire,—indeed any allusion to that fearful night had always seemed to agitate her, and the subject was tacitly avoided; but from the little that she gained from Vernon's conversations with Albert, her impression was that nearly the whole edifice had been destroyed, together with the pictures, works of art, books and furniture, and she thought if such were the case, that Vernon must be almost impoverished. But so little experience had she in anything that related to money transactions, that the estimate she had formed was far from correct. It was true that his loss was quite severe, but fortunately all that had been destroyed could be easily supplied from Vernon's ample fortune.

Labouring under the false impression which she had formed, Sybil passed many a restless night before her strength fully returned in thinking of romantic plans, (if he would let her remain after she had broken her engagement with Albert,) whereby she could assist him, or in case that the luxuries to which he had been accustomed had to be relinquished, how best she could help to make up by her untiring devotion the deprivation which he would thus be obliged to endure.

One step had been achieved—Albert had gone, but a new difficulty arose in Sybil's mind as to the manner in which Vernon would receive the intelligence. His song as he entered smote upon her heart, he seemed to be so happy in spite of his misfortunes. She felt as if his very joy was a rebuke to her, and in that gay, careless mood she dreaded to tell him, if he inquired for Albert, that he had departed from his friend forever. She feared, too, one of those old terrible

outbreaks of ungovernable passion which knew no law, and which, even though he had tried to struggle against them so bravely, now and then would burst in fury upon her head.

Sybil was pacing to and fro in the little porch. She could not remain calmly within awaiting Vernon's return; that quick tread which sent the blood coursing through her frame was preferable to sitting and watching the pendulum's lazy motion, or to reading pages which her eyes indeed mechanically followed, but which conveyed to her pre-occupied mind no sense nor meaning. At last she heard the sound of horse-hoofs, then Vernon's voice, then his approaching step, and she advanced to meet him, and offered to lead him into the room.

"If you are walking, Sybil, I will join you," said he—"how long it is since we have had a talk about the stars! Tell me something of them as they twinkle out upon the night,—if your favourite Orion is belted as gorgeously as of yore, and if the lost Pleiad has yet returned to her sisters. Did Sybil ever tell you, Albert, that a blind man taught her the constellations, and how well with his help and the charts she has learned their many names? Give her your other arm, for we must not forget that our little flower is still drooping, and not nearly as strong as we hope that the fresh Spring air will make her."

Ah, bravely said were those few cheerful words, and they had a deeper meaning, too, than Sybil imagined, for they referred to the right that Albert had to be her support and guide.

"Albert is not here," said Sybil timidly.

"Not here!" said Vernon in astonishment, "why, is the knight a truant that he thus leaves his lady's bower? Take comfort, Sybil, he cannot desert you long."

"*He will never return,*" said Sybil, pausing in her walk and speaking with trembling earnestness, "and he bade me say farewell to you. I told you that I had something to say to you, Mr. Vernon; sooner or later, and now the time has arrived, more especially since you

have lost so much and feel the heavy hand of misfortune upon you. It is true that I have brought one sad thing to pass, Albert's absence—that was inevitable; but if you will accept my services, me you still can have. I will serve you and toil for you, no exertion will seem too great, no privation too hard to bear if you will let me stay and be your friend, your sister, even your servant, and should this cottage be your home, I will try to make it pleasant for you, so pleasant that you will miss but a very little the lost luxuries of Vernon Grove."

"And Albert?" questioned Vernon in the only words which he could command himself sufficiently to utter.

"I could not, could not love him," said Sybil passionately, "I tried, until I made myself deceitful; all the long nights I would lie awake, hoping to make the thought of him a thought of love, but in vain. Then your letter came to Mrs. Clayton, and she read words to me from it which sent my heart adrift from Vernon Grove, bidding Albert God speed in his love, and saying that it was your desire that I should be his wife, not only your desire, but almost your command, and then in an evil hour to please you, but *only* to please you, Mr. Vernon, I consented, but since then I have had no peace, none. Something has said to me hourly, 'you are living a lie,' life has been a burden, and as I could not love him, nor could I ever hope to after all this trying, I told him so to-day. If you are too angry with me to endure me in your presence, only say so and I will find another home,—even that, though sad enough, would be better than the struggle that has daily and hourly been mine,—but if you can forgive me, weighing all my trials, my needs, my love for you and all that belongs to you, the heart-agonies which I have endured in the false lie which I have told you of, then let your little Sybil stay."

So saying she twined her arm more securely in his and drew nearer to him, as though she knew how hard it would be to thrust one away who, like a frightened, timid dove, sought protection in his bosom.

ying chief : suf- h he , was d a joy, nter- hand and d so have lone- plot un- my ? Is ould have come th?" ' und robn- nent time leep my g of way ded, like God God ach- me y," alse at I gth t to , to ere r it ter- first be- in

checking the sins of my exacting and imperious nature, and it is enduring because of the very elements which have fostered its growth, and therefore it can never die as common loves die, or seek for another object whereon to rest. Then, loving you thus, how could I bear to think that the time might arrive, aye, let it be a mere probability, when another would come to claim you. I could never be quite happy under the uncertainty; day and night, night and day, I should think that my treasure might be taken away, and the thought would bring only wretchedness with it. There is a way," he continued after pausing for an instant, "only one way in which I could be happier than ever mortal was when happiest in the world, but I love you too much to say it; it would be wrong in me to wish to appropriate so much loveliness and purity to my darkened life. No, Sybil, leave me ere I so far forget myself and my long cherished resolution as even to whisper it in your ear—tempt me not with your dear presence to utter what might offend you irrevocably, and cause me everlasting regret."

Sybil listened—her life had known no joy like this; she knew that she was dear to him, but not so dear as he had said. She laid her hands trustingly in his and gazing up into his face with a look which he felt and welcomed even through his blindness, spoke again in answer, earnest and trembling words.

"Say it," she said solemnly, "whatever way there is to make your happiness, that way will most surely make mine also."

"And you will not be angry or scornful if it offends you, and you will keep hands in mine still, even thus, and not let our parting be abrupt, but stay with me a little longer, Sybil, and talk on in your own sweet way about the calm, eternal stars?"

"Angry and scornful, angry with you!" she said, "ah, you little know how to measure a true heart's love."

These words gave him new life; hope unbound the fetters of his tongue and bestowed upon his wild, long-hidden wish a voice. It could not be wrong to utter it

now, when she, whom it most concerned, urged him on; when, after wealth and love had been laid at her feet she had rejected them to return to him; when it was so plainly his duty to be frank with her own frank nature; under such circumstances any tribunal would absolve him from his vow; the words could not harm her, mere words which she had promised she would not be offended at, and after all, he had himself proposed the worst thing that could befall him, *she could but leave him*, she could not deprive him of the privilege of still loving her memory after she had departed from him forever.

"Then, Sybil," he said, "I will trust that large, generous heart, and rest my cause upon its wide, extended love—I could only be happy were you mine, *were you my wife*. Would you, *could you* be a blind man's wife? Never; let us end this mockery; come."

He turned from her as though to enter the cottage door, but she stood between him and it, and arrested his steps.

"I *have* come," she said, detaining him, "but not to leave this pleasant porch just yet; stop and listen to me, I have come to tell you that I knew it could be found, the love that would satisfy me, that I would turn from the whole world to guide you, that our love is equal, that I will be your wife, Richard. May I call you Richard *now*?"

With a glad cry of joy he caught her to his breast; the wish for sight was still; content was he to be in his darkened world, since her voice, with all its wealth of tenderness, whispered to him that he was beloved, and there beneath the stars he told her that he was resigned even to his life-affliction, his blindness.

"Life, when least expected, burst in blossom,

Music became the measure of his hours,
His paths were paths of flowers."

NOTE.—The author of this work deems it necessary to say that the reader will find a striking coincidence between the following chapter and one in the recent novel of "John Halifax." It was, however, written long before "John Halifax" was published.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray!
Whence camest thou? what angel bore
Thee past so many a fairer shore
Of guarding love and guidance mild,
To drop thee on this barren wild?

Bayard Taylor.

Blest Infancy!

That from thy precious shore of hidden
wealth,
Can'st lavish gifts as boundless, when compared
To the world's hollow pleasures, as a
beam
Is to the mote that flits along its path.

Mary Lee.

So changeable was Isabel's April-like temperament that she was glad to hear of her brother's happiness. She wrote him a long letter making a full confession of her participation in Sybil's engagement to Albert; so touching and contrite was it, she asked for forgiveness so humbly, that it was granted at once, and Vernon accepted an invitation which she urged upon him, to come at once to the city, and to be married under Mr. Clayton's roof.

They went, and it is enough for the development of our story to say, without describing Isabel's kindness, or Mr. Clayton's welcome, the beauty of the bride's trousseau or the glorious sunshine which marked the happy day, that they were married, and that a benediction from God was never asked upon more congenial and loving hearts.

Another event of importance was about to transpire at Mr. Clayton's. Isabel's earnest prayer had at last been granted and God had given her the promise of a little child; something to love; an heir to all the wealth so carefully hoarded, except where selfish gratification was concerned; a sunbeam to light up those lonely rooms, a young voice to draw her homeward and to keep her satisfied there.

To Clayton this promise was one of extraordinary moment, and his pride and joy showed itself in increased tenderness towards Isabel and in extravagant prepa-

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was smiling;
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Robert Clayton hung over his new-born treasure and his lovely wife with a heart filled with pride and gratitude. His worship of the beautiful was never more fully called out than then, for the mother and child were perfect in form and feature. Nor was he disappointed in the sex of the infant, for Isabel had most wished for a little girl to be her companion in the long hours when he was absent, and moreover there was something akin to royalty in the idea of giving away a daughter who could boast of the wealth of princes.

As day by day passed, the child grew in beauty; a serene, patient face was hers, with the calm loveliness which we see upon the pictured face of the infant Samuel.

Isabel's countenance was like the day, radiant, brilliant and smiling; with a light upon it which was not borrowed from without, but which emanated from a heart ever carelessly happy;—the child's resembled moonlight rather, with its deep, solemn shadows, its unfathomable mysteries, a face leaving in the mind a memory which vibrated between a smile and a sigh.

Time unrolled his mystic scroll of hours, and still the infant developed beneath her parents' fond and watchful eyes. First came the realizing sense that she was startled by sounds, next, that her hearing was singularly acute, that she was sensitive to the slightest touch, and that her lungs were strong and powerful. Each new unfolding of that young and wonderful life, each leaf opening in the curious mechanism of that living flower was a source of inexpressible joy and interest to Clayton and Isabel. Sometimes they hung over her as she lay sleeping, weaving plans for her future in whispers for fear that a louder tone might awake her peaceful slumbers, or commenting upon her features, her soft wavy hair, or the dimples that covered

"Those crossed hands upon her breast,"

those tiny hands, crossed unconsciously as though in prayer.

And yet with still more tenderness when she awoke did they guard their lit

the treasure from evils real and imaginary, from a ray of light let unguardedly into the room, from a draught of air, or a sudden and unexpected noise.

Vernon's old friend and physician, Dr. Bailey, was in close attendance upon Isabel and her child, and her manner to him was softened when compared with the haughty, careless air with which she had met him at the door of her brother's room and heard the intelligence of his doom of perpetual blindness. She had learned to be accustomed to his brusque yet honest manner; each day, too, he appeared to her more gentle and considerate, and moreover intensely interested in the new-born babe, while his step, which was once like the foot-fall of a giant, was now echoless, and his voice tenderer to her, it seemed, in his daily inquiries concerning the infant and herself. But Isabel might have been mistaken in the new opinion which she was forming concerning her rough but skilful physician, for all the world was bright to her now, and every one in it a miracle of perfection, so surely does happiness colour the atmosphere of those who look at life through its medium.

It is true, however, that Dr. Bailey showed a peculiar interest in the infant under his charge, more perhaps than was needed in the case of one who, in sick-room phrase, was "doing well." It was true, too, that one day after hanging over it in silence for some time, and when he had taken his departure and had descended one flight of stairs, he turned as though to retrace his steps, pausing irresolutely, while a strange expression of indecision passed over his face. Then it could not have been doubted, had any one heard them, that the words which he uttered related to the group which he had just left. Full of mystery they were, and yet they were said by one who despised mystery, and prided himself upon ever speaking the naked truth:

"Not yet, they cannot bear it yet, and perhaps after all I may be in the wrong."

But the next day decided Dr. Bailey not to withhold the communication, what-

ever it might be, from Robert Clayton and his wife.

"Nurse, bring the child hither," said he abruptly, as he stood by a window and unclosed the darkened blinds.

The child was brought just from its morning toilette, fresh as a rain-brightened flower, and as pure, its long embroidered dress sweeping the floor, and soft laces hanging about its tiny form.

Isabel uttered an exclamation of remonstrance:

"Oh, do not take it there," she said, "that bright glare of light has weakened even my strong eyes, and how can her feeble sight bear its glare!"

"It is necessary, madam," was all the reply the physician vouchsafed.

Then he took the infant in his arms and having sent the nurse away upon some trivial message to his servant, turned from Isabel so that the curtains might intervene between them as she lay anxiously watching him, and gave his whole attention to the child. First he exposed her tender eyes to the bright glare of the morning sun, and peered anxiously down into her face; then he forced the lids far away from the ball of the eye, until the whole sensitive surface lay exposed, the child screaming in the mean time with pain from his rough and cruel treatment.

But it was necessary.

Then a deep shade of anxiety crossed his face. Involuntarily the hard, unfeeling man, as Isabel thought him, drew the infant to his breast, uttered some pitying exclamation in a voice as gentle as a woman's, and then returned her to her nurse's arms.

In the evening following that day, Dr. Bailey paid an unexpected and unusual call upon his patient. Hitherto his visits had been before candle-light, but on this occasion it was fully dark.

He was one of those physicians, not uncommon in the class of doctors of medicine, who thought first in their profession, sought after and patronized, have none of the drawing-room manners of the more polished members of the fraternity who study sick-room words and phrases, and gild their pills, if possible,

lulled the infant to sleep with a cradle-like motion and some ambitious attempts at a lullaby, which seemed to be a great source of amusement to the rest of the circle; while in the distance was the nurse, fast asleep, it is true, but as much alive to the interest of the child as if she were awake and holding her in her arms.

It was not cold, and merely a few embers glowed upon the hearth, as the nurse said, "to take the dampness from the air."

It would be difficult to conceive of a happier group; there seemed to be no shade in the picture, if we may except Vernon's blindness; and if life is judged by contrast, it might be said that he was happier far than all!

As we have said, the grouping was one to charm a looker-on; the sweet domestic quiet, together with the surroundings, the bouquet of rare flowers gracing the stand, the silken draperies, the luxurious lounges, the fair mother, the helpless infant, which told at once why they were thus gathered there: and Dr. Bailey *should have smiled* when he entered, but he frowned rather, at that light-hearted assemblage. Let us do him the justice to say that he brought the frown with him; it emanated from his own inward self; like the reed which bends when it is held over an unseen stream of water, so the frown showed the state of the physician's heart; any one might have told that it was an index, and that all was not peaceful within.

"A family party?" asked he, looking around.

"Strictly," said Clayton smiling,— "where no one but yourself would find a welcome."

"So much the better," growled Dr. Bailey; "nurse, light the gas."

"We have not lit it *yet*," said Isabel timidly, "they tell me that the eyes of infants are very weak."

Dr. Bailey scarcely regarded Isabel's remark, and nodded to the nurse, who was one of those functionaries that think physicians are commissioned angels, and can never do wrong; so she obeyed his order forthwith.

Isabel glanced at the infant, who luckily was sleeping, peacefully still, and then shaded her own eyes from the sudden blaze of light, thinking that though the doctor was very cruel, he was doing something which was common and necessary, while Clayton and Sybil drew back blinded by the sudden accession of light.

"I only needed *this* test before I spoke out," said Dr. Bailey; "here, give me the child."

Clayton, knowing that he was experienced and skilful, gave up the child, though quite at a loss to imagine what he meant to do. The light was certainly too strong to be let suddenly into that long, darkened room, but who would dare to doubt Dr. Bailey's knowledge in almost every branch of his profession! The only individual who seemed to take in a full meaning of what was passing, was, strange to say, Vernon, to whom Sybil was relating what transpired in the scene before her in whispers.

"*Another!*" was all that he said, and Sybil understood too well a few minutes later the significance of the word.

The little head of the sleeping child lay helplessly against the physician's rough coat, encircled by his arm. Suddenly he dashed some cold water that stood near into her face, and she awoke immediately under the bright stream of light.

She did not cry, she did not moan; calmly she looked upward, never flinching, never winking as she lay. Dr. Bailey raised her nearer and nearer to the flame, turned the screw and let out each burner to its full capacity, passed his hand rapidly to and fro over the child's eyes, then turning towards the wondering group who were slowly understanding the meaning of that fearful pantomime, he laid her once more in her father's arms, and looking into his face said, with a rough voice, though a tear trembled in his eye:

"*Mr. Clayton, your child is blind!*"

The physician departed and came again and again, but never more did he open the door upon a group so smilingly happy as that which greeted him ere they had learned the truth which he had come to

tell, and which turned the note of gladness into a sorrowful wail of disappointment and despair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I planted in my heart one seed of love.
Watered with tears and watched with
sleepless care,

It grew, and when I looked that it should
prove

A gracious tree, and blessed harvests bear.
Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my
pain,

Tears, cares, and labour all had been in
vain,

And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart.
Lest, with the deep struck root my life
depart.

From the Italian—MRS. F. K. BUTLER.

Many years have passed since Sybil first looked upon the calm picture of Evening. She has it near her still, and though she is surrounded by works of more artistic merit, and paintings done by those who bear the names of the great, still does this undying memory of her youth combine to shed the steady light of peace around it, a peace, ah, how unlike the life of the self-exiled artist by whom it was executed!

Albert Linwood never expected to find peace, nor did he attempt to look for it: his lot was that of a man who, having one great, all absorbing passion, and being disappointed in its fulfilment and fruition, accepts his destiny as an inheritor of sorrow, and uncomplainingly loves on.

Once Art with him was the chief object of his existence, but now it was only secondary, he used it as a means, not an end, and so far as it helped him somewhat to forget the gloomier points of his fate, so far as it kept him from utter despair, he was grateful to it—no farther.

He had won fame and wealth, and still he wrought mechanically upon the canvass, apparently as though life depended upon his efforts. Men pointed him out to young aspiring artists as an example of perseverance worthy of imitation. Women wondered at his cold reserve.

Arno, he could not separate that delightful emotion from the idea that she likewise, standing by his side, though invisible, shared with him the transient happiness of a joyful feeling.

Men sometimes wondered at the rapt and absent demeanor of the successful artist; he sought no companionships, but seemed to be all sufficient for himself or to carry about with him a presence from which he cared not to be separated, more especially since he was seen one day, when in the Tribune at Florence, while gazing at a beautiful picture, to turn to an imagining being at his side saying, softly—"her smile is yours, dear Sybil."

Linwood loved with the soul of an artist, loved as those do upon whom God has written the word, "gifted." As some men prize their gold, their reputation, their honour, Linwood idolized Sybil. She was a part of his life, and failing to obtain such a blessing as her constant presence, he held her sacred in his memory.

But the time came when this ideal existence, this life of thought must wear out the body upon which it acted. His frame, never a very robust one, and predisposed by his unequal, sedentary habits to weakness, gradually gave way. Slowly came the decline, not even laying him prostrate in the prime of youth, but waiting till middle-age ere the final blow was given. His step was not so elastic, nor his hair so richly waving as of yore, when death came softly and took him from his life of dreams, whose romance he carried with him even to the grave.

He had long since finished the mysterious picture, the *Memory* upon which he had so lovingly wrought, and when he found that his fast departing strength made him a prisoner even upon his couch, he had it hung where he might see it ever, and but part with its pitying gaze in death. Linwood knew that he must die, but the change which he saw clearly must come, had no terrors for him. He had lived, he hoped, a good life, perhaps a selfish one as regarded that all absorbing thought of Sybil, but God would forgive him, he said, for that. He had

used much of his wealth to benefit others, particularly poor and struggling artists who were industriously toiling upward, and to Heaven he had committed his soul, thus fulfilling the two chief commandments towards God and his neighbour. Next to God came his devotion to Sybil, to her memory had he dedicated himself, and to do no act upon which her pure eyes could have looked forbiddingly, had been the guiding star of his life.

He was dying, at length; he felt it, he knew it by many signs which he had accustomed himself to look upon calmly, and he sent for persons to whom to intrust his last wishes. His bequest was a simple one, and soon reached her for whom alone it was intended. It merely said, "As I have lived, so do I die, Sybil's. All that is mine is hers. God keep her. Farewell."

As long as his eyes recognized any thing, indeed until they finally closed in death, he requested that the picture which always hung in his sight, should retain its place, and then, when all was over, that it might be forwarded to Vernon Grove with his bequest. This, his last wish, was religiously attended to, and even in the final struggle his eyes were turned lovingly upon it, and his lips still whispered that cherished name.

One evening, some weeks after this event, the inmates of Vernon Grove hung with sorrowing hearts over a package which had just been forwarded to them from Italy, and Vernon knew, ere it was unsealed, that it brought intelligence of his artist friend. No letter had passed between them but one from Vernon, and Linwood's reply. The first was an earnest appeal from Vernon to induce the artist to return and be to himself and Sybil even as a brother. The answer was sorrowful but firm, wishing them every happiness, desiring them to forget his existence, and to leave him to himself in his self-banishment.

Sybil's tears could not be repressed as she read the new testimony of his constancy and thought of the noble and generous heart that lay in its last sleep in a foreign land, and still more was she affected by that picture of herself, which

was a master-piece of painting, and as a likeness truly a *faithful memory*. Nor was Vernon less touched by this instance of the purity and constancy of his friend's attachment to Sybil, and he let her weep on unrestrained, deeming her tears a fitting tribute to one who had so loved and suffered.

Eventually the picture was placed in a curtained niche as something sacred, a Memory too holy to be exhibited to careless eyes, and even the little children drew the covering reverently aside, and whispered softly to each other that the hand that had painted it was still in death, and that it was so prized and cared for, because the artist who had executed it had lived and died in sorrow alone.

CHAPTER XXX.

When first, beloved, in vanished hours
The blind man sought thy love to gain.
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshened by the summer rain.
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
Were such as make the winged dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
The image of repose and love.
And still beloved, till life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
And only know that we are old
By counting happy years gone by:
For thou to me art still as fair
As when those happy years began,—
When first thou cam'st to soothe and share
The sorrows of a sightless man.

Mrs. Norton.

The course of our narrative brings us once more to a winter's evening at Vernon Grove. At the time of which we are writing, the building in which Sybil passed her youth was no longer visible, for after the destructive fire that had occurred there, it had been rebuilt with numerous modern improvements, making it the very model of a household whose chief characteristic was its air of luxurious comfort and elegance.

The inmates were sitting before a glowing wood fire, for Vernon loved, since he could not behold the blaze, to hear the hissing of the sap, the crackling

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rain descends in torrents; the inmates of
a certain pleasant room in a certain
pleasant home, feel neither the rain nor
the cold, for God has given them a good
shelter for their heads. Upon the hearth
glows a brilliant fire, illumining without
lamp-light, the remotest corner of the
apartment. Not that the room is very
large, but it is just the size for comfort.
A rich carpet, upon which crimson flow-
ers predominate, covers the floor, and
crimson curtains shade the windows, shut-
ting out the dreariness of the night, yet
not quite shutting in the comfort, for the
passer-by, should there be any, would
say, how pleasant it must be within.
There are sofas, and couches and lounges
enough, and straight-backed chairs for
people who are opposed to modern inno-
vations, are scattered about: there is a
small book-case on one side of the room
where Italian sages stand side by side
with a questionable looking Mother
Goose, and where, lying irreverently
upon the back of the immortal Homer's
works, reclines a certain unsatisfied
Jack Horner bound in indestructible
cloth! Then in one corner of the room
upon which are written the invisible let-
ters, '*Sacred to the Children*' are
Noah's Ark and a box of ninepins
while in niches opposite are busts of
Shakspeare and Dante, too much regard-
ed as household gods to be sent into
banishment in the best parlour. Beside
these, there is a round table upon which
stand a basket of delicate needle-work, a
book with a mark between the leaves
and a child's porcelain slate. Near the
fire sits a man, a noble man, forsooth
with a high, white brow, upon which in-
tellect is written; his dark hair is mixed
with silver, a token that he has met and
walked with trouble, yet there is such a
look of content upon his face, his form is
so unbent, his whole aspect so strikingly
superior to that of other men—"

"Sybil, shut your imaginary book a
once."

"By no means; let me tell my story
without interruption,—so strikingly su-
perior to that of other men, that on
wonders *where* and *when* he met with and
walked with trouble."

"You forget his blindness,"

"No, we, the book-makers, do *not* forget his blindness, but if it makes no difference to *him*, it makes none whatever to *us*; we, rather are drawn to him *the more*, for this very fact."

Her voice was toned to unutterable tenderness as she said these last words, and Vernon half arose as though to clasp his arms around her, but she playfully told him to be seated, and not interrupt the narrative as it was not nearly completed.

"Just opposite to the last mentioned individual," she continued, "is a woman who loves him, and who loved him even before she knew it herself for years and years; she was fair once they say, and may be so now, but the knowledge of it only affects her as far as it enables her to see with what a gratified look, he, of the easy chair yonder, hears that she is pleasant to look upon—for she only lives for him and his."

Again Vernon's arms were unclasped, while he uttered a beseeching "come, Sybil," but again she requested him with a dignity worthy of another Fadladeen to be quiet and hear the conclusion.

"To proceed;—on the floor, in a very undignified posture, I am sorry to say, with his head turned towards the fire, and holding up a book of pictures to the light, lies the household pet, a boy resembling *him* of the superb presence before mentioned, as a secondary rainbow resembles the first. His marked thirst for knowledge bespeaks an intelligence beyond his years, and gives promise of a distinguished career. As he numbers to-day his third year, he is privileged to retain his recumbent posture, until broken from his dream of distinction by the entrance of his nurse, who will presently appear to put him ingloriously to bed."

A bright smile which was beautiful to behold fitted over the face of the blind man. He was proud, and justly so, of his boy, whom Sybil had so playfully described.

"Just before the fire," continued Sybil, "sits Ruth, the daughter of the house, gazing in deep thought into the glowing embers as though she were reading a more

interesting story there than that told by her lady mother. Her eyes are blue, the image of the maternal eyes, save that their azure is a thought deeper, but she has her father's dark, wavy hair; at this moment Ruth is in a reverie so profound, that not even the mention of her name can rouse her from her dreamy state."

"Of what are you thinking Ruth?" said Vernon, this time interrupting Sybil unrebuked.

The child, thus aroused, answered, but before we hear the sound of her voice, we, the writer and reader, must pause awhile over her briefly told history.

Ruth Vernon was a thoughtful creature, and being six years older than her little brother, she was the self-constituted guardian of the child. Having no companions but her father and mother, she had learned the trick of dignity, and in their quiet country home was already advanced to offices of trust in the household. Her sober demeanor had early rendered her an acceptable guide to her father, and she would sit for hours listening to the conversation of her parents, with an absorbing interest which seemed strange to those who did not know her peculiar bent of character, and the circumstances in which she had been placed.

There was one being in the world to whose happiness she was almost necessary, and this was the blind child of Robert and Isabel Clayton, and although her parents missed her sadly in her absence, they often sacrificed their own feelings to the comfort of her poor afflicted cousin, and allowed Ruth to make stated visits to the city. From one of these visits she had just returned when Sybil was so playfully describing the inmates of Vernon Grove.

There was a close sympathy between the cousins, arising partly from the fact that Ruth understood, from long attendance upon her father, the peculiar habits of the blind, and knew better how to interest and amuse her than any other of her young companions; and Eva soon learned to recognize her step and rushed to meet her when she heard her voice. Another reason, perhaps, for this growing attachment was, that to her it

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and finding fault even with Providence for this unthought-of affliction. He ordered all the bright and costly preparations which had been made for the child to be taken away; he seldom invited a guest to cross his threshold, and the house was as silent as though in readiness for some funeral rite, while the disappointed man shut himself up in the solitude of his own apartment as though mourning the dead. But such an utter abandonment to selfish grief could not continue forever,—he merged into the business man, the man of the world once more; walked out with a proud air among his associates, and tried with renewed efforts to live down his terrible affliction. Deeper and deeper he plunged into business, forgetting in the day his peculiar trials, but the night came when he turned to that gloomy home and to the conviction that he *must* remember.

And the child won even *him* at last. God seemed to have sent her as a messenger to soften his heart, to turn him from self-worship, and to teach him to live for others.

As long as the nursery regime was in existence, Clayton could easily shun the presence of his child, and he avoided her as a sight which gave him inexpressible pain, so different was she from other children, so helpless and yet so uncomplaining, but when that time had passed, and when those sweet lips had learned that precious word "father," and the little arms wound themselves caressingly around her mother's neck, while she asked coaxingly to be taken into the absent one's presence, Isabel ventured to bring the unconscious offender into that father's sight.

Clayton was a hard man, wasting none of his sympathies upon objects of compassion, and at first he turned away from that angel-like face, and busying himself with books and papers pretended not to see her pretty ways; but children are obtrusive and persevering, and this child soon learned to know when another was in the room beside that gentle mother, and climbing around his knees or leaning her sweet face against him as she sat at

his feet, she at last won him from his books to watch her.

One day,—it was a marked day in that household,—Isabel went from the room where they were, and left Clayton and his child together. Eva, then three years old, and somewhat accustomed to localities, after grouping about in vain for her mother, suddenly turned to Clayton as he sat regarding her simply to see what she would do next, and extending her arms cried out, as if beseeching protection in that one, all-prevailing burden of prayer, "*father!*" It was a sound strangely matured for those infant lips, but it had become familiar by being the daily and hourly lesson of her mother. From that instant the man's whole nature turned to love and pity, and raising the little one in his arms, he soothed her with gentle words and caresses until she fell back asleep upon his shoulder.

After that period the father and child were as one. Clayton became a child once more for her sake, and constituted himself her guardian, her companion, her friend. To Isabel, towards whom in the violence of his grief and disappointment he had been cold and unloving, he returned once more to what he had ever been before that episode in their hitherto calm life, and a smile came once more to her lips and colour to her faded cheek. No longer endeavouring to find in the excitements of business a compensation for his want of interest in his home, he longed for the day to end which would bring him into the presence of those two who awaited him, and with some fresh contrivance to amuse the helpless one, some new budget of simple books, would he meet their words of loving welcome.

And thus Clayton felt himself a changed man; he had another object besides the accumulation of wealth and show, nor was that wealth and show appreciated by those who loved him and whom he loved so tenderly. The one had overcome her passion for display, the other had never seen the brilliant appendages which surrounded her, and it mattered little in her estimation whether glittering jewels clasped her arms and decked

her bosom, or if they were unadorned in their own graceful simplicity. Gently was he led on from one act of forbearance to another, and earnestly did he try to hide his faults of character from his child, for she had an ideal in her mind of what he was, and it became his aim to live up to it, and in so trying, it is not to be wondered at that he was successful.

We each have a mission assigned to us in our pilgrimage if we would but view the purposes of life aright, and it was hers to improve his character, simply by the example which unconsciously she set.

Dr. Bailey himself was no oculist, but not long after Eva's birth he brought with him a friend who was one, to pronounce upon the case, and from a few words which he had said, scarcely intended, however, to give her parents hope for any change in the child's condition, Clayton never entirely relinquished the idea that sight might eventually be hers.

"In the course of years, when she can nerve herself to bear the trial," said the oculist, "an operation could be performed which might result in giving her sight, but it must necessarily be a very painful one, and she will require a strong will and an unflinching courage in order to be able to endure it, and even then the practitioner may not be successful. Were the child mine, I would almost rather let her remain as she is, than raise hopes which in the end may be crushed with disappointment."

From Clayton's mind, we have said, these words never entirely faded, and Isabel, too timid to dwell upon them for fear of a disappointment in the end, left the whole matter to his responsibility, and as the child grew in years and so early developed great decision of character, Clayton gradually revealed to her the hopes and fears of the oculist. His plan was to let her become accustomed to the idea, to set some fixed time for the trial, and then to leave the result to a higher power. At first Eva shrank from the thought as one too terrible to be endured; the bodily pain which she knew that she

ened her; then had hoped, the liar to her, and upon a brilliant the darker side been so careful to think seri- and to let him could submit to

nany an earnest object, and Eva promise from present, if the cheer and com-

her ninth and when the latter ther, whom she ng devotion, and et forever, she the long-talked- time had really ing to see how racters were im- he thought of a ain and uncer- a change which emselves. Thus tion of the event and timid, now r to any call for ale, indeed, but er calculated to rith confidence; ; what he had r from the scene, d of suffering. most concerned, tion, as far as ould be judged, her sweet, low , "*father, I am* o weak tremour y were simple secret of their t that they had s and hours of

fter than usual, with its glossy it steady, but it did, for, having infancy, he had

learned to love her, and was intensely in- terested in the result of the experiment which he had himself advocated. Near Eva, and a very important personage in the group, stood Ruth, true to her prom- ise, holding her cousin's hand, and bid- ding her take courage, and that all would end well.

"Patience," said the operator softly, "a pang, and half the suffering will be over."

The little hand which held Ruth's was clasped more tightly, and a groan smote upon the listener's ears. The room reel- ed with the heroic child, a faintness came over her, but she was soon herself again.

"Would you not rather wait a day or two for the other eye to be operated upon?" said the kind physician; "a week hence or a month will answer."

"No," answered Eva, with quiet self- possession, "let it be done to-day, now; I do not think that I could bear the sus- pense, and it would *please my father* to know that it was all over."

Love sustained her; another sigh, a groan, and it was finished.

Then came the bandages, the darkened room, the stillness, the repose, for one whose nerves all unstrung by the reac- tion needed rest, but often those little cousinly hands were clasped together in a pressure which spoke more love than many words.

The physicians only allowed Clayton to enter Eva's room at intervals, for his presence always excited her, and turned the conversation to that one absorbing topic, the hope, that in the end, she would have her sight; but though almost ban- ished from her companionship, he thought but of her, and his business life was en- tirely forgotten in the intense interest with which he awaited the final result. Isabel could scarcely be reconciled to the suffering which Eva had endured, to end, perhaps, in disappointment—she loved her child in her blindness as much as mother *could* love, and did not see the necessity of perchance a fruitless experi- ment, but still under her restless man- ner one could see that she, too, looked forward to the finale with trembling an- xiety. But even had the termination of

upon some trivial errand from the room.

"You have sent Ruth away, Sybil," said Vernon, rising and approaching her, "will you tell me why, dearest? I was quite interested in her remarks, and would have liked to question her farther."

Sybil was mortal; it is of *hearts* that we are telling, and here was not above a momentary weakness.

"I feared," she said softly, laying her hand caressingly upon Vernon's arm, "that if she had said anything further, your pity might have led you to regret."

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yret," he said tenderly.

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sed her hands and laid

them about his neck until they almost clasped each other, then winding his arms around her, he bent down and kissed her brow.

We would like to leave them there twining still, like the ivy to which he had likened them, but in truth we cannot, for there is a little heart in the room throbbing passionately with a feeling of jealousy, without knowing for whom, or why, or wherefore. The pet of the household, with his elbows on the carpet and his chin on his hands, is seriously regarding his parents; then approaching them he attempts to clasp them both in his arms,—failing in which, he piteously demands that he, too, might be spared a caress.

His demand being satisfied, our story is ended.

HOW ANNIE WON MY LOVE.

She won it,—*not* by her radiant smile,
Nor her bright and waving hair;—
She won it,—*not* by her beautiful eyes,
Nor her hand so soft and fair.

'Twas not by her lip where the coral gleams,
Nor her neck as pure as snow;
Nor her rounded form with its graceful air,
Nor her cheeks where rose-buds blow.

Though her youthful charms are a joy to me,
'Twas by spells more true and strong
Than to ivory neck and coral lip
And to wavy hair belong.

It was by the look which shone from her eyes—
A beam from her earnest soul,
'Twas her pleasant words and her spirit meek,
And her daily self-control.

The perishing beauty of earth will fade,
Nor bloom in a world above,
But her spirit meek and her self-control
E'en there will be crowned with Love.

C. H. G.

A MONUMENT AT JAMESTOWN TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

MR. EDITOR:—It is gratifying to observe among us an increasing taste for the fine arts, especially as manifested in monuments to departed worth. In every portion of the Old Thirteen, the memorable events and distinguished men of our revolution are not only celebrated in written or spoken eloquence, but presented to the eye in canvass or marble. Bunker Hill has been immortalized, not only by the historian, the poet and the orator, but by the skill and industry of the architect, acting under the direction of enlightened liberality.

Would that Yorktown, the scene of the last eventful act in the great drama, were marked, in like manner, by a lofty memorial of patriotic gratitude. But grass grows, not only in the American lines, which encircled the place, but in the streets of what was once the Virginia mart, and the sails of commerce have long since ceased to animate its wharves, and to whiten its beautiful waters.

In like manner, the sceptre departed from Jamestown, and thence passed first to Williamsburg, and then to Richmond, our present living, growing metropolis.

It is in the last accordingly, that our revolutionary statesmen, whose career began at Williamsburg, and our heroes are now handed down to posterity in brass and marble. We rejoice that it is so, and that the fame of these men of the olden time is thus identified with the proudest ornaments of our modern capital. Washington and his group of compatriots are enough to make any city proud, and, we trust, will concentrate on that in which they stand, the affections of our united commonwealth. The iron cords of trade, as well as the silken ties of love, are indissolubly binding together the citizens of Virginia, whom demagogues have tried sometimes to alienate by exaggerating differences of sentiment and interest.

But we wish to carry public attention much farther back, in time and place, to the old deserted Jamestown, and to the hero, whose sagacity and courage won

the shield and sword of its early inhabitants.

It has been remarked, that the name of John Smith, which is now scarcely a proper name, once belonged to an Englishman, who, in every quarter of the globe, exhibited the adventurous daring of a fearless soldier, and the resources of an officer, thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and fertile in expedients for every emergency. His was emphatically an age of great men, for it was the age of Shakspeare and Bacon, of Henry the Fourth and of William the Silent, of Raleigh the accomplished, but unfortunate first patentee of Virginia, among others too numerous to mention.

Smith, although perhaps not unlike the last in natural character, had no pretension to his learning and accomplishments, and would perhaps never have succeeded, as he did, in the capacity of a courtier. He, Smith, was never meant to be the minion of James, the modest Solomon, to whose patronage he was once recommended. There was no stuff in him to make either a Somerset or a Buckingham.

But, as a man of genius for action, who, on all occasions, saw by intuition, the best thing to be done and the best mode of doing it, and who had always the hand and the heart to execute his plans, however difficult or dangerous, he must have stood high in any age.

He was a real knight errant, who, loving danger for its own sake, sought adventures in every quarter of the globe. Shortly after the immortal Cervantes aided in the brilliant victory over the Turks at Lepanto, Smith fought with unsurpassed valour against the same enemy, then so formidable, at Olumpah, at Regall, and at Rottenton, where he was at last wounded and taken prisoner.

No knight in the pages of Froissart, not Richard Cœur de Lion in those of Scott, can surpass in romantic interest, one, who successively bore off three of the proudest heads in the Turkish chivalry, then inferior to none upon the

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have been
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ance and of
against Alva
gents of that
emon, Philip

a far better
of the cru-

sades, he aided in driving back that Tur-
kish inundation, which threatened the
Eastern bulwark of Christendom, and
we have seen with what extraordinary
valour, and at what risk he performed
his task.

It was after all the experience and re-
nown acquired by these adventures, that
he, a veteran at the age of 28, came to Vir-
ginia. All acquainted with our early
history are, of course, familiar with
those "moving accidents by flood and
field," which marked his career in the
New, as they had already marked it in
the Old World. All know how a colony
of broken-down gentlemen was, in their
own despite, often preserved from famine
and massacre by the courage, enterpri-
se and resources of the man whose superi-
ority they envied and hated—what won-
derful ascendancy he acquired not only
over the colonists, but over the savages,
who were rendered comparatively peace-
ful and harmless by his dextrous combi-
nation of judicious severity with true
kindness.

All the accounts of that period, how-
ever they may differ about other matters,
perfectly agree in attesting the excellence
of his conduct. None deny that on
several occasions, he kept at bay hun-
dreds of savages by his cool valour and
dexterity, and that the colony was saved
from anarchy, from starvation, from de-
struction in other modes, by his head and
heart alone.

The features of his character, de-
veloped in these valuable services, have
always received their due meed of praise.

But there was one proof of his practi-
cal wisdom, on which his eulogists have
not dwelt with sufficient emphasis, while,
of course, it has never been omitted.

He did not share in the anxiety of the
other colonists and of the company to
find gold and silver, and always opposed
the folly which wasted, in searching for
them, the precious time which should
have been spent in tilling the soil, pro-
viding food and other necessities, while
developing the true resources of the
country. In this, which could scarcely
have been expected from his adventurous
temper and excitable imagination, he

rose superior to Martin Frobisher, to Gilbert, to Raleigh, to Queen Elizabeth, and indeed to all his contemporaries, who were infatuated with the idea of finding in Virginia another Mexico or Peru. Smith, undazzled by Spanish success in gold-finding, wished to make the colony prosperous and profitable to the adventurers by agriculture and commerce, and preferred loading the ships with cedar rather than "fools' gold." Men of his stamp and in his situation rarely possess such coolness of judgment and wisdom of patience. His character was,

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man,"

and his ability to resist the contagion of the gold mania, under such circumstances, was one of its crowning glories.

Instead of breaking stones and washing sand to find the yellow dust, with a few men, in an open boat, he explored, in midsummer, the Chesapeake and most of its rivers, and drew a chart so accurate that it is valuable to the present day.

He was the Columbus of Virginia colonization, and encountered the same ingratitude and disappointment which saddened the declining years of the Genoese hero. But posterity has done justice to both, and statues have been raised in honour of the greatest of all discoverers.

Virginia surely owes a column or statue to a man who protected her infancy with such singleness of heart and consummate ability, and who continued to his latest breath to write and exert himself for the colony.

Eastern Virginia especially should unite, to a man, in such a memorial to the most conspicuous figure of her early story.

He was the model of a true Virginia gentleman. The soul of chivalry, he was more completely *sans peur et sans reproche*, than Bayard, for he saw no "battle of the spurs." He united the hardy virtues of a pioneer with dignified and winning manners. He had no such fear of labouring with his own hands as has been sometimes attributed to Vir-

ginians by their enemies. On the contrary, he recommended honest labour by precept and example, and ridiculed the folly of sending dissolute idlers, when an hour's labour was worth "the blood of all the Howards."

Winning and valuing the affections of woman, he had far too high a sense of honour ever to boast of the achievement.

He had not the slightest spice of hypocrisy, or mawkish sensibility. He did not extend his humanity towards the Indians in barren wishes for their conversion, or in weakly trusting them with arms which they were sure to misuse. Sincerely reverencing Christianity, and desirous that the savages should partake its blessings, he yet saw the absolute necessity of restraining, and sometimes punishing them in a manner revolting to sickly philanthropists.

These are traits which he everywhere displayed, and which claim our special admiration and gratitude, while to him New England also owes her name, and the first map of her shores.

Jamestown is the spot which should be marked by such a memorial as may be selected to signalize our appreciation of his pre-eminent merit.

Can I induce you, the Editor of our only Literary journal, and such other editors as may see this, to take up this idea, and suggest some plan by which it can be carried out. I pretend to no taste in architecture or any of the fine arts. But I feel what is due to singular merit—to the highest qualities of head and heart earnestly and strenuously exerted in nursing the infancy of our venerated commonwealth. I desire that it may be done on such a plan as will enable every Virginian who wishes to contribute his mite, to throw at least one stone on the cairn of the hero.

Smith said, with the bitterness natural to a man unjustly neglected, "in neither of those countries (New England and Virginia) have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor any content or satisfaction at all."

May he soon have a monument which will attract the gaze of every one who

avignates the majestic Powhatan, and “her very heart of hearts,” not only the
 ompel him to acknowledge that this father of the whole country, but the
 ‘mother of States’ still cherishes in father of Virginia. Δ.

TO MY NIECE—BORN APRIL 20TH.

Oh fairest flower! what thoughts of fond regret
 Come in my soul, as rapt I gaze on thee!
 What saddened joy! what striving to forget!
 What chastened hope! mix in my reverie;
 Thoughts of that cherished babe thy smile recalls—
 Thine infant brother whom we loved *too well*,
 And from mine eye the unbidden tear-drop falls
 Fearing lest thou like him—not long on earth may'st dwell.

Too fair thou seemest—and all too pure for earth,
 And yet a woman's suffering lot is thine—
 Doomed from the fated hour that marks her birth
 To weep yet smile—rejoice yet half repine.
 Clinging forever fondly to *the loved*
 And half forgetting they are things of clay—
 Amid time's changes, constant and unmoved
 'Till at her feet her idols crumbling fall away.

Doomed, even from the cradle to the grave
 Unpaid to waste affection's living spring,
 To shrink beneath the frown she must not brave—
 To yearn for joys the world can never bring.
 To mourn o'er vanished hours—to weep hot tears
 While her young brow is seeming smooth and fair—
 To find the cherished hopes of early years
 Blighted at last, leaving behind but furrowing care.

This is sad woman's lot! Must it be thine?
 Fain would I hope thou mayst exempted be—
 That fadeless hope along thy path may shine
 And every future year bring joy to thee—
 Might I have power some potent spell to weave,
 Would some kind fairy watch thine infant sports,
 Thy loveliness might tempt her to deceive
 And spirit thee away to grace her sylvan courts—

These are fond thoughts but vain! no spell can charm—
 No fabled fairy ward the ills of life—
 God's power alone can shelter thee from harm
 Nought but His grace calm thy wild passion's strife.
 To that Almighty power I would commend,
 To that blest grace would trust thy future fate—
 His mercy on thy pilgrimage attend,
 And even this world though dark, shall not be desolate.

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

No. II.

[A somewhat singular anomaly in the *practical* Government of Virginia when a Colony, was the union of the two offices of Treasurer and Speaker of the House of Burgesses in one and the same person.* The last holder of these places was Mr. John Robinson, of King & Queen, a gentleman whose influence, wealth and varied accomplishments had, according to Mr. Wirt, placed him at "the head of the Virginia aristocracy." Mr. R., while Treasurer, had loaned large sums of the public money, principally to certain indebted members of "his order." A "Loan-Office" had been projected, which, had it passed the Legislature, might have enabled them to transfer these claims, thus to relieve both his own embarrassment and that of his friends—thereby concealing, what, to say the least of it, was, in modern phrase, "a grave error." This measure was defeated principally by the eloquence of P. Henry; and on the demise of Mr. R. in 1766, there appeared a deficit in his accounts of more than one hundred thousand pounds. And yet there is reason to believe that Mr. Robinson was an honourable man. Mr. Wirt has left an unpleasant impression on the minds of some of his readers, by omitting to state, what our historian, Mr. Campbell, has since gathered from the public records, that this sum was ultimately repaid to the State, partly from the securities given by the borrowers, and the balance from Mr. Robinson's ample estates.* Nevertheless, the inquiry into our political rights and the securities therefor, which had been induced by the Stamp Act, had naturally included this subject in its scope, and the leaders of the movement came to the conclusion that the two offices should for the future be separated. Mr. Wirt also omits to mention the name of R. H. Lee in connection with this affair. The following papers will show that he it was who introduced the motion for that purpose, and had a principal agency in carrying it through the house.]

RICHARD BLAND TO R. H. LEE.

May 22nd, 1766.

DEAR SIR:

Upon the death of the late Speaker I have been persuaded to offer myself a candidate for the Chair. It is reported with us you have the same intention; my friend, the attorney, is likewise soliciting. Under these circumstances I really am greatly puzzled how to act. A sincere friendship for both of you, and a bias to my own interest, divide me much; however, I am resolved that nothing shall interrupt the friendship, on my part, which has subsisted between us. Whether I succeed or not, you shall be always the same in my esteem you have ever been, a man highly to be valued, both for his public and private virtues. But my dear Colonel, let the issue of this affair be what it will, I cannot but be of opinion that it will be for the interest of the public to put the Treasury into more hands than one.

I have no suspicion that the public funds have been converted to uses for which they were not designed; but such suspicions, you know, I believe, have prevailed much among the people. To remove these suspicions, for the time to come, and to prevent any unnatural influence in the House, I am resolved to give my assistance to those gentlemen who desire to put the funds upon a new establishment. This, I think, was your opinion; I hope you persevere in it, and that we shall unite without regard to men or things in our endeavours for the public good.

I am considering a scheme to establish a loan-office, or public bank, which, I think, will be a great advantage to the Colony, and will in a few years enable us to discharge the public debts and expenses, without any tax for the future. It is a scheme of great extent and cannot be completed without I knew the produce of our funds and the annual expenses of the country, which cannot be procured

* Wirt's Life of Henry, pp. 44, 52, 68. C. Campbell's History of Virginia, 136.

the Assembly;
in the general, I
ou.

R. BLAND.

R. H. LEE.

17th May, 1766.

It is more than
we have heard of the
being appointed
Robinson in the
it, nor had any
my willingness to
on incidents hap-
on a resolution of
the public. My
sure you, were at
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my friends have
larged them, and
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d be fortunate
faction, which it
endeavour after.
that the impor-
and Treasurer
it might seem a
speak my senti-
t present, though
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necessity, have at-
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considering how
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nity, I could not
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been felt or may
from an incon-
in one and the
such gentlemen
will think that
for a separation.
and only throw
f caution, though
at you and most
your opinions,
final resolution

until matters are fully discussed and ex-
plained; if the places should be divided,
and I should be thought worthy of the
public regard, I can only say that no en-
deavour of mine shall be wanting to jus-
tify the favourable opinion they may be
pleased to conceive of me, and that I
should always retain a grateful sense of
the obligation. I know it has often been
objected, that the Treasury gave an un-
due weight to the Chair, but it is my
steadfast purpose, if it continues in my
hands, that it shall have no influence,
whether I am in or out of the House of
Burgesses, which I know may be at my
option, though I must not tell every one
this. I am very well acquainted with
the duties of the office, and if know my-
self, I think I can venture to say, that I
shall never have the least inclination to
transgress the rules prescribed for the
proper conducting of it.

I add no more, but remain with much
esteem and regard, Sir, &c.,

R. C. NICHOLAS.

ALEX. WHITE TO R. H. LEE.

St. Davies Parish, King William Co.

I cannot forbear taking this opportu-
nity to congratulate you and your bro-
thers on your advancement in the service
of your Country; and I hope your honour
and integrity in execution of your trust
will be equal to your natural and acquired
abilities, and give them their due lustre.
And 'tis with great pleasure that I al-
ready bear of your spirit and resolution
as to the choice of a speaker. The gen-
tleman who has filled that chair for sever-
al Assemblies, I hope is a good man and
very worthy of his promotion; but still
he is but a man, and so much power
lodged in one man's hands, seems to me
to be inconsistent with the freedom and
independency of an English Legislature.
But pardon my going out of my depth in
meddling with politics and the edge-
tools of State. *Periculosum plenum opus
aleae tracto, et incedo per ignes suppositos
cineri doloso.*

I know no better way to support the

independency of the Legislature and guard the liberty of the subject, than by now and then shifting the representatives of the people; especially those who have neither natural or acquired parts to recommend them; for this reason we have sent two new Burgesses from King William, (and I think our county does not afford better men,) viz: Major Harry Gaines, and Mr. Peter Robinson. But it seems our old representative is going to invalidate their election. * * *

DAVID BOYD TO R. H. LEE.

Lancaster Co., Nov. 17th, 1766.

Even as an individual, I cannot help felicitating myself on a resolution of our Assembly for separating the Chair and Treasury. You were the first who made me sensible of the danger that might be apprehended from an union of those two important places in one person. From you I received full conviction, and late experience has not only justified your arguments, but illustrated the wisdom of your apprehension, as well as your constant attention to the interest of your Country, in opposition to the confederacy of the great in place, family connections, and that more to be dreaded foe to public virtue, warm and private friendship. To you, therefore, I have always attributed the project, as well as the law for the currency committees; but I must whisper to you from Lancaster, that I am afraid you have not been so attentive to the well being of your offspring, as you were to the giving it a being. This fear has been occasioned by the reports concerning the state of the Treasury. To you, sir, I shall likewise attribute the separation of the Chair and Treasury for the above reasons, until I am better informed.

You are no doubt deeply engaged about a method for getting the late Treasurer's accounts settled; it will be, I doubt, a troublesome and intricate piece of work; but I hope that will not prevent your insisting on its being done so as the public

may be reimbursed. If money has been lent out by the Treasurer on interest, should not the time when he inquired into, and the interest be put to the credit of the County?

Mr. Mitchell, one of the Burgesses for Lancaster County, will present to you a petition to the House, designed to procure a liberty to the merchants to collect their tobacco from the warehouses before the arrival of their ships, in order to give them despatch on their arrival, and to obviate the inconveniences and danger attending the collecting tobacco in the winter, and from such warehouses as are in that season inaccessible, at least for some time, to craft. Should you in this discover any advantage to trade, I doubt not but it will meet with your friendly assistance, and that you will settle it in such a manner as will best promote that end. * * *

[Mr. Grigaby, in his address on the Convention of 1776, when citing the memorable anecdote of Wm. Pitt, who of all the lost efforts of genius sighed for "a speech of Bolingbroke," has well remarked, that had an American been present in that company of wits, he might well have substituted for the latter the name of Richard Henry Lee. He has further lamented, that of that splendid tide of eloquence, which flowed at intervals during more than a third of a century, not a trace is left—save in its beneficial effects. We are happy to inform both him and your readers that this statement may now, in some degree, be qualified.

The Memoir of the Orator, by his Grandson, contains a sketch—if it be nothing more—of his argument, when urging the prohibition of the farther importation of African slaves into Virginia.* And among the papers of this collection were found two fragments, of as many draughts, of a speech written out in part, and which seems to have been prepared for introducing his motion to separate the offices of speaker and treasurer. The manuscript—

* Life of R. H. Lee, i. 17.

orn and defaced, certain fault to decypher, but the which follow may be accept-transcript of the original. tions drawn from ancient untless hackneyed then id now appear, and are the ate when we reflect—not nty precedents of our own hat among his auditors one of the finest classical erica;—not mere philolo-familiar with the story of ies and strongly imbued of ancient Liberty. We tter these relics give us substance of what he in-whether the occasion itself suggested something whol-But if we may judge from ust have required an elabo—such is the spell of cus-trate the expediency of ould now question. And o regret that the words of uld be lost just when its ithered, to expose the soph-olders of venerable abuse.]

Speech of RICHARD HEN-
the House of Burgesses of
a motion to separate the
Speaker and Treasurer. Ses-

om antiquity, that Solon, anian Legislator, declared s by law, who remained lic differences and dissen-hose timid caution directed ; the issue of affairs, before to make known their sen-ause the rich, the power-the wise and virtuous, are moest forward in exposing the inconveniences which ons and troubles produce r are they animated with the community, as to ren-ance and activity in its de-counterpoise to the indus-the passions of profligate men prompt them to grat-

ify their ambition and avarice at the ex-pense of ruin to the public." The spirit of this excellent ordinance, extending as well to the mental as the corporeal facul-ties, equally demanding aid from reason and from action, influences me to hazard those reasons which prevail with me to favour the opinion of those who are for dividing the two important places of Speaker and Treasurer.

Very insensible indeed should I be, did I not fully feel how rash it may seem in a young man to find fault with any part of the Constitution of his country ; more especially with a material part, and one which a course of many years may have rendered venerable. But I hope, sir, that the sentiments which I shall deliver on this occasion, will not be measured by the age of him who gives them, but that they will be determined by Reason and Expe-rience, those two sovereign directors to which the old as well as the young should pay obedience. And further, sir, I hope, that whatever contrariety of opinion may prevail on the motion I shall make, our disputes may be conducted with that calmness and moderation so essential to national debates, and without which we must inevitably fall into contempt with-out doors, into confusion and obscurity within.

It is obvious, sir, to all those who have reflected on the end and design of gov-ernment, that it was originally instituted for the greater happiness and benefit of mankind ; that those Lawgivers have but adhered to first principles and the Consti-tution of nature, who have so wisely tem-pered Liberty with Restraint, as to leave mankind in full possession of every power to do good, while only the privilege of doing wrong was taken from them. This, sir, is that Liberty for which nations in all ages have so warmly contended, and which the wisest heads, and the best hearts, have ever studied to secure on the most certain and lasting foundations.

This object, so worthy the attention of the wise and good, has from experience been found to be benefitted by nothing more than a strict attention to this maxim. That the powers of government, and those posts or places by which those powers are

executed, should be so divided among individuals as to prevent the acquisition of too great influence, too much power, in the hands of one man. For such, sir, is the corruption of human nature, that those who have possessed the power have seldom wanted the inclination to destroy the liberties of mankind, and to erect their own greatness on the ruin of their fellow-creatures.

If we survey with attention the means adopted by the wisdom of ancient as well as modern times, to give permanence to Liberty, we shall find it an invariable rule to trust as little to the integrity of human nature as the conduct of government will permit. That the wisest men of antiquity have thought and acted in conformity with this rule, may be proved from those excellent systems of government and law, which have been the admiration of later ages, and which so long secured to Greece and Rome the possession of their liberties.

That I may not be thought, sir, to assert too generally, I shall instance some particulars out of the many proofs I am able to produce in support of the argument. Among the several states of Greece, so happy in their Liberty and thereby so formidable to the greatest monarchs, were Athens and Lacedemon, both famous for excelling in the arts of civil government, and in both of which, let it be remembered that, all their great places, from whence power and profit were derived, were not only divided among many, but were also limited to a very short duration.

None of these have been more justly celebrated than the latter, from the time of the Lycurgic Institutions until they were injudiciously relaxed and in some instances departed from; because of all, it was the most stable, the happiness of the people never interrupted by civil discord, nor did the fame of any nation reach higher for true magnanimity, valour and justice. In this famous scheme of polity, we find the kingly power itself placed in the hands of two persons, that of choosing the Senators and of approving the laws in the people, and a Senate of twenty-eight to guard equally against

popular encroachment and prerogative usurpations.

At Athens the Archons, nine in number and annually chosen, possessed, one of them the right of calling together the other powers of government: two of them superintended the administration of Justice; three of their number regulated the affairs of war; the remaining three digested and prepared the laws. Notwithstanding this caution and careful division of places, the wise Solon still suspecting the corruption of human nature, instituted a council of four hundred to provide against popular fury, at the same time that he increased the power of the Areopagus, to secure the state from the dangerous attempts of the great and wealthy.

The Roman policy founded also on principles of Liberty and aiming at the most effectual security of this invaluable blessing, the powers of government were placed in two Consuls, a Senate, and in the assembly of the people. As contingencies rendered the appointment of the officers necessary among that growing people, we find the institution of directors, of questors or keepers of the treasury, tribunes, prætors, censors, ediles:—each of which offices, that of dictator excepted, was executed by several officers and a new choice of them frequent. The questors, or treasurers of the commonwealth, were annually chosen, their number originally two, afterwards four, and lastly twenty. The tribunes, elected by the people to preserve their privileges and secure their liberties against the power of the nobles, were at their first establishment two, but their numbers were afterwards increased. The censors or superintendents of the people's manners, continued in office five years and were two in number. The prætor was both a military and a civil officer, sometimes commanding armies, but generally presiding in courts of justice; his office was annual and the number of them increased latterly in Rome to fifteen.

This short survey of ancient policy shows, that the practice of those who had liberty in view, was to divide with great care offices of power and profit; nor do we find this maxim departed from without much injury, and in some instances

set without producing the ruin of the State. The Roman dictator, (though never appointed but in cases of the greatest emergency and his office expiring by law in six months,) is a remarkable instance of this truth. This office engrossing all power within itself furnished Sylla and Julius Cæsar with the means of getting themselves declared perpetual dictators; so that under the latter of these and his successors the liberty of Rome was totally annihilated and the iron hand of despotism usurped fair freedom's sceptre.

From ancient if we recur to modern times, we shall find in the States of Holland and that of England, the same prudent policy prevailing. In England, more especially to our purpose as being our parent country, our greatest and best example; do we not see the powers of government, the places of honour, trust and power most carefully and minutely divided? There the different forms of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are so finely blended, that neither despotism, the pride of nobles, nor the people's licentiousness can destroy the public happiness, but greater peace and power result from the admirable union. In England where civil government has been gradually improving until the revolution perfected the system, are not the great offices of Lord High Steward, Lord High Constable, Lord High Admiral, Lord High Treasurer abolished? the first of these only revived for a moment on particular occasions and the two last put in commission? We are told in history that the cause assigned for the abolition of the two first places was, that they carried with them a power so great as to be dangerous. And although it is not expressly said that the same reason occasioned the

treasury and the admiralty to be commissioned, it is fairly to be concluded so from the same principles that put an end to the High Steward's and Constable's offices.

If then wise and good men in all ages have deemed it for the security of liberty to divide places of power and profit; if this maxim has not been departed from without either injury or destroying freedom,—as happened to Rome with her Decemvirs and her Dictator,—why should Virginia so early quit the paths of wisdom, and seal her own ruin as far as she can do it, by uniting in one person the only two great places in the power of her assembly to bestow?

The reasons adduced in our public print for this union, I own are far from convincing me. They amount, if I mistake not, to the following: That innovations in government are pernicious; that the scheme of disuniting the offices is novel and their union ancient and prudent. It is further urged, that the speaker when invested with the treasury, has no greater weight than he ought to have to give him the pre-eminence fitting his station; that the appointment of committees, and chairmen to them, the right of determining disputes concerning rule and order, give the chair no additional influence, as in the exercise thereof he may offend a dozen by pleasing one. It is suggested, moreover, that a division adopted by ourselves may be the cause of the government at home taking the appointment out of our hands, and we thereby lose the power of applying our own money to the correction of persons exalted above our reach for their violations of law. And, lastly, we are requested to consider the expense of supporting the dignity of the chair. * * * [*Cetera desunt.*]

MY POET LOVE.

He sang to me, *only to me*—
 But the breeze of heaven, o'er land and sea,
 Wasted the breath of his melody.

To-night he lies
 'Neath the azure calm of Italia's skies.
 Life was a glorious book to him,
 Softly closed ere its gilt was dim,
 Dropped from his hand when the Seraphim
 Awoke his soul.

My poet love! my poet love!
 He is mine, still mine in the realms above.
 He is mine, still mine, tho' on land and sea
 Men list to the voice of his melody,
 He sang to me, *only to me*.

The days are long, oh! very long,
 That I spend alone 'mid the city's throng;
 My heart is breaking for some new song.

To-night I thought
 A hymn of Eden to me was brought.
 Why speak I of a passing dream?
 It made my life a moment seem
 Glad as the flow of a Spring-freed stream.
 The spell is past.

I hear his praise. I hear his praise,
 It mocketh and followeth me always.
 Oh! why, in the midst of light revelry,
 Do the careless echo his melody?
 He sang to me, *only to me*.

My soul went forth on eager wing
 To meet, oh! so gladly, its chosen king,
 To live in his love and learn to sing.

The day was brief
 That dawned so fair ere this night of grief.
 Why think I of a time so blest?
 My heart now burns with wild unrest;
 Oh! would it were cold within my breast!
 Its joy is dead.

The voice of fame! the voice of fame,
 To the world, is shouting my lover's name.
 It seems such a pitiful mockery;
 For this clamor of voices, what cares he?
 Who sang to me, *only to me*.

A Summer dream, too sweetly told—
 A beautiful poem, on leaf of gold—
 Ah! purer, brighter, a thousand fold,
 Than dream or rhyme
 Was love's real bliss in life's hoping time.

Why does memory mock to-night,
 With dazzling scenes, my aching sight?
 My eyes are dimmed by the burning light.
 My brains are wild!
 Oh! words of life! rich words of life,
 Come, strengthen my heart in this madd'ning strife;
 Tho' heavy, and weary it still *must* be,
 'Twill leap to the sound of this melody,
 "He sang to me, *only to me.*"

MABEL.

SAM, ELLEN, AND BEELEZEBUB.

When I first saw Sam, he was, so to speak, a mere lad—scraggy, dirty, large-jointed, disproportioned, and, as I thought, hip-shot. He wouldn't eat scarcely any thing—wouldn't play—wouldn't take any notice of any body, and, in fact, didn't seem to have good sense. He was either idiotic, every body said, or rickety, and probably both. All he cared for was to find a sunny nook between the roots of a tree, or near the back porch, and there, with his head twisted mouth upwards, or tucked under him, to sleep the livelong day. When roused, he would utter a short wail and draggle off to another nook, his ugly, matted tail hanging dejectedly behind him.

I asked my uncle Flatback why he didn't put Sam out of his misery by drowning him. He replied that Sam was a present from a pious and highly respected old negro man in the neighbourhood, and therefore he didn't like to kill him: that aunt Mary had given him (Sam) the scrofula by feeding him with milk instead of pot-liquor, crust of bread and a little meat occasionally.

Sam's little comrade Jinny (we Virginians pronounce it Jinny, and why not write it so?) had a beautiful skin, pure

white, flecked with gold and grey. She was full of life and fun, and we had no end of romps, all over the grassy yard, and in the house with balls of yarn and bits of paper and things.

I petted her a great deal, and, strange to say, found that it gave me more pleasure to carry her upon the top of my head than in my arms, or on my shoulder or elsewhere. I wore a flat checked cap at the time, and Jinny became so accustomed to the top of this cap that she would go to sleep there while I was walking about. We presented an imposing spectacle when she stood up, and I marched to the tune of her purring, my beautiful, animate crest shaming all the head-pieces of antiquity. This property of conferring pleasure by lying or standing on my vertex, was peculiar to the kitten, Jinny, and to her alone. I would like for some body to explain the reason of it.

When I left my uncle Flatback's, Sam was still cachectic and stupid; I expected never to see him again in this world. But upon my return, some six months afterwards, I was astonished to find him, not only alive, but strong, healthy, handsome, a well grown and splendid looking cat. Jinny, too, was grown, and had

gone largely into the kitten business. Like the Spartans, I have little fancy for sickly children. I had neglected Sam in his younger and diseased days, but now that he was looking so well, I began to make strong demonstrations of friendship to him. He received my advances with a cool and quiet ease that fretted me. His few affections seemed to be concentrated upon my uncle,—a surprising thing, for my uncle is not a pretty man, and talks roughly to both cats and men. Perhaps feeding had something to do with it; therefore I would feed. Sam accepted my crusts of corn bread and tops of biscuit very much as paupers do soup; they belonged to him, and no thanks to me. I tried meat, but Sam still held aloof. All the while I could not help admiring his scrupulously clean coat—white ground, with dark grey figures—and the unaffected dignity of his manners. He was no cat to run on fool's errands after the end of your handkerchief, or to sit in your lap and be petted, or to sink his claws in your legs if you tickled his ribs. Yet he was not cold-blooded, for he sometimes rubbed his head affectionately against my uncle's boots; nor was he cross, for he resented attempts to pet him, not by fighting and spitting, but by struggling unclawfully to get away. If held by main force, he made no noise, but patiently submitted, as would a brave man in like circumstances. He evidently hated a scene as much as a *blasé* Parisian. His whole demeanour was gentlemanly in the extreme—calm, courteous, quiet, not playful, and far removed from fussy. His temper rarely ever gave way. Sometimes when breakfast was very late, he would be guilty of the infirmity of hinting his objections to the delay. For this, we men folks will readily excuse him.

Such traits added to my admiration of Sam an unfeigned respect; I determined *volens volens*, to gain the good opinion of the gentleman. By assuming an indifference wholly foreign to my nature, whenever cats are concerned, by coupling to this indifference some nice lean bacon, and by a great deal of tact and self-denial in making my advances, I succeeded. It

took me about six weeks, hard diplomacy at that. Sam and I became fast friends. Our friendship was altogether manly, without the least taint of puerile sentiment. My privileges were restricted to an occasional scratching of Sam's head, while Sam allowed himself to give me no livelier evidence of regard than a frequent unceremonious visit to my room. He inhabited a garret just over me, and early in the morning, about the time for me to get up, would stalk gravely in with elevated tail and say, "Meow," which I understood to mean "Rise, my young friend," (Sam never pretended to look upon me as his equal either in age or sense) "rise, my young friend, and prepare for the labours of the day." If I didn't get up, he would leave me; if I did, he would take a seat upon the rug and patiently wait until I was dressed. I could tell by the nervous switching of his tail that he hated the way I had of sitting by the fire for a quarter of an hour, cogitating, before I put on my right boot, and then cogitating for another quarter of an hour before I put on the left boot. These silent remonstrances used sometimes to annoy me a good deal, for there was reason in them, and I felt guilty. If he had spoken outright what his tail intimated, my *amour-propre* would have compelled me to knock him down. I think he knew this, and prudently held his tongue. As soon as my coat was on, he would rise up and say, "P-r-r-r-ow," which meant, "Come, its high time we had our breakfast." Our breakfast over, we went to my uncle's room; I to smoke, and Sam to make his toilet. First he cleaned his teeth, using his tongue for a tooth-brush, then he washed his face, using his mouth for a wash-basin, and the fire for a towel; then he dressed his hair, making a comb and brush of his wrists; and, finally, he brushed his clothes with his tooth-brush—his tongue. I noticed that he was more particular about washing the back of his ears than the inside of them, resembling in this not the gentleman he otherwise was, but a schoolboy or a clerk in a small grocery store.

About 7 o'clock I would go up to my

Sam would
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It may be urged that the intense gal-
 lantry of the cat operates as an efficient
 drawback to his successful prosecution of
 metaphysical researches, and that he
 ought, properly, to be classed with Shaks-
 peare's lover, "sighing or meowing like
 a furnace." I cannot think so. The
 philosopher is at liberty to fix his point
 of departure anywhere within the exter-
 nal or internal world, and it would there-
 fore be grossly unjust in us to assign an
 arbitrary position either in the objective
 or subjective domain to the stand-point
 of feline philosophy. Unquestionably
 the philosophic system of the cat is
 tinged and limited by his gallantry.
 But he occupies high ground. Like
 Mr. Arsène Houssaye, he views charac-
 ter and biography, or in other words,
 the human understanding as developed
 in the biographical time-element, from
 the plateau of the affections; and unless
 I am greatly mistaken, the cat and Hous-
 saye are more than half right in their
 notions. To clinch the psychological
 identity of cats and philosophers, I need
 in conclusion only allude to the fact that
 all the ideologists from Aristotle down
 to Kant have been compelled to reduce
 the products of their "exhaustive analy-
 ses" to categories; and the word category
 was no pun to the Greek, but the una-
 voidable vocal mark resulting from a nice
 instinctive perception of the relation of
 things to the philosophic feline intellect.

Apart from all reasoning in the matter,
 I know from personal observation that the
 cat is a philosopher, and am convinced
 that Sam is to his fellows as Comte and
 Spinoza are to Emerson and Dr. Lazarus.
 During the winter of our intimacy, and
 while sitting on the rug under my table,
 he (Sam) must have solved some of the
 profoundest generalizations yet unimpar-
 ted to the world. I indulged the hope at
 one time that a process of metempsycho-
 sis was going on between Sam and myself,
 and that I was coming into possession of
 the aforesaid generalizations. I counted
 upon reaping great honour, and upon
 conferring great benefits upon the human
 race by imparting them when time ren-
 dered me capable. But that time never
 came.

Sam was evidently upon connubial terms with Jinny. I seldom saw them together, and never witnessed any thing more than that respectful indifference which becomes cat and wife. They ate out the same plate without quarrelling. I suppose they were as happy as married folk generally are. But a parcel of rival cats, living hard by, at a place called Israel Hill, hearing of Jinny's beauty, came down and destroyed this connubial felicity. I saw these destroyers of Sam's peace. Great, big-whiskered, dirty ruffians they were. I wondered greatly that Jinny condescended to receive their attentions. But great is the vanity of the female cat. Night after night these ugly lovers came down to my uncle Flat-back's and filled the air with their cacophonous petitions. Sam and I suffered dreadfully; he with jealousy, and I with rage. Poor fellow! he rarely came to my room after night-fall, and then only to stand at the window that reached nearly to the floor, watching and bristling with anxious excitement. In the yard he fared even worse than in the house. The Israelitish cats got after him and thrashed him awfully. Many a time have I been awakened by Sam's wailing in the top of the locust tree near my window, and often and over again have I discharged at the heads of his villainous rivals every available missile, including my boots as a matter of course, and even my breeches, rolled into a suitable wad.

There was one of these fellows, the master-cat, as my uncle called him—of a dirty, yellow hue, the very sight of whom infuriated me. Seeing him one morning sneaking through the garden, I gave chase, and should certainly have killed him but for my being so blinded with rage that I ran into the cabbage patch, got tangled, and fell down, crushing a number of valuable heads in my fall. Quickly rising, I threw at the retreating wretch my tooth-pick, lead pencil, pen-knife, three small keys and a five cent piece. It was as much as I could do to keep from throwing my watch with the rest. I mention these facts to warn my readers against a too great attachment to

cats; it will bring them into a peck of trouble.

After showing so much valour in his behalf, Sam permitted me do whatever I chose with him; to pull his tail or his whiskers, to pinch his cheeks, blindfold him, double him up in the bed-clothes—anything. But familiarity breeds contempt, and operates both ways. Sam, who never had much opinion of me, began to have less, and I lost much of my reverence for him. Cats and men stand upon their dignity. Yet my impertinence was not the cause of the falling out between Sam and myself. It came of the electro-spasmodic intensity of my affection for him. I say "electro-spasmodic," and mean what I say.

You have seen a young mother clasp her rosy babe to her breast with a sudden, loving violence that made the poor thing scream with pain; you have also seen a fellow try to pick up an electrified quarter of a dollar submerged in a basin of water; and you noticed how the fellow's fingers doubled up convulsively the moment they touched the quarter. Comparing these occurrences, you were tempted to establish the identity of love and electricity, and, failing in that, were content to put up with the singular fact that maternal love and electricity alike act upon the flexor and not upon the extensor muscles of the human body. Well: you know how much electricity there is in a cat's back, and you are prepared to believe that when the electricity of the cat's back combines with your affection for the cat, and the two forces operate simultaneously upon the muscles of your hand and forearm—when this occurs, you are prepared to believe that the flexing result will be powerful indeed and deleterious to the cat. It is powerful and it is deleterious, and, curiously enough, the act of flexion occurs exactly upon the cat's head—no where else. It is a fact, which any one may verify, and to which any expert will testify, that, in certain states of the weather, it is impossible, after five minutes' fondling, to refrain from squeezing a cat's head—squeezing it violently.

Thus was it with Sam and I. I had

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complexion was
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; her feet and
st white. Very

gentle she was, not very playful, not in-
discriminately affectionate. We all fell in
love with her. My uncle Flatback claim-
ed her as his own, not for himself, but as
a present for his mallet-headed grandson.
My aunt disputed the claim, and said El-
len belonged to me. Uncle F. awaited
my decision. Then I thought how "lit-
tle Wills"—the aforesaid grandson, just
then in the toddling period of his exist-
ence, and, like all other toddlers, as ge-
nuine a savage as any Belooch or Carib—
when I thought how "little Wills" would
torture her, my heart rose up rebellious
and angry. But I cut the struggle short
by saying: "take her, I am beginning
to love her too much."

So Ellen went to Shell-bark (the resi-
dence of "little Wills") and I seldom
saw her afterwards. "Little Willie"
treated her shamefully, but she soon out-
grew him and sought refuge in the woods.
There she became a forest nymph of won-
drous beauty, celebrated for her agility
and love of solitude. She had nothing to
do with other cats. Came rarely to the
house, sometimes to meals, but generally
at night, when she knew that the savage
"little Wills" was asleep.

In the marvellous beauty of her prime,
I saw her, and surely for delicate bril-
liancy of colour, for symmetry of form, for
daintiness of feet, and gracefulness of
movement, no cat ever approached her.
But beauty is a fading flower; alas! how
brief! During the terrible winter of
1857, she fell a napping by the fire and
was horribly singed. It was a sad blow
to her. She did not play the French
woman and commit suicide, but she did
lose her health and spirits, and to this
day has never regained them. She is
lean, haggard, dejected; no longer loves
the woods and fields, but mopes about
the house continually. I verily believe
she has taken upon herself the vows
of eternal chastity; certainly she is the
only cat I ever heard of who was an old
maid.

Pitying my cat and kittenless condition,
my uncle Flatback went charitably forth
a kitten hunting. Returning late in the
evening, he drew from the depths of his
overcoat pocket and deposited upon the

floor a dusky ball, probably of yarn; you might have knitted a pair of black stockings out of it. Standing up, it became a brindled black kitten, who straightway made himself at home, walked nonchalantly to the fireplace, sat down upon the hearth, and began to paw the back part of his ears. I introduced myself to him, became intimate with him, and named him Beelzebub; named him so because of his complexion and because I have a good opinion of Beelzebub,—just as good as Burns, Shelley, and George Sand ever had of the Devil himself. For there was nothing infernal in his disposition—the disposition of Beelzebub, the kitten. On the contrary, he was the embodiment of philanthropy and forgiveness. True, he was as impudent as Paul Pry or Robert Macaire, but he was as cheerful as Mark Tapley, brave as Havelock, and as kind as George Peabody. Being a cat he was necessarily a philosopher, and among the philosophers I ought to have sought for his prototype and namesake. In all history I find but one man like unto him, and that man was Socrates; I now heartily regret and wonder that I did not name him Socrates. Like Socrates he was ugly, lazy, shabby about externals, odd in all his ways, so odd that few understood him, and most thought him distracted; he loved mankind like Socrates, was humorous as Socrates, and in fact had in him Socrates' soul. He had no resentment whatever—toward the *human* race. Sam and Jinny hated him, and he fought them manfully; every body on the plantation, with the exception of my uncle and myself, hated him, but to their continual kickings, cuffings, and imprecations, he opposed a resolute love that would have done honour to an apostle, a missionary, a martyr. He loved impartially the whole family, and jumped into every body's lap without introduction and without ceremony. This looked like impertinence, but it was not; it was love. He ever apologized beforehand by a curious explanatory and entreating ejaculation. "R-r-r-ow," and he was in your lap. Knock him down, "r-r-r-ow," he was back again. Throw him out of the window, he reappeared as if by magic,

and "r-r-r-ow" he was in your lap again.

Because I permitted it, he learned to hug me round the neck, and contracted such a fondness for my nose, that I was afraid he would come and eat it while I was asleep. He had a passion for human bed-fellows, and nearly suffocated my uncle Flatback by getting on the pillow and spooning up to the old gentleman's face so closely as to stop respiration. He was always in the way, and though incessantly trod upon, sat down upon, and crushed under the legs of chairs, never profited by the sad experience. Whether this was owing to a want of sense, or to obstinacy, or to absence of mind consequent upon the Socratesian trance, I could never certainly tell. His voice, like everything else about him, was strange. He purred loud enough for two cats and purred all the time. Somehow he got a strange appetite for flies, and would tree them precisely as a dog trees squirrels. The only times I ever heard him cry were when, after repeated efforts, he found he could not leap high enough to catch a fly he had treed.

He was very unfortunate. In addition to the general unkindness he received at the hands of human beings and which made him a dwarf, he was one day run over by the mules and thoroughly dislocated. He gradually partially rejoined himself, never murmured, but kept up an affectionate and cheerful spirit to the last. It was during his dislocated days that he acquired the habit of occupying chairs and suffered his most crushing sorrows. When sat down upon, he vented himself in a shout, which was less a complaint than an argumentative objection; as if he said, "What possible benefit do you derive from sitting down on *me*? I can't, I really *can not* see the use of it." When knocked out of the chair, he would walk off a little ways, not angrily, not moodily, but thoughtfully, as if he was trying to come at the logical meaning of such treatment. The internal debate was ever of short duration, and ended invariably with "r-r-r-ow," "it's all a joke, he couldn't have meant anything," and back he came into the chair or the lap of the person occupying it, to be knocked down and knock-

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e to her,
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yard. This done, he would shew his ap-
preciation of the joke by twisting his tail
in a manner that he thought peculiarly
funny, and by running around in a ring,
like a deformed and distracted circus
horse. After this, he would take a run-
ning start and clamber about ten feet up
a locust tree, then jump down and come
to me for approbation. I always gave it.

Unable to stand up, the frost-bitten
rooster succeeded in sitting down. Beel-
zebub would draw nigh as if to condole
with him, then scare him up and enjoy
the poor fellow's wretched efforts to hob-
ble out of the way. By propping himself
against the side of the house, Shanghai
managed at times to stand, but stood very
ticklishly on his pins; a touch would
upset him. Beelzebub knew this, and
his delight was to catch him standing, to
sneak up behind him and knock him
down. I could not countenance such be-
haviour, and whipped Beelzebub several
times about it; but, like the Elephant's
nose to the Irishman, the temptation was
too strong for him; in my absence, he
could never refrain from pitching into the
invalid.

Business called me fifty miles or more
from my pets. I heard from them occa-
sionally by letter. Sam was fattening
daily; Ellen, no better; Beelzebub about
the same, everybody still hated him and
abused him. At length news came that
Beelzebub was gone, had disappeared or
died or been spirited away—no one had
seen his remains. Some days afterwards
I was sitting at my table with my back
to the office door, when hearing a rustle
behind me, I turned, and lo! there was
Beelzebub peering around the counter, his
feet on a copy of the New York Herald.

"Why Beelzebub, my son," I exclaim-
ed in delight, "is that you? Is it possi-
ble you have walked fifty miles through
the hot sun to see your master? I am
really glad to see you. Come here, sir."

He regarded me with fixed and stony
stare.

"Belze, Belze," said I affectionately
"come here, Belze. Poor fellow, I know
you must be tired. Come Belze, come sit
in my lap."

He made no answer. I called him ye

more entreatingly, and rose to go to him.
A flash of sorrowful recognition shone in
his deep, glowing eyes, and he—evan-
ished.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, but
my readers must not attempt to persuade
me that the apparition was not the ghost
of the loved and lost Beelzebub.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love,—can any say?
Is it fancy,—is it feeling?
Is it safe to give it way?
Is there any mode of healing?
When 'tis gushing, woe betide
Blushing maid who shall reveal it;
Many a pretty one has died,
Whose pale cheek would still conceal it.

Now 'tis flashing in the eye
In the moment of its power,
Like the lightning in the sky
When the summer cloud doth lower;
Now 'tis calm and seemeth blest,
As the moonbeam on the ocean;
Now 'tis rushing in unrest,
Like the billows in commotion.

What is love,—can any tell?
As the sunbeam on the rose
Makes its blushing bosom swell
Till its beauties all disclose;
As the dew upon the flower,
When the summer night is over,
Shedding perfume through the bower,
Love return'd is to the lover.

As a lute without a tone
Is the soul when love forsaketh;
Or, if grief awake a moan,
Sad it moaneth and then breaketh.
Darkling is the night and dreary
With nor moon nor starbeam lighted,
Darkling, dreary, all aweary
Hearts still beating tho' they're blighted.

VIEW FROM MY ATTIC.

There is a delicious freshness in this balmy morning air and the birds are out in fine feather. What a burst of melody sends he forth, that "merry mimic of the grove," and the clear note of the cardinal, and the nonpareil, how joyous, as they skip like winged flowers through the rich green foliage. A superb cluster of the cloth of gold crowns the vine-encircled column of my neighbour's porch; and covering the lattice fence are umbrageous bowers of Jessamine and non-descript. An evergreen magnolia, with its peerless bloom, rears its stately form above, and there a noble elm lifts its graceful branches in gentle dalliance with the breeze: how their rich luxuriant growth leaps with the noiseless joy of vegetable life: heaven's blessings on the man who plants a tree.

In the city, the great heart of the slumbering multitude begins to throb, and send through its arteries the principle of life; before Aurora, the rosy fingered, had streaked the Orient, or Phœbus had reigned up his fiery steeds at the pearly gates, the breadman's spavined hack had wheeled with his lumbering cart through a hundred streets, and while, as yet faint and indistinct, swells up upon the morning air the distant hum of busy life, his shrill whistle has piped the reveillé to drowsy butlers, and bread is echoed through every garden and gateway from Hamstead to the Battery. Buoyant and babbling now, every thing that has life seems astir; and merry as the morning birds, and varied as their own shades of ebony, are the joyous utterances of those happy rogues, the vendors of fish, fruit and vegetables. Little reck Cuffy and Sambo, maum Dinah there, perched so jauntily in her market cart, or the whole rescued race of Ham, for protective tariffs, or fishery bounties, or international imbrolios; or the struggle for power, or the never-sated greed of gain, that cankers the life of their pharisaical sympathisers; happy in their blessed ignorance of any higher authority, they have learned to acquiesce in the decrees of the great Arbitrator of things temporal, and are content.

Cleaving the liquid air above us, post haste for the first discarded sheep's head, that privileged individual, enshrined in the museum and labelled in classic literature, "*Cathartes atratus*," but popularly known as the buzzard, leads his eager phalanx to a democratic banquet at the market place, illustrating many of the dogmas of that respectable and influential party, by practical demonstrations, that "to the victors belong the mutton," "might makes right," "power is always stealing from the many to the few." "Squatter sovereignty, or the right to soil and spoil," &c. How like a witches' dance are their droll but not ungraceful movements!

Bob, my neighbour's valet, over the way, yawns, and stretches himself lazily; he is an amateur musician, and "vexes the drowsy ears of night" with his minstrelsy; how many of his vulgar imitators have grown rich, and set up establishments in other latitudes with a smaller musical capital than Robert; but Bob is major domo, as was his now retired, but venerable and respected sire before him, and has inherited the same indulgence from, and devotion to his master, which so distinguished his predecessor. There is my neighbour, in slippers and gown, and in his accustomed easy chair, he is not old, but time has left unmistakable traces upon his manly frame. Bred to the bar, my neighbour had early achieved a flattering measure of success; gifted with rare intellectual endowments, possessing a commanding presence, easy, graceful and ready in debate, he was a rising champion of his party in the political arena; in the opposite ranks was one in no respect his inferior; they had been early friends, party spirit ran high; brother, in some instances, stood arrayed against brother, father against son, friend opposed friend; the code of honour was the received tribunal for the settlement of real or imaginary wrongs; slight cause when the blood is up sufficeth for deadly strife; my neighbour and his quondam friend met, the usual punctilio was observed, the fatal drama was enacted and the survivor returned to his home, but the sun went

down upon him a raving maniac. It was some time before reason resumed its sway, meanwhile a golden link had dropped from the severed chain which binds the family group, and a bright and beauteous child had passed away. Smitten, but tranquil, his wife bore her grief alone, until at length her pure spirit, like the polished blade which has worn through its case, exhausted the feeble frame in offices of love, and is at rest; now in the saddened yet grateful retirement which he seeks and finds in the society of a widowed daughter, my excellent neighbour devotes a large portion of his time and his fortune to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and has made munificent provision for the nearest heir of his unfortunate but lamented victim.

Who is that lovely creature? Ah, you know her now, she sits her thorough-bred with a matchless grace; well she may, she inherits that accomplishment from both father and mother; when on the plantation in the winter season, the whole family may sometimes be seen following the dogs in full cry; the father is an old member of the jockey-club, and delights in the purest blood whether of man or beast; whilst the mother, when in the city, is the centre of a charming society; that young gentleman, her brother, you perceive, bestrides the late winner of the handy cap; that mixture of live oak and catgut upon which old Scipio brings up the rear, is a marsh tackey: they have just returned from a gallop among the sequestered groves of St. Andrews, where she has gathered that rose-bloom upon her cheeks, having crossed Ashley river bridge before the first antlered stag of the parish had shaken the dew drops from his flanks. Ah it was she, who so enamoured our young Spartan from Georgia at the Moultrie House. "Sparta has no worthier son than he."

His prompt exhibition of self-forgetfulness and personal courage, in rescuing our little friend, when the receding waves had swept him beyond his depth, whilst bathing in the surf near the Fort, was an act worthy the ground consecrated by the heroism of Moultrie and of Jasper.

That antiquated gable you perceive a short way along the street, festooned with the luxuriant Wisteria, once sheltered from the obtrusive gaze of the world the domestic life of one who subsequently filled no mean place in the history of our republic. You may discover through the foliage the mutilated remains of the family arms, there yet is the uplifted hand, grasping the broken sabre, as if still resisting the encroachments of the last enemy, time; and like a guardian genius defying the attacks of paint, or the innovations of progress. In the roistering days of that "first gentleman of England," this was the rendezvous of some of the rebel compatriots of Washington: a fracture in the wall chronicles a very inopportune missile from one of his majesty's vessels; upon the wainscotted walls within, still hang a few of the family portraits by Copley and Sir Joshua, in which may yet be seen traces of beauty that were not surpassed in the famous court of Charles the Second. The unwritten history, which the records of that obscure building alone could furnish, would afford material for fame and fortune, for a modern pictorial historian; and, in faithful hand, would fix the stamp of infamy upon the front of the wretch, who owes his position to the defamation and abuse of Southern heroes and statesmen.

But come, we must heed that tiny tinabulum, and join the family circle in the parlour, preparatory to our morning meal.

CHARLESTON, June 1858.

THE FADED FLOWER.*

A MYSTERY.

Φωάντα σμερδισιν.

PINDAR.

VII.

The sun beyond those hills afar
 Has left in shade the level plain;
 And in the west the evening star,
 The first of all the nightly train,
 Shines faintly, half withdrawn from sight
 Behind a living veil of light,
 In which vermilion's gorgeous dye
 Blends softly with serener blue,
 And tinges all the Western sky
 With that resplendent rosy hue,
 Which (offspring of etherial birth)
 Admits no rival tint on earth.
 Beneath the copse's denser green
 There falls a shadow dark and damp;
 And there, in fitful flashes seen,
 The fire-fly lights her evening lamp.
 Sequestered in yon briery glade,
 Beneath the clustering bamboo's shade,
 The wood-lark chants his even-song
 In mellow warblings, full and strong.
 The whippoor-will begins his lay,
 A requiem to the parting day,
 In notes not rapid, high and shrill,
 As might the nightly chorus fill,
 But faintly heard and quivering slow,
 His plaintive voice is deep and low.
 These pensive sounds within the mind
 A soft responsive echo find,
 Enhancing that serene repose
 Which like a mantle twilight throws
 Around the wood, the heath, the hill,
 When skies are clear and winds are still.

VIII.

But in that tranquil evening hour,
 With feelings haply less serene,
 A maiden sits within her bower,
 And from her window views the scene.
 Her cheek reclines against her hand;
 Her elbow rests upon her knee;
 Her locks escaped from clasp and band,
 Are from the temple waving free,

* Concluded from Vol. XXVI, No. 6—page 457.

And haunting still the wounded mind,
To patient sorrow unresigned,
Still struggles feebly with despair,
And holds a dying conflict there.
She weeps in bitterness the pride
That drove her lover from her side ;
Yet dreams the while, in reveries vain,
That he perchance will come again,
And she the fond emotions tell
That her deep bosom heave and swell,
When in his own if yet there live
Love's faintest spark, he must forgive.


IX.

How passing strange, the heart that long
Disdained a warm devoted lover
Should first a kindred flame discover
When pierced by insult and by wrong.
What weak caprice, that one who never
Esteemed the offering while she knew
His heart in every pulse was true,
Should weep its loss when gone forever.
And yet this curious paradox,
Which startles faith and reason shocks,
The close observer's eye detects
As 'twere connatural with the sex.
Thus she, the girl of Erin's isle,
By Erin's lyric poet sung,
Blessed not her lover with the smile
On which, as more than life, he hung.
But when a manlier passion burned,
He left his lady's side, and turned

And if the tale from history swerve,
It may as feigned example serve)—
The maid beheld her hero part,
Without a sigh or saddened heart;
Watched his dark perilous career,
Nor blanched her cheek with woman's fear;
And when a nation's head was bent
In grief and shame by that event
Which rolled his head upon the block,
Her heart impassive stood the shock.
Does this seem cold?—and yet at last,
When his high fame is with the past,
And bards and maids his deeds rehearse
In choral song and lyric verse,
The lady then begins to feel
Emotions through her bosom steal
Unknown before: for pity came,
And kindled soon a brighter flame,
Which burning deep within the breast,
Her throbbing heart deprived of rest.
Thus month by month she drooped and pined
With a slow fever of the mind,
Till sunk within the closing tomb
Her wasted form and withered bloom.

X.

The night is past its highest noon;
And in that still and dreamy hour
A lover sits beneath the moon,
And in his hand a faded flower.
Its yellow leaves are crisp and dead,
Erewhile so beauteous to be seen;
Its fragrant breath forever fled,
As if such fragrance had not been.
In that dead flower he seems to see
A symbol of his joyless doom;
For life to him henceforth must be
Bereft of fragrance and of bloom:
Nor withered hope nor faded flower
Shall wear its lovely hues again,
But clouds along his pathway lower
In gloom, remorse and cureless pain.
No springing tear hath dimmed his eye,
Nor swells his breast the silent sigh,
But sternly brooding o'er his fate
All lonely, cold and desolate,
He seeks in solitude relief
From burning and corroding grief,
And in the rankling thoughts that fill
His memory, finds augmented ill.
His mind reflected o'er the past,
In melancholy musing east,



For rankling memories, as they spring,
Plant each its sharp envenomed sting,
And while of bliss his heart is left,
No bright reserve of hope is left.

XI.

I said the maid's capricious change,
As told above, was passing strange:
But fraught with greater marvel still
Was that proud man's unchanging will.
He viewed in silent sullen dread
The clouds that lowered above his head,
While hope disclosed no dawning morrow
To chase his rayless night of sorrow ;
And yet believed, if he could now
His pride to due concessions bow,
Her love would bid his anguish cease,
And soothe his troubled soul to peace,
And brighter hopes and happier days
Upon his path would pour their rays.
Her heart the haughty lover knew
To woman's impulse all was true ;
That pain professed for his offence
Would win her easy confidence ;
The darker past she would forgive,
And love alone in memory live ;
Her pride of beauty, grace and youth
Engage to him in plighted truth ;
And in due season, by his side,
Arrayed in white, a blushing bride,
With holy vows devote her life,

When virtue's mandate is withstood
By fear of ill or hope of good,
Or prudent caution floats aside
On pleasure's smooth and rapid tide,
Though sad the frailty, still we find
That human motives work within ;
That specious forms seduce the mind,
And tempt to folly or to sin.
But sterner passion holds its course
As by a blind and fatal force
Which some dark spirit has supplied,
His demon will alone the guide.
Then, though the fiend no promise shew
But present grief and future woe ;
Though dying hope afar is borne,
And by despair the breast is torn,
Yet that malignant power's control
To deeds accursed compels the soul,
While pleasure, love and threatening pain
Allure or warn the heart in vain,
And conscience, cowering mute and still,
Obeys a more despotic will.
Nor deem by haughty man alone
This moral madness has been shewn,
Though burning hate and passions strong
More aptly to that sex belong.
If all be true that histories state,
And bards in magic song relate,
And they that social life unfold
In long and varied tale have told,
With dire revenge, for trivial ill,
The female heart may burn and thrill,
And all unchanged by rolling years,
Unmoved by pity, faith or fears,
The deadly purpose nourish still.
Or some capricious impulse weak,
That prompts the mind redress to seek
For fancied wrongs, its spite may wreak
By means with long remorse and pain
Deplored, it may be, but in vain.
Who closely scans this scene of life,
With all its follies, passions, strife,
Shall find disclosed in such review
Enough to prove the charge is true :
And would some fairy raise the veil
That hides ill deeds and errors frail,
To shew, as in a magic glass,
Their pale and shadowy phantoms pass,
Then might he gaze in wild surprise,
As thick and fast before his eyes
Such sad examples rise detected,
Where none of earth the truth suspected.
No real woe the breast may wring,
No piercing grief the bosom sting :

For hearts with wrongs that deepest bleed
Less often prompt the vengeful deed,
As those with keenest anguish tried
Seek not relief in suicide ;
While fancied ill, and grievance slight,
Such desperate counsels oft invite,
When dark imaginings are wrought
To specious shape by morbid thought.
Not seldom thus a maid, 'tis said,
By some fantastic fancy led,
Suspects, with angry, proud emotion,
That to some rival fair, perchance,
Her lover gave so kind a glance
As suits not quite his vowed devotion.
Then all forgetting, till too late,
In what the step involves her fate,
But blindly bent this jealous pique
Upon her lover's heart to wreak,
Unawed by conscience' dread command,
With falsest vows bestows her hand
On one not loved, but whom she meant
To make revenge's instrument.
Then happy dreams forever cease,
Then wasting blight consumes her peace
Thenceforth her share of earthly life
Is one incessant weary strife,
By which the dark deceit, whose stains
Infect her soul, she still maintains.
If burning tears by stealth are wept,
The dreaded secret must be kept,
And her cold lips, with sickening guile,
Shall wear perforce a sunny smile :
For still the wife, dissembling woe,
Must hide the grief she dare not show,
Disgust with honeyed words conceal,
And feign the love she cannot feel.
Meantime her tears must flow in vain
Till fate shall burst the nuptial chain.
Though love indeed might solace bring,
Could that within her bosom spring,
It far transcends all earthly art
To wake its thrill within the heart ;
And 'tis, I doubt, high heaven's decree,
Who bosoms fraud like this shall be
Foreclosed emotions which infuse
Their healing balm like gentle dews,
And nourish love, ordained to bless
The good with placid happiness.
As on the scorched and arid heath
Bloomed not the rose of virgin-white
Which maidens wove into the wreath
She wore upon her bridal night ;
So love, a flower of paradise,
Springs not in falsehood's blasted soil,

Or by mephitic vapours dies

Despite the tiller's care and toil.—

And what the end she sought to gain?—

What guerdon of her guilt and pain?

She meant the man she loved should feel

More than the tortures of the wheel;

Should writhe in that extreme of woe

She could not wish her direst foe.

And if, by healing time, the smart

Subsides within the lover's heart;

If in some kinder glance is found

A balm to soothe his aching wound;

It formed no part of *her* design

His weary breast should cease to pine,

But by the fact, her own, I ween,

Is moved to more envenomed spleen.

It is a by-word worn and trite,

And seems too commonplace to write,

That poisoned love engenders hate

Dark as despair and stern as fate.

Thus, though the heart, with decent show,

May seek from all to hide its woe;

To veil the folly and the sin

That deep from view ferment within;

Yet could some hand the curtain raise

That screens its depths from every gaze,

It would, when from disguises free,

In either sex, be found to be

A strange and frightful mystery.

XIII.

In a sad, dreary, dreaming mood,

Within her bower we left the maid,

When, bowed in pensive attitude,

She mused beneath the twilight shade.

But since those summer dews were shed,

Full fifteen months their course have sped,

With weal and ill to mortals fraught—

Their fortunes, views, relations changing,

Defeating hopes, and plans deranging—

But sickness to the maid they brought,

Which slow its cankering progress wrought.

The pure and lustrous pearly-white

Beneath her lid's dependent fringe;

The large dark iris sparkling bright,

Yet with a soft and dewy light;

The rich carnation tints that tinge

With feverish glow her virgin cheek—

All these a fatal presage speak,

And to the mother's anxious fear

Foreshew the truth she dreads to hear.

But what can be the secret cause

That from the silent maiden draws

But alighted love and wounded pride
Within the heart so closely hide,
What troubled thoughts her bosom swell
And cloud her brow were hard to tell.
The slow disease within her breast
Had not been caused by love unblessed ;
For ere that painful thrill was known,
An old hereditary taint
Had long its lurking presence shewn,
When with fatigue her frame grew faint :
Then a fixed burning flush would paint
Her cheek ; and short and panting breath
Find frequent vent in languid sighs—
Symptoms that wake the sad surmise
Of one foredoomed to early death.
Then not in sorrow's secret sting
The maid's disorder had its spring ;
But whether love still held her breast,
Let each infer as likes him best.

XIV.

Meantime beneath this fell disease
The maiden's frame grew light and thin :
Her strength was wasted by degrees ;
For death insidious lurked within,
And drank the life-blood of his prey,
Who drooped declining day by day,
Yet lovely in her slow decay.
Her dark blue eyes still brightly beam,
As with a mild seraphic light ;
Her cheek reveals the rosy stream
In soft accord with lily-white :

A winter in a Southern State.
The final passage may be told
In words appropriate to the case
Of numerous others, late and old,
That closed, like hers, their mortal race.
At times her varying mood would give
The flattering thought that she might live :
Then hope would in her bosom spring
Serene and sweet, and with it bring
Fond memories of the distant past,
Which, into soothing reverie cast,
Bright future years appeared to show
Undimmed by sickness and by woe.
And then a change such hope would blight,
And scatter wide the vision vain ;
Then sink her heart, and gloomy night
Brood o'er her darkened soul again.

Thus many weeks were passed away ;
Till once, when evening closed a day
Of brighter hope and softer ray,
The maid retired ; and as 'tis said,
Was found next morning lying dead,
Baptized in blood, upon her bed.
A ruptured artery, as 'twould seem,
So fast discharged the vital stream,
That when for aid she strove to speak,
Was scarcely heard her strangled shriek,
But sinking as she sought to rise,
Eternal darkness closed her eyes.
These sounds a moment reached the ear
Of one within a chamber near,
But when so soon were hushed and still,
The neighbour lady thought no ill.
The servant maid that should have kept
More careful watch, securely slept,
Nor knew, till ruddy morning shone,
That in the deep and drowsy night
The lady's spirit winged its flight
To realms by spirits only known.
Her nearest friends the body sought,
Which from the South in bronze was brought ;
And where her infant feet had trod,
With chanted hymn, and service read,
Was laid beneath Virginian sod ;
Reposing on their dreamless bed
Her aching heart and weary head.
There, mid those old embowering trees
A monument the stranger sees
That from the base where marble tears
Two mourning seraphs weep, uprears
A broken column o'er the tomb—
Sad symbol of untimely doom :
And thither still, as neighbours say,

The pilgrim mother, old and grey,
Repairs alone to weep and pray.

XVI.

A wanderer far to distant lands,
Self-banished from his natal shore
Where his paternal mansion stands,
The lover comes no more.
He chooses as his fixed retreat
An ancient capital; the seat
Of science, learning, art and taste,
With wealth and courtly fashion graced,—
Where all the varying shades of mind
Pursuits congenial to their kind,
In business, crime or pleasure find.
Amid the scenes of bustling life
Within that teeming city rife,
He seeks to banish from his thought
The sad remembrance of the past,
That, with remorse and sorrow fraught,
Its shadow on his soul has cast.
In vain; still on his soul shall fall
That shadow like a funeral pall,
Nor art, nor time, nor change be found
To staunch his bosom's bleeding wound.
If any friend of other days
Across the moody exile strays,
By his reserved, forbidding mien,
And cold repelling speech, is seen
How far his heart has been estranged,
How his ungenial spirit changed
From what it once had been.
And couched within his evil eye
A strange expression seems to lie,
Which wakes a doubt allied to fear,
As guile or crime were lurking near.
Some mystery hangs around the man:
In vague and distant hints, 'tis said,
That close colleaguings with a clan,
Of banded men, their chosen head,
He sways a dangerous secret power
Which well might make the bravest cower.
Such is the whispered tale, although
I cannot say the truth is so.
Not meanly born, nor with a mind
By early culture unrefined;
Yet from his proper sphere receding,
His course of life obscurely strays
Through devious and ignoble ways,
Beneath his rank of birth and breeding.
Meantime his talents, which, applied
With steady purpose, might have placed
His name on honour's roll, beside

The names with circling laurels graced,
 By low companionship debased,
 Are slowly mouldering into dust,
 Corroded by the cankering rust
 Which sloth engenders. Still his heart
 Is pierced by envy's poisoned dart,
 When more aspiring spirits rise
 To bear away the glittering prize
 Which many sigh for, yet by none
 But energetic souls is won.

Dark fantasies of guilt and fear
 Assail his soul with visions drear :
 For often apparitions rise,
 Like spectres of the sheeted dead,
 On which his fixed dilating eyes
 Gaze in an ecstasy of dread.
 Sometimes within the banquet hall,
 Mid wine and wassail, toast and song ;
 Or in the crowded public ball,
 Where pleasure's gayer votaries throng ;
 He sees the form of one that died
 In days long past, before him glide,
 On which his straining eye-balls glare
 In mingled terror and despair—
 But when (the frightful phantom past)
 His looks relax their stony cast,
 Then writhes his lip a bitter sneer,
 And mocking words would fain conceal
 From those that gaze in wonder near,
 The pangs he cannot cease to feel.
 If wandering forth he seek to share
 The zephyr's cool and dewy air,
 When from the west in golden streams
 The sun declining shoots his beams,
 The softly brilliant summer cloud
 That floats above in golden light
 Becomes a pale and bloody shroud,
 A frightful portent in his sight.
 For from his breast, with anguish stung,
 The dark and fearful secret wrung,
 Was caught by one who listening heard
 His muttered, broken, gasping word.
 Thus does the life of this bad man,
 This cankered misanthrope, decay
 In gloom and dread, beneath the ban
 Of moral parricide : no ray
 Within his broad horizon's scope
 Predicts for him a dawning day,
 Or cheers his weary soul with hope
 The sable cloud will pass away.

XVII.

Severe, inscrutable and deep
 Are the decrees of heaven ;

Nor down that dread abyss to sweep
 To mortal thought is given :
 If outraged nature seem to sleep
 In silent sufferance long,
 Yet bitter tears the wretch shall weep
 That dared the impious wrong.*
 O Nemesis, great Nemesis,
 Whose silent watch and stealthy pace,
 Through time and change and severing space.
 Pursued the offender's path ;
 Thou with the breath of the abyss
 Didst blast his bud of opening bliss,
 Then give his envious, gloomy soul
 To sullen phrensy's dire control,
 In slow-consuming wrath :
 If invocation thou canst hear,
 If words of dread may soothe thine ear,
 Then, fatal maid, mysterious power,
 Accord thy votary's prayer ;
 The Stygian flame let others feel,
 Round other hearts the serpent steal,
 But in the dark avenging hour
 Thy lowly suppliant spare ;
 Nor doom his weary tortured breast
 To envious throes, and drear unrest,
 And wasting, wan despair.†

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, gentle ladies, lend your ear ;
 And, gallant youths, I rede you hear.
 The story which has just been told
 You doubtless think an idle tale,
 Like those that shepherds piped of old
 In some remote Arcadian vale,
 Where, by the brook, beneath the shade,
 The lover wooed the bashful maid ;
 And she, capricious, coy and pettish,
 The sighing swain would sadly vex—

* Severi, imperscrutabili, profondi
 Sono i decreti di lassè ; nè lice
 A mortal occhio penetrarne il buio.
 • • • • •
 • • • • • apprenda
 A rispettar natura, e la paventi.
 Credi al mto detto : ell'è feroce assai
 Quando è oltraggiata.

† Dea, magna Dea, Cybelle, Didymi Dea domina,
 Procul a mea tush sit furor omnis, hera, domo :
 Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

Catullus.

For maids, 'tis said, were then coquettish,
 As in these days we find the sex—
 Till, wasting hope by long delay,
 She played at length a faithless part,
 And rending without ruth away
 His freshly-budding myrtle spray,
 Planted a thistle in his heart:
 Then in a rudely plaintive strain
 He sung his sorrow and his pain,
 And told how hope, erewhile so bright,
 Was quenched in everlasting night.
 Thenceforth his ways no tenour keep;
 He leaves his charge, neglects his sheep;
 And wandering in the woods alone,
 Far from the haunts his fellows use,
 Is as the *sullen shepherd* known—
 A discontented sour recluse.
 But notes as from the tragic muse,
 If blended with such simpler strain,
 As when a web of lightsome hues
 Is twined with threads of sombre grain,
 You think evince a want of skill
 That mingles tones and colours ill.
 Well, let me hint, if thus you deem,
 Not always things are as they seem;
 For wisdom often lies enshrined
 In what is trivial to the view,
 And still the shrewd, sagacious mind
 In plain, familiar themes will find
 Important truths and new:
 And he, I guess, may chance to make
 In his critique a wide mistake,
 Who thinks the minstrel's fingers sweep
 The lute in light and trivial song;
 Nor heeds the murmur still and deep
 That rolls its quivering chords along,—
 Imparting to the varying verse
 A pointed moral quaint and terse.
 In that far land where rolls his flood,
 'Mid obelisk and pyramid,
 Old Nile, adored for floating mud,—
 There, under hieroglyphics hid,
 Is sacred lore which reverend sages,
 That lived in long-forgotten ages,
 Esteemed too rich and pure a prize
 To be profaned by common eyes.
 The heedless and the undiscerning,
 Mid symbols rude and shapes uncouth,
 Perceive in this primeval learning
 No vestige of such sacred truth;
 But that ~~acumen~~ which suffices
 To spell its quaint and dark devices,
 May from their deep mysterious meaning
 Collect what well repays the gleaning.

So, though the story told above
The simple deem a tale of love,
Yet let the more sagacious try
What secret sense they can descry;
And he that rightly reads, I weet,
And through the story's floating veil,
Detects a deep and strange conceit
Beneath the drapery of the tale,
Has wit as sharp, in his degree,
As sage Champollion's proved to be.

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

A great religious movement like that which has pervaded the minds of the American people during the present year, offers material of thought appropriate, in some of its aspects, to almost every class of our periodical literature. In the following views, we shall endeavor to avoid touching upon the province belonging to the pulpit or the chair of theology, and shall aim to consider what we regard as the leading phenomenon in this movement, in the light of reason. The close observer must have remarked, that whilst there were thousands—perhaps millions—of the people in various parts of the land, differing in habits and opinions, and expressing their religious feelings in a variety of forms, there was one controlling sentiment common to all, viz. *the necessity of a direct Divine Power to effect a radical change in the natural state of the soul.*

This sentiment will, in these pages, be taken for granted, and around it will be gathered some analogies and illustrations designed to show the accordance of this doctrine with the laws of the human mind. The whole subject is considered from the Christian stand-point,—but not with any air of authority.

Amidst all the aberrations of man from his true moral orbit, there has yet been preserved among his deepest convictions a sense of his dependence upon a Higher Power, and a belief not only in a providence governing the external world, but also in some sort of divine influence flowing into the soul for its purification and guidance.

Deism professes to learn this from Nature. Mythology peopled the mountains, the vales and the supernal regions with higher spirits, to whose influence were ascribed all life, activity and motion, and even all the extraordinary and unusual mental excitements, the talents, acquisitions, courage and magnanimity, which appear among men. And all those prayers that ascend in our day not only from Christian churches, but from Mosques and Pagodas, Temples and Shrines of every description, in all parts of the earth, evince man's conscious need of a superior Power to rectify and sustain his blind and feeble nature.

There was once an influential Jew who came to Jesus by night to question him upon religious subjects. The interview was commenced by a frank acknowledgment that Jesus was a teacher sent from God, he having been convinced that no man could do the miracles which Jesus had done, unless God were with him. Jesus perceiving that Nicodemus was an earnest and honest inquirer, at once entered in *medias res*, declaring the necessity of a new birth—a regeneration—a renovation of his inner man by the Divine Spirit—thus uttering truths so new and strange to the inquirer, that he exclaimed, "How can these things be?" If this question were asked in a doubting or cavilling spirit, it was inconsistent and illogical in Nicodemus, who in the beginning had acknowledged the divine mission of Jesus, and thus committed him-

self to receive in the most docile and believing spirit, all that the teacher might communicate—a species of inconsistency, however, not uncommon in the world in all ages. But our Saviour evidently

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thus discoursed to Nicodemus eighteen centuries ago.

The mystery in this subject does not lie in the doctrine itself viewed as a part of didactic religion. When it is declared that the efficient power in the regeneration of the human soul is the Spirit of God, the proposition is a very simple and comprehensible one—and no more calculated to excite the skepticism of men than the declaration that God is the original creator of the minds of men. But when we attempt to dive into the mode of operation, then come the difficulties. Well, let us suppose this point to be impreguably entrenched in the most insuperable difficulties, there is nothing in this fact that ought to disturb the comfort of any honest mind. For even if there were no analogies among familiar and universally received truths concerning mode and manner of operation—even if the first birth as dwelt upon by the Psalmist did not furnish an apt illustration of the mystery pertaining to the second birth—the equilibrium of the mind need not be at all disturbed: for as Dr. Arnold truly observes: "Before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty, the mind, if in a healthy state, reposes as quietly as when in the possession of a discovered truth, as quietly and contentedly as we are accustomed to bear that law of our nature, which denies us the power of seeing through space, or being exempt from sickness and decay."

Let us, however, not exaggerate the difficulties of this subject, or ascribe the whole of them to the fact of this divine operation belonging to supernatural causes. A part of the difficulties lie fairly within the domain of ordinary mental science—which as every intelligent man knows is one of the most immature of all the sciences. How can expounders of the doctrine of the Spirit explain the manner in which the human conscience is enlightened and the will renewed, when philosophers have great controversies as to the nature of both conscience and will, many denying their existence at all as separate faculties of the mind? Confronted in the outset with a host of such unsettled controversies in the domains of

psychology, what folly would it be in any man attempting to draw out any detailed theory of the mode in which God's Spirit renovates the soul, without violating any law of its physiology or disturbing the freedom of choice in the man thus acted upon!

There is nothing strange in the general idea that our minds are liable to be moved by external influences. Our thoughts and feelings, our opinions, purposes and habits, indeed the whole succession and nature of our mental states—all are modified if not controlled and determined by powers or at least causes operating from without. The same remark may be made as to the condition and changes of our bodies. Food and raiment, the purity and temperature of the air, and a variety of other external agencies are concerned in modifying the action of the physical organs. So that passivity is as characteristic of man as activity: and the former is as essential a characteristic as the latter—and is never in common matters supposed to detract either from man's dignity or his free agency. When disease is expelled from the body by the use of medicine, no one thinks that the free action of the physical organs has been thereby impeded. The remedies act in accordance with the laws of the animal economy, and so far from impeding the action of the organs, really relieve them from obstruction and allow increased freedom of action. And when the orator by his eloquence powerfully influences the mind of his auditor, filling his narrow soul with high aspirations and noble resolutions, revolutionizing his views of life and duty, and ultimately ennobling his whole nature, no one supposes that this auditor's independence of mind has been at all compromised. And when the Spirit of God acts upon the soul of man, analogously as does the medicine upon his body and eloquence upon his mind, inspiring him with a hatred of sin, penitence because of his own past sinfulness, and earnest longings after a higher life, there is no more occasion in this case than in the other two, of predicating any interference with the free operation of man's faculties. Indeed a little reflection

will satisfy any candid mind ever tends to promote the liberation of the sin-paralyzed soul of man, much free agency, just as unshackling never favors his liberty. This the Scriptures affirm in the passage where the Spirit of God is, there is life, and "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

There are some forms of disease in the physical system is able to recover by its own recuperative energy, but where there are other forms of disease which entirely prostrate the system, the means of recovery must come out, or the patient must die. The present moral state of the race of man is a fearful and every earnest man's duty is to unite with the Scriptures in crying out. And such a period of awakening as the present, should be hailed as the time when the Great Physician were sick and afflicted in Judea and round about. There was a great lesson in Christ's habit of curing the curable and the incurable. It is said of man that the whole head is sick and the heart is faint—that from the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in him. This virulent and spreading malady is, by the Spirit rebuked, neutralized, and eradicated—the organs are renewed and the moral man once more starts into life.

This analogy between the physical and the moral will bear pressing into detail. In the ailments of the body, even when the disease is radically cured, all its remains and consequences immediately disappear, and the patient has been successfully passed on to a new stage of life. The change for the better has taken the hold of the disease has been broken, and the tendency is toward perfect health which has now become only a time. His relapses are brief and like the eddies of a stream which is still onward.

Thus is it with man's spiritual condition. Though radically cured of the disease of sin, yet he is once delivered from all the r

consequences of his old disease. Slowly perhaps do his long-crushed energies revive; but gradually they rise superior to the obstructions which hamper their action, until they presently act with steady vigor, though not with that sure and unflagging persistence which is impracticable in the tainted atmosphere of earth, but which is realized with the first breath of that air which meets the redeemed soul on its first emergence from these terrestrial associations.

We shall not here moot the question, how far man is active and how far passive in the act of regeneration and in the work of sanctification. Of course God might accomplish the whole work of man's spiritual restoration without the intervention of any means or second causes whatsoever, or without any coöperation of the faculties of the object of his remedial power. But as in the world of both matter and mind the parts are all so geared into the same system as to fulfil their several purposes only by perpetual action and reaction, so God in this mighty work of saving man through Jesus Christ, by the agency of the Holy Spirit,—in other words, in superinducing upon the natural order of things, this new, gracious and supernatural order or system, has had respect to the established laws of mind, and applies this spiritual power through the ordinary channels of human thought and feeling, summoning to His aid a variety of means or second causes. Of course we may easily get beyond our depth in attempting to sound our way through all the mysteries that lie in the detailed action of the efficient and the subsidiary causes in working out the grand result of man's conversion and entire sanctification—but it is a blessed fact that there is no practical mystery to darken the pathway of him who desires to attain to the better life.

The Word of God is the great instrumentality employed by the Spirit in the salvation of men. In this Word are presented to the mind many powerful inducements in favor of a life of holiness—in-

ducements overwhelming in their logical force and highly captivating in their nature, and altogether sufficient to secure the willing obedience of a pure soul; but alas! the human heart originally so tender and pliable has, in Scripture phrase, become hard and stony—so that these inducements, mighty as they are, fall as powerlessly upon it as the rain upon the rock. But this divine effluence comes as a solvent to the stony mass, dissolves out the petrifying matter and restores the heart to its normal fleshly character. The heart then becomes sensitive to the influence of the truth, as does the photographic sheet to the rays of light. Then these various considerations presented in the Word of God concerning man as a fallen, guilty, accountable, undying creature, whom God in amazing mercy proposes to pardon, purify and save through the mediation of his co-equal Son, begin to produce their proper impression upon the character and life. As long as the heart was devoid of the divine influence, the truths of the Gospel were distasteful, useless, perhaps hardening, but now they are delightful, invigorating, sanctifying. Just as whilst a man is thoroughly diseased in body, food is distasteful, useless, perhaps injurious to him—society is oppressive—sounds harass him—the most beautiful scenery is insipid to him—locomotion and perhaps even fresh air are intolerable to him. But as soon as the disease has been conquered, food is grateful and strengthening—society cheering—sounds and scenery inspiring—air and locomotion invigorating.

Thus we have an illustration of how the Divine Spirit not only breaks the power of the moral malady in the soul, but makes use of a variety of appliances in carrying on the work of restoration. And thus we see the propriety of every man entering upon the use of these means which the Spirit is wont to employ with as much hopeful earnestness as if the great achievement of his salvation depended wholly upon his unaided exertions.

THAT GENTLEMAN.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The following most agreeable sketch is taken from the charming work recently published by the Appletons and already noticed in our pages—Burton's "Cyclopædia and Humor." As Mr. Everett appears in it in the somewhat novel character of a humorist, we think it will not be unacceptable to our readers.—[ED. SOU. LIT. M.]

Among the passengers on board the steamer Chancellor Livingston, on one of her trips up the North River, last year, a middle-aged gentleman was observed by the captain, whose appearance attracted notice, but whose person and quality were unknown to him. The stranger was dressed in clothing of the latest style, but without being in the extreme of fashion, or conspicuous for any thing that he did or did not wear. He had not, however, availed himself of the apology of travelling, as many do, to neglect the most scrupulous care of his person, and seemed rather to be on a visit, than a journey. His equipage had been noticed by the porters to correspond in appearance with its owner. The portmanteau was made to increase or diminish in capacity, the upper part rising on the under by screws, according to the contents; the whole of it was besides enveloped in a firm canvas. A cloak-bag of the best construction; a writing apparatus, with a most inscrutable lock; an umbrella in a neat case, a hat in another, ready to take the place of the travelling seal-skin cap, which the stranger wore during the trip, were so many indications of a man, who placed the happiness of life in the enjoyment of its comforts. The greatest of all comforts is yet to be told, and was in attendance upon him, in the shape of a first-rate servant, a yellow man by complexion, taciturn, active, gentle; just not too obsequious, and just not too familiar; not above the name of servant, and well deserving that of friend.

This strange gentleman was quiet, moderate in his movements, somewhat reserved in his manners; all real gentlemen are so. A shade of melancholy settled over his face, but rather lightening into satisfaction, than dark and ominous of growing sorrow. It was a countenance, which care had slightly furrowed, but in

which the springing seeds of greatness were not yet planted. There was a trace of the one, that had been deceived by appearances, and feared to trust his own exterior, that might betray him into a misplaced confidence. There was an expression, which one might call sly, of a man, who had once found a secret treasure, which he would not expose, lest it should be taken from him, or he should be disturbed in his enjoyment. Of the beauties of the river, though plainly a man of cultivation, he took little notice. He cast an equal indifference on nature's beauties, the Coney Island masonry at the Palisades, and the gigantic erections of art on the opposite bank of the river. Even the noble Highlands scarcely fixed his attention.

With all the appearance of a gentleman, there was nevertheless something conspicuous about this personage, a peculiarity in obeying the bell which summoned him to the meals, and a satisfaction in eating while at them, which evidently resulted from some particular association to which the spectator wanted to allude. It was not ravening appetite; it was not for want of being accustomed to eat what are commonly, and we think wisely, called "good things;" his appearance negatived such an idea. When he repaired to the table with a firm and active step, as if he were sure he could find things as they ought to be, he partook of its provisions as if he found them so. He did not partake of abundance and good quality of food; he saw and enjoyed; but maintained the same rather mysterious silence elsewhere on board. But the expression of calm inward satisfaction, which shone in his face, spoke volumes. In his manner, with respect to every part of the domestic economy of the boat;

modious berths, the conveniences of the washing apparatus, and of the barber's shop; the boot-brushing quarters, in short, all the nameless accommodations and necessities, which will suggest themselves without being specified. In regard to them all, you might read in the stranger's looks and mien, that he was perfectly satisfied; and for some reason, which did not suggest itself for want of knowledge of his history, he evidently enjoyed this satisfaction, with a peculiar *relish*. In fact, the only words that had been heard to escape from "*that gentleman*," (for so the captain had called him, in pointing him out to the steward; and so the barber had called him in speaking of him to the cook; and so the engineer had designated him, in describing his looks to the fireman;) the only words which "*that gentleman*" had been heard to utter to any one on board, were his remarks to the captain, after having finished a tour of observation round the boat,—"*Very convenient, very comfortable.*"

As they drew near to Albany, this air of satisfaction was evidently clouded. Nothing adverse had happened on board the boat, which was walking cheerily through the water, at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour. Mr. Surevalve, her engineer, was heard to say that he could double her steam without coming near her proof; "but then," he added to the fireman, "what good would that do, seeing the resistance of the water increases with the velocity of the boat;" a remark, to which the fireman returned, what may be called, a very *unknowing* look. The weather was fine; the company generally exhilarated at the thought of arriving at the journey's end; and all but the stranger rising in spirits, as they drew near to the landing place. He, on the contrary, proceeded about the business of disembarking, with the only discontented look he had worn during the trip.

But in the crowd and hurry of landing two hundred and fifty passengers, with as many trunks, carpet-bags, and bandboxes, and the tumult of conflicting porters, draymen, hackmen, and greeting friends, the stranger was lost sight of. Several of the passengers had secretly determined

to keep an eye upon him; an idea having got abroad that he was a member of parliament, or some said the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, which the engineer averred with an oath to be the case, adding, that "it was hard, if he could not tell a Frenchman." But it so happened that every man on board had an object of greater interest to look after in the crowd, viz. himself; and what course the stranger took on landing, no one could say.

It was not long before the captain discovered that the stranger had not gone on shore, for he perceived him occupying a retired seat on the transom, aft in the cabin; and that he appeared to intend returning to New York the next trip. His countenance had recovered its prevailing expression, and he just opened his lips to say that he "believed he should take the boat back." Various speculations, no doubt, were made by the captain, the steward, the engineer, and the fireman, on a circumstance, upon the whole, so singular; but recollecting his clouded aspect as he approached Albany, they came to the conclusion that he had forgotten something of importance in New York; that the recollection of it did not return to him, till near the arrival of the boat, and consequently he was obliged to go down the river again. "You see *that gentleman* again," says the engineer to the fireman. "I do," replied Mr. Many-squall. "I suppose he has forgotten something in New York," pursued the engineer; and thus closed a dialogue, which a skilful novelist would have spread over three pages.

The stranger's demeanor, on the return, was the exact counterpart of that which he had worn on the ascent; calm, satisfied, retired; perfectly at ease; a mind and senses formed to enjoy, reposing in the full possession of their objects. To describe his manner more minutely, would be merely to repeat what we have already said, in the former part of this account. But the hypothesis, by which the engineer and fireman had accounted for his return, and his melancholy looks, at Albany, was overthrown by the extraordinary fact, that as they drew near to New York, his countenance was overhad-

owed by the same clouds that had before darkened it. He was even more perplexed in spirit than he had before seemed; and he ordered his servant to look after the baggage, with a pettishness that contrasted strangely with his calm deportment. The engineer who had noticed this, was determined to watch him closely; and the fireman swore he would follow him up to the head of Cortlandt street. But just as the steamboat was rounding into the slip, a sloop was descending the river with wind and tide: and some danger of collision arose. It was necessary that the engineer should throw his wheels back, with all possible expedition. This event threw the fire-room into a little confusion, succeeded by some remarks of admiration at the precision with which the engine worked, and the boast of the fireman, "how sweetly she went over her centres." This bustle below was followed by that of arriving; the usual throng of friends, porters, passengers, draymen, hackmen, and barrowmen breasting each other on the deck, on the plank which led from the boat, on the slip, and in the street, completed the momentary confusion; and when the engineer and fireman had readjusted their apartment, they burst out at once on each other, with the question and reply, "Did you see which way *that gentleman* went?" "Hang it, no." The captain and the steward were much in the same predicament. "I meant to have had an eye after '*that gentleman*,'" said the captain, "but he has given me the slip."

It was, accordingly, with a good deal of surprise, that, on descending to the cabin, he again saw the stranger, in the old place; again prepared to all appearance to go back to Albany, and again heard the short remark, "I believe I shall take the boat back." But the captain was well-bred, and the stranger a good customer; so that no look escaped the former, expressive of the sentiments which this singular conduct excited in him. The same decorum, however, did not restrain the engineer and fireman. As soon as they perceived the stranger, on his accustomed walk up and down deck, the engineer cried out, with a preliminary obtes-

tation which we do not care to repeat, "Mr. Manyscald, do you see '*that gentleman*?' " "Ay, ay," was the answer, "who can he be?" "Tell that if you can," rejoined the engineer, "it ain't every man that's willing to be known; for my own part, I believe it's Bolivar come to tap the dam over the Mohawk, and let the kanol waste out." The fireman modestly inquired his reason for thinking it was Bolivar, but the engineer, a little piqued at having his judgment questioned, merely muttered, that "it was hard if a man who had been an engineer for ten years couldn't tell a Frenchman."

During the passage, nothing escaped the stranger that betrayed his history or errand; nor yet was there any affectation of mystery or concealment. A close observer would have inferred (as is said to be the case with free masonry), that no secret escaped him, because there was none to escape; that his conduct, though not to be accounted for by those unacquainted with him, was probably consistent with the laws of human nature, and the principles of a gentleman. It is precisely, however, a case like this, which most stimulates the curiosity and awakens the suspicions of common men. They think the natural unaffected air but a deeper disguise; and it cannot be concealed, that, in the course of the third passage, very hard allusions were made by the engineer and fireman to the character of Major André, as a spy. The sight of West Point probably awakened this reminiscence in the mind of the engineer, who, in the ardor of his patriotic feeling, forgot it was time of peace. The fireman was beginning to throw out a submissive hint, that he did not know, "that in time of peace, even an Englishman could be hung for going to West Point;" but the engineer interrupted him, and expressed his belief with an oath, that "if General Jackson could catch '*that gentleman*,'" (as he now called him with a little sneer on the word,) "he would hang him, under the second article of the rule of war." "For all me," meekly responded the fireman, as he shouldered a stick of pitch-pine into the furnace.

It is remarked by authors, who have spoken on the subject of juggling, that the very intensity with which a company eyes the juggler, facilitates his deceptions. He has but to give their eyes and their thoughts a slight misdirection, and then he may, for a moment, do almost any thing unobserved, in full view. A vague impression, growing out of the loose conversation in the fire-room, had prevailed among the attendants and others in the boat, that the gentleman was a foreigner, going to explore, if not to tap, the canal. With this view, they felt no doubt he would, on the return, land at Albany; a lookout was kept for him, and though he was unnoticed in the throng at the place of debarkation, it was ascribed to the throng that the gentleman was unnoticed. "I tell you, you'll hear mischief from 'that gentleman' yet," said the engineer, throwing off his steam.

What then was their astonishment, and even that of the captain and steward, to find the stranger was still in the cabin, and prepared to all appearance for a fourth trip. The captain felt he hardly knew how; we may call it *querer*. He stifled, however, his uneasy emotions, and endeavored to bow respectfully to the stranger's usual remark, "I think I shall take the boat back." Aware of the busy speculation which had begun to express itself in the fire-room, he requested the steward not to let it be known, that "*that gentleman*" was going down again; and it remained a secret till the boat was under way. About half an hour after it had started, the gentleman left the cabin to take one of his walks on deck, and in passing along was seen at the same instant by the engineer and fireman. For a moment they looked at each other with an expression of displeasure and resolution strongly mingled. Not a word was said by either; but the fireman dropped a huge stick of pine, which he was lifting into the furnace; and the engineer as promptly cut off the steam from the engine, and brought the wheels to a stand. The captain of course rushed forward, and inquired if the boiler had *collapsed* (the modern polite word for *bursting*), and met the desperate engineer coming

up to speak for himself. "Captain," said he, with a kind of high-pressure movement of his arm, "I have kept up steam ever since there was such a thing as steam, on the river. Copper boiler or iron, high pressure or low; give me the packing of my own cylinder, and I'll knock under to no man. But if we are to have '*that gentleman*' up and down, down and up, and up and down again, like a sixty horse piston, I know one that won't raise another inch of steam if he starve for it."

The unconscious subject of this tumult had already retreated to his post in the cabin, before the scene began, and was luckily ignorant of the trouble he was causing. The captain, who was a prudent man, spoke in a conciliating tone to the engineer; promised to ask the stranger roundly who he was, and what was his business, and if he found the least cause of dissatisfaction, to set him on shore at Newburgh. The mollified engineer returned to his department: the fireman shouldered a huge stick of pine into the furnace, the steam rushed hissing into the cylinder, and the boat was soon moving her twelve knots an hour on the river.

The captain, in the extremity of the moment, had promised what it was hard to perform; and now experienced a sensible palpitation, as he drew near to the stranger, to fulfil the obligation he had hastily assumed. The gentleman, however, had begun to surmise the true state of the case; he had noticed the distrustful looks of the crew, and the dubious expressions of the captain and steward. As the former approached him, he determined to relieve the embarrassment, under which, it was plain, he was going to address him; and said, "I perceive, sir, you are at a loss to account for my remaining on board the boat for so many successive trips, and, if I mistake not, your people view me with suspicious eyes. The truth is, captain, I believe I shall pass the summer with you."

The stranger paused to notice (somewhat wickedly) the effect of this intelligence on the captain, whose eyes began to grow round at the intimation; but in a moment pursued:—"You must know, captain, I am one of those persons,—fa-

vored I will not say.—who being above the necessity of laboring for a subsistence, are obliged to resort to some extraordinary means to get through the year. I am a Carolinian, and pass my summers in travelling. I have been obliged to come by land, for the sake of seeing friends, and transacting business by the way. Did you ever, captain, travel by land from Charleston to Philadelphia?"

The captain shook his head in the negative. "You may thank Heaven for that. O! captain, the crazy stages, the vile roads, the rivers to be forded, the sands to be ploughed through, the comfortless inns, the crowd, the noise, the heat; but I must not dwell on it. Suffice it to say, I have suffered every thing, both moving and stationary. I have been overturned, and had my shoulder dislocated in Virginia; I have been robbed between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. At Philadelphia, I have had my place in the mail coach taken up by a way passenger; I have been stowed by the side of a drunken sailor in New Jersey; I have been beguiled into a fashionable boarding-house in the crowded season, in New York. Once I have had to sit on a bag of turkeys, which was going to the stage proprietor, who was also keeper of a hotel; three rheumatic fevers have I caught, by riding in the night, against a window that would not close; near Elkton, I was

washed away in a gully, and three horses drowned; at Saratoga. I have been suffocated; at Montreal, eaten of fleas; in short, captain, in the pursuit of pleasure I have suffered the pains of purgatory. For the first time in my life, I have met with comfort, ease, and enjoyment, on board the Chancellor. I was following the multitude to the Springs. As I drew near to Albany, my heart sunk within me, as I thought of the little prison in which I should be shut up, at one of the fashionable hotels. In the very moment of landing, my courage failed me, and I returned to the comforts of another trip in your excellent boat. We went down to New York; I was about to step on shore, and saw a well-dressed gentleman run down by a swine, in my sight. I shrunk back again into your cabin, where I have found such accommodations as I have never before met away from home; and if you are not unwilling to have a season passenger, I intend to pass the ensuing three months on board your boat."

The captain blushed and bowed; gratified and ashamed of his suspicions. He hurried up to put the engineer at ease, who was not less gratified at the high opinion the stranger had of the Chancellor; and as long as the boat continued to ply for the rest of the season, remarked, at least once a trip to the fireman, "*that gentleman' knows what's what.*"

SONNET.—BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

(On the occurrence of certain very Cold Days in the month of April.)

We thought that WINTER with his hungry pack,
Of hounding WINDS, had ceased his dreary chase,
For blooming SPRING with arch, triumphant face,
Lightly descending, had strewed o'er his track
Gay flowers that hid the stormy season's wrack;
Vain thought! for wheeling on his Northward path,
And girt by all his hungry BLASTS, in wrath
The shrill-voiced Huntsman hurries swiftly back;
The frightened vernal Zephyrs faint, and die
Thro' the chilled frost; the rare blooms expire,
And SPRING herself, too terror-struck to fly,
Seized by the ravening WINDS with fury dire,
Dies 'midst the scarlet-flowers that round her lie
Like waning flames of some rich funeral fire.

Editor's Cable.

It is rather an annoying thing to see one's ideas appropriated by another and given to the world as his own, and the annoyance is perhaps greatest to those who are conscious of poverty in ideas. When a man knows that such a thing as a bright fancy very rarely comes into the chambers of his brain (which may be thronged with the great thoughts and well-dressed imaginings of other people's cerebral developments,) he experiences a sense of joy in welcoming a new visitor, far more vivid and pleasurable than is felt by him who greets every day a crowd of happy guests to be sent out, upon his introduction, to gladden the world beyond. The intellectual pauper is therefore inconsolable when he sees the poor little idea of which he was proud, after failing to receive the recognition he hoped for it, taken under another's patronage and presented to the public under auspices calculated to ensure for it a more gracious reception.

But while a writer may rightfully claim sympathy in cases where the notion of plagiarism cannot be excluded, he must always be gratified to find his ideas occurring to gifted men who are totally ignorant of their previous utterance and far too rich in striking and graceful images to need to play the borrower. It is a most agreeable thing to know that the same conceit which has imparted a delight to him in its birth, has been born anew in a mind of opulence and originality, and has there conferred such pleasure as to be thought worthy of expression for the benefit of the mass of readers. We have just been gratified in this way. Some years ago, the editor of the *Messenger* published in this magazine a little poem of which he could say with Touchstone, "a poor thing, sir, but mine own." In this poem occurred the following stanza, descriptive of a little girl on her regular morning walk—

An hour or two, and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks—
She carries in her hand a rose
And two upon her cheeks.

The conceit was thought pretty by some of the editor's friends, and he was afterwards flattered by seeing it quoted, but he placed no undue estimate upon the lines or the poem in which they occurred, and it was therefore with a feeling of satisfied surprise that on turning to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, (which so far anticipates the date of its stated publication, that we always receive it before our "Table" is made up) to find that delightful humourist and true poet, Dr. Holmes, commencing in this way—

"The schoolmistress came down with a rose in her hair,—a fresh June rose. She has been walking early; *she has brought back two others,—one on each cheek.*"

Here is a coincidence which is soothing to our poetic soul, for it shows that an idea of our own has become an idea of a real, genuine, regally-endowed poet, and been accepted by him as good. Of course our modest verses, which were published anonymously, never were seen by the Autocrat. Let us, in justice to Dr. Holmes, allow the reader to see how he has followed up the fancy and improved it. He continues,

"I told her so, in some such pretty phrase as I could muster for the occasion. *Those two blush roses I just spoke of turned into a couple of damasks.*"

There, that is as exquisite as the perfume of the flower. We acknowledge the sway of the Autocrat gratefully, and wish we could turn over to him some other similitudes to be worked upon with equal felicity.

As proper of the Atlantic Monthly, we observe that its usual bad political article gives place this month to a very flippant piece of ridicule directed against the recent 4th of July celebration at Boston, and the Hon. Rufus Choate. This gentleman was guilty of the offence of making a patriotic speech on "Nationality," and, in the estimation of the "Atlantic Monthly," it

were indeed a grievous fault. And grievously has Rufus answered it, in the smart spitefulness of the nimble Arachne who spins his web of sophistries and nurses his venom in the concluding pages of the Boston magazine. Our purpose is not with Mr. Choate and his reviewer, Mr. Choate might crush the spider forever if he chose, but with the following query which is put forth with an air of sincerity, as if the querist would really like to be answered.

"But we would seriously ask Mr. Choate who the big ministers of the country are, if the Beechers, if Wayland, Park, Bushnell, Cheever, Furness, Parker, Hedge, Bellows, and Huntingdon are the little ones?"

We do not profess to be very intimately acquainted with the theological ability of the United States, but if we were asked to mention some of our "big ministers," we should probably name Plumer, Thornwell, Breckinridge, Bethune, Alexander, Stiles, Hawks, McIlvaine, Johns, Atkinson, Potter, Fuller, Manly, Soule, Smith, Pierce and Summers. The test of greatness with the *Atlantic Monthly* is vehement opposition to slavery, which fully accounts for its association of the names of the eccentric Ward Beecher and the respectable but not eminent Dr. Bellows, with the great Wayland, and Theodore Parker, who preaches a religion of his own, with Bushnell.

So far as we know, the subjoined extravaganza of poor Tom Hood has never been fully printed in America. It appears in no edition of his humorous poems that we have met with, and we are indebted for it to a friend who found it in an English journal. Some months ago an incomplete version of it was communicated to "Harper's Drawer" by one who had committed it to memory from the copy of our correspondent, but he fell into many mistakes, and the droll succession of puns, just as Hood conceived them, is now presented for the first time to the American reader—

THE MEANING OF WORDS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We know the meaning of most words
By sound as well as sight;
They *mean*, although they have no *mien*,—
So mind and *write* them *right*.

For thus, in "eccentricity,"
One *sees* good many *e's*;
Also, in "hubbububberous,"
The *b's* are thick as *bees*.

There are no *i's* in English "*eyes*,"
But *e's* there are in "*ease*;"
A does want *ye* to make it *aye*,—
There's but one *p* in "*peas*."

Some *judges judge* the English tongue,
But kill it with a breath;
With wind and words they *sentence* son
Fine *sentences* to death.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse, when
You *see* him in the *sea*;
But when you see him in a *bay*,
A *bay* horse then is he,

Of *course*, a race-course isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine* tree *pine*.

If *miners* are all *minors*, then
Their guardians get their gains;
All glaziers extra *pains* should take
To put in extra *panes*.

A kitchen *maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady knows no labour, but
To *toil* it at her *toilet*.

"How do you do?" said Sal to John;
"So, so," replied he;
"How do *you* do?" said John to Sal;
"Sometimes *sew*, *sew*," said she.

If one were ridden o'er a *lot*,
He might his *lot* bewail;
But 'twould be of no use to him
To *rail* against a *rail*.

A bat about a farmer's room,
Not long ago I knew
To *fly*. He caught a *fly*, and then
Flew up the chimney *flue*;

But such a *scene* was never *seen*,
(I am quite sure of that.)
As when, with sticks, all hands *essay*
To hit the *bat* a *bat*.

A *vane* is *vain*, one would suppose,
Because it wants a mind;
And furthermore, 'tis blown about
By every idle wind.

'Tis *pen*-ishment for me to *pen* ;
 'Tis trifling, void of worth ;
 So let it pass unnoticed, like
 The *dew* that's *due* to earth.

'Stay yet, dear friends ; the Minstrel bids
 you toast
 In pure, bright water, our accomplished
 host ;
 Who gives, one need not say, our class its
 name,
 Tinged with the lustre of his well earned
 fame.
 Health for his labors, for his cares relief,
 To him, our first and last unenvied chief !'

The following sketch of the life and works of the late lamented Dr. Gilman, of South Carolina, has been prepared officially by Dr. Joseph Palmer of the "Association of the Alumni of Harvard University," and is published, by order of that society, in its Necrology for the past Academic year. We transfer it to our pages as a just and discriminating biography of one whom living we loved and whose memory we cherish with peculiar fondness.

"Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C. died at the residence of his son-in-law, Rev. Charles J. Bowen, in Kingston, Mass., 9th February, 1858, aged 66. He was son of Frederick and Abigail H. (Somes) Gilman, and was born in Gloucester, Mass., 16th February, 1791. His father had been a very successful merchant in Gloucester, but died insolvent nearly sixty years ago, his insolvency having been caused by the capture of several of his vessels by the French, in the war of 1798. He left a youthful widow and four male children ; and when Samuel was about seven years old, his mother took him to Atkinson, N. H., to be educated in the academy there, under the charge of Rev. Stephen Peabody. (H. U. 1769) whose quaint, primitive ways are described with inimitable humor in a biographical sketch by Dr. Gilman, published in the Christian Examiner in 1847. Not long subsequently, the family removed to Salem, Mass., and Samuel was for some time employed as a clerk in the old Essex Bank. He graduated with high honors in a class remarkable for eminent talent. A poem, which he delivered on his graduation, "On the pleasures and pains of the student," was replete with humor and elicited rapturous applause from a crowded audience. This poem he repeated on the evening of Commencement day in 1852, at the residence of Hon. Edward Everett in Boston, whither the Class had been invited to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of their graduation ; and added a sequel in which he gave a retrospect of the time from their graduation to that period, paying a brief and beautiful tribute to the memory of those of the class who had deceased. The poem concluded with the following fine compliment to their host, the Hon. Mr. Everett:—

"These two poems were printed immediately afterwards, for distribution to the surviving members of the class.

"Among the various pursuits which offered themselves to Dr. Gilman's choice, was that to which, by character and endowments, he was best adapted, and it was the profession which was the choice of his heart. He soon began the study of Theology under the supervision of Drs. Ware and Kirkland, who then constituted the Theological Faculty. Fortunately for him, he was not hurried, like most young Americans, immediately and prematurely into professional life. He lingered long under the roof of his Alma Mater, maturing his mind, extending his knowledge, and laying up those intellectual and literary treasures which his future isolation rendered so important. In 1817 he was appointed Tutor in Mathematics at Harvard College, which office he held two years. Early in 1849 he went to Charleston, S. C., where he received a pastoral call as successor to the Rev. Anthony M. Foster, and after a few months of probationary service, he was ordained, 1st December, 1819, as pastor of the Unitarian or Second Independent Church in that city. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D.D., of Chelsea, Mass. [H. U. 1798]. Here he labored faithfully and acceptably until his last sickness. He was universally respected by the people of the city of his residence, and his influence extended far beyond the limits of the religious denomination with which he was connected. He was the life and soul of the New England Society of South Carolina, and was always hospitable to all visitors from the North. During his residence in Cambridge, he was a frequent contributor to the North American Review, in which periodical his papers are marked by their polished elegance of diction, the grace and felicity of their illustrations, and their racy humor. Among his contributions were a series of able papers on the Philosophical Lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown, and translations of several of the satires of Boileau. One of his most noted essays was on "The Influence of One National Literature upon Another." He also wrote a fine paper on "The Writings of Edward Everett," his classmate and

warm personal friend. After his removal to Charleston he continued to write for different periodicals, his contributions embracing a wide range of subjects, from profound philosophical discussions to sparkling satirical essays. A selection of these was published in a volume a few years since, under the title of "Contributions to American Literature, descriptive, critical, humorous, biographical, philosophical and poetical." Among his productions, the "Recollections of a New England Village Choir," has, perhaps, become the most generally popular. For apt local description, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a happy intuition of characteristic peculiarities, it has seldom been matched in the humorous literature of this country. Dr. Gilman possessed the gift of poetry, which he cultivated with no inconsiderable success. He had a luxuriant fancy, an excellent command of natural imagery, and great fluency of expression. As a pulpit orator he was affectionate and persuasive, equally removed from languor and vehemence, never boisterous, but always in earnest, loving the sphere of universal ethics rather than the subtleties of sectarian doctrine, and commending the great lessons he taught by the shining and noble example of his private life.

"Dr. Gilman married, 14th October, 1819, Miss Caroline Howard, daughter of Samuel Howard, a shipwright of Boston, a lady of remarkable talents and acquirements. She is the author of several excellent books, viz: "Oracles from the Poets;" "Recollections of a New England Housekeeper;" "New England Bride and Southern Matron;" "Poetry of Travelling in the United States;" "Tales and Ballads," and others.

"Dr. Gilman had four daughters who survive him, viz: Abby Louisa, wife of Francis J. Porcher, merchant of Charleston; Caroline H. Glover, widow of William Glover, planter, of South Carolina; Eliza W. Dodge, wife of Pickering Dodge, Esq., of Salem; Anna, wife of Rev. Charles J. Bowen, of Kingston, Mass. He had also a son who died young. His widow survives him. His occasional visits to the home of his youth kept his ancient intimacies unbroken; old associations were preserved amid the excitement of novel scenes and fresh interests; and now that he has passed away, his remembrance will be tenderly cherished both by those to whom he devoted the maturity of his strength and those among whom he had found a grave.

Notices of New Works.

LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE. *A Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century.* By G. P. R. JAMES. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 602 Arch Street. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

"Lord Montagu's Page" will prove by no means the least worthy and interesting page in Mr. James's literary biography—indeed it is in his best manner, and would confer a reputation on a new aspirant for celebrity in fiction. We say his best *manner* rather than his best *style*, for Mr. James has written many books, we think, of more careful, graceful and elegant English, but we should not know where, among the numerous volumes he has given to the public, to put our hands on a story of greater vigour, of more skillful delineations of character, of pleasanter colouring, of more delicate and tender love. The heart-

romance of the gallant English stripling and the sweet maiden of his idolatry, runs through the crowded but never confused narrative of battles and sieges like a gay thread through a tapestry of wars, throwing a kind of Claude-like glow over dark and stormy scenes. In the period selected for the development of his plot, Mr. James has been most happy. The fortunes of the hero are largely connected with Rochelle,

—our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

at the time when the great Cardinal of France and his servitor, Louis Trieze, sat down before its walls and reduced its indomitable inhabitants to famine. Edward Langdale, the page of Lord Montagu, goes thither as a courier of the Duke of Buckingham, carrying important des-

patches, is waylaid, twice nearly killed, brought into intimate relations with the Cardinal, whose distinguished favour he secures without playing false to his King or his creed, thrown into dungeons and brought thence into boudoirs, made to do an extraordinary quantity of horseback exercise in all parts of France, married early in the story, then separated from his *chère amie*, and at last, when Europe knows a brief respite of tranquillity after years of turbulence and intrigue, re-united to her under circumstances that are perfectly satisfactory to all parties. But it is no part of our purpose to trace the plot of "Lord Montagu's Page." Our readers must, each and all of them, procure the volume and learn for themselves how the hero bore himself, through what perilous escapes and romantic adventures.

The character of Richelieu, as drawn in these pages, is relieved by many generous traits, and would seem to have been designed as some reparation for the harsher portraiture of him given by Mr. James in the novel which bears his name. At the date of the leaguer of Rochelle, the wily prelate was yet a young man, and we may imagine that such an episode in the affairs of the State as the love-match of Langdale and Lucette, would call forth whatever was left of sentiment in a nature so absorbed by ambition, but the pity manifested by him for the unfortunate Chalais, and his desire to save the Rochellois from the worst extremity, are calculated in some measure to redeem him from the severe judgment which has been passed upon his fame.

In description Mr. James equals his finest passages in this volume. The account of the destruction of the Abbey of Moreilles by lightning, with the subsequent voyage of the fugitives, and the picture of Rochelle during the siege with its dead and dying, are powerfully wrought, the latter recalling the dramatic sketch in Philip Van Artevelde of the famine during the investment of Ghent. As a representation of the manners of a past age of greater license in speech and social habits than our own, it is no small praise to say of "Lord Montagu's Page," that while it faithfully reflects the characteristics of the times, it is a very pure and unexceptionable composition.

Mr. James's new publishers have done themselves great credit by the beautiful externals they have given to the novel. The *fine vignette* of the "Phantom March" on the ornamental title-page is from an original sketch by a young artist of Richmond, Mr. W. B. Myers, who has given many evidences of talent in a non-professional way. *En passant*, was it the fault of the engraver, or is it peculiar to ghostly equestrianism, that the phantom horses have no bridles?

THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street. 1858. [From George M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

The concluding volume of Mr. Randall's valuable "Life of Jefferson" is by far the most entertaining of all. It embraces the period between the year 1802 and the death of the great man, and comprises some of his most important public measures, treating of the acquisition of Louisiana, the Tripolitan war, the treason and trial of Burr, the famous *batture* case, and, towards the close, his efforts in founding and establishing the Virginia University. Upon all political questions, our author espouses the side of Mr. Jefferson with enthusiasm, believing the Republicans always right and the Federalists always wrong, and seeking to show that our venerated Democratic President never committed an error in affairs of State. It is not within our province to follow Mr. Randall in his examination of Mr. Jefferson's acts as the leader of a great party, and we are free to confess that in this volume, as in those which preceded it, the charm has been in the picture it has given us of the eminent statesman at his own fireside, or under the shade of his Monticello trees, full of affectionate interest for his household, beguiling the leisure of retirement with his books, riding over his fields at morning and devoting the residue of the day to literature, correspondence and social converse. We can recall no more pleasing realization of the *De Senectute* of Cicero than the last years of Mr. Jefferson's eventful and memorable life as presented in Mr. Randall's pages. Troubles, indeed, came upon the old man,—the loss of those dear to him, the ruin of his private fortune, the misconstruction of political enemies—yet no murmurs escaped him; ever cheerful and considerate he bore reverses, as he has borne success, with equanimity; and sought to extend the law of kindness to all with whom he was brought in contact. He enjoyed the poetry of Moore who, in other days, had satirized him, and he forgave readily all who in the bitterness of party spirit had done him wrong. Thus led to the grave by "an old age serene and bright," he passed from the scene of his labours in sight of the dome of the college he had succeeded in establishing, surrounded by his fondly attached descendants and his faithful domestics, and leaving behind him a name to be inscribed within all the temples dedicated to liberty and learning which shall ever be erected on earth. It is an attractive portraiture, and it imparts to the volumes of the learned and zealous biographer an interest which will cause them to be read with delight by succeeding generations.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume III. Beam—Browning. New York: D. Appleton and Company. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Each succeeding volume of this admirable work but more satisfactorily demonstrates its interest and value. The Third of the series, which is now on our table, opens with the article *Beam*, and closes with the article *Browning*, (being a memoir of the poet,) between which are contained very many useful and entertaining essays on a great variety of subjects coming under the letter B. of the alphabet. The New American Cyclopædia is especially rich in geographical and biographical papers relating to our own country, and accordingly we find in this volume papers of a discriminating kind on Boston, Brooklyn, Benton, the Baltimore Bonapartes, the Breckinridges, the Brooke family of Virginia, and others that might be mentioned. There is a fine article on the first Emperor Napoleon, and the volume contains well digested summaries of Belgium and Brazil, a compact history of the Bible Society and some pleasant literary papers on Beranger, Blarney, Bookselling, Bookbinding, &c. These are a few of the various delightful contributions which have arrested our attention, and they warrant us in continuing to commend this magnificent enterprise of the Appletons to public favour. It must find friends wherever knowledge is valued in the United States.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL NAVIGATION. Edited by J. SMITH HOMANS and J. SMITH HOMANS, JR. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1858. [From A. Morr's, 97 Main Street.

This noble work took us completely by surprise, inasmuch as it came before the public altogether unheralded, whereas the custom has been to prepare the purchasing community for literary enterprises of such magnitude by prospectuses and advertisements months in advance of their appearance. None but a publishing house of vast resources could have issued a volume

of more than two thousand pages of closely-printed matter, relying for a return upon the capital invested solely on subscriptions after the publication had been made. The commercial class of the United States owe the Harpers a large debt of gratitude for placing within their reach a compendium of knowledge so much to be desired. No Mercantile establishment in the country should be without this Cyclopædia. The arrangement of its contents seems to us excellent, and for the authenticity of its statements the public has a sufficient guaranty in the well-established reputation of the editors, whose labours in the Banker's Magazine, during many years past, are so well known and have been so generously appreciated.

COLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Volume I. Charleston, S. C. S. G. Courtenay & Co., Booksellers, 9 Broad Street. 1857.

The Historical Society of South Carolina has been in existence only three years, but it has been doing good service as this volume will show. Indeed we have only to read over the names of the officers of the institution to feel a gratifying assurance of its usefulness. Already these gentlemen have procured from the State Paper Office in London all the documents relating to the early history of their State, which they now give to the public, together with a most interesting narrative of the confinement of Henry Laurens in the Tower and other valuable memoranda. The materials of the volume are very well arranged, but the typography and paper are not so good as could be desired for so excellent a work.

We have received from Mr. James Woodhouse "St. Ronan's Well," in two volumes, from the press of Ticknor & Fields of Boston, being the latest issue of their beautiful Household Edition of the Waverley Novels which we have so often had occasion heretofore to commend to our readers. The Edition is now nearly completed and exceed in its desirable qualities all others with which we are acquainted.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

COTTON, STEAM AND MACHINERY.

BY HOLT WILSON.

"Were the benefits of civilization to be partial and not universal, it would be only a bitter mockery and cruel injustice."—*Duchâtel*—as quoted by John Wade in his *History of the Middle and Working Classes*.

An English writer on the observance of Whit-Week in Manchester, says: "The last century has witnessed many revolutions. Thrones have been toppled over like nine-pins, and monarchs have been hustled off the stage like so many bad actors. But, as far as our country is concerned, the greatest revolutionists have been steam, machinery and cotton. What wondrous changes have these mighty agents wrought among us! Instead of our pack-horses lumbering over mountains and heathes, through bogs and quagmires, we rattle over rivers, above cities, through the bowels of the earth, at the rate of forty miles an hour; instead of spinning cloth with the fingers, we have jennies and mules by the million throwing off in an hour as much work as it would take all the fingers in creation to complete in a lifetime; instead of hoisting up coals from the deep caverns of the earth with the sweat of

man's labour, the enormous loads rise by some magic influence, while man looks on with his hands thrust into his pockets; instead of being mere feathers tossed before wind and tide, we sail across the ocean, and, if need be, astonish an enemy's fortress with a few lively rockets, almost in defiance of the elements; instead of laborious type-printing with the hand, we can cover the surface of the globe with printed broad sheets in a miraculously short time. Steam, machinery, cotton! mighty enchanters! Ye have summoned forth populous cities in the solitudes; ye have converted fishing stations into bustling seaports; at your bidding the huge factory has risen and the spacious workshop rings with the hammer. Are ye three heavenly maidens scattering enjoyment, comfort and plenty from your golden urns? or, are ye the three wierd sisters joining in the chorus—

NOTE.—The following authorities have been consulted and freely quoted:

Baine's History of the Cotton Manufacture; Richmond Dispatch; Von Raumer's England; Jay's Political Economy; Life of Watt; Employer and Employed; American Organ; The Pennsylvanian; Macaulay's History of England; Hume's History of England; Wayland's Political Economy; Wright's Universal Dictionary; McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary; Burn's Statistics of the Cotton Manufacture; Conversations with a Sick Student; Cotton is King; New York Journal of Commerce; The Albion; The Cotton Trade, Letter from Secretary of State, Ex. Doc., June 10, 1856—No. 108; Commerce and Navigation, 1849—1853, Pub. Doc.; Graham's Colonial History.

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

Such is the inquiry which is at present to engage our attention.

We are at liberty and not without reason to infer, that when the Almighty formed the world and created man, He designed that the earth should not only be replenished and the human race increased and multiplied, but also, that both should be advanced to a degree in the scale of progress far in advance of their primeval state. We may infer that this entered into the design of the Divine Mind, not only from what has actually taken place, but from the nature of the constitution of man himself. Endowed as he is with those faculties whose existence is manifest by the powers which they have exhibited, it would have been impossible for him, constituted as he is, not to have discovered, invented and contrived, mechanical aids with a view to facilitate and enlarge his manual operations. He could never have remained inactive or content without having succeeded in devising such aids and rendering them—as he has the very lightning of heaven—subservient to his controlling will and contributory to his benefit and advancement. In thus acting as a seemingly independent and creative energy, he has been, after all, only working in accordance with the subjective and objective laws of his being. In such sense he may be regarded as the mere tool or machine, so to speak, of a higher power, by virtue of whose energy, not only has he had his very being, but likewise in accordance with the operations of which, in a certain sense, he has "moved merely as he has been moved." Thus, in subservience to the law of his being—a law ceaseless in its operation as irresistible in its power—man, "the feeble tenant of an hour"—has evolved from his incessant brain, those inventions, appliances and discoveries, which have raised him from the dust, moved him onward and upward from a state of comparative savagism, and firmly placed him upon the high and commanding eminence of civilization and refinement. The plough—the loom

and the anvil—steam, machinery and cotton—form the mighty combination, which, wielded by his godlike mind, in accordance with the subjected laws of his own being and those unchanging laws operating in the subjective world, have elevated him to the position he at present occupies. How wide, how unbounded the prospect which is spread out before him! From the lofty eminence he has attained—the moral and intellectual Pisgah which o'ertops and surveys the gloomy wilderness through which he has passed—he may see that the clouds and the shadows and the darkness which formed his night of thick gloom in the ages that have gone before, have all been dispelled by the glorious sun of enlightenment which illumines the present. In its broad glare he is enabled, from his commanding standpoint, to obtain a foresight of the still more brilliant epoch of the future, full of promise, of hope, and of encouragement.

No production of the soil occupies a more prominent or important position in the commerce of the world than the cotton plant. None has contributed more, perhaps, to the accumulation of the capital and the employment of the labour of Great Britain. In the infancy of its manufacture in England its future importance seems to have been foreseen by her men of thought. Hence it was that the inventive genius of that powerful and grasping nation occupied itself in devising those mechanical means by which the manufacture of cotton might be improved and multiplied, labour economised, the cost of the fabric reduced, and the growing demands of consumption accommodated. The prominence of this great staple being undoubted and undenied, its consideration must attract and occupy the attention of him who seeks to reach a comparative estimate of the benefits which man has derived from what are termed the economisers of labour. Indeed, in estimating these benefits, cotton, steam and machinery form the triple elements, so united by the steel bands of a common interest as not to admit of separation, without destroying that system whose effects have exerted so benign and marked an influence upon man's social,

moral and intellectual condition. Commerce has not inaptly been called King. But, if the manufacturing interest of Great Britain is really in "the power of an oligarchy of planters," and her commercial prosperity may in a great measure be traced to the importance of that staple whence that prosperity is in great part derived, it may be said, perhaps, with more of truthfulness, Cotton is King. Deprive her of this and she would cease to occupy that position among the peoples which steam, her unrivalled machinery, and an adequate supply of cotton, enable her to maintain. It is this triple element of her greatness which has wrought a commercial revolution in her history, the result of which has been to constitute her the spinner as well as "the workshop of the world." That current which, we are told, had set in a comparatively unimpeded course from India, she has long ago been enabled to direct and cause to flow back to the East. So that so swollen, indeed, had become her commerce, based upon this staple, her export of £200,354 worth of cotton goods in 1764 had risen in 1833 to the enormous sum of £18,486,400, or nearly one hundred millions of dollars. It has been asked "what would become of England, the arch-agitator of abolitionism, but for cotton, by the manufacture of which she has waxed fat and strong, while she curses the system by which it is produced?" All the opposition of the English abolitionists—all the opposition of Northern abolitionists—have resulted in really nothing so far as the accomplishment of their ends is or has been attained. Slavery has become a fixed institution and slave territory has been enlarged to meet the demands of the commercial and manufacturing interests of the United States, England and of the world. With it are linked in interest manufactures and agriculture or the grain-growing interest, which minister to it and contribute to its perpetuation. Gerrett Smith was not far wrong in his speech on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, when he proclaimed that the invention of the cotton gin fastened slavery upon the country. When we view the professions of Great

Britain in relation to slavery, with her actions, we are forced to regard those professions as approaching to hypocrisy. If slavery is the curse she pronounces it—if it is as she and her coadjutors on this side the Atlantic aver, a curse and a sin, why does she and her Northern sympathisers and allies continue to purchase cotton and tobacco, or indeed any of the products of slave labour? Does not she, and do not her abolition confederates consent to the robbery and the sin by purchasing these fruits of slave labour, and thus yielding willingly the substantial aid in upholding and perpetuating this godless institution which they feign to decry? In 1839, the notorious George Thompson, the English abolitionist, asserted that the scheme of the increase of cotton cultivation in the East Indies must succeed, and that slave-labour cotton would be repudiated by the British manufacturer—and as we further learn from David Christy,—upon whose admirable work, entitled "Cotton is King," we are largely drawing,—in that year England only consumed 445,744,000 pounds, while in 1853, fourteen years after Thompson's prediction, England consumed 817,998,048 pounds, nearly 700,000,000 of which were obtained from slave-breeding and slave-growing America! In fact, England, as all the civilized world knows, is, as Mr. Christy asserts, "dependent upon our slave labour for cotton."

Blackwood, for January 1853, says—"with its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace—we may say the subsistence of millions in every manufacturing country in Europe—within the power of an oligarchy of planters."

And the London Economist says—"Let any great social or physical convulsion visit the United States, and England would feel the shock from Land's End to John O'Groats. The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America—their destiny may be said, without any kind of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befall the land of cot-

ton, a thousand of our merchant ships would ride idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stop their busy looms; two thousand thousand mouths would starve for lack of food to feed them."

In 1849, England exported of cotton fabrics in value \$140,000,000, while as Mr. Christy shows from the *London Economist*, all the other woven fabrics exported did not reach in value \$68,000,000. Showing a preponderance of the cotton fabrics in value, exported, of \$72,000,000. So much for the pratings of English and American abolitionists about the wrong and robbery of Southern slavery; upon which they live and move and have their being—upon which, by the confession of their leading journals, "millions in Europe are dependent for subsistence"—and from which the Northern free grain-growing States and the whole manufacturing interest of Massachusetts, and the entire North, derive their very pabulum—and without which they would famish. But is not Great Britain herself responsible for Southern slavery? What is the history of her connection with the slave-trade as wound up with our own colonial history in relation to this traffic? We learn that the first English trader was Sir John Hawkins. He was subsequently Admiral and Treasurer of the English Navy. The journals of his father, an English seaman, contained observations relative to the richness of the soil of America and the West Indies, which attracted the attention of Sir John. The climate was too sultry and debilitating for the European labourer, but admirably suited to the African cultivator. The journals of the elder Hawkins were the stimuli imbibed by the younger. Sir John formed a plan of transporting Africans to the Western World, which he submitted to the consideration of his friends for their sanction, concurrence and coöperation. A subscription was opened—and by the assistance of Sir Lionel Ducket, Sir Thomas Lodge, Sir William Winter and others who were enlisted in the lucrative enterprise, Hawkins, in the year 1562, set sail from England for Sierra Leone, where he commenced his traffic. No

doubt the same inducements which were then presented to the untaught and rude African, by this knighted English filibuster, centuries ago, are now agitated and presented under the name of the apprentice system, now actually practiced by France and advocated by a party in England. Sir John Hawkins induced about three hundred to embark with him for Hispaniola; but they were attacked by a hostile tribe, which, by the aid of Hawkins, was repulsed, a number of prisoners captured and taken on board his vessel. The next day he set sail with the mixed human ware, and on his arrival at Hispaniola disposed of the whole cargo to advantage. He returned to England with a cargo of pearls, sugar and ginger in exchange for his slaves. In reply to the offended (?) sensibilities of the nation at his procedure, the Englishman stated he deemed it an act of humanity to carry men from a worse to a better condition, from a state of heathen barbarism to an opportunity of sharing the blessings of Christianity and civilization. Upon a second expedition Hawkins was joined by a British man-of-war, who collected by force another cargo of human beings. Such was the origin of the English branch of the slave-trade. Cardinal Ximenes was opposed to the traffic. But after his death Charles the Fifth encouraged the slave-trade and granted, in 1517, a patent to certain favourites, conferring an exclusive right to import 4000 Africans into America. In 1542, however, he made a law putting a stop to the traffic; but upon his retirement into a monastery this edict was defeated. To place more clearly before the mind of the reader the prominent parts which the British government took in this traffic, we have only to refer to the treaty of Utrecht. One of the provisions of this treaty had special reference to the slave-trade. It seems that a French mercantile corporation had been established as early as the year 1701, called the Apiento Company, or Royal Company of Guinea. This Company had entered into contract to furnish the Spanish settlements in South America with negroes. This contract was in conformity with a

treaty between France and Spain. It was entitled "*Traité fait entre les deux rois très chrétien et catholique avec la Compagnie Royale de Guinée établie en France, concernant l'introduction des Nègres dans l'Amérique.*" But by the treaty of Utrecht, this Contract of the Apiento or Royal Company, was transferred from the French to the merchants of England—the King of Spain granting to them for thirty years the exclusive privilege of supplying his colonies with Africans. And Queen Anne engaged that her subjects should, during these thirty years, transport to the Spanish Indies 144,000 of *Indian pieces*, technically so-called, that is negro slaves, on certain specified terms, and at the rate of 4,800 negroes per annum.

And this same Queen Anne, in her commission and instructions to her kinsman Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, when appointing him Governor of the province of New Jersey, charged him to take especial care that God Almighty be devoutly and duly served—and that in promoting trade, her kinsman, Lord Edward, should especially countenance and encourage the Royal African Company of England—a mercantile association that had been formed, as we are further told, for the piratical purpose of kidnapping or purchasing negroes in Africa and then selling them in America as slaves, just as did Sir John Hawkins years before, assisted by a British man-of-war. It is further stated that it was declared to be the intention of Her Majesty to recommend unto the said Company, that the said province of New Jersey may have a constant and sufficient supply of merchantable negroes at moderate rates.

The Queen, in her speech before Parliament, on the 8th of June, 1712, in terms of satisfaction, states that "the part which we have borne in the prosecution of the war entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, *I have insisted* and obtained the anento or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes, to be continued for thirty years." And in this new article of commerce all persons of other nations were strictly forbidden to engage. It was re-

served for the *exclusive benefit of England*, and so profitable was the trade deemed that the sovereign of Great Britain condescended to become in *her own person the chief slave-trader in the world*. Of a company formed to supply the colonies of America with slaves, Queen Anne subscribed for one quarter of the stock, as well to reap the profits from the adventure as to *encourage her subjects to embark in the enterprise*. Maryland, Virginia and Carolina in vain endeavoured by laws, by remonstrances, and protests, to stop the traffic in human flesh. It was too profitable for British cupidity to forego. "*English ships, fitted out in English cities, under special favour of the royal family, of the ministry and Parliament, stole from Africa, in the year 1700 to 1750, probably a million and a half of souls.*" The sagacity of the English merchants taught them that monopolies were prejudicial to commerce, and they maintained that if the trade were thrown open, a healthful competition would reduce the price of negroes, and insure an abundant supply. Accordingly, in 1750, Parliament passed a law, from which the following is an extract:

"AN ACT FOR EXTENDING AND IMPROVING THE TRADE TO AFRICA. Whereas, the trade to and from Africa is very advantageous to Great Britain, and necessary for supplying the plantations and colonies thereunto belonging with a sufficient number of negroes, at reasonable rates, and for that purpose, the said trade ought to be free and open to all His Majesty's subjects: Therefore, Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, *spiritual* and temporal, and Commons in the present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That it shall be lawful for all the King's subjects to trade to and from any place in Africa, between the port of Saltré, in South Barbary, and the Cape of Good Hope, *without any restraint whatsoever.*"

Under this act, the first essay of the British Government in free trade, removing all impediments and restrictions, vessels were fitted out at every port to

embark in the traffic. Thus the Parliament of England, by the enactment of laws; her Ministers of State, by instructions and by treaties; her *judges*, by their expositions from the bench; and the sovereign, by commendations from the throne, swelled the trade in human flesh until it became the chief item in her foreign commerce. An obscure hamlet on the banks of the Musey, the abode of a few fishermen, was made the depot of the trade. It has risen [partly] from the gains of slave-stealing to the rank of the first cities of Europe, and now stands in all its pride and wealth, a monument of prosperous crime. The illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence, in the original draft of that remarkable paper, set forth the grievance in this emphatic language:

"He [the King of Great Britain] has waged cruel war against human nature itself; violating its most sacred rights and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market, where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit this execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors should want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms among us, and purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he has also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.' One of the last acts of the British government to the subject colonies was the official declaration of the minister, that 'the government could not allow the colonists to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation.'"

Such is the account we derive from a

glance at our colonial history, and such is the position which the present arch-agitator of abolition has occupied in relation to slavery. To proceed. The Industrial Exhibition at Paris seems to have disclosed the fact that "the manufacturing greatness of England has reached its culminating point." We learn from a notice of this Exposition in 1851, that "twenty years ago the cloth manufactures of England monopolised all the markets of the world. Spain, Portugal, Italy, British India, China, North and South America, and the Canadian Provinces, all drew the greater portion of the woollen goods they consumed from the manufacturing districts of Great Britain. Of late years, French and Belgian cloths have driven the English fabrics almost entirely out of the American markets, by reason of their superior dyes, the excellence of their finish, and their lower cost. But the superiority of England in the mechanic arts, as applied to machinery, to cutlery, and to the manufacture of cotton goods, was so strikingly manifested at the World's Fair, that there were few of her merchants and manufacturers who found successful competition in the manufacture of these particular articles. Three years have passed [we are told] and the Paris Exhibition has startled them from their security by showing the immense strides which the French have made in the manufacture of woollens and cutlery; while in the coarser cotton fabrics, the United States now enters the field as a dangerous and enterprising rival. * * Sensible that the power of England was based upon her preëminence as a manufacturing and commercial nation, and in view of the danger threatened by the acknowledged excellence of the French in the manufacture of staples in which for ages England has enjoyed almost a monopoly, the English members of the International Navy called a meeting to consult upon the causes which have led to this condition of things, and to suggest the means best adapted to meet it. At this meeting it was resolved 'that the manifest progress made by France, and other continental States, as evidenced by the variety and

excellence of the national products, the number and ingenuity of the inventions, and the general character of the manufactures exhibited in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, induces the conviction that it is only by great exertion, under the most favourable circumstances, that the hitherto almost uncontested superiority of Great Britain, in the mechanical and chemical arts, can be maintained.' Coming from such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir Charles Manly, Professors Owen, Wheatstone, and Cockerell, Messrs. Fairbairn, Rennie, and other eminent persons, the opinion assumes a gravity and importance well calculated to disturb the digestive functions of Englishmen. The Committee contended that the paramount obligation of the English Government is to become the active patron of the national genius." And as the same reviewer proceeds—"At subsequent conventions of scientific men the patent laws of England were almost unanimously admitted to act as a dead weight upon the inventive spirit of the country. Under the old law the cost of a patent to the inventor ranged from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. It is now contended, with reason, that the total expense of a patent should not exceed twenty-five dollars; and strenuous efforts are being made to induce the government to conform to the popular desire. If the measures contemplated should fail in proving practically operative, England has reached the highest point of her greatness, and must consent to see her power pass into the hand of more enterprising nations." In this connection it is not irrelevant to notice, in passing, the advanced position of the United States in this branch of mechanical improvement. From an article in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, we read,—“There was a time when we were indebted to Europe for a portion of our finest machinery, and foreigners regarded American ingenuity as at its climax in the production of wooden nutmegs and clothespins. Latterly, we have astonished them with our patent reapers and six shooters, and, at last, they have come to acknowledge that our mechanics are entitled to

rank with the best of their own. A further illustration may now be given. Yesterday a sloop arrived at this harbour bringing from the Jersey shore forty tons of iron machinery, constructed for use in Scotland, and the same is now being shipped direct to Glasgow. It is designed for the manufacture of India Rubber goods, a process in which America is ahead of the world.”

Thus much it has been deemed proper to cite in order that the positions of the nations might at least be noted in an essay like the one in hand. We now resume the subject more particularly under consideration.

When we survey the present condition of mankind, and view it in contrast with that which prevailed years ago—even at the close of the seventeenth century—or previous to the various discoveries and improvements which have been made and their application to the useful arts and employments of life—no unprejudiced mind can fail to observe a marked change—an onward and an upward progress from a lower to a higher position, or, in other words, from a worse to a better condition. The general use of the hitherto, comparatively, unapplied power of steam—that great economiser of human labour—the introduction and use of the art of printing, that mighty lever wielded by man for the dissemination of knowledge and the enlightenment and civilization of his species—and the various improvements in machinery which have rendered memorable the names of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, of Crompton, of Cartwright, of Whitney, and those other benefactors of their species who have contributed so much to the general advancement and prosperity—these, all, have produced progressive results from a worse to a better condition, which are both gratifying to contemplate and full of hopeful promise for the future. In estimating the benefits to mankind which the triumphs of genius have achieved, we are not to confine our observation to any mere locality. Nor are we to look exclusively to what any particular branch of trade may for a brief period have been inconvenienced by the introduction of im-

proved machinery and the use of steam as a motor, in its peculiar sphere of operation. Our view is not to be circumscribed or contracted within such "pent up" limits. But, on the contrary, it is to range even beyond the boundaries of civilization itself, and wherever the results of such improvements may have reached and become realized. Are we to be told that because the introduction of the printing press threw out of employment a handful of scribes and copyists, therefore mankind has not been benefitted by the genius of a Gottenburg, a Faust, a Schaeffer? Are we to be told, because of the successful triumphs of the genius of a Cartwright and the consequent introduction and use of the power-loom in the manufacture of that great staple which forms one of the chief elements in the commerce of the world, and which has contributed so much to elevate England to the present position she occupies among the nations of the earth—that, therefore, a handful of weavers and spinners of Manchester, of Preston, and of Glasgow, have been inconvenienced, and mankind, society at large, have not been benefitted? What numerical position—what relative proportion, did the weavers and spinners of the world occupy to the rest of mankind, admitting that they were losers, which they were not ultimately? For, they, as a class, were proportionally benefitted by increased production and consequent reduction in the price of the manufactured fabrics. "Who [asks Von Raumer] has gained by all the changes which modern times have produced, if not the manufacturer and his workmen? Perhaps, those for whom they work—the buyer, the public. And if buyers are, in another point of view, sellers, the gain must be distributed over all. The assertion that the condition of the labourer depends entirely on his earnings, is false and mischievous;—it depends quite as much on his expenditure. If, instead of the three shillings he received a few years ago, he now receives two, and with these two can buy more bread, more beer, more meat, and more manufactured goods than before with the three, his condition is in fact improved. That this is actually

the case may be proved by accurate calculations, and may also be inferred from the general appearance of the workmen, from the large deposits in the Savings Banks, and from many other facts. The hatred of machinery [continues this distinguished traveller] is daily on the decline. It is not more certain that two and two make four, than that, since the invention and by means of the employment of machinery, more people can be and are actually employed than before. One workman now produces as much as 266 in former times, or, 252,297 persons employed in the cotton manufactories of a large district of England now produce as much as would formerly have required 67,000,000 of hands. And this wondrous augmentation of human power and human dominion over matter ought to be destroyed or denounced as a calamity."

The same authority states, that "a century ago the use of stockings was confined to comparatively few. Now 50,000 families are employed in the manufacture of them; and the export amounts to 1,200,000*l.*—that is, to as much as the value of the whole cotton manufactory in 1760. With the consumption of one bushel of coals, which costs three pence, or a fourth of a shilling, a steam engine raises as much water as could be raised by human labour for fifty shillings. If the coals employed in England in the various manufactures and commerce, were replaced by human hands, the whole agricultural population would be required to execute the same quantity of work. But the profits of their labour would not nearly suffice for their subsistence—not even were coals twenty times as dear as they now are; the inevitable effects of which would be to annihilate all those manufactures which are calculated upon cheap fuel." And so, likewise, in the art of printing, to which allusion has been made. A celebrated French political economist states in his work, "Setting aside all consideration of the prodigious impulse given by the art of printing to the progress of human knowledge and civilization, I will speak of it merely as a manufacture, and in

omical point of view. When was first brought into use, a e of copyists were of course im-y deprived of occupation; for, it fairly reckoned, that one jour-printer does the business of 200

We may, therefore, conclude out of 200 were thrown out of ent. What followed? Why, in a e, the greater facility of reading han written books, the low price books fell, the stimulus this in-gave to authorship, whether de-amusement or instruction, the tion, in short, of all these causes, se effectually as to set at work, y little time, more journeymen than there were formerly copy- ed if we could now calculate sition, besides the number of am-printers, the total number of dustrious people that the press upation for, whether as type- and moulders, paper-makers, compositors, book-binders, book- ad the like, we should probably the number of persons occupied manufacture of books is now one times what it was before the rinting was invented." And the thor states that "the manufac- tion now occupies more hands nd, France and Germany, than fore the introduction of the ma- that has abridged and perfected ch of manufacture in so remark- agree."

data which have come under our e-learn that the amount of paper l annually in France is about 156,- pounds, of which 17,000,000 are . England produces about 177,- pounds and exports 16,000,000. ted States consumes about 270,- pounds more than England and ombined. In England and France nated that four and a half pounds med for each person—while in ed States ten pounds are estimat- ch individual. The rags requir- ke the 270,000,000 pounds con- n the United States amount to 000 pounds—one pound and a of rags being required to make

one pound of paper. Education in Amer- ica being more general, and the Ameri- cans being a reading people, she requires more paper than any other country. So rightly argues our authority. And may we not ask, is it not a benefit to mankind to have the price of cotton twist reduced from thirty-eight shillings a pound, as it was in 1786, down to one shilling and a few pence in 1850?

It has been estimated that the steam power of Great Britain and Ireland is equal to about 8,000,000 men's power, or about 1,600,000 horse power, and that a horse requires eight times the soil for producing food that a man does. Guided by these data, let us for a moment sup- pose the whole amount of steam power as a motor of the machinery of Great Bri- tain and Ireland to be utterly abolished—that power by which production has been multiplied, prices reduced, and to which, including the machinery and tools which it propels, society is so large- ly indebted for most of the luxuries and comforts of existence and the elevating refreshments of social life. Let us im- agine that the sweet melancholy hum of the soft rumbling mill-music has been suddenly stilled—the power-looms of Manchester and of the whole manufac- turing districts rendered inoperative and paralyzed. In such a state of mechani- cal palsy and commercial stagnation, it would require, provided such machinery could be put in motion by human or physical labour, additional subsistence of 1,600,000 horses, or an area of soil which would produce the food of 12,800,000 men, a number exceeding the whole pop- ulation of Spain, nearly equal to one half that of England, Scotland and Ire- land, and about one-third that of France. And when we come to estimate the wages of 8,000,000 able operatives, more by upwards of 7,500,000 than all the ship- builders, carters, millers, grocers, ba- kers, butchers, masons, smiths, tailors, and shoemakers in England—and then compare the result with the present cost of steam as a motor of the machinery of Great Britain, we should see in an- other view the vast benefit to mankind of its discovery and application in the pre-

tical arts of life, as the world's great economical motive power. There is a vulgar notion abroad that the few are made rich at the expense of the many; and, notwithstanding the idea entertained by the prejudiced and unthinking and attempted in some quarters to be sustained, that the operative classes, the bone and sinew of the body politic, are not benefited by the use of steam and the introduction of machinery—or, are poorly paid even,—it is surprising to one to whom it may be new, to learn that wages absorb the greater part by far of the cost of many or most of the articles of manufacture. It has been ascertained by careful calculations, that out of £100 worth of fine scissors, the workmen have £96. Out of £100 worth of razors, they have £90. Out of £100 worth of knives and forks, they have £65. Out of £100 worth of fine linen yarn, they have £48. Out of £100 worth of fine woollen cloth, they have £60; and so on with most of the articles of manufacture. And this, too, without contributing to the necessary capital invested in the various branches of manufacture in which they labour. To elucidate still further how mechanical skill and labour enhance the value of the raw material, it has been estimated that “a bar of iron valued at five dollars, worked into horse shoes is worth \$10 50—into needles, \$353—into penknife blades, \$3,285—into shirt buttons, \$29,480—into balance springs of watches, \$250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the fabric that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig.” A paragraph in a paper of the day, tells us that a single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at \$600, the length of the thread being about 226 miles. Thus, when we estimate the value of a pound of the raw material before it has been subjected to the manipulation of the operative or the appliances of machinery, and then compare it with its acquired value when spun into the finest lace thread, we may form an adequate con-

ception of the large proper superadded value by labour into the hands and pockets of the operative. Surely such proportion is more than a shilling a day. For example, as informed by Mr. Macaulay, the generation preceding the Revolution, a man employed in the great manufacture of England thought himself well paid if he gained six shillings a week. And Mr. Hume tells us that in the reign of Henry VII. the wages of a bricklayer, a tiler, were about ten pence a day.” Mr. Macaulay says that, at the close of the seventeenth century, the wages of labour, in money, were not more than they now are; and, that the value of the articles important to the necessities of life was half of what it now is. “As is now given to the inmate of the poor-house [we are told] was then seen on the trencher of the peasant—a shopkeeper—the great man on rye, barley, and oats; coal, candles, soap, shoes, and generally all articles of clothing. Articles of bedding were more so. An old ballad, as cited by Macaulay, informs us that “sixpence added by hard labour at the loom made a shilling a day, the poor man's what the weaver would have had were done.” This master sings in the ballad referred to

“In former ages we used to sing
So that our work-folks like to live—

But the times are changed, we hear
them know,

We will make them to work
pence a day.

Tho' a shilling they deserve
their just pay.

If at all they murmur, and
small,

We bid them choose whether
at all—

And thus we do gain all our
estate,

By many poor men that work
Then hey for the clothing trade
on brave—

for to toil and moyl, nor yet to
men do work hard, but we live at
hen we will and we come when
we."

garded as an independent and impartial observer, states, in his interesting travels, that "steam engines and iron railroads have altered and immeasurably extended all trades carried on in the neighborhood of Edinburg. The folly of opposition to all machinery is here as clear as day, and it may be proved with mathematical precision, that without these new powers and resources, thousands of men could not gain a livelihood; that the population has increased, and more than one entirely new branch of industry has arisen." In a large coal mine he visited, he states, "there are three steam engines, of 100 horse power each, and one of 300 horse power, making altogether 600 horse power. The beam of this largest engine contains 81,840 pounds of massive iron. It makes fifteen strokes in a minute, each of which raises 800 pounds weight of water. The price of this one engine was 10,000 pounds sterling. The iron railroads run for miles in different directions, and the cost is, on an average, 4 shillings a foot. Every day about 3,240,000 pounds of coal are taken from this one mine, or 972 millions pounds in 300 days' work. If all this labor were to be effected by men and horses, many square miles of country would be required for their support, and coal would rise to an exorbitant price. All manufactories which cannot be carried on without cheap fuel, would go to ruin."

But labor-saving machines, as they are called, are, in fact, labor producing machines also. Increased production leads to increased reduction in price. Reduction in price leads to increased consumption. Increased consumption of products leads to accumulation of capital. Accumulation of capital leads to increased employment of labor, because in order to render capital remunerating, it must be linked with labor. Without the employment of labor by capital, the latter must remain dormant and unproductive, and be merely gazed upon, as are the hoards of the miser locked up in his unproductive coffers. Hence, it is evolved that capital, the capitalist, instead of being the poor man's enemy, as we hear at times from the lips of demagogues, be-

comes his best and indispensable friend. Capital is the natural element in which labor lives, and moves, and has its being. It is its natural magnet and ally. Like the swell of the ocean, the accumulation of capital leads but to its own subsidence again, and dispersion throughout the vast expanse and ramifications of trade and enterprise, whose operations led originally to its accumulation. Its very element is motion—not inactivity and stagnation. Constituting as it does the very pabulum of trade and civilization, without it the arm of labour, in the present epoch of the world's progress, would be paralyzed, and the conditions of the working man, deplorable indeed. It may be true that it has been abused. The power of gold, at times, doubtless has been wielded in the heartless cause of human oppression. But instances of its abuse have become more and more rare, as the knowledge of human rights has become more and more diffused, and the law of progress has made itself more operative by the teachings of the school-master and the printing-press. We do not now read of any Mr. John Ballset in the House of Commons, sometime member from Barnstaple, who, like that worthy prototype, is blind enough, and hardy enough, to stand up at his desk in that Assembly of the Witenagemot, in this, our day and generation, and proclaim to his compeers, that an English mechanic, instead of ~~slaving~~ like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacts a shilling a day! Oh, no, my brothers! Those gloomy periods of the past, when oppression was, indeed, the scourge of the many and the weak; when, after a day of hard toil, the sturdy yeoman or mechanic returned to his home with the miserable pittance of a six-pence as the due reward of his labour—these dark times, we may believe, are passed away forever, and man's destiny is still onward and upward. But, as it is with capital, so may we say it is with labour. Indeed they act and re-act upon each other. Their life is activity, and they may be regarded as in a sound condition only when linked together in that golden chain of mutually remunerating operations, which contribute so much to the

prosperity of mankind. And thus it is evolved, that the true interests of mankind are inseparable. There ought to be no clashing of classes or interests, but on the contrary, a union and a harmony should ever be encouraged and promoted. Every forward and upward move—every successful struggle of genius, in whatever sphere it may exert its efforts or direct its aims—every improvement in the practical arts of life, which the analytical mind of Europe and her offspring has invented or discovered—every successful application of the science of mechanics in the construction of labor economisers—all carry along with them in the great upward, though gradual movement, the whole human race; elevating it to a position, no matter how little, still somewhat higher in the social scale than that previously occupied. The beneficial results of the combination of intellect, capital, labor—brilliant, elevating, and grand, as they are, can scarce be fully estimated. We must go backward into the darkness of the past, and gaze upon “the disease, and the famine, and the toil.” We must behold the oppression of the weak, and feel sensible of the helplessness and nervelessness of our own arm. We must behold the human mind beclouded by ignorance, fettered by superstition, and groping amid the surrounding gloom. And, when we emerge from this ancient Crimea—this Cimmerian darkness—which abode for a time, like the Divine wrath, upon the face of the great deep of the past, and then behold the comparatively dazzling brilliancy which illumines and characterizes the vast expanse of the present, we become well nigh blinded by the change, and are almost incapable of realizing the wondrous transition.

About the time that Arkwright was contemplating his inventions, the quantity of cotton introduced into England was about 16,000,000 pounds. The quantity of yarn, which at the same period was comparatively nothing, was a few years ago, about 100,000,000 pounds. Its price at that time, about the year 1780-3, was 38 shillings. In four years the increased production had reduced the price to 9 shillings and 5 pence, and subse-

quently to 2 shillings and 11 pence. Not only so with regard to the price. The number of persons employed is greater than at any previous period—both in the cultivation and manufacture of this staple—and the area for its production will be still further enlarged. We are told by Macaulay that at the end of the 17th century, Manchester did not receive annually more than 2,000,000 pounds of cotton, an amount which would not now supply the demand for forty-eight hours. It was then a mean, ill-built, market town, containing under 6000 people, with not a single printing-press nor a coach. It now receives from the port of Liverpool, that once "obscure hamlet on the banks of the Mersey, the abode of a few fishermen," 600,000,000 pounds of cotton annually—maintains one hundred printing-presses—and supports twenty coach factories. Her 6000 population has swelled to the astonishing number, including the township of Salford, of 315,900. The population of Manchester proper in 1851 was 228,437. So, of the progress of Leeds, of Sheffield, of Birmingham, of Preston, and of Blackburn. Indeed wherever capital has accumulated, and steam machinery and cotton have been linked, there population and labor have gathered, attracted by their natural magnets. Such are some of the cheering results of the combination of intellect, capital, labor, steam, machinery and cotton; results not confined exclusively in their beneficial effects to the few, but which have been enjoyed in their measure by the civilized world, and whose influence has reached the utmost bounds of the earth. The cotton manufacture, it has been estimated, furnishes subsistence for 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 and upwards, of the operatives of England. The number of cotton mills in 1787 amounted to 143. In 1838, the factories of Great Britain and Ireland numbered 1903. But increased production in manufactures requires increased production of the raw material. Hence springs increased demand for labor, which exerts its influence throughout those branches of trade naturally or artificially connected with the manufacture of the staple. It demands

increased area of soil; it demands increased facilities of transportation to market; it demands increased amount of tonnage for shipment in a domestic and foreign trade; it demands increased number of seamen. So that cotton, steam and machinery, by which labour is economised, in their peculiar sphere, may be regarded as a most important spring in commerce, upon which the prosperity of England, America, and the world, much and mainly depends. The demand for increased production renders it necessary that the primeval and luxuriant forests shall be felled, or made fields of, and cleared of the virgin growth; so that lands which may have been hitherto comparatively unproductive to the land-owner or agriculturist, are brought under the transforming influence of the plough, in order that the increased demand of the loom may be amply supplied. Rail-roads are rendered necessary, reaching their iron arms into hitherto distant and comparatively inaccessible regions of country, so that the iron horse harnessed upon the metal track, and puffing and panting for action, may convey by his magic power into the marts and sea-ports of the thriving land, the lumber, the coal, the iron, the hemp, the tobacco, the sugar, the grain, the cotton, and all those rich mineral and agricultural products of the soil, which form the staples of trade, the basis of commerce, and enter into the elements of that grand system of inter-communication and national reciprocity whose benign influence has so much contributed to the present state of enlightenment, civilization and general prosperity.

The primeval and unalterable law of human progress, seems in due time to have exerted its influence upon the subjective or intellectual as well as upon the outward or objective domain of the creation. Intellect, labour and capital have supplied the demands of growth. The Godlike mind of man has devised these various improvements and evolved those original creations, which, by multiplying production, reducing prices, and increasing consumption, have accumulated capital and furnished to labour its necessary

pabulum. It is cotton which, chiefly, as an isolated product, enables the United States to pay its annual indebtedness for importations. It is cotton which gives to the South her importance in the Confederacy. It is cotton with which the interests of the whole country are interwoven. It is cotton which employs the more than 20 millions of spindles in the factories of England and feeds and sustains millions of her people. It is cotton which makes it the interest of the free States to sustain slavery. It is cotton and the Cotton Gin which has enlarged the slave area and made it the Institution of the country. It is cotton that is King, Emperor, Autocrat, President. For the last five years the annual average amount of cotton exported from the United States reached 1,025,659,156 pounds—or 256,414,789 bales at 400 pounds each bale or, at 10 cents a pound, worth upwards of 102½ millions of dollars. In 1855 the value of the cotton supplied to Great Britain by the South was \$57,616,749. Cotton constitutes, in value, more than two-thirds of the domestic exports of the United States to France. And if we compare the total amount in value of the domestic exports up to June 1846, which reached \$132,666,955, with the annual average value of the cotton alone exported to Great Britain during the last four years, we shall find that the value of the cotton is nearly equal to one half of the whole domestic exports of the country in 1849. It was more in 1849 than one half of all the domestic exports of the growth, produce, and manufactures of the United States—including the sea, the forest, the field and the loom.

Up to June 1853 the total amount of the value of the exports of the growth, produce and manufacture of the United States was \$213,417,697 of which amount, the value of the cotton alone was \$109,456,404—or, more than one half in value of the whole domestic exports of the country. This statement excludes the thread and yarn and manufactured goods, which reached in value \$8,768,894. Such is the position which this great staple occupies in the domestic exports of the country. Having arrived at this stand-

point, we may pause and ask if the various discoveries and inventions, which, from time to time have been made and laid before the once wondering gaze of mankind, have not resulted in incalculable benefits to society, what is progress worth? Of what use is the application of mechanics in the construction of labour economisers, and of what worth is the employment of steam as a motor? If the genius of Watt, of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, of Compton, of Cartwright, of Whitney, and of those others who have shed a ray of light so brilliant upon struggling and toiling man, have not contributed to his elevation and benefit, then for what have they lived and toiled? If the results flowing from the discoveries and labours of these public benefactors are not to be regarded as blessings, then intellectual improvement and social elevation, after which mankind has been struggling from the days of Adam, through each successive generation to the present period, are phantoms and dreams! If man has not been benefitted, then the results of enlightenment and civilisation are nothing worth. The workshops of the world may as well be closed, enterprise become clogged in all its avenues, and the triumphs and achievements of mind over material elements, be utterly cast down and annihilated. Strange as it may now be regarded, there was no little opposition to the inventions which were designed to operate in the peculiar sphere of labor in which they were engaged by those who deemed their interests most deeply involved. The conduct of such reminds us forcibly of that of Demetrius the Ephesian silversmith and those craftsmen who united with him against what they deemed the pernicious intermeddling of St. Paul. Their outcry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—was the same in spirit as that raised against the "new way" introduced by those other apostles heralding the inventions and improvements of a later age. It has turned out to have been an error in those who thought that the handicraft of the weaver and spinner was to be endamaged—and that their occupation, if not gone, was at least to be greatly endamaged. They seem to

have been under the delusion that the more improvements one introduced and the more the old paths are forsaken and abolished, for the new paths which a necessity was laid upon the inventive genius of man to open—a necessity coeval with the endowment of mind itself—so much the more are the opportunities lessened of securing employment in those spheres of labour thus ruthlessly invaded. But such a delusion is opposed to facts and experience. It was a subjective truth wholly at war with the objective, and equal in absurdity to the shrine-makers and shrine-worshippers of the Ephesian goddess. The argument of all such is what has been aptly characterised as the “slow-coach argument”—and was used against the use of coaches after this form: “Before coaches were set up, travellers rode on horseback, and men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, and good riding suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wood and leather of the kingdom were consumed. Besides, most gentlemen, when they travelled on horseback used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, portmanteaus, and hatcases, for which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion. For, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit, and carried another to wear when they came to their journey’s end; but in coaches they ride in a silk suit, silk stockings, beaver hats, &c., and carry no other with them. This is because they escape the wet and dirt, which, upon horseback they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of manufactures.” So much for the “slow-coach argument”—as urged in 1673. One hundred years after, that is, in 1779, a desperate effort was made, as we read in Mr. Baine’s work, to put down Hargreaves’s spinning jenny. A mob rose and scoured the country for several miles round Blackburn, demolished the jennies and with them all the cording engines, waterframes and every machine turned by water and horses. It may appear strange that not merely the working classes but even the

middle and upper classes entertained a great dread of machinery. Not perceiving the tendency of any invention, which improved and cheapened the manufacture, to cause an extended demand for its products and thereby to give employment to more hands than it superseded—those classes were alarmed lest the poor rates should be burdened with workmen thrown idle. They therefore connived at and even actually joined in the opposition to machinery and did all in their power to screen the rioters from punishment. The same authority which we are citing also informs us that the Grandfather of the late Sir Robert Peel, who was an enterprising spinner and calico printer, had his machinery thrown into the river and was in personal danger from the fury of the mob. But we need not multiply such instances of blind opposition to the irresistible law of human progress. Such opposition has ever been exhibited towards what have been erroneously regarded as novelties disturbing the peace and equilibrium of society. History has made us familiar with the trials and difficulties and persecutions of those men of mark of former times. We may regard them as so many prophetic harbingers and pioneers—the solitary voices of men crying in the wilderness, whose proclamations, though fraught with glad tidings, brought down upon them the anathemas of their blind compatriots. Who does not remember the persecution of that noble Florentine, whose idea was deemed heretical by the sacred college—and the meanness and treachery of the 2d John of Portugal towards the great Genoese.

But as the abolishment of the craft of the shrine-makers and by consequence that of the worship of the great Diana of the Ephesians, was made to yield to the introduction of what was called the “new way”—and as that worship was more than insignificant when compared with the benefits derived from the introduction of christianity—so does the temporary inconvenience of a handful of craftsmen in any employment of life, in which machinery may have been introduced and labor economised, sink into insignificance when viewed in contrast with the triumphs and

general advantages achieved and diffused by the inventive genius of man. And, "what are to be the ultimate limits and advantages of mechanical discoveries" no one can foresee. The investigation of natural forces is yet far from being finished. Every day discloses some new scientific truth, which is forthwith impressed into the service of mankind and tends to diminish the sum of human druggery and suffering." The immutable law of progress is still in action and the flattering dream of man's ultimate perfectibility may yet be realized. In the language of the *Student* "to the man who finds it possible to entertain this hope, how different an aspect the world

wears! Casting his glance forward, how wondrous a light rests upon the future! the farther he extends his vision, the brighter the light! Animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bounded to earth ever before inspired, he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudices and the warfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage—no petty benefit is before him—he sees but the regeneration of mankind! From the disease and the famine and the toil around him, his spirit bursts into prophecy and dwells among future ages! Even if in error, he luxuriates in the largest benevolence—and dies, if a visionary, the visionary of the grandest dream.

MY MOTHER.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Mother, I'm weary now, life's mazes threading—
My feet are faltering, and I long for rest;
Long for thy love-light where I now am treading,
Long for thy voice to tell me I am blest.

Cold ones are 'round me, those who love me never,
With all the fondness of my earnest heart;
In the wild thoughts that tremble there forever,
And poet-dreams—they hear but little part.

I miss thy love, I miss thy low words stealing
Like music o'er me, and thy fond caress;
Thy kiss at eve, my wounded spirit healing—
Thy prayer—all, *all* thy tenderness.

Home is not home without thee, dearest mother!
I miss thy smile at morn, at noon, and eve;
Thy precious love I find not in another,
Hope's flow'ry garland blossomed to deceive.

And they have faded—all those brilliant flowers,
E'er the young morning of my life is o'er;
Those asphodels that bloomed in early bowers,
Have dropped their petals on Time's barren shore.

And thy sweet love comes o'er my memory stealing,
Like the still moonlight over midnight streams;
Still to peace the wilder waves of feeling,
Hushing to rest life's fitful fever-dreams.

AARON BURR.

The May number of the *Messenger* contained a review of Parton's *Life and Times of Aaron Burr*, which struck me as peculiarly candid in spirit and just in conclusion. The final "summing up" or analysis given of Burr's character is, to my mind, the most consistent and satisfactory one I have ever read.

A reperusal of that admirable paper has just reminded me that I am in possession of two pieces of information in respect to Mr. Parton's hero, and Luther Martin's "honorable friend," which are too characteristic and too well authenticated to be permitted to perish without a record.

The late Judge Hammond, author of the *Political History of New York*, was familiarly acquainted with Burr as well as with all his most prominent New York contemporaries. His *History* betrays no violent prejudices, nothing like animosity, against the former. Judge Hammond stated to me, as a fact derived from unquestionable authority, that when Burr was lying concealed in the house of a friend, on the eve of his flight to Europe in 1808, and when his friend, to avoid exciting the suspicions of servants, employed his own young daughter to secrete food and carry it to Burr, in his hiding place, the latter made improper advances to the young girl—in plain English, attempted her seduction!

A retired lawyer and judge of the first standing, now living in New York, informed me that the Hon. James Porter, former Register in Chancery in the same State, told him that he never suffered Burr to examine any papers in his office without having him closely watched by a Clerk, because it was "well understood" that papers were not safe in his hands, when his own or his clients' interests required their abstraction or destruction. A more magnanimous and unsuspicious gentleman than James Porter, never lived. He was the soul of generosity—had not a political or personal association which should have rendered him individually hostile to Burr. I believe I venture nothing in saying that it was "well un-

derstood" by the New York bar generally that Burr was a trickish and unscrupulous practitioner in his profession—as ready to win his cause by a gross fraud or by any practicable deception, as by fair and legitimate means—and that he was not at all ashamed of his own well-established reputation in this particular.

But let us, for the credit of an old adage, give Burr "his due" in one particular, where his earlier biographer, Davis, heaped a mountain of obloquy upon him. Davis expressly declares that "he *alone* had possessed the private and important papers of Colonel Burr." He states that Burr preserved his old *billets doux*—that he would not have them destroyed—and that thus passed into his (Davis') hands, on the decease of Burr, "matter that would have wounded the feelings of *families* more extensively than could be imagined"—but that he—this most discreet and gossip-spurning of biographers—"as soon as Colonel Burr's decease was known, with his own hands, committed to the fire all such correspondence and not a vestige of it then [at the time of writing] remained."

In the will made by Burr on the eve of his duel with Hamilton, he seems to have directly provided for the destruction of such correspondence, and in his last one, in which he left his papers to Davis, he directed that individual "to destroy or to deliver to parties interested, all such [papers] as might, in his estimation, be calculated to affect injuriously the feelings of individuals against whom he had no complaint."

Nor is this quite all. Mr. Randall, in his *Life of Jefferson*, which will be accused of exhibiting no partiality for Burr, declares, in a note (vol. 2, p. 581), that Judge Edwards, of the Court of Appeals of New York, a near relative of Burr, informed him that he (Edwards) and his father were permitted by Burr to examine his private papers before his death for the express and avowed purpose of finding and destroying letters from females—that they did so examine and destroy as long

as they saw fit. Mr. Randall says that Judge Edwards declared that "Burr's amours were generally low"—that none of the correspondence seen by him compromised any "families" that he (Edwards) had ever met in society. So much for Davis's assertion that Burr "prohibited the destruction of any part" of his female correspondence "during his life-time."

This remarkable biographer encounters another blow on his veracity from an unexpected quarter. It being denied that he had ever received any such deposit of scandalous letters from Burr, as he claimed, the Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, (understood to be the "Senior," Mr. Thurlow Weed) came to his defence by stating that he saw such letters in the possession of Davis, that on one occasion, at least, he was employed by Davis to return such a letter to the female writer, &c., &c. No man will doubt the truth of Mr. Weed's assertions. But, unfortunately for Davis, it appears from the same assertions, that these things took place after Burr's death, and consequently they do not very well harmonise with the declaration backed by a pledge of "honor" that *all* such papers were destroyed "as soon as Colonel Burr's decease was known!"

Davis was one of the most supple, active, intriguing and wholly unscrupulous disciples of the "Burr School," to use a favorite expression of Mr. Parton. He was Burr's readiest, and except Van Ness, his most dangerous instrument—his scout-master, who tracked a political opponent to the bed of a courtesan and then suborned her to draw out the secrets or steal the papers of that opponent—his certificate-maker and witness procured in all emergencies—in a word, his associate in planning every trick and fraud necessary to carry out his objects, and his tool in turning the screws and pulling the wires for their execution. Having, in his "Memoirs," invented and uttered a hundred pure fictions for the benefit of Burr, or to damage his opponents, he probably thought he ought to be allowed to make a little "capital" for himself at the expense of his principal. Perhaps too

he thought, with Mr. Jefferson, that a shade more or less would have no effect on the portrait of Adams.

It is refreshing to find that there is not one gratuitous and motiveless heartlessness which this man exhibits in his connection with Burr. It is pleasant to find that no man has proved to be an utter demagogue. In the most important class of human relations, it must be confessed that there is no taint from which I have vindicated Burr. It involves but a shade more dishonor, of utter and abject than his pretended disclosure which are recorded by Neal. It is to think of an ex-Vice President being tried for his life, snuffing at the charges and affecting to confess nothing, "amounted to a disclosure," that, in all probability, they would at once be closed only an amatory affair with a chamber-maid—but in reality, it is much more like the only expressions of sympathy and daughters of "honor" who had been taught to think that a prisoner was an innocent person's persecution! A man of his life—a man fifty years old with a grown up daughter, and in his confinement, would I thought that he had just tried the virtue of one or more of his standing—and, it would see that they belonged to the families of honorable friends," for we know that no ladies approached him in his confinement. If it is infamous to "kiss and tell," shall we say of him who failed to tell, when he has not kissed?

Apropos of Jefferson's persecution, he urgently insisted on at Burr's trial, that the President seek to remove him from his path by a judicial murder, nothing short of Burr's blood would satisfy him because the latter had been elected in 1801? The "will hardly pass when we know that Burr had failed to obtain a second nomination to the Vice Presidency and when Jefferson had been renominated to the Presidency by a greatly increased major-

pears by Jefferson's correspondence with his daughters, now public, that he entertained no doubts of Burr's good faith just before the Presidential balloting in 1801; and I have observed nothing in his writings to show that he changed his mind on that point. But if we admit, what certainly is very probable, that he did subsequently change his mind, we should expect so outspoken a man in his confidential correspondence, and especially in his *Anna*, to at least mention a conviction which, according to the theory under examination, rendered him eager to shed human blood on a charge which he knew to be false, and which was indeed trumped up by himself and his official satellites. In the case of Hamilton, in the case of Quincy and Pickering, in the case of any other bitter personal enemy, do we find Jefferson thirsting for their blood! Was his nature ferocious and truculent towards any human being? The theory of his conduct towards Burr was a good enough theory for the precise object it had in view on Burr's trial—but the man who would credit it now ought certainly to be put in a straight jacket; he's unsafe at large. If even the "honorable friends" who advanced the theory *continued* to believe it, what are we to say of their conduct after Burr's return from Europe in 1812? Was it manly in them, one and all, to completely turn their backs on the innocent victim of "Jefferson's persecution"—to leave him to contempt and almost to beggary—to shun his house and his hand as if both were plague-stricken? It appears that Luther Martin did not desert him—or rather that he did not desert Luther Martin. Mr. Parton says that the latter "ruined though high living and deep drinking" was taken by Burr "into his house," a permanent apartment assigned to him, and that Burr maintained him until his death in 1826. (See Parton's *Life of Burr*, p. 601.) Alas! was such the fate of Luther Martin! No other of the "distinguished friends," who crowded about Burr in 1807, needed a maintenance from him, and it appears no other one ever noticed him. Which had they abandoned, their theory, or the decent obligation of former friendship?

At the risk of being tedious in these desultory observations I must again do credit to an adage: and herein I am compelled to dissent from the positions of your able review. That review adopts Col. Benton's theory that "Burr challenged Hamilton for having conscientiously opposed his Presidential aspirations, four years after that exciting canvass, from motives of deliberate and calculated revenge." I do not think you are fairly entitled to say this. How far revenge for mere political opposition led to that challenge, I am not of course prepared to say, but when ample provocation has been given for a challenge, according to the duelling code, those who acknowledge that code, are not, I submit, entitled to go behind the patent facts to impute bad motives to the challenger, and therefore to the injured party. Hamilton's published correspondence shows that in a multitude of instances he used language in respect to Burr not only politically, but to the last possible degree, personally offensive. Better causes of challenge were never given under the duelling code. If, therefore, Hamilton admitted the obligations of that code, he deliberately put on paper provocations to a challenge, and he took all the risks of their becoming public. Should we grant (what I consider very doubtful) that Burr got no nearer clue to any of these expositions than he found in the Cooper letters, still that clue was a *real* one. Hamilton *had* expressed "more despicable" opinions. He could not, he did not deny it. The ground of hostility was not therefore trumped up and fictitious.

Was Hamilton a duellist? If not, he had but to say so. Nobody else can be made responsible for his decision in the matter. And much as we may admire that condemnation of the practice which was dictated by his conscience on the eve of the tragedy, we cannot forget the repeated facts of his life which prove him far more ready to resort to this mode of arbitrament than Burr ever showed himself. He distinctly intimated his readiness to accept a challenge from Jefferson in 1792, when publishing his "Catullus" articles which, on both po-

litical and personal grounds, violently attacked the latter—then his colleague in General Washington's Cabinet. He made the same intimation to Colonel Monroe in 1797, in the correspondence growing out of the famous Mrs. Reynold's affair. About two years before his own death, he followed a son to a bloody grave, who fell in a duel growing out of a political dispute. I will not allude to *rumors* in regard to General Hamilton's course on that melancholy occasion; but I esteem it strictly proper to ask if in his own remarks on duelling, if in all the subsequent attempts to show his disapprobation of the practice, we have even had an *intimation* from any authorised source, that he was kept in ignorance of his son's duel prior to its occurrence—that he ever advised his son to a different course. And, finally, when Burr called upon him for an avowal or disavowal of the expression of a "more despicable opinion" he closed his letter, refusing to accede to the demand, by saying that he trusted that Colonel Burr, upon further reflection, would see the matter in the same light—if *not he could only regret the fact, and abide the consequences*. I do not propose here to discuss, or, in the most remote manner, pass upon General Hamilton's positions taken in that letter. Let us suppose them perfectly well taken; and still what means that closing intimation? No person will pretend that Hamilton did not understand Burr's first letter to be that technical demand for satisfaction, which is the initiatory step to a challenge, provided other satisfaction is not given. If Hamilton's argument against the propriety of Burr's demand was a candid one—if he really hoped that Burr would be induced to "see the matter in the same light"—if he felt at that time all that aversion to the duel afterwards expressed by him—why did he purely gratuitously express his readiness to *abide the consequences*, if Burr was not convinced by his reasoning? Was that the way to close a *pacific* communication? Was that proper language, under the circumstances, for a man who had scruples against duelling? Knowing that Burr's object was either to obtain a disavowal which

he had determined not to make, or to fight, when Hamilton used those words, he distinctly, and, I repeat it, gratuitously expressed his own *then* willingness to fight, or else he indulged in a piece of gasconade which his worst enemy would be ashamed to impute to him.

I aver then, that in every point of view, he was *more* responsible for the duel which resulted in his death, than was his infamous antagonist. It matters not that he reserved his first fire—for I believe he did reserve it, the allegations of Burr's gang (I beg Mr. Parton's pardon—I mean his "*school*") to the contrary notwithstanding. Whether the impolicy of his killing Burr, or a wish to terminate the contest by a single shot, or a desire to obtain the credit of magnanimity if he fell, or to provide a *defence* from public indignation in case he killed Burr by a later shot, or *any other* causes influenced him to fire into the air, still by every rule of a code *which he acknowledged*, he was first and principally responsible for the duel and all its train of consequences. And I will add that, steeped as I regard Burr not only in crime but in meanness, I have yet to find the first evidence that he was *blood-thirsty*. The history of his life proves nothing of the kind. He was heartless—insensible to woe when causing it afforded a gratification to his lust or his vanity. But he was too supremely selfish to enjoy *mere* revenge. Unless the sufferings of another would bring him some tangible return, the effort, risk, etc., necessary to secure it, would not "pay." He challenged Hamilton because Hamilton had offended him, and because it was according to "the code." I shall not say that he did not feel resentment for Hamilton's political opposition. As it happens in nineteen cases out of twenty, when challenge is given, there were probable causes of offence not embraced in the avowed ground of the demand for satisfaction. But it is a mistake to suppose that Hamilton had achieved any triumph for himself at Burr's expense, which was peculiarly calculated to stir up envy and revenge. If Burr had fallen in the political contest, his antagonist had fallen with him. Burr was actually victorious

in their last individual encounter. He had received the support of a decided majority of the Federalists in his candidacy for the Governorship of New York in spite of Hamilton's efforts; and if defeated in the election, he went down with the sympathies of more political supporters than Hamilton could rally about himself. If the first fire had not proved fatal, if a second one had ensued and proved fatal to Burr, Hamilton instead of Burr would have been the ruined outcast—not probably to the same degree, because he was infinitely a better man, and therefore obloquy would not have

found so much to prey upon—but still he would have been ruined. As it was, it required his bloody death to restore his popularity with the great body of his own party.

Perhaps it is needless that I say that you will not, from any of the preceding remarks, understand me as defending what is termed the "code of honor." I should do violence to my conscientious convictions were I to do so; but in judging on a duel between duelists, we must apply the principles of that code equally and impartially in estimating the *motives* of the parties.

IN A DREAM.

Last night I held her to my heart—
 Oh dream that would not stay!
 The world, of which I am a part,
 How poor it is to-day!

A-glow with bashful, faint alarms—
 Without a thought of wrong—
 She rested in my clasping arms,
 The maid I've loved so long.

Her eyes were timidly downcast,
 Dear eyes so fond and meek!
 Her tender heart was beating fast,
 And tears were on her cheek.

She seemed so like an angel fair
 And pure, from holy skies,
 I scarcely dared to touch her hair,
 Or look into her eyes!

But, gaining heart, I told her how
 I'd loved her many a day,—
 And smoothed the ringlets from her brow,
 And kissed her tears away.

And so, for hours of happy rest,
 She was my love, my own—
 With blushing cheeks, and fluttering breast—
 My queen upon her throne!

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

The following extracts will need no explanation to those who are acquainted with the leading incidents in the history of Virginia during that era.

SAM'L WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

Mt. Clear, Feb. 22d, 1766.

I make no doubt you have heard of the bait laid to catch the trading part of our country. That Great Britain is determined to enforce the Stamp Act, but will allow us a free trade. This is a piece of finesse I hope every man among us will clearly see into; that they (the Parliament) have it at all times in their power to lay the same restrictions on trade that they have so severely felt.

—
FROM CHARLES GORE, A MERCHANT OF LIVERPOOL, TO R. H. LEE.

14 Aug., 1766.

I gave you a few lines by Cap. Pollard, who sailed immediately after the Stamp Act was repealed, which was matter of great rejoicing on this side, and must be more so in America. Yet I look upon it of little moment to the great advantages gained afterward, for the benefit of trade both in Great Britain and the Colonies, which you will have heard long before this time. Yet I cannot, for the honour of Liverpool, omit to inform you, as I have done a few more, that early in the session the merchants in general associated, chose a President and Vice President, appointed a select committee to draw up what was material to lay before the House, not excluding any merchant from being present. In consequence of the first meeting a petition was signed to Parliament, praying for relief in the then miserable situation of trade and commerce. * * *

The hardest task we had was to answer two demands made by Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Townsend. One requiring to have a particular account of all the different manufactures exported to the coast

of Africa, distinguishing every article whether the manufacture of Great Britain or the East Indies, and the quantity purchased in Holland, together with the several prices. The other required to be informed of the number and burthen of vessels employed at this port to the coast of Africa, and to the several parts of the coast destined for, and the number of negroes purchased there, and where in America, and at what prices, and how these for ten years last past. The demands were not agreeable; however there was a necessity to satisfy the gentlemen, and all things have succeeded beyond our expectations. * * *

We were obliged to Mr. Pitt for his assiduity in the repeal of the Stamp Act and thanked him accordingly; but he lost himself in the opposition to free trade and other regulations in trade. However he is taken in the trammel by being created Earl of Chatham, vulgarly called *Cheat-em*. He is a man of great capacity but fickle.

—
FROM LANDON CARTER TO R. H. LEE.

March 2nd, 1766.

I cannot drop these blades. A captain Gardner, a most simple swain indeed I hear, (though a kind of Superintendent to an inquisitive as well as stutty Mr. Tyrrel,) displayed abundance of stupid ignorance in talking of frigates and what not, to destroy the trade of our rivers. Frank,* I understood, grew warm, rejoiced in such a scheme, but the fool to take care how he landed. If I been there I should have complimented the guard-ship, which could not interfere with our trade above or below her without dividing her company; and if she had perhaps a prame or two might sail

* F. Lightfoot Lee.

such division; and a fire stage from every quarter, just as wind and tide would suit, might be contrived to give them a warm jacket. But why do we reason with such men. A most mercenary brute, that seemed to acknowledge the oppressiveness of every measure, yet because he was a birding, he must turn butcher against nature and conscience. They bought horses, and I think had better employ their laced jackets in carrying their strings about; because, from all accounts, they are much fitter for the Yorkshire jockey than they are for the politician.

I hear Jennings has just sent you a letter big with his own apprehensions "that all epistolary correspondence will be searched and stopped;" but I hope, unless they stop the mouths of the captains, some of those honest tars will give us intelligence what mighty things are to be attempted. And perhaps it will be a pretty scheme to send the alarm back by a well-seasoned letter to the Banbury Blade, the Lord North, a supercilious month-piece who wants America to be laid at his feet; to the hell-born Grenville, who wants a few heads to chop off; and to the other Democooks, who know not what they want; but as they were under the protection of Parliament, could wield the tongue of a champion, at the same time without spirit to resist the kick of a Duchess. I vow I laugh; at the same time I cannot help cursing them.

Dobby, I hear, has arrived, but as yet no news of his bringing. My peaceful disposition inclines me to wish for the best; though I hardly feel a nerve vibrating with the least apprehension of the worst.

FROM PRESIDENT NELSON TO ARTHUR LEE.

Virginia, March 31st, 1769.

Sir:

I feel myself much obliged for your favour of the 8th January, from Bath, enclosing the Resolves and Address of the House of Lords; in which I find they have animadverted upon the late conduct of the Bostonians with much severity and warmth: though I look upon them as a

rod held out and shook over our heads in *terrorem*; and they seem to have laid hold of the only condemnable part of America as a pretence to delay giving us that justice which I still hope and think they will not long withhold from us. It is a pity the handle was given them; otherwise, I persuade myself, they would this session have given way to the conviction of their minds; for we are told from pretty good authority, that had the people to the northward behaved with the same degrees of Moderation and Decency which have appeared in the conduct of the more southern provinces, this session would have put an end to all our fears and uneasinesses. We shall, I trust, continue in the same track, but with all the firmness and perseverance you so warmly recommend.

Our new Governor arrived here with all imaginable advantages, just after we had heard of his good disposition towards the colonies; and he seems to be pleased with everybody and everybody with him. The Assembly is to meet the 8th of May, and then we shall see how long this harmony is to last. Truly, I think it will be perpetual if his Lordship has no orders from home to interrupt it; for he seems to be possessed of every quality that can recommend him to the good opinion and respect of the people, yet not sufficient to prevent their perseverance in their applications for Redress.

It gives me pleasure to learn that you are settled in a place that must be agreeable to you; in which I wish you all the success your merit and abilities entitle you to, and which they will not fail one day or other to procure for you.

We have hardly any private news:—no doubt you have heard of the happiness of your brother Frank with Miss Becky. The Captain (Thompson) of his Majesty's ship Ripon, who brought the Governor to Virginia, hath made prize of the President's daughter, Miss Betsey, a charming frigate, that will do honour to our country, if you take her by and large, as the sailors say; but this, I dare say, your heart hath told you before.

I am, Sir, y'r most ob't humble serv't,
WM. NELSON.

FROM ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS TO ARTHUR
LEE.

Williamsburg, in Virg'a, }
31st May, 1769. }

DEAR SIR:

I have been too long indebted to you for the very obliging letter you did me the favour to write soon after your arrival in London, and am the more sensible of it from the kind and gentle reproof given me in your last. My deferring to write, I assure you, sir, was not owing to the smallest inclination to neglect an old friend, but I really have had nothing to say worth his reading; add to this the great load of public business, as well as that of my former clients, which the remains of the violent disorder you left me in hardly suffered me to go through, and I flatter myself that any farther apology will be unnecessary with my friend.

After the death of our late Governor, you know we were extremely anxious about his successor; the appointment of Lord Botetourt, from the exceedingly amiable character given him from every quarter, filled us with the highest expectations of happiness; and, it is with pleasure I say it, I think his Lordship's conduct has fully justified the very high encomiums given of him by his friends. We were kept in suspense, till the meeting of the late Assembly, as to what part his Lordship would be obliged to act, with respect to our unhappy political contest; his speech, which you no doubt will have seen before this gets to hand, was conciliatory and agreeable; we gave him, in our address, such an answer as showed our dispositions to peace and quietness, reserving at the same time such a latitude, as that we might not be precluded from exercising our discretion upon any subject that might come under consideration.

You are fully acquainted with my sentiments upon the grand affairs; I still retain them in their utmost vigour; I have always professed myself a friend to Decency and Moderation, but at the same time am as firmly attached and riveted to the main Principle as any man alive. My political creed was published to the world in the different applications to Government from our former Assembly, and I

am so little inclined to depart jot or tittle of it, that I would with my latest breath. I own expected that the Parliament implicitly acknowledge themselves wrong, but I had my hopes that the dispute would have rested upon the usual Protestations and after a while buried in oblivion; but this dream immediately vanished at the first sight of the Lords' Resolutive Address to his Majesty. The dominating hope which then remained the bare possibility that the L——s would not join in the Address, this expectation, if it was ever entertained by any one, soon became futile and vain; though it is as true that there should appear such a difference in the sentiments of the two Houses when we have it from private sources that there were not above five in the H—— of C——s who approved this measure. Indeed, I am sure any man of sense could either prevent or second such an attempt. The result of it, without multiplying arguments, appears from hence, that America be subject to every Act of Parliament being part of the *British Dominion* that her inhabitants should be under a State Act of Parliament to punish offences committed in the *Realm*, &c., and this made, though America had not been discovered, our address had been presented to the Governor, came to hand a letter from Montague, enclosing the joint Address to the L——ds and C——s. The Burg——s entered upon the consideration of the State of the Colony and passed several resolutions, which they communicated by an address to his Majesty; the proceedings, as was expected, drew on the Dissolution the next day; after which I entered into an Association of Friends &c. I would send you copies of the Proceedings, but know—at least I am persuaded—it has been done by your other friends.

What effect these measures will have on the other side of the water I know not; but in the Womb of Time; we will await the result with patience and a decent firmness.

wish the same temper may prevail in all the Colonies. For aught that has hitherto appeared in Virginia, and for anything that is likely to happen, I think we may defy our greatest enemies to accuse us even of the least act of indecency; not the most silent whisper of Disloyalty or Disaffection is to be heard throughout the whole Colony. We honour and esteem our Governor as the Representative of our gracious Sovereign, and hope we shall continue to do so for his own good qualities; he does what he thinks his Duty, and we what is ours; we still have a respectful regard and deference for the Parliament, as such; we retain a sincere esteem for our deluded Fellow-Subjects in Great Britain, and greatly lament that we should be driven to the extreme of doing anything that may have the most distant appearance of distressing them. However, we are the easier under these reflections, when we consider that it is in their power, by a single act of justice, to make us easy. Let things but return to their old channel, and all will be well; we shall once more be a happy people.

When I reflect on the measures lately adopted, my surprise and astonishment can only be equalled by my Contempt and Indignation. We surely must have been thought the most short-sighted, weak, pusillanimous creatures upon earth, if it was imagined that we would be silent and patient under the greatest injuries. What signified America's protesting against a paltry Stamp or Revenue Act,—paltry I mean in comparison,—if they could tamely submit to measures fraught with mischief a thousand times more alarming and destructive? Who had not rather submit his Property than his Life to the arbitrary will of another? [*Cetera desunt.*]

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Williamsburg, 29th Dec'r, 1769.

We think ourselves extremely happy here in a Governor; he certainly is a gentleman of the most enlarged and liberal sentiments; we seem to understand each other perfectly well; he, as a

very honest man, will do his duty, and we are determined to do what we think ours.

There happened a small convulsion in our little State last Spring, but this has only purified our political air, as six weeks of the last session have passed with the greatest cordiality on all sides. Our only wish is that things may return to their old channel, and we flatter ourselves that they are finding this way; for, though we are at present only promised a partial repeal of the disagreeable Revenue Acts, yet perseverance in our Associating Scheme, which I am resolved religiously to adhere to, I am persuaded will, in time, perfect the good work. You see I continue very temperate, though I will venture to say no one is more determined. My attention is fixed on the grand object, and I am resolved never to lose sight of it. * * *

ARCHIBALD CARY TO R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, 24th Dec., 1775.

The account which you will see in the papers, of the action at Great Bridge, is very exact. The consequences of that action have been such as our most sanguine wishes would have pointed out—a dispersion of those people in the counties adjacent to Norfolk who were unfriendly to our cause, and a certain security to our well-wishers. We have in town several of those inhabitants of Norfolk and Princess Ann who had joined the Governor. Particularly Messrs. Phripp, M——, (father and son), and Dr. C——. The conduct of the former seems to have been the consequence of their fears. The last mentioned seems to have acted from very different motives. He is as artful as vicious. The great cordiality which subsists between Colonels Howe and Woodford, promises us good effects from their junction. The vigilance of the two Captains Barron (brothers) at Hampton, has produced most essential advantages. They have secured about 4500 bushels salt in different vessels, 2400 of which was the property of two of Lord Dunmore's Norfolk friends,

McAllister and Brown, who were promoted by him to the rank of Captains in his Regiment of Sables. This Regiment is now dispersed, and the poor deluded wretches are daily brought into our camp in great numbers; it is not yet determined how they shall be disposed of. Barron took, a few days since, a tender with one white and sixteen blacks, bound to the Eastern Shore, on a foraging business. The good services of Barron have been acknowledged by the House. When he is properly equipped, we have much to expect from his diligence and abilities. Our present force at Norfolk may amount to 1500 men, including the Carolinians.

You will hear before this that six Regiments are voted in addition to the other two. As it seems probable that these troops will be employed on services not local, it is hoped they will be put on the general Continental establishment. The field officers will be named next week, and a list sent to the Congress for their approbation. You will find in it some names which you may not have expected,—particularly the gentleman who commanded one of our Regiments. He has made an offer of his services, and we are well assured his appointment will engage great numbers, officers as well as soldiers, who served under him in the last war.

The Proclamation of Lord D. has had a most extensive good consequence. Men of all ranks resent the pointing of a dagger to their throats, through the hands of their slaves. Nothing could be more unwise than a declaration of that nature, which involved his friends as well as others in the general danger. We have, however, no apprehensions on that score; yet proper precautions will not be neglected. * * *

Most of the Council, resenting the late Proclamation, are determined upon an immediate answer to it; and from the language of the President, and some others who have been in town, we may expect that they will give the deluded publisher a Rowland for his Oliver. This business will shew, if there be any amongst that Body weak or wicked enough to remain unmoved by such con-

duct. If such there are, you shall by the next Post. * * *

The business of the Convention on as usual, slowly. The great matter of it will of course take a good deal of time, and we are well agreed as to what should be done; we cannot adjust immediately the manner of doing it. The ordinance for increasing the army has been once read in the House, and is in its passage for the second time before the Committee. If nothing unforeseen happen, I expect we may rise by the end of the month.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

FROM JOHN LEE TO R. H. LEE.

Essex Cty, Va., Ap'l 2d, 1776

Independence is now the topic of the day, and I think I am not mistaken when I say, it will (if not already) be very soon a *Favourite Child*. What may be the opinion of Congress, or America in general, I presume not to determine—but I think there must in a little time be some alteration in our Political System.

Jno. Lee

ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS TO R. H. LEE

Williamsburg, 13th April, 1776

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very obliging favour of the 2d instant. Our enemies are prosecuting their vengeance, particularly against our leaders, with a relentless and unrelenting fury. An account of these, and all other occurrences, you will see retailed in the public papers. The General seems diligent and active, and I make no doubt he will put our little army on a respectable footing. We are in hourly expectation of the fleet from Britain. It seems the immediate destination was for Carolina, with a view, no doubt, to aid the insurgents of that Province. Clinton's discomfitment in that quarter will probably be the means of altering the plan, and it is very likely that Virginia will be honoured with the first visit. Howe's desertion from Boston was shameful indeed; but I

some of the Southern Colonies may not feel the bad effects of it. Perhaps it might have been better for the United Colonies in general, if he could, without danger, have been kept pent up, at least some time longer and until the rest of their forces had been weakened by their division. It is but now and then that I can snatch a moment to write a few lines to a friend. I was going on but am interrupted, and can only add that I am with much esteem,

Your most obed't servant,

Ro. C. NICHOLAS.

ROBERT BRENT TO R. H. LEE.

Acquia, April 28, 1776.

In many counties there have been warm contests for seats in our approaching Convention. Many new ones are got in. The papers will partly inform you of the changes. Col. Mason, with great difficulty, returned for Fairfax. Our friend Harry much pushed in P. Williams, where Cud. Ballett succeeds Blackburn. Will. Brent for Stafford in room of Charles Carter. In Fauquier, where were five candidates, Martin Picket in room of T. Marshall.

[The writing from which the following is taken is itself but a copy: the name of the person addressed is not given; and there has been an attempt to obliterate those of the writer and of the place from which it was written;—the latter, with complete success, the former so far as scarcely to leave a basis for conjecture. After many attempts to decypher, the present writer remains wholly in doubt. The probability is that it was addressed to R. H. Lee; and from internal evidence we may gather, that it was written by some wealthy Virginian of the lower country,—possibly by a colleague,—evidently by some one who had knowledge of what was going on, as well in

the Public Councils as among the People themselves. Despite the uncertainty which rests on the authorship, its contents are too interesting to be withheld.*]

—, 8th May, 1776.

DEAR SIR:

If I had not the highest opinion of your candour and liberal way of thinking, I should not venture to address myself to you; and if I was not equally persuaded of the great weight and influence which the transcendant abilities you possess must naturally confer, I should not give myself the trouble of writing, nor you the trouble of reading this long letter.

Since our conversation yesterday, my thoughts have been solely employed on the great question, whether Independence ought or ought not to be immediately declared? Having weighed the arguments on both sides, I am clearly of opinion, that we must—as we value the liberties of America, or even her existence—without a moment's delay, declare for Independence. If my reasons appear weak you will excuse them for the disinterestedness of the author, as I may venture to affirm, that no man on this Continent will sacrifice more than myself, by the separation. But if I have the good fortune to offer any arguments which have escaped your acute understanding, and they should make the desired impression, I think I shall have rendered the greatest service to the community.

The objection you made yesterday, if I understood you right, to an immediate declaration, was by many degrees the most specious (indeed it was the only tolerable one) that I have yet heard. You say, and with great justice, that we ought previously to have felt the pulse of France and Spain. I more than believe, I am almost confident, that it has been done. At least, I can assert upon recollections, that some of the Committee of Secrecy have assured me, that the sentiments of both these courts, or their agents, had been sounded, and were

* Our contributor has since seen reason to believe that the writer was Gen. Nelson.

found to be as favourable as could be wished. But admitting that we are utter strangers to their sentiments of the subject, and that we run some risk of this Declaration being coldly received by these powers, such is our situation that the risk must be ventured.

On one side there are the most probable chances of our success, founded on the certain advantages which must manifest themselves to French understandings, by a treaty of alliance with America. The strength and weakness, the poverty and opulence of every State, are estimated in the scale of comparison with her immediate rival. The superior commerce and marine force of England, were evidently established on the monopoly of her American trade. The inferiority of France in these two capital points, had its source consequently from the same origin. Any deduction of this monopoly must bring down her rival in proportion to the deduction, as the total annihilation of this commerce must reduce her to an inferiority, or perhaps to total subjection. The French are and always have been sensible of these great truths.

Your idea that they may be diverted from a line of policy which ensures them such immense and permanent advantages, by an offer of partition from Great Britain, appears to me, if you will excuse the term, an absolute chimera. They must be wretched politicians, indeed, if they would prefer the uncertain acquisition and the precarious expensive possession of one or two Provinces, to the greater part of the commerce of the whole. Besides, were not the advantages from the latter so manifestly greater than those that would accrue from the imagined partition scheme, it is notorious that acquisition of Territory, or even Colonial Possessions, which require either men or money to retain, are entirely repugnant to the spirit and principles of the present French Court. It is so repugnant, indeed, that it is most certain they have lately entertained thoughts of abandoning their West India Islands. "*Le Commerce et Economie*" are the cry, down from the king to the lowest minister. From these considerations I am myself

convinced that they will immediately and essentially assist us, if Independence is declared.

But allowing that there can be no certainty, but mere bare chances in our favour, I do insist upon it, that these chances render it your duty to adopt the measures, as by procrastination our ruin is inevitable. Should it now be determined to wait the result of a previous formal negotiation with France, a whole year must pass over our heads before we can be acquainted with the result. In the mean time we are to struggle through a campaign, without arms, ammunition, or any one necessary of war. Disgrace and defeat will infallibly ensue, the soldiers and officers will become so dispirited that they will abandon their colours, and probably never be persuaded to make another effort.

But there is another consideration still more cogent. I can assure you, sir, that the spirit of the People, (except a very few in these lower parts whose little blood has been sucked out by mosquitoes) cry out for this Declaration. The military, in particular, men and officers, are outrageous on the subject; and a man of your excellent discernment need not be told how dangerous it would be, in our present circumstances, to dally with the spirit, or disappoint the expectations of the bulk of the people. May not despair, anarchy, and finally submission be the bitter fruits? I am persuaded firmly that they will; and in this persuasion I most devoutly pray, that you may not merely recommend, but positively lay injunctions on your servants in Congress, to embrace a measure so necessary to salvation. God Almighty bless you, sir, and make your counsels, whatever they may be, as beneficial to your country as your capacity to serve it is undoubted.

Yours most entirely,

FROM R. RUTHERFORD TO R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, May 29th, 1776.

The danger I so much dreaded respecting the influence of ministerial villany

with the Indian tribes is, I fear, realizing fast; and the check we have received at Quebec will aid those black and horrid designs. It seems the Cherokees are in bad temper, and that the Chickasaws and Choctaws have been greatly acted on. Some chiefs of the latter, it is said, came to the Cherokee nation, and have proceeded with them to the treaty at Niagara. Our whole frontiers are really in a panic; and indeed they have cause, for, though brave and numerous, they are greatly wanting in ammunition.

Now, under these circumstances, would it not be good policy to turn the strong arm of the Continent in some measure to the Westward—the two Carolinas and Georgia 3,000, Virginia 3,500, with Maryland and Pennsylvania 3,500 choice men, to be raised on their several frontiers without a moment's delay? There are well-nigh or quite rifles and other guns in that country to arm them; 2,000 of those might join 3,000 other continental troops, and seize Detroit,—that den of inhuman murderers,—the other to oppose the Indians who may be disposed to strike and even to march to their towns, together with erecting a strong fortress at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi, (observing to have the countenance of the Spaniards in the matter,) with other intermediate forts on the Ohio; while a strong army is poured into the heart of Canada from the Northward to oppose the advances of those who may be sent into St. Lawrence. For assuredly the grand scheme is to take possession of that country and turn the Canadians and Indians upon us; and those movements at present on our coasts are merely to amuse, while they can secure Canada and Nova Scotia, and then all their other efforts will be in a piratical way against our trade. For this purpose I suppose they will fortify some Islands,—particularly that of Kent in the bay of Chesapeake, besides Gwinn's, just now possessed by them. Men will enter into this service with alacrity and without bounty. They may be mostly discharged by Christmas, or much sooner if found to be unnecessary.

This will be making one great and

useful effort, and will strike the Indians with terror. Would it not also be well to propose immediately a lasting and intimate union with those tribes on the West of the Ohio, by intermarriage? Stipulating a tract of land, not less than a thousand acres, to be given by them to any of our people that might enter into this connection, the title to be confirmed by Congress. This, operating with the present dispositions of the Delawares to civilization and the enjoyment of separate property, might have a good tendency. I have been told these people have been greatly alarmed by a refusal of Congress to confirm a title to the lands given to them by the six nations, and that the blame of such a refusal rested on Virginia. A great number of light broaches of silver should certainly be made without loss of time, they being a very agreeable cash to the Indians. A great many kinds of shells might also be wrought to advantage for their use. A coinage would furnish hard cash for the Canadians and other necessary uses. The plate for these purposes may surely be had from those who are well inclined to the cause; for the Continental Currency besides mines of silver may no doubt be found.

Pray excuse this trouble, as it proceeds from a warmth of zeal in the cause of my country.

—
FROM JOHN DALTON TO R. H. LEE.

Alexandria, June 6, 1776.

The sloop American Congress and her tender has been down the river more than fourteen days. The sloop Liberty falls down to day. I am afraid we shall not be able to get cannon from below for the gallies; we were in hopes of being supplied from some of those at Hampton. But as the Roebuck and fleet are now stationed at Gwinn's Island, we must apply to Mr. Hughes, whose guns are now said to turn out well, and as your board was so kind as to say you would use your intercession to procure them when necessary, we must now request your application to the Committee of Safety

in Maryland for two 18 pounders, to be sent to Georgetown for the two gallees. I believe he does not make above that size. We are told it is necessary to make application to that board, as Mr. Hughes had contracted with them for such a quantity which is not yet complied with. * * * I am just informed of an agreeable piece of news, and am in hopes it will prove true. A Capt. Markham, inwards from Martinique, came up the bay without meeting anything to disturb him, fell in with the Roebuck off Rappahannock, who, he imagines, took him for one of his tenders. As she hoisted lanterns to her mizzen, the schooner paid the usual compliments with her sails and stole off into Rappahannock. She is said to have eighty bbls. powder, a quantity of arms and sulphur.

—
FROM WM. STEPTOE TO R. H. LEE, THEN IN
YORK, PENN.

Without date.

Once more, my dear sir, Mrs. Lee looks up to you for your advice on the

enclosed. To be troubled with the salutation of your friends and acquaintances is a tax you must pay for great abilities and a benevolent heart. With respect to one part of Mr. Page's letter, I beg leave to observe, that when Tommy is once entered into the grammar school, he must continue there till he has gone regularly through that school. Now this, in all probability, may consume more time than may be thought necessary to spend on classical learning alone,—which appears to me to be the *means* rather than the object of knowledge. But this is entirely submitted to your better judgment. * * * * *

Perhaps it may not be new to you that Gen. Nelson has £130,000 voted to raise and accoutre a regiment [of cavalry.] I fear it is but a *vote*. The patriotic Mr. B. is said secretly to be the General's adviser of the *Quomodo*, and probably had a principal hand in settling the *Quotum*; and though proverbially speaking, two heads are said to be better than one, yet in this instance I much question if it will hold good.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A Greenwich Pensioner is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a sea bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does; for it makes him sick. He cannot digest properly, unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra firma, he thinks, is good enough to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind, he swears, ashore—every day of his life is a dead calm, a thing above all others he detests. He would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

Inland scenery is his special aversion. He despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing-birds in creation for a boatswain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or a decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of "shooting off a tie at Battersea," and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pig-tail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our economists as to the "standard of value," knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a paradise of prize money; with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the fleet," but sympathizes with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer, without hesitation, "The wrecks of the *Royal George*."—*Hood*.

AREYTOS; OR, SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

I.

THE AMULET.

I.

Here's a spell of Power I've wove,—
 Woven at night in the moonlight pale;
 It was wrought to rouse to a happy love,
 And to cure a heart of its hapless ail;
 Take it, and make it thine, I pray;
 Bind its leaves to thy wounded heart:
 Every pang it will steal away,
 Every sorrow 'twill make depart!

II.

More than this, when thy soul is sad,
 A mystic pleasure 'twill quickly bring:
 Winged Fancies, to make thee glad,
 Fresh from the wizard's haunted spring:
 'Twill make thy drooping eye to glow,
 Bright with fresh hopes and youthful fire:
 'Twill make thy bosom once more to know
 The purple gush of its young desire!

III.

Mine's the alchemist's charm, to give
 To the withering heart all its motive powers;
 To bid, with a voice of song, revive,
 Every grace of thy youthful hours:
 Buried treasures and banish'd joys,
 What the Fate preys on evermore,—
 And Hate pursues, and Time destroys,
 Mine are the Powers that still restore.

IV.

Then, if thine eyes would again behold,
 The long-lost dear-one, too early blest;
 The loved, that in living were never cold,
 Won back again from their sainted rest;
 Lo! as you lift your tearful eyes,
 Softly-stooping, each starry wing,
 Won, at a word, from the opening skies,
 By the sacred force of the spell I bring!

V.

Sovereign for hurt of heart this spell,
 Woven by midnight in moonlight pale;
 Strove the auspicious spirits well,
 That its virtues of healing should never fail;

They taught me to rear that flower whose fruit,
 Hath given me power the sad to free,
 Whenever Love shall make mournful suit,
 For Healing and Hope, to memory !

II.

“WHILE THE SILENT NIGHT.”

I.

While the silent night goes by,
 And the winds have scarce a sigh,
 And the hours seem not to move,
 Do I think of thee, my love !

II.

And the moonlight's on the hill,
 And the voice of man is still,
 Lonely, in our walks I rove,
 And but think of thee, my love !

III.

Star and shade recall thee now,
 Gleams thy pale white maiden brow ;
 Flash thy dark eyes through the grove,
 With a gentle fear, my love !

IV.

Walks thy spirit now with mine,
 In the calm and sweet moonshine ?
 Dost thou seek, in dreams, the grove,
 Where I dream of thee, my love ?

III.

WOODLAND VESPERS.

I.

Hark, as rises now the moon,
 And the Star of Day declines,
 Soaring with night's growing noon,
 Hark, along yon mound of pines ;
 Slowly sweet, the memories rise,
 As of spirits born to sing,
 Of the loves of earth and skies,
 In the coming of the spring :
 Jubilate !

II.

Pleasures, born of faith and prayer ;
 Dreams, from angel whispers caught ;

Memories pure and visions rare,—
 Grow from memory to thought.
 And, in diapason sweet,
 How, together, do they rise,
 Into music; joyous, meet,
 For the peace in peaceful skies:
 Jubilate!

III.

Voices of the secret heart,
 Mingling with the voice of groves;
 Birds, that, with a natural art,
 Sing together of their loves;
 And so pure the happy strain,
 Gushing from so sweet a spring,
 That our hope grows young again,
 With renewal of its wing:
 Jubilate!

IV.

Oh! the peace, that crowns the shade,
 When the passion-fire's subdued,
 Leave the soul, where once they sway'd,
 To the careless solitude!
 Not the wild delirium now,
 That once fever'd heart and mind,
 But a milder, gentler glow,
 Leaving love and peace behind:
 Jubilate!

IV.

SERENADER IMplores HIS MISTRESS TO AWAKEN.

SERENADE.—“*Awake! awake! dear lady.*”

I.

Awake, awake, dear lady,
 Nor lose these Eden hours,
 For the moon grows bright in the balmy East,
 With the homage of incense flowers:
 The breeze, like a spirit-bird comes on,
 O'er the crisp waves of the sea;
 And a voice goes forth through the air, that soon,
 Will well into melody!—
 It is for thee, dear lady, 'tis for thee,
 These murmurs rise and fall;—
 With me they plead,—with me,
 On love, and thee, they call:—
 Wake from the sleep that brings
 No rapture on its wings;—
 Wake to delight that bears,
 Its tribute in its tears!

II.

Awake, awake, dear lady,
 And hark the passionate song,
 That, taught my love, in his fondest mood,
 'Neath thy lattice I now prolong :
 Oh ! let me not mourn a planet lost,
 Nor longer thus cold delay to shine,
 But, like a sweet star to the tempest tost,
 Look down on this heart of mine !
 It is for thee, dear lady,—'tis for thee,
 These tribute flowers unfold ;
 Stars shine, skies smile, winds murmur, all with me,
 They murmur—'thou art cold.'—
 Thine is the crowning part
 That beauty seeks from heart ;
 Thine the sweet boon to bless ;
 And soothe the soul's distress.

V.

THE SERENADER BIDS HIS LADY "GOOD NIGHT."

I.

Good night, dear love, while blessings,
 Like vigil spirits, keep,
 Around thy dreaming pillow,
 Sweet watch above thy sleep :
 May no rude vision rouse thee,
 From fancies taught by mine !
 But, be the dream that woos thee,
 Pure as that heart of thine.
 Good night, good night, dear lady,
 Love's angels guard thy sleep !

II.

Heart, that, forever gentle,
 Ne'er knew the taint of sin ;
 Eyes, that, like evening flowers,
 Shut sun-set hues within ;
 Lips, like the rose just budded,
 That shines heaven's sweetest dew,—
 Sleep, with no beauty clouded,
 And with every feeling true !—
 Good night, good night, dear lady,
 Love's angels guard thy sleep !

VI.

"BE IT FOLLY OR FRENZY."

I.

Be it folly, or frenzy, so sweet the delusion,
 I would not for worlds it should cease to be so,

And great were the guilt of that busy intrusion,
 Which would argue the folly or frenzy to show;
 The world's but a painted deceit, and the pleasure,
 The only true pleasure, 'tis left us to share,
 Is found, when we shut our eyes to the measure,
 So brimful and acrid, we drink of its care!

II.

What better than frenzy the evil disguising,
 If, mentally blinded, we see not one chain;
 And the dream which beguiles us, predominant prizing,
 Refuse to look down on our fetters of pain!
 We see not the straw in the cell that receives us,
 We feel not the scourge as it tortures us still,
 We know not the guile in the heart which relieves us,
 And fancy no evil, and suffer no ill!

III.

Why waken the dreamer, when, bright to his vision,
 Seems the life, that, on waking, his spirit deploras?
 Why torture the soul, all whose dreams are elysian,
 With the gloom of that reason which blackens all yours?
 Call it folly or frenzy, but O! let my madness,
 Escape without question; for my heart is at stake;
 I dream, it may be, but the dream is all gladness,
 All grateful, all glorious;—and why should I wake?

VII.

“FRIENDS ARE NIGH.”

I.

Friends are nigh thee,—despair not,
 Though fast in the despot's chain;
 True, they may fly thee, but fear not,—
 They'll surely return again!
 Never more true the season,
 Bringing its fruits and flowers,
 Then, through fortunes most freezing,
 Come these dear friends of ours!

II.

Virtue can patiently languish,
 Though under the scourge of pain,
 When round its bed of anguish,
 Glides a ministering train:
 True, they are all hid from us,
 Though waiting around they stand;
 But they bring us an angel promise
 Of happiest help at hand!

WHAT! AFTER LONG SEASON.

I.

What, after long seasons of strife,
Where sorrow so thickly were strown,
That, through the wild storm which has troubled my
Thy love was the starlight alone!
To come with Expectancy's glow,
In the dream of a meeting with bliss,—
To hail such a shadow as darkens thy brow,
And a glance, O, ye Heavens, like this!

II.

Oh! how had the exile from home,
Been cheer'd by the dream of this hour;
It succor'd his heart in the season of gloom,
The rich rainbow spanning the shower.
And I said to the tempest, rage on,—while the light
Of that promise attends me, in sorrow and strife,
All vainly your storms gather black on my sight,
Thy love is the star of my life!

III.

Had I dream'd of such meeting, while far,
'Mid trial, temptation, unloved and alone,
One pang had been spared in that terrible war,
The worst that my bosom has known!
Thus the warrior who combats all day with the foe,
And singly the hope of his country defends,
In the moment of triumph receives the death-blow,
From the arm of the traitor, 'mid ranks of his frier

But I feel, thus sadly roving,
 That, beneath the blessed sky,
 There is none so worthy loving,
 As the noble stream I fly!

II.

Thou hast filled me with a beauty,
 Like a smile from the Most High ;
 Thou hast cheer'd me with a murmur,
 Still of music, melting by ;
 I have seen thee in thy glory,
 When the loved ones saw thee too ;
 But I see them now no longer,
 And to them, and thee, adieu !

III.

Farewell, ye billowy waters,
 That still tell me of my youth,
 When every sight was gladness,
 When every song was truth ;
 Dark clouds have come about me,
 Thou, too, hast felt the change,
 And thy billows only flout me,
 With a murmur sad and strange!

IV.

Yet, well my heart has loved thee,
 And it dearly loves thee still ;
 I cannot choose but love thee,
 Let me roam where'er I will ;
 Thou art still unto my spirit,
 Like a smile from the Most High ;
 Thou art still most worthy loving,
 Of all streams beneath the sky !

X.

“OH! LINGER WE NOT.”

I.

Oh! linger we not, dear love, thus lonely
 Of the wide world the unwise ones only,
 When the buds and the blossoms persuade to fly ;
 When spring is beside us, with all her dower,
 Of bloom and beauty, and breeze and flower ;—
 And, merrily pour'd through the perfumed sky,
 Is the song of a thousand birds of pleasure,
 That woo to a thousand fields of treasure,—
 Love's fields, and the worlds of delight, that lie,
 Every where spread in the eye of the breeze,
 Deep in the forests, and out on the seas,
 By the blue lake and the billowy shore ;—

Wherever the soul may fly, and be free,
 With none to mock, yet with *one* to see,—
 One kindred soul, to requite, restore,
 Bring back the lost rapture, the new to cherish,
 While fresh-risen hopes, which shall never perish,
 Persuade the glad spirit to seek no more!

II.

Linger we not, while the storms pursue us ;—
 Hasten we far, where the seasons woo us ;—
 And let us unfold our mutual wings,
 'Till we rest where the waters of Pacolet,
 Murmur welcome, in song that for sweetness yet,
 Surpasses the minstrel that sweetest sings!
 I know the deep glens, and the fertile valleys,
 And green brow'd hills, and such verdant alleys,
 And the mountain runnels and secret springs!—
 Oh! dearest of all the young hearts, glowing
 Where Steven's lordly waves are flowing,
 Be this song of mine in thine ears a spell,
 To win thee hence, ere the summer hours
 Shall wither the leaf in thy maiden bowers,—
 Make thy cheek pale, and thy bosom swell,
 With a feverish thirst;—which the mountain breeze,
 By the foaming torrent, 'neath shadowing trees,
 And with love to sing thee, alone shall quell!

 XL

BALLAD.—“THE SIGH THAT SAYS.”

I.

The sigh that says our love is vain,
 Would teach us not to sigh again,
 But that it would not pain the less,
 To part with such a sweet distress!

II.

If this be true, 'tis not in vain,
 We feed the fire, and nurse the pain;
 With hope of no success, but this,—
 To keep the faith, not win the bliss!

III.

We know that never more shall ours,
 Be the sweet couch, we spread, of flowers;
 No more the fire, so dear below,
 Shall warm the hearts that bade it glow!

IV.

Yet, that the flowers are fresh and fair,
 Fed by fond smiles and heavenly air,
 That bright ascends the holy flame,
 That we may neither hope to claim;—

V.

This is a rapture mid the wo,
 That soothes with sweetest overflow;
 And though our hopes bring no success,
 Nor you, nor I, would have them less!

VI.

Nor you, nor I, though taught to know,
 That we may meet no more below,
 Would have that mournful passion gone,
 That leaves us two, yet made us one

VII.

Within thy bosom still my shrine,
 I feel thy altar-place in mine;
 Our faith still bless'd by tendance sweet,
 Of love,—though we no more may meet!

—

XII.

“NO! NEVER, THOUGH LOVED BE THE VOICE.”

I.

No, never! though loved be the voice that upbraids me,
 And sad be the stigma that blackens my fame;
 Though malice assails, and tho' slander o'ershades me,
 And the lips that once worshipped, breathe nothing but blame;
 While thou, all unmoved, art relying as ever,
 And still keep'st thy faith, as in earlier days,
 My soul shall succumb to the destiny never,—
 I live in thy love, I am proud in thy praise!

II.

Yet, were it not so, and wert thou not before me,
 Confiding and fond, as when blessing and blest,—
 Did thy smile shine not still, all the past to restore me,
 Bringing sunshine and calm to this desolate breast;
 I know not what else, in this life could sustain me,
 Thus blackened by slander, thus sinking in fame;—
 I live!—for thy bosom will never disdain me,
 I love!—for thy spirit has shared in my shame!

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

SIXTH LETTER.



Cockrun's galry. The Theater. The Smithsonian. Billyuds. Mr. Addums' just visit to the Pressydint.

DEAR BILLY:

Billy, my sun, lemme giv you a pees uv advise. Ef uvver you git tanguld with a wummun, nuvver do you taik no tiem to ontie no nots, nor ontangul nuthin; jes tar rite loos, and ef you cant tar loos, pull out yo nife and cut the Gorjun Not and travil. Put yo fingurs in yo yeers and heer nuthen shees got to say. Ef you dont, bi jing! you gone, certin.

I kep on a bodin like a fool at the Mintzpi, the konsequence uv which ware dezastrus in the ixtream. Me and Miz Hanscum—but nuvver you mine a bout I and she. But tware verry plesint thare at the Mintzpi. In during uv them days, cum two marrid ladis thar, the bewtiful list in the wirl. Ethur was anuf to nock a man down with thare luvly boddy and mine, and both together was more'n anuf. In adishin uv them, cum a littil Trungil, sister uv Miss Saludy, and she were one uv them ingajin verietiy uv gearl that draws you like a mustud plarstur or a wagun and teem. Cum, furthermo, a littil gal from Indanner, like a hed uv white clovur, she were so far to look apun and so sweet!

I tell you, Billy, we all had fine tiems. Havin plunj'd into fashnubbil life, I went on down in the vawtix and kep on down, fergitting uv my skeam, fergitting uv everything. Sech is the way in Washintun, whar peepil, stid uv tendin too thar bizniss, goes to spendin uv munny and injoin uv themself like the wild. What with eatin and a drinkin and a smokin uv segars, and a goin to Kongis, and to the Patint Offis, the Theater, the Smithsonian, and Cockrun's galry, it ware gloyus. Time floo, and ixpensis ware hevvy.

This heer Cockrun's galry gits its naim from a white marvel gal, rite start bodily nakid, standin on a velvit stump in the fer eend uv a room filled with paintid pickchers. It's mighty pritty, Billy, mighty pritty; and I reckon a bout the

best formdid gal in Emerriky. I wish I cood a seen her drest fur a Hop, and seen her set down and talk. I jedge sheed a made a impreshin.

A Hop, Billy, air a danse they has every nite in the parlors uv the big taverns. Oans, a roscul! carrid me the fust tiem to wun at the Mintzpi Hous, and bleevin what he tole me, and he dooin uv the saim, thar we went a hoppin round the room like a cupple mainyaks, stid uv dansin as we ought to. Nuver did I heer peepil laf so senst I wer born.

The Smithsonian, whar the Clak uv the Wether livs, with his insterments to mezure the ar and the wrain an tellin uv a hot day from a cole wun, you goes to to heer lecktchurs on vayus subjicks. Lecktchur air a kind uv sermun without enny trimmins, no tex, no singin uv hims or prars or docksollygis. I heer a man thar lectchur which he had bin to the Noth Pole and staid thar two year. Oans sais he sed the Noth Pole ware a simman tree full uv peckerwood nesses, but I did dent heer him say so. Then agin, peepil goes to the Smithsonian for no resin at all, excep twuz to nock roun and look at a room full uv potrits uv Injuns. And I ubservd it fer a cuyus fac that the peepil what goes to this bildin in the day time, when thar aint no lecktchurs, is ginerally a yung man and lady, which luvv mitley to be by themself, and the yung lady is alwais verry moddis, warrin uv a vale and turnin uv her hed so you nuvver kin see her fais. And I ubservd the saim uv yung men and ladis, goin in pars and wandrin round in the seller uv the Captul.

At the Theatur thar is fo kind uv plays Thar's Trajiddy, and Kommedy, and Fars, and Ballay. You've see a littil nigger, when he thot no boddy wasnt a notersin uv him, snatch a sweet tater out'n the ashes and run roun the chimbly and goes to gobblin uv it up quick befo sumboddy

cums and ketch him. You've see how he blewd and suckd and puft and swet and skrudd his feechurs and popt his eye, caus the tater is so hot. Well, that's Trajiddy—that's the way the main man, which ginerilly gits killd, duz, and peepil sais it's verry fine.

You've see a self-cunseetid, nonsensical po gal jes frum skool, cummin fer the fust time to a littil gethrin, a candy pul-lin or the like uv that. Two or three bows gits to runnin on to her, and you've see how she riggils and twisses and lafs and lafs and lafs at nuthin at all. That's Kommedy, and the main wummun duz izzackly that way, which ameuzis the peepil verry mutch.

As fer Fars, that's a kind uv short Kommedy, a boundin fer the mose part, ef my reckollechshin surves me, in nas-ness uv idee and speach. Sum uv um is pritty funny tho.

But the Ballay takes um all down. Dingd ef it dont beet my time. Ballay is dansin on the stage, and sich dansin! I'll be blamed ef uvver I see or dreemd uv. I went to the fust wun with Oans, which sed we must git seats neer the stage, rite by the pen whar the fiddlurs and men blowin on the French horn and beetin uv drums—all uv which is called Orkistur—sets. The lady that was goin to doo the best dansin were naimed Seen-yo-eeen-er Rollar. She were a bewtiful black-har'd Spannish lady, and soon arfter we set down, and the music had playd and the curtin rolld up, she cum out like nuthin you uvver imajind. Magniffy-sent, Billy, with a par uv wings to her nakid shoaldurs. Her frock were span-gild with dimunds, it were white is a clowd and fine is a fog, and I wisht I may be dernd ef it cum to her knees. I skeers-ly no what I shell call them things in a lady which I shell call laags in a man, but whatuvver they is, in her cais they was splendid. eakul amost to them thar uv Cockrun's marvel gal, and makin the cole chills run over you to look at um.

Well, in, she went a skippin and a hop-pin and a pirootin aroun on the flatfom uv the stage, like a hummin berd, and pritty soon she cum rite in frunt uv me cleen to the edge uv the stage, facin uv

the congegashun, and shot her foot rite smack up to the seelin. Ef you had a stobd a derk thoo and thoo my hart, it coodint uv jumpt no mo than when she dun it. I leetil mo to faintid. Oans he lafft rite out, and the congegashun hor-rawd and clapt, and stompt like the few-ry. She kep on a dooin uv it, and a fello drest tite is his skin cum out and flung her over his hed and dun I dunno what all, and the peepil hoorawin and a goin on wuss than befo.

I were so shamed I darsent hardly look up, but the ladis and gentilmen blongin to the first famlis uv Washintun hily ap-pruved uv it all. You kin jedge uv yo oan kunclushins in the case what must be the nacher of Washintun sosiety.

In addishin to these heer amewsmints, the men peepil uv Washintun have a way uv a spendin uv thar spar tiem in the day that is verry kuyus. It is a playin uv a gaim by the naim uv the gaim uv bill-yuds. They takes a tremendous pianner and takes out all the insides—the music fixins—and kivers the hole top uv it with a green cloth, makin a big tabil uv it, with the edges of the tabil turnd up like the edges of a stew pan. At every wun uv the cornders and in the middle uv the two long sides uv the tabil is put a retty-kewl, makin uv six rettykewls in all. On the tabil thar is fo balls, too white and too wred. One uv the white balls is got a fly spec on it, which fer the resin they calls it a black ball. The felloes that's a goin to play, taiks in thar hand a white-oke whip staff without enny thong at all, but havin the eend uv it pintid with a lit-til pees uv soul lether a bout the sise uv a ten sent pees. These heer whip staffs is called Qs. Each fello taiks his Q, chorks the soul lether on the eend uv it, and perseeds to job the balls at wun nu-ther and into the rettykewls on the sides and cornders uv the tabil. Over the tabil a passel uv white and black nutmegs is strung on a wier to count the game. A nigger stands by with a pole havin a fid-dle bridge stuck to wun eend uv it, to snatch the balls out uv the rettykewls and put um back on the tabil and keep the gaim with the nutmegs. And, wood you bleeve it, Billy? the peepil uv Wash-

intun play at this fool game all day and all nite! You may talk a bout the igronunce uv kuntry foax, but I'll swar they aint to be cumpard with toun peepil.

I shell now tell you uv my ferst vissit to the Pressydint, which happind sum tiem ago, but I has bin ruther techy on the subjc and thot I wooddint tell you nuvver. But I will.

You see in prosekewtin uv my mane desine in cummin heer, I maid cute inkwiris rellatif to my skeam, and cunclew-did from what I heerd, it were best to go rite too the fountin hed, that is the Pressydint, Mr. Wilyum Cannon himself. I had sum konversashin with Oans on this pint.

S'e. "Is it a matter uv mutch impawtense?"

S'I. "Uv the utmus."

S'e. "Then yo bess way will be to sea the Pressydint privitly. I kin manidge it verry eazily fer you."

S'I. "I shell be a thousun tiems a bleegd to you."

S'e. "Not at all."

So that verry nite we drest up cleen and startid. Stid uv goin up the Avnew, we went down in the dreckshun uv the Captul.

S'I. "You goin rong."

S'e. "No. We inten sean uv the Pressydint privitly, you kno. Uv koas we dont go to the White Hous whar evvry boddy goes, but we gits to see him privitly at the dwellin uv a fren uv his whar he goes uv a nite on speshil bizniss."

We went on down by Broun's Tavun and the Gnashnal, and I reckon twuz a squar futher. Thar we went in a opin passidge and up a par uv steps, and the fust thing I kno we cum to a iun dough.

"Thunderashin!" I sais, "what's this!"

"This ar a iun dough," sais Oans, "to keep the No Nuthins and Plug Uglis from a cummin in heer and a killin uv him."

"Jess so," I sais. "Consoun thar soles! I'd like too sea um try it while I'm heer."

Thar were a roap with a tossil to the eend uv it hangin by the dough which Oans ketcht it and wringd a bell inside. Then a leetil Veneshin blind in the middle uv the dough slatcht opin, a fello

looked thoo it and seein it opined the iun dough and w Rite into the mos bewtifull po you uvver sea, full uv splendid paintins uv the Possils and Ma a lady huggin uv a tollibly n a heap mo things, and sum se men a reedin uv newspapurs.

S'I, trimblin, "Whar is he?" S'e. "In the nex room."

I lookt and thar wuz anuth prettier then the ferst, with a pictchers, splendid lookinglass quantity uv gentilmen settin r whar thar were anuther gentil uv sumthin I coodin sea. Up hed uv the gentilmun behine wer a paintin uv a temendus I notist arfterwuds thar wer a tid on the carpit uv both poller

Oans seein me lookin at the

"This hous are the privit re the Minister uv Bengall, and t hees got the pictcher uv the Tig the Tiger ar the emblim uv th peepil jes like the Egil is the the Emerrykin peepil."

"To be sho," sais I, "be "aint thar a mighty heap smoke here? and I heer a pow goin on at that ar tabil and I tinguisht the soun uv a oath."

"Oh!" he sais, "the Minnist gall is a fine fello and lets ev do is they please."

"Rite whar the Pressydint i

"Serting, the Pressydint do

"But," I sais, "who's that heddid yaller man in the ju standin thar? Pears like hees sumboddy."

S'e. "That's a verry disting That's Dred Scot, the Envoy nerry and Plennypotencherry Dominger, that the Spreame sich a fuss a bout."

S'I. "I think I has heerd befo. He aint white tho, Oans

S'e. "Sertny not. Hees nicker man."

"But he wasnt speckild, Bill regler yaller, like enny mlatter

Oans maid me taik a seegar me to a side bode whar thar v

sort uv licker set out, and giv me a drink uv prime whiskey, and then we took cheers by the fier and smoakt. I listened good, and I dont think I uvverheerd sich swarrin in the necks room in my life ixcept in ole Swomplanzis room that nite, when the yung Kongrismen Joans and Bosin was thar. I told you uv it, Billy. Then thar wer a kontinyul rattlin and a rattlin.

The man a settin behine the tabil would say, "Awl reddy?" "Awl set?" and then sech anuther goin on, goodness! One fello sais "Hold!" anuther sais "Hold yo bosses." "Dont tern," sais another. "Take them red wuns out'n the pot and put um behine the tray." "Let them run to the dewes." And they kep a rattlin and a rattlin. A fello sais "Roll," another sais "Rip um, dam um."

Then they all shet up, and a minnit arfter cummenst a cussin werse than uvver.

"Bi G—d, I raked him fo and aft." "Took him, dam him." "Well, I fell fer menny a skad." "That's a dam sweet Jack, aint it?" "Yes, a h—ll uv a Jack." "I've bin a buckin aginst the—thing all nite, and d— me ef he aint took me evry tiem." "I tole you so; noboddy but a — fool woud a kep on when he seen um runnin wun way all the tiem." "Well, I dont want nun uv yo advice," and so on, and so on, and sich a rattlin and a rattlin.

I sais to Oans,

"In the naim uv cents whut's the meen-
nin uv this heer rackit?"

"Oh!" he sais, "that's nuthin but diplomesy."

Which he explaind diplomesy to meen the quorlin uv grate men when they tries the destiney uv nashins with keards."

"Well," S'I, "whoos the man behine the tabil?"

"That's Mister Deeler."

"Yes, I heerd um call him Mr. Deeler, but whoos Mr. Deeler?"

"The Minnister from Bengall, uv koas."

Well, he *hav* a forrin look," I sais.

Then he tole me the naims uv all uv um, but when I ased him to interjuiceme to the Pressydint, he tole me to wait til

the diplomesy ware over. I ased him then to pint him out to me, and he pintid at him, but I cooddint see him owin to the crowd, which kep increessin, tho sum went out okashinally. The cussin and the swarrin and the smokein went on at the tabil.

Presintly ole Mr. Dred Scot cum in with a yung persin that sertny ware a nigger, tho Oans swo he wuz a Injun Prints from Centril Emerryky, (enny how he had wooly har,) and Dred Scot he tole um supper ware reddy. Immejitley most uv um quit thar diplomesy and went in a fer room back. Sum remaned at the tabil with Mr. Deeler from Bengall. I wuz a wotchin uv um goin in to supper, when Oans he techt my arm and sais,

"Thar he is; dont let him see you a lookin at him."

And thar he set, Billy, the Cheef Majistrait uv the Yunitid Staite, which I thought his har ware gray, but twuz blac, died, Oans sed, fer an evenin party, a powful, dark cumplected man, imposin in apeerince, a settin in a cheer a reedin uv a paper.

Fergittin uv what Oans tole me, I stard at him like ennything, and he kiecht me. When he walled his great big blac eyes at me, Billy, I ware reddy to giv rite up, thar wer sumthin so overpowrin in the idee uv bein lookt at by a Pressydint, I coodn keep my eyes offen him, and, seein what a fool I ware, he got up and cum rite at me. I were goin to run, but Oans hilt me.

Sais he, in the plesint vois uv affability and a smilin at the saim tiem. Sais he,

"Wont you walk in and take supper? You'll find a verry good supper in the necks room. Walk in."

S'I. "I'm a thousin tiems ableeged, but ef you'll please to ixcuse me sir, I aint hongry."

"Well," he sais, "walk in with yo fren and taik a cup uv coffee, a glass uv wine, or you and your fren kin taik sumthin here at the side-bode."

Oans he farly pulld me away. I didnt wanten go a tall, the Pressydint he talkt so frenly, and then agin I deside to see him on privit bizniss, you kno, but Oans

he sed it ware kuntrary to ettyket to see him on privit bizniss befo we eet.

Well, sir, we went inter suppur, and by the livins! they had thar mighty nigh evry thing that uvver went down the nake uv man—beef, muttin, vensin, ham, terky, dux (uv a kine they calls canvis bax,) fous, oshters, homny, pesurves, pickil, vayus kines uv bred, inclewding uv buck-wheetcakes and waffuls, selry, plums, am-muns, filbut, and evrything in the werld to drink, from tee up to the squirtin kine uv wine they call shampagne. The diplomesy men, sum uv hoom lookt like I had seen um befo in Kongiss, was a talkin uv pollytix, cussin and eetin like the devvil, and me and Oans jes wadid rite in and eet and drink the squirtin wine tel we like to bustid. Nuvver did I injoy sech a meel befo, the memry uv it lingers with me evin yit.

Arfter supper, feelin fine and fred uv nuthin, I walkt up to Mr. Dred Scot, the yaller Dommynicker man, and tole him I wantid to sea the ole man privitly. I calld the Pressydint the “ole man,” jes to show Scot how I warnt no strainger in the plas and felt apun turms uv equality with enny man.

Scot he sed the ole man ware gone to bed—retide for the nite, and Oans he cummin up about that tiem giv the Envoy Ixstrawdinnerry from Sain Dominger a quarter, and what astonisht me, he took it, and sed we must “call agin.” And we left without me seein uv the Pressydint in privit a tall. But I ware glad to hav see him enny way, becaws he perduced a favable impreshin upun me. He ware sertny verry amebil and perlite.

Yose constuntly,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

SOMEBODY AND I.

BY AMIE.

We will build a fairy grot,
In some clime unknown—
On a lovelier, sweeter spot
Sun hath never shone.
While its marvellous beauty lies
Veiled from other eye,
We will name it, Paradise,
Somebody and I.

All secure from mortal sight,
We will rear its wall,
Though around, in tides of light,
Day's full splendours fall.
None shall mark our labours blest,
None the art descry,
While we build our dainty nest,
Somebody and I.

By some rare and perfect rule,
Shall each part be wrought,
Pure and bright and beautiful
As an angel's thought.

Fadeless as the bliss divine
Of white souls on high,
Shall the bower be we will twine,
Somebody and I.

Something gold hath never bought
Shall inlay its floors—
Music lips have never caught
Linger round the doors,
Odours from immortal blooms
Shall go drifting by,
While we pace the charmed rooms,
Somebody and I.

Softly shall the light be thrown
Through the lattice-bars,
Rich as sunset, overshone
By the saintly stars—
Lattice-bars like amber clear
Viewed against the sky,
In the dwelling we will rear,
Somebody and I.

Roses swinging to and fro
In and out the sun,
Shall with visible music show
How the moments run.
Sound of bird, and harp and wing,
And the wind's low sigh,
Shall melodious murmurs bring
Somebody and I.

Seeking it were labour lost—
Vain all search shall be,
As to find a jewel tossed
Down the foaming sea.
To its sacred, hidden gate,
Entrance none may buy—
We will glide therein elate,
Somebody and I.

Be it 'mid the silver sands
Of some floating star—
Be it in celestial lands,
Viewless, or afar—
Be it in some distant hour
Dear hour, far or nigh,
We will build this Eden-bower
Somebody and I.

THE PORTFOLIO OF A RAMBLER IN VIRGINIA.

I.

M. CASTILLE DE ST. JACQUES.

Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques is a Frenchman, and an exile. He is eighty-five years old. He is a curiosity. Like Ulysses, he has seen many "cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments;" he might add, with the sage of Ithaca—

. . . . "All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly: both with
those
Who loved me, and alone; on shore, and
when,
Through scudding drifts, the rainy Hyades
Vex'd the dim sea."

If he has not "drunk delight of battle with his peers, far on the ringing plains, of windy Troy," he has, at least, upon the battle fields of Europe, when following the "grand Napoleon" he saw the Austrian double eagle go down often before the rush of the French squadrons, and the advance of the "Old Guard." Monsieur Castille is quite a study—more especially in person. He is very short of stature, with grey hair thinly curling around his temples—stooping shoulders—and keen eyes. On his arm are innumerable scars of sabre wounds:—upon his knee may be seen the complete impression of a horse-shoe, stamped there one day when the galloping cavalry of the enemy swept over him, like a whirlwind of the tropics. One side of his head has been sliced away. He tells how this happened. In a charge, he encountered a powerful opponent who overmatched him. His enemy's sabre descended like lightening on his tall "shako" or grenadier's cap, and cut it in two. He dropped the bridle, and fell from his wild and frightened animal, who disappeared, leaving his master beneath the trampling hoofs of the enemy. But Monsieur Castille chanced, like most Frenchmen, to be literary. In his capacious shako he carried numerous volumes to beguile the long hours of the bivouac—

among the rest the works of the philosopher Condillac. This saved his life. The sabre nearly severed the volume—and Monsieur Castille was only wounded and stunned. Those night birds who follow like vultures, in the rear of armies to despoil the fallen, stripped his dead body as they supposed, and hurled it into a ditch. After the battle, a Flemish peasant woman came by, and hearing him groan, came to his assistance. She brought clothes to him; dressed his wounds, and nursed him until he recovered, in her own cottage. He has still a little "housewife" which she gave him. He calls her *mon ange*.

Monsieur Castille fences like the Admirable Crichton, and speaks ten languages, including the Russian, which sounds like the grunt of an unamiable hog. He made the acquaintance of the Russians in 1812, when the grand Napoleon went to call on them at Moscow—on which occasion the barbarians, with their rough courtesy, made a great bonfire to welcome their celebrated guest. When he speaks of the Russians, Monsieur Castille says, "*Scarr-r-re!*"

At eighty-five, Monsieur Castille preserves the gaiety of a boy, and the *esprit* of his youth, and his nation. His remarks are sometimes "painfully French," and occasion some blushes among the ladies, at which he is often observed to smile.

When Monsieur Castille speaks of the great Napoleon, his face flushes,—he gesticulates violently, with flashing eyes—he fights his battles over again—with a hundred exclamations, cries and apostrophes. His thin frame quivers—his white hair is agitated—his keen eyes dart flames of fire, as he confronts in imagination once again the enemies of *la France*. Anon he sighs—he smiles—he tells of his adventures with a gay nonchalance; he relates an historic anecdote—the saying of some celebrated personage; he thrums on his chair, and with stooping shoulders, dreams of the Past.

He has been an exile for forty years. A Virginian would have become cynical

and bitter :—an Englishman a confirmed misanthrope. Away from home and friends and kindred—at eighty-five, without means, in a foreign land—the philosophic Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques, still tells his joke, and dances, and jumps thrice over a rope whirled over his head before he alights and pays *les dames* his compliments,—and laughs and sings. Monsieur Castille de St. Jacques is a Frenchman.

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II.

THE THREE RECLUSES.

In the neighbourhood lived three elderly ladies, whose life presents a singular and impressive contrast to that of the world which roars around them. They live in a log house, buried in a wood, and approached only by a narrow footpath, winding through the heavy brushwood of some swampy low-grounds.

The worthy dames seem respectively seventy, seventy-five, and eighty years of age. For nearly half a century, if ever, they have not passed beyond the boundaries of the forest, or out of sight of their house. They produce all that they need,—spinning the wool of which their clothes are woven; they live on another planet as it were. The house is large, low, and comfortable, though plain to rudeness. The chimney is of logs built up on the outside—a great stone supplies a back to the fire-place. This fire-place is about eight feet wide, and seats are constructed *within it*, on each side. In the chimney hang bacon flitches, which are thus economically and sufficiently smoked.

The worthy dames are exceedingly pious and respectable. They sing and pray, and live their life. Do not ask them who is President—they cannot tell you. General Washington, perhaps; but, no, they suppose not. He must be dead by now—it was a long time ago when they heard of him. “Did they ever travel on a railroad?” A railroad? They don’t rightly understand what a railroad is. You cease your enquiries.

Persons travel to far distant lands to find primitive and singular exhibitions of human nature. It is not necessary. In the rural districts of Virginia, as in other States, you may discover as strange characters as elsewhere in the whole wide world. Here in the middle of a country which is in the heart of Eastern Virginia—where civilization and social elegance has had a perfect foothold for a century and a half—here, live these three ladies, beyond the pale of society,—as secluded and unmindful of the doings of the outer world as if they spent their tranquil and contented existence upon some island buried in the unexplored and unknown tracts of the Indian Ocean.

It is a strange emotion which you experience, in looking at, and talking to them. They are pictures. The snows of age have descended on their thin hair—wrinkles furrow their brows—the light of their eyes is dimmed. But they are not aware of any change. A looking-glass has never entered the log house. They gaze at you calmly with their tranquil eyes—answer you with the most amiable courtesy; but your visit is evidently a matter of indifference. You belong to what you call *the world*—they do not even know what the world means. They are self-contained: know only each other. They live contented, and nurse each other when they are sick,—and “watch and pray” as they were taught in their girlhood. Buried in the depths of the pine forest, they know nothing of and care as little for, the world, with which they have no concern. Let the philosopher declare whether they are happy or miserable. For myself, I think that they are happy.

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III.

THE BLOODY HAND.

Two or three terrible tragedies have stamped the “bloody hand” upon this neighbourhood of late. They are quite equal to the most diabolical instances to be found in the *Crimes Célèbres*. Victor Hugo, or Balzac, or Dumas would have

made one of them the ground-work of a romance in twenty volumes: dissecting the diseased and satanic hearts of the personages: following the steps by which they approached stealthily the point of murder: and gloating over the fiendish particulars. I have no intention of presenting any such picture—having fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, very slight admiration for the French school of romance. I shall simply and very briefly narrate one of the crimes which have lately made everybody shudder.

Ephraim Gaunt, a man of property and position, lived on a secluded plantation with his mother and his sister Jaël. The property had been left by their father to the brother and sister, to be equally divided. The mother was to live with them during her life-time. She was an inoffensive old lady, and does not seem to have been in any manner connected with the tragedy which afterwards occurred.

Ephraim Gaunt was a man of about twenty-five, short, light-haired, and not unamiable. He treated the negroes on his estate with very great kindness and leniency, according them permission to cultivate separate "patches" for themselves—and on one occasion when a gentleman wished to buy some corn of him, he declared that he had none himself, but his negroes had, and might sell it. When excited, however, Gaunt seems to have been dangerous, and much feared by the servants. But, generally speaking, he was an amiable man and an indulgent master.

His sister Jaël was quite different. She was an unmarried woman of thirty or thirty-five—of dark and stern physiognomy, black glittering eyes, and raven hair, generally hanging uncombed in disordered elflocks upon her shoulders. She bore no bad resemblance at certain times to the dead tragedienne, Rachel: her black eyes glittered in her pale sallow face; her lip was habitually sour or sneering; she might have been taken as the incarnation of the *lamia*—the woman serpent, of the Italian poets. But to come to the tragedy in which these two persons were the chief actors.

Between the brother and sister had slowly grown up, with the passing years, a profound mutual dislike. This sentiment, from small beginnings, came at last to be a bitter hatred. Constant bickerings resounded in the house, and criminations were met by recriminations on both sides, until the spirit of murder was born: day by day it was nurtured. The woman Jaël demanded of her brother her part of the property—he denied her right to claim it, and charged her with stealing his title deeds:—these were afterwards found in her chest in an out-house. But she declared that *he* had put them there to convict her of the charge.

The fourth act of the drama ended by Gaunt's driving his sister from the house. *She resorted to the quarters of the negroes*, where she remained for months, not returning to the mansion house, but associating with the negroes—sleeping on the floor of the "quarters" by their side; brooding over her wrongs, and revolving projects of righting or avenging herself.

The catastrophe came rapidly. Gaunt was sitting at supper—his mother lying on a couch opposite—when a dark figure appeared at the window; the muzzle of a gun touched the glass, and the piece was instantly discharged. Gaunt fell forward, nearly torn to pieces by the heavy slugs with which the gun had been loaded—and died almost instantly.

The alarm was immediately given by Mrs. Gaunt,—and a posse of the neighbourhood hastening to the place, the whole household were arrested and committed to jail. Mrs. Gaunt was, however, discharged immediately: the woman Jaël and three negroes were held to await their trial for murder.

The trial duly took place; Jaël was discharged for want of evidence: the three negroes were hanged two days since.

The woman Jaël declared that she had no part at all in the crime—that, on the contrary, her brother had frequently threatened to murder her: that on one occasion she was standing at night in the door of the house, when he or some one fired at her from the darkness—the charge

passing through her clothes. He had deprived her of her rights, she said, and driven her from the house. Unhappily her character did not support these declarations of the treatment received from the dead man.

The negroes when arrested denied all knowledge of the murder. When, however, it was brought home to them all with the utmost distinctness—the fact that they had even dug a grave to receive the body, in a remote and secluded portion of the forest: and when they were sentenced to death, they confessed their guilt, and what had impelled them to it.

They declared that they always knew that their master or his sister would, one of them, kill the other: and they thought that in the event of *his* death, they would have an extremely easy time. The charge of promiscuous association with the negroes, on the woman's part, was terribly significant in its bearing on this statement. The condemned added that Jaël had more than once urged them to murder her brother, but they had always been afraid: that, finally, she offered them one thousand dollars if they would "do the deed." The ringleader thereupon yielded—procured the gun in town, whither he was accustomed to go daily in his market-cart with vegetables; and digging, with the assistance of his accomplices, the hidden grave in the woods, waited for his opportunity. It came, and he committed the murder, being instigated and impelled thereto, he declared, by the sister. As I have said, the three men were hung two days ago: the woman Jaël, against whom there is no evidence, goes free.

The particulars here given go to make up, what seems to me, as revolting a tragedy as any in the annals of crime. On the hypothesis of this woman's guilt—and the facts seem to bring it home conclusively to her—Lucretia Borgia was her veritable sister. The Italian's "methods" were more silent and subtle—but not less sure.

This is but one of a thousand tragedies which, from time to time, appear before the public gaze, from the sombre depths of remote forests—writhing like

loathsome and disgusting reptiles from congenial darkness into the dazzling sunlight illumining for the first time their hideous deformity.

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IV.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE CRIMES CELEBRES.

Shall I relate still another? I am assured that it is actually true; and I think that it even exceeds, in bloody atrocity, the one just narrated.

In a country house in a neighbouring county, resided a woman, her two daughters, and two sons—five in all. They were of the humblest class; but nothing to their prejudice had ever been whispered even: and they lived in their secluded log mansion, contented and happy. The sons laboured on the small patch of ground—the mother's knitting needle supplied its part; the daughters spun and wove the clothes of their brothers, their mother and themselves.

There was in the neighbourhood a young man of bad character, who had for a long time been paying his addresses to one of the daughters. These attentions were unfavourably received; and never in the slightest degree encouraged. At last they were discontinued. Perhaps some altercation had taken place between the suitor and the brothers of the girl; since the young man suddenly ceased visiting the family.

He remained away for a considerable time; and during this interval nothing at all was heard, or known of him. After events would seem to indicate that he was arranging the details of a diabolical revenge upon the young lady and her family; and perhaps had absented himself from the neighbourhood, in order to procure the means of accomplishing his purpose.

He reappeared at last, and with an affectation of good feeling requested that all their differences should be healed. His proposal was coldly received; but no one wished to quarrel with him, and accordingly, during the day which he spent at the house, every one treated him

with courtesy. As night drew on they expected him to return home, as the house contained but two bed rooms, in one of which slept the mother and her two daughters, while the two sons occupied the other.

The visitor, however, did not seem inclined to take his leave; and as the night drew on threateningly, solicited permission to remain until the morning. This permission was reluctantly accorded: and at an early hour the old lady and her daughters retired to the adjoining apartment: the three men remaining in the common room.

What follows is on the authority of the elder daughter—the object of the visitor's persecutions.

She says that she was aroused about midnight by a stealthy footstep in the adjoining room, and then heard a low, suppressed breathing, followed by a sound which resembled that of a cork carefully drawn from a bottle.

At first she imagined that she was dreaming; but again the stealthy step was heard: and mastered by curiosity and apprehension, she rose, and cautiously opened the door separating her from the other apartment.

At the sight which greeted her, she retreated a step, and uttered a low scream of horror. The young man was bending over the bed of the two brothers, with a vial in his hand,—which was afterwards found, and proved to have contained prussic acid, or some other subtle poison. Like the uncle of Hamlet, he was about to pour its contents into the ears of the sleepers.

The murderer was suddenly startled, however, by the low scream—he saw that his crime was discovered, and rushed upon the girl. With one bound she crossed the room—darted through the open door, and ran beneath the trees, of which there were a great number in the yard. Her pursuer, uttering a horrible oath, was close on her heels, and at one instant his hand almost grasped her night-clothes. But the heavy shadow saved her. She drew close to the trunk of a great tree, and he dashed by, thinking that she had continued her flight.

As soon as he disappeared in the darkness, she escaped in another direction, and gaining the house of a neighbor, gave the alarm.

Half a dozen men hurried to the spot—and here is the supreme horror narrative.

The mother, sister, and two sons were all found dead in their beds: the murderer had done his work.

When search was made for the murderer, he could nowhere be found:—and to this day no trace of his whereabouts has been discovered.

Such is the tragedy I heard of on the authority of two gentlemen of perfect credibility. And now where is the murderer? If his eye falls upon this page, in some far distant place, let him blush his cheek—the King will clutch his heart-strings. For his face will rise up before him: the murderer on Bosworth field, and the look of despair will betray the involuntary recollection of his crime.

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V.

FIVE REMARKABLE TREES.

I have known many persons who have experienced their greatest pleasure in the contemplation of natural curiosities, singular insects, or flowers, or all that seems to diverge, as it were, from the general laws of the Universe.

For this class of readers I can briefly mention, some unusual phenomena in trees, which have lately attracted my attention—all within a circuit of a few miles.

I. The first is a decayed stump, or trunk—for it seems to have been cut many years ago—of a tree, whose peculiarity is in the grain. It is running straight up and down, but in this tree runs *round* in a perfect circle, and is divided in layers, about ten inches wide. If a piece of tape, or a common walking-stick, so as to be wrapped from top to bottom, this would

good idea of the manner in which the grain of this singular tree extends.

The ancients would have valued the strange problem, in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

They would have declared that Hercules, or one of the Titans, had caught it in his powerful grasp, and endeavoured to *twist* it from the earth—but finding it too deeply rooted, left it standing. I am less fortunate than the *nil admirari* gentlemen of antiquity. I “give up” the puzzle of this strange tree—and beg an explanation from those of my friends who are never at a loss to discover the abstrusest problems.

II. The second is simply a picturesque object—not at all mysterious. It is an enormous pine, as huge as Satan’s spear, which, according to Milton, resembled “the mast of some tall Admiral.” Around this pine is *wrapped* in the most perfect manner, to a height of about thirty feet, another smaller pine. The serpent crushing the Laocoon in his terrible folds, was the precursor of these two more fraternal companions. What made them thus embrace—or rather, what induced the lesser to twine around the greater?

Never did slender dame clasp closer her warrior husband!

III. The third instance is truly a very singular one. I saw it yesterday. Around the decayed trunk of a wild-cherry tree, in the midst of the dense pine forest, grow a thronging multitude of cedar saplings, rising to the height of about fifteen feet. In the entire wood, I am assured by the owner, there had never been discovered a single additional cedar tree. The cedars throng as closely, and, as it were, as tumultuously around the cherry, as a flock of chickens do around the mother hen when the hawk appears, and she opens her wings to conceal them. They *crowd* around the cherry in the centre, and are seen in no other direction. By what possible accident—if accident could originate this—could they have come thither? It may be said that the neighbourhood of the wild-cherry is favourable to the cedar:—but there are *no* cedars, elsewhere, in the entire wood, I am informed.

IV. The fourth curiosity is a black-oak, an ash, a hickory and a gum tree, growing from the same stock, or so completely jammed together—their roots so perfectly intertwined—as to appear to grow from one stock. The oak and ash are large trees—the gum and hickory smaller.

V. The fifth is a tree of which no one in this part of the country knows anything. It belongs to no species known in Virginia; and this is the sole specimen which has ever been met with—at least by any person with whom I have conversed. It is of the medium height of forest trees—with a bark nearly smooth, thin boughs; and bears a small purple bell-shaped flower. It stands in a field which has no other tree in it—the trunk and boughs inclining toward the East. Did the germ come on some chance breeze, across the ocean, from the far Orient? Perhaps it remembers the bright sands and burning heavens of Syria, and stretches out its arms toward the ocean, which divides it from its native land and the friends of its youth—the “palms of Paradise.”

So much for these tree curiosities. I have stated briefly and plainly the impression derived from seeing them. I invite explanations of the phenomena from those who are skilled in the study of natural objects.

VI.

TRIFLES.

“But a good joke is *no trifle*.”

Two gentlemen from Virginia were travelling in a far distant land, some years ago; and after a long and exhausting journey, joyfully threw themselves upon their sylvan couch in the wilderness.

In the “dead and lonely watches of the night,” one of them was suddenly aroused by his companion—who shook him hurriedly and roughly by the shoulder.

He started up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, looked anxiously for the enemy whose approach had put an end to his slumbers. Nothing was visible,

never; and when his roving glance fell on the countenance of his companion, he perceived that the gentleman in question was smiling, and gazing at him with deep interest.

"Why in the world did you wake me, —?" he asked, with a growl.

"Because," responded his companion with great cheerfulness, "I remembered that story I was trying all day to think of, about Squire Brown in Charlotte, my dear fellow! I knew if I went to sleep without telling you about it, I would forget it completely; and I could not find it in my heart to disappoint you. Squire Brown, you see, —."

What Squire Brown performed was never, however, related. I prefer omitting the muttered observations of the aroused sleeper, as he sank again to rest—pursued by his smiling and persistent historian, even to the borders of slumberland.

The proceeding of the story-teller, here, has seemed to me, upon reflection, eminently reasonable and defensible. He that getteth a wife, we are told, getteth a good thing—and a good joke is also a "good thing" which should not be missed. In addition—is not the pursuit of an auditor, like that of knowledge, under difficulties, a spectacle of the first dignity and interest?

A gentleman of lower Virginia, not long since, received a visit from an old friend, whom he had not seen for years. The meeting was mutually delightful; and the host begged his visitor to make free with everything he possessed, and use not the slightest ceremony.

"This is 'Liberty Hall,' recollect," he added, "and I hope you will send for anything you may possibly desire."

"With pleasure," was the reply; and on the same night, when he was about to retire, the guest bethought him of the urgent request.

"Have anything, sir?" asked the courteous young ebony who had carried up his candle.

"Well, yes," said the guest, "I would

like to have a *night-cap*; do you think you could get me one?"

The boy returned a ready assent, and disappeared. He remained absent a quarter of an hour, and then came back carrying, on a waiter, a lady's night-cap of the most delicate material and covered with lace and frills, after the latest fashion.

Behind came the host.

"I'm glad you sent down, my dear friend," he said, "I don't wear night-caps myself, but my wife does, and this is one of her very nicest I believe."

He was interrupted by a burst of laughter: and the explanation quickly followed. The "night-cap" coveted by the guest was contained in a square box, whose acquaintance he had made at dinner:—and this was soon produced.

The lady enjoyed the joke as much as her husband, and still exhibits the night-cap, whose fashion was objected to by her guest.

A friend informs me that "Squire Rice," who gave the "treat" at which "Cousin Sally Dillard" was present, is an actual personage, and very worthy gentleman of East Tennessee: whom he has frequently met: and whose acquaintance he has the pleasure of enjoying. Who is the author of the history of Squire Rice's treat—of the doings of "My Wife," who acted in so foolish a manner,—and last, though not least, of "Cousin Sally Dillard," who so judiciously made use of the bridge across the stream? Does this production belong to the literature of Virginia or of Tennessee? I propound these enquiries to the critics.

A thousand anecdotes of John Randolph are related. The — family was involved in some unpleasant difficulties with the Roanoke orator; and those the name were so numerous, that an altercation took place with one, it apt to end in a collision with the class.

"They are like a pile of fish-hooks," said Randolph, joining his fore-finger and thumb, "if you try to raise one, you raise a hundred of them."

This trifle exhibits an actual instance of the peculiar plainness and point which characterized Mr. Randolph's illustrations. The listener followed the direction of his thin fore-finger, and seemed to look upon the images painted by a stroke of his trenchant wit.

I shall terminate my idle sketches for to-day, with an incident or two related by the gentleman of Virginia, who aroused his friend, to tell him about Squire Brown of Charlotte.

"I was travelling," he said, "from India to the Isthmus of Suez, in the steamship 'Bombay.' We had some very amusing characters on board. Among the rest was a lady named Macgrith, whose husband was an exceedingly meek and unresisting little gentleman. His wife was a terrible tartar, and imposed upon him horribly. We used to go on deck before nine in the morning to take a shower bath, or smoke a cigar, or chat—only half dressed, as it was in the warm latitudes: and one morning Macgrith joined us there, and was prevailed upon to smoke. He had scarcely lit his cigar when a maid appeared and said:

"'Mistress wants to see you, sir.'

"Macgrith, with a most guilty look, obeyed: and as soon as he entered the cabin we heard, in a tone of fury:

"'You scamp! you wretch! Again with that odious cigar? Pray what do you mean, sir! Throw away that cigar! and take and dress the children!'

"We heard nothing more. Macgrith did not re-appear. On the same day the steamer paused for some hours at a port on the route, and Mrs. Macgrith went on shore to the hotel. I followed, and was lounging on the porch when the little man passed by me in a hurried way, and disappeared. He soon returned, however, with a bottle of porter, looking very anxious, and I asked if anything was the matter? He blushed very red, and at

last I discovered the secret. Mrs. Macgrith was unfortunately very much—intoxicated. I looked into her room and saw the lady staggering.

"He carried her the porter—poured it into the glass which she held—and turned to set down the bottle. As he did so, the excellent lady discharged the tumblerful into his face!

"But this was not the end of his tribulations. He had engaged a vehicle to convey himself and his family to the steamer; and into this vehicle the lady, now somewhat recovered, accordingly entered. Very naturally supposing that he might occupy one of the two or three vacant seats, the unfortunate Macgrith put his foot upon the step. In another instant he would have occupied the seat beside his dame. But, as Othello says—'Who can control his fate?'

"At the moment when he was between earth and sky—balanced on the steps—the lady lifted up her feet, both feet—drew back those ponderous battering-rams, and discharging them full in his breast, with a terrible display of chubby ankles and their continuations, sent him rolling on the ground.

"The last I saw of Macgrith he was standing on the wharf at Portsmouth—with a baby in his arms—holding another child by the hand—and carrying under his arm an umbrella, a basket, a paper package, a work-box, a fan, a muff, and a smelling bottle. I regarded him as a victim of matrimony."

Some amusing scenes occurred upon the same voyage. The weather was so warm that no one, not even the ladies, thought of sleeping between decks. They came to the upper deck; and one half was marked off for them: the other half reserved for the gentlemen. Scarcely a night passed without pillows flying from one side to the other of the line of separation—and in these battles the ladies seemed to enjoy themselves very much. At eight bells, or four in the morning, they were aroused by the cry that the force-pump was about to be put in operation to wash the deck; and one morning the lieutenant, as an excellent jest, started the pumps before the sleepers

were aroused. They rose screaming and flitted down in their night-dresses, mingling inextricably with the gentlemen.

But the most entertaining incident which attended the trip, was the midnight encounter between a young lady and a favourite monkey of the Captain's, called Jocko.

"It seems that two young girls, who slept just beyond the partition dividing the saloon from the state-rooms, had devised a plan to remain cool at night. The partition was of Venitian shutters, which could be opened without difficulty: and the plan was to turn the "wind-sail," or circular canvas funnel, passing through the roof of the saloon, and bringing the breeze into the hold—to turn this into the state-rooms.

"Accordingly, after every one had retired, the young ladies stole out into the saloon—opened the Venitians—and affixing the bottom of the wind-sail so that the breeze should pass directly above their berths, retired as they came.

"Some young officers, however, were sleeping, unseen, upon the couches of the saloon, and were awaked by the oppressive heat. Seeking to discover the origin of the phenomenon, they saw the wind-sail diverted from its proper functions, and debouching into the state-room. They at once understood the scheme of

the young ladies, and immediately thought of playing them a trick.

"They went out quietly—untied Jocko, the Captain's monkey, who was slumbering on deck, under the combined influences of a heavy supper, an excellent conscience, and a bottle of curaçoa which he had stolen—and then bearing the unfortunate Jocko to the top opening of the wind sail, precipitated him below.

"Jocko uttered cries of horrible affright, and vainly endeavoured to grasp the tight canvas and arrest his descent. He found it impossible, and rushing down as rapidly as lightning, threw himself into the outstretched arms of one of the young ladies who had started up in bed upon hearing his cries. An awful uproar arose in the state-rooms—Jocko and the young lady rolled to the floor, locked in each other's embraces—and in five minutes some hundreds of persons of both sexes, with and without night-caps, appeared upon the scene, supposing that the steamer was on fire.

"The unhappy Jocko was discovered, and I am sorry to say, soundly flogged. His roving propensities were supposed to have sent him on a voyage of discovery; and he suffered the penalty of misfortune, and misrepresentation.

"I nearly forgot to add that the young lady never liked to be asked what she thought of the embraces of a monkey."

THE GIFTS AND THE GIFTED.

A fair, young infant lay at rest
 Upon its slumbering mother's breast.
 The lady's face still wore the light
 Of life's gay Summer warm and bright.
 Tho' few her years, she was the wife
 Of one whose soul was full of strife.
 A haughty man—unsought, unknown,
 Unloved by all, save her alone;
 The pure, calm trust her spirit gave,
 Was all he had, or cared to have.
 She feared the sternness of his eye,
 And loved him, scarcely knowing why,—
 An orphan in her early days,
 She seldom heard the voice of praise;

And tones of love, so wondrous seemed,
 That when *he* spoke, she almost deemed
 Him God-like—so her young heart grew,
 To love him much, yet fear him too.
 His lightest wish she tried to guess,
 To win his thanks was blessedness,
 And days of toil, she often passed
 Preparing some surprise, at last,
 That *he* might smile, that he might say,
 “I love you better ev’ry day.”

’Twas twilight hour—the silv’ry tune
 Of winds stirred by the breath of June,
 Laughed ’mid the flowers,—one glowing star
 Shone thro’ the other dim, afar,
 And gaily joined with light of glee
 Glad Nature’s Summer harmony.
 The vesper hymn of weary bird,
 Seeking its nest, was clearly heard
 In that sweet concert,—o’er the world
 The hand of Night had half unfurled
 Her sunless banner,—Day yet stayed,
 Lingered with smile in wood and glade;
 Shedding soft tears upon the flowers
 That claimed her kiss in fairer hours.

Weaving bright fancies for her child,
 Wrapt in a dream, the mother smiled—
 Hope whispered flatt’ring tales of joy
 And crowned with bliss, her darling boy;
 While in her sleep, she murmured soft,
 Kind, holy words, to cheer him oft,—
 Grown up to manhood, good and wise,
 Hope pictured him to her glad eyes
 A hero in his native land;
 The leader of a noble band,
 Free and brave-hearted, high and strong,
 Upholding right and scorning wrong,
 A man whose lofty, glorious soul,
 No care could crush, no sin control;
 Such to the dreamer seemed her son,
 Whose feeble years were just begun.

“Singing, singing merrily :
 From my home in the surging sea,
 Bright is the gift I bring to thee !
 Child of mortal, on thy brow
 Wondrous sign shall be written now.
 Pow’r I bring thee, high and rare,
 Where the richest of treasures are ;
 Thou shalt search and the fleetest wind
 Can not be swifter than thy mind ;
 Thou wilt look on the ocean’s tide,
 And the voice of thy song shall glide

Into thy soul, with magic pow'r,
Soothing thee in stormiest hour.

Dreamily, dreamily,
Singing soft shall an *Echo* be,
In thy heart and in thy brain,
Calming every throb of pain,
This is the gift I bring thee now,
Child with unshadowed Poet brow."

The infant smiled—a breeze swept by,
Low and soft as a lover's sigh;
A gentle sound was on the air,
Sweet as the voice of morning pray'r:—

"I am come from a land of song and flow'rs,
Where life is a circle of golden hours;
I bring a *Wreath* that will never fade,
In Summer's glow or in Winter's shade;
'Twas twined in the garden of Love and Truth,
Thou may'st wear it proudly in careless youth.
It will be to thee, in thy failing age,
More dear than earth's mightiest heritage;
All dewy and blooming I place it now,
Young chosen of God, on thy princely brow:
 Garland of thought,
 In Eden wrought,
Thro' each of life's changes 'twill be to thee
 A gift of light,
 Changeless and bright,
All worthy of high immortality."

Bright as a sun-ray, a swift wing sped
Over the young babe's lowly bed;
Shadows stole to the quiet room,
Dark'ning flow'rs in their gayest bloom,
But wreathed with beauty undefiled
Was the soul of the poet child.

Sobbingly sweet,
Low, incomplete,
Came a soft voice.

"Son of the Beautiful, son of the Free,
All sad is the gift which I bring unto thee.
Tears must be thine—while with deep tenderness
Thy song-words go forth to be blest and to bless,
Thou may'st suffer in loneliness.
 Heedless of gain,
 Avoiding not pain,
Thou wilt seem strange to the children of earth,
 Seeing thy wonderment,
 Lacking discernment,
They can but mock thee, not knowing thy worth."

————— The task is done,
The goal of Fame is bravely won;

The fever-dream is over now,
Laurels are on the Poet's brow.

What cause has *he* for sighs?
The tear-dimmed page is cast aside,
'Tis filled with thoughts he fain would hide,
Written in an hour of loneliness,
It is a song of bitterness,
Not meant for careless eyes.

"The Autumn leaves are falling,
The Autumn blast is wild,
Ah! how I loved its rushing,
When a merry-hearted child!
I laughed at thoughts of Winter,
And only felt how free
Amid the frosty pine-hills
Our wanderings soon would be."

Sweet time of life's beginning,
How beautiful! how bright!
Its memory is soothing
To my weary soul to-night.
I clasp the hand of Fancy,
And try to warble gay,
A pleasant song she taught me
In the crowded street to-day.

But no—my spirit weary,
Droops low on dusty wing,
Reality is mocking
And I cannot, cannot sing.
Like sun-beam and like blossom,
Men say, are songs of mine,
I'm flattered, envied, honoured,
And in anguish left to pine.
And *this is Fame*, oh! phantom,
I never wished for thee,
Why hast thou coldly bound me
To such gilded misery?
The laurel wreath is heavy,
My brain is mad with pain,
My heart is wildly yearning
For one hour of rest, in vain.

The poet wept, wept like a child,
O'ercome by sorrow, strange and wild,
And sobbing still, lay down to rest
On Death's relentless, chilly breast.
The morrow came, few tears were shed
Above the songster's earth-made bed,
And years rolled on—new wreaths of fame
Were twined around his deathless name;
His tomb is now a nation's pride,
And yet with broken heart he died!

MABEL.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The education of woman has been a fruitful theme for the exercise of the ablest minds that have ever existed; and various and diversified have been the suggestions made upon this, as we believe, the most important, perhaps, of all the uses and applications of intellectual culture. Yet, while this is the case, we very much doubt if any subject is less understood than the manner, range, and degree of female education, and female intellectual development.

In our remarks upon this subject, we shall confine our attention to female education in the United States, as that is the only sort of female education with which we have any practical or personal acquaintance. We believe that it has been conceded by the ablest writers upon this subject, that there is no difference in the primary condition of the minds of the two sexes; and that the difference which exists after cultivation, is due to the difference of that cultivation. That this difference does and ought to exist, we have no doubt; but that the *disparity* now existing is "right, proper and just" to woman, we do not for a moment believe.

We shall endeavour to point out what we conceive to be the errors of female education at the present day, and suggest such remedies as we believe will at least mitigate, if not remove, these grave errors and deplorable mistakes.

The first error to which we would call attention, is the habit (arising in many, in most instances, from a want of energy in the mother,) of neglecting, in early childhood, the gradual and systematic training of the young mind; susceptible as it is at that age of impressions which, as long as life lasts, will incline the child, and the woman, to good or evil, virtue or vice, great intellectual superiority, or an equally great intellectual inanity. We would not, of course, confine the child to the prejudice of physical, or overload the mind to the injury of intellectual vigour; but we would have even its sports and amusements, subservient to the great end of education, and a bent, as it were, given

to the mind, which would elevate and large it as it grew with the physical condition of the child.

The present system, (a vicious one we believe,) which prevails in the management of boys as well as girls, is to allow them to "run wild" until they have reached the age of eight or ten years, under the impression that it is necessary for their physical health, leaving the mind to be impressed by the vice and ignorance of not unfrequently, vicious, ignorant, depraved companions.

The mind of a child is, perhaps, more inquiring in its nature, than at any other age, and hence the necessity of directing these inquiries in a proper channel, affording such information to the young inquirer as will tend to develop its intellect and purify its heart. We, we therefore, urge the necessity of feeding the mind with the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and thus laying a foundation deep and abiding, upon which, in a few years, a temple of knowledge may be reared, at which its votaries "may worship from morn till night." Another source of error in female education, is the custom of sending girls, at a young tender age, to boarding-schools. We are aware that we run the risk of drawing down upon our devoted heads the "anathemas" of female boarding-school teachers, when we presume to censure a custom which fills their purses with gold; yet we are fully persuaded and bold enough to utter the sentiment that of all systems of education, this is the most pernicious.

Let us be understood! We do not say that there is not an age at which, perhaps, it may be advantageous to send a girl to a boarding-school, well conducted and properly organized; but we do so without the least hesitation, that the habit of sending very young girls to institutions is detrimental and injurious to moral and intellectual development. Before proceeding further, we will draw a distinction between *intellectual* and *mechanical* instruction, for such a distinction—and a very important

too—does exist; intellectual instruction consists, we conceive, in that system which explains thoroughly, “root and branch,” to the perfect comprehension of the pupil, the subject of instruction, so that the mind of the child is enlarged and developed, and not trained exclusively in memory.

On the other hand, what we term mechanical teaching, is that system of getting “by heart,” or, more properly, of memorizing certain rules and axioms, without understanding their use and application. This is a *routine* system which, as a general thing, is ephemeral in its nature, and at the same time destructive to all the higher powers of the human intellect. Taking it for granted that no one who has had any experience in these two systems of instruction, will doubt the truth of our position, we are constrained to say, that in a large number of female boarding-schools, consisting, as they generally do, of many scholars and few teachers, the mechanical system of teaching, of necessity, is the system adopted especially with the smaller and younger girls. Trained in this mental *tread-mill*, their intellects do not range beyond this limited circle, while their morals are somewhat neglected, and thus habits and *trammels* of intellect become a “second nature,” and forever disqualify the woman from reaching that high moral and intellectual culture which fits her to be a wife and mother. The mind becomes a mechanical inanity, and loses, if we may so speak, half of its glorious and immortal nature. We are fully convinced, and it is due to teachers of boarding-schools for us to admit, that many of them are aware without having the power to correct all these mistakes; but while we admit this in justice to many excellent teachers, we yet think they could do much towards removing and correcting some, if not all, of these grave errors.

No girl should be admitted into these institutions under a certain age, nor should the number of pupils exceed the capacity (mental and physical) of the instructors, thoroughly to teach whatever is undertaken. Another serious mistake in female education is to attempt to teach

too much in a given time; it is utterly impossible to teach a girl in the usual time allotted to education, the long catalogue of studies advertised as a course at these schools, and the most that can be accomplished is only a tolerable knowledge of some, or merely a *smattering* in all.

The only real benefit to be derived from a boarding-school, consists in the *attrition*, if we may so speak, of girls upon each other, some knowledge of the world and the acquirement, perhaps, (on account of superior masters) of a few of the accomplishments (so called) of female education. But even these advantages (if they be such) should be held in subjection to a thorough home education, to be acquired before a girl is ever entrusted within the walls of a boarding-school.

We think the essential requisite for female education of a superior order, is to be found at home; let the education be obtained at home, under carefully selected and thoroughly prepared instructors.

We do not mean a sickly, sentimental governess, who is weak enough to be ashamed of her calling, and ready to throw herself into the first pair of available matrimonial arms; but when we speak of home instruction under competent teachers, we mean an educated and intellectual woman, whose heart and intellect are developed; who enters upon her duties cheerfully, and is fully aware of the privileges as well as of the responsibility of her position.

Under such a teacher, and watched over by parental solicitude, woman will become not merely the sensual, but also the intellectual companion and equal of man. There are many young men at the present day, who enter Colleges and Universities for the purpose of having their names published to the world as having taken a degree, rather than for the more laudable and nobler aim of attaining to high literary and intellectual culture. So young girls are sent to school to learn a few airs and graces that are patent in this age, rather than for the more glorious privilege of fitting themselves to be wives and mothers.

It seems to us that the grand end and

aim of American women is marriage, the motto is, "marry well if you can, but if you cannot marry well, marry at any rate;" and the sooner this can be accomplished, after "turning out," the better; almost children themselves, they are soon called upon to take charge of a family, with scarcely a single requisite preparation for such a difficult and responsible position. They are fulfilling, in the physical sense, the law of heaven, without either the adequate conception of the duties, or heaven-born privileges and bliss of maternity.

This characteristic of American women to marry early, is in itself an effectual bar to high intellectual culture; too young to have acquired much before, their duties after marriage are such as effectually to preclude the idea of any great degree of improvement. We have, in general, no great admiration for old maids, such as we usually see; but we think there is too much sensitiveness among the sex upon this subject, and we admire, above all others, that woman who voluntarily remains a maid, rather than immolate soul and body upon the altar of mammon.

There is no greater source of moral, intellectual and physical decrepitude, than early marriages, superinduced as it is by a want of stability in an undeveloped mind, and a difference so great in the attainment of husband and wife, as to render a compatibility of tastes, home pursuits and intellectual enjoyments, entirely out of the question. Another cause of intellectual inferiority in woman, arises from her habits and tastes of reading, very few of them having read anything beyond the ephemeral literature of the day, a sentimental novel or two, or perhaps a child's history. They are thus of necessity sent forth into the world utterly unacquainted with its history and ignorant of its standard literature, science and biography. The truth of this is fully attested by the style of conversation between the sexes, so insipid and frivolous is its general tone, that a man of sense rarely finds a young lady qualified to discuss any subject beyond the last novel or the latest fashion.

The improvement of woman's education will excite a like improvement in that of man, and hence we have a double inducement for some radical change and improvement in the present system of female education. Now, we may be asked, since we find fault with the present system, what system we would recommend?

This is a question, we confess, more easily asked than answered, and as we do not feel competent to devise a system, we must content ourselves by throwing out such suggestions as have occurred to us, leaving to others the more difficult task of elaborating a system, which we trust will be an improvement of the one now so universally in use.

We would suggest the early training of the child, by incorporating, from time to time, as the opportunity occurs, instruction and education with the sports and amusements of the child, and then, as soon as the age of the child will admit, of beginning systematically to train the young mind.

We would especially recommend that a taste for reading be cultivated, and such books placed in the child's hands as will afford instruction with amusement; parents also should study the peculiar temperament and disposition of each child, for children differ like the same disease in different individuals, and consequently require a different treatment. We would have the education (as far as circumstances will permit) to be a *home article*, under a competent teacher, and subject to parental and home influence, to cultivate the *heart* as well as the mind, and especially to *study* a course of reading; we say *study* a course of reading, because casual, hasty and superficial reading is of little or no benefit. Let the course of study be prolonged to a maturer age than young ladies generally deem it necessary to cultivate their intellects, and as a consequence of this, let the age at which marriage generally occurs be postponed at least to the age of twenty-five.

There is no question of the following truth, uttered by a distinguished writer. "that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given her the habit and the

means of drawing her resources from herself." And we cannot refrain from making, in conclusion, another quotation from the same author, so exactly expressing our own views that we prefer using his own language. "If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful—and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women im-

proves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and best; and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of Time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all; but with the full power and splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men." E. T.

COWPER AND HIS CRITIC.—Cowper had sent a small poem to the publishers, when some friendly critic took the liberty to alter a line in the poem, *to make it smoother*, supposing, of course, he had made the line much better *because it was smoother*, and that Cowper would be grateful for such a favour; but Cowper did not think "oily smoothness" the only merit of poetry, and so was quite indignant at the liberty taken with his poem.

"I did not write the line," says he, that has been tampered with hastily or without due attention to the construction of it; and what appeared to me its only merit is, in its present state, entirely annihilated.

"I know that the ears of modern verse-makers are delicate to an excess, and their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves; so that if a line does not run as smooth as quicksilver, they are offended. A critic of the present day serves a poem as a cook serves a dead turkey, when she fastens the legs of it to a post and draws out all its sinues. For this we may thank Pope; but give me a manly, rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem of music periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them.

"In a much longer poem which I have just finished, there are many lines which an ear so nice as the gentleman's who made the above-mentioned alteration would undoubtedly condemn; and yet (if I may be allowed the expression) they cannot be made smoother without being made the worse for it. There is a roughness on a plumb which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plumb would be much more polished without it. But lest I tire you, I will only add, that I wish you to guard me for the future from all such meddling, assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."



WASHINGTON COLLEGE—LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

The above "cut" is a good representation of that portion of the buildings of this Institution, appropriated to the use of students, to lecture-rooms, &c. The artist has executed his task faithfully as far as he has gone. But in several particulars the picture fails to do justice to the real appearance of the college grounds and their surroundings. In the first place, there are several fine shade-trees in front of the buildings, which we do not find here represented. In the second place, the splendid mountain scenery,

forming the back-ground of that also unsurpassed landscape, which surrounds the village and the Institution on the West, is here but faintly visible. Again the Professor's houses, extending out either side of the line of buildings, do not a little to the beauty of the group but they do not appear in the picture. To criticise, however, was not the object with which we set out, but thus far may go in that direction, so that the picture may be justly appreciated.

"We have before us the Triennial

ister of Alumni with the Annual Catalogue and Circular" of this Institution—a remarkably neat and well executed pamphlet of nearly fifty pages. The "Historical Statistics," briefly set forth on the first two pages, are interesting and suggestive. They carry us back to ante-revolutionary days, when the men of this frontier section of our State were wont to be educated, more by surrounding circumstances, than by academic appliances. We find the foundation of the Institution in old "Liberty Hall Academy," as far back as 1774. Its "Rector" for more than twenty years was the Rev. Wm. Graham, the pioneer of classical and mathematical education in the Great Valley. Of him a distinguished pupil* of his own says: "He possessed a mind formed for profound and accurate investigation. He had studied the Latin and Greek Classics with great care, and relished the beauties of those exquisite compositions. With those authors taught in the schools, he was familiar by long practice in teaching, and always insisted on the importance of classical literature, as the proper foundation of a liberal education. He had a strong inclination to the study of Natural Philosophy, and took pleasure in making experiments with such apparatus as he possessed; and he had procured for the Academy as good an one as was possessed by most of the Colleges. In these experiments much time was employed, on which inquisitive persons not connected with the Academy, were freely permitted to attend.

The science, however, which engaged his attention more than all others, except theology, was the PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND. In this he took great delight, and to this devoted much time and attention." Thus we find him viewing the different departments of study as alike important to a complete academic course.

Soon after Mr. Graham had retired from its halls, having sacrificed the prime of his life, and to a great extent his pecuniary interest to the welfare of this institution, struggling to stand amid the trying times of the Revolution, and of

the first establishment of our government, it had the good fortune to receive from the "Father of his Country," a liberal donation, which Virginia had conferred upon him, but which he was unwilling to accept *on his own account*; yet he accepted it, that he might re-confer it as a still greater gift upon his native State, by using it in endowing one of her most promising institutions.

In this connection, we shall call attention to another interesting item in the history of this College. We copy from the "Triennial Register."

"The Cincinnati Society of Virginia was organized by the surviving Officers of the Revolution, soon after the close of the war. The objects of the society were:—1. To perpetuate the bond of union which had kept them so firmly bound together during their long struggle for Independence; and 2. To raise, by individual contributions, a common fund, for the relief of such widows and orphans as had been left by any of their comrades, or might be left by themselves, in circumstances requiring pecuniary aid.

"After some years, it was thought expedient to dissolve the association. It was then found, that after providing for all remaining widows and orphans, there would be a large residuary fund still on hand. This fund they resolved, in imitation of their illustrious Commander-in-Chief, to add to the endowment of Washington College, under certain specified conditions. The college having accepted and fulfilled these conditions, is now in full possession of this donation, amounting at present to about \$23,000.

"As a token of obligation to the Society of Cincinnati for their liberality, the College requires of the best scholar in every class of graduates an oration in honor of the Society. This is always a part of the annual commencement exercises."

The name of that Association is perpetuated in the title given to the professional chair of Mathematics.

We must not pass unnoticed another valuable donation, subsequently added to

* The late Rev. Dr. Alexander of Princeton.

the endowment of the college, by a worthy son of the "Emerald Isle," to whose memory a beautiful monument has been erected on the campus, and may be seen near the end of the picture on the right. This monument bears the following inscription: "'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR'—SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN ROBINSON, A NATIVE OF IRELAND—A SOLDIER OF WASHINGTON—A MUNIFICENT BENEFactor OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE. BORN A. D. 1754. DIED A. D. 1826.

Additional mementoes of his liberality are found in the title given to the chair of Physical Science; and in the gold medals annually awarded to distinguished graduates.

With these endowments, the "Academy" was enabled to assume a most respectable position as a "College." It has since, occasionally, had its times of depression—it has found its calumniators—it has met with those who would gladly have crushed it; nevertheless, its general course has been "onward and upward."

In the matter of *external displays*, this College claims no remarkably high position. But in its *internal* arrangement—in its elevated standard of scholarship—in its extended and thorough course of classical, scientific and mathematical studies—in its well-constructed system of discipline, it holds a position in public estimation, second to that of no other college in the Union. In confirmation of this, we quote from a late Richmond paper. Speaking of the closing exercises of the past session, the writer says:

"The examining committee, consisting

of Rev. Dr. Pendleton of the Episcopal church, Drs. Dabney and Brown, and Mr. Page of Lexington, declare in their report to the Board of Trustees, that the examinations were really admirable." They further say, that "the course in this College is complete to the highest standard; that the members of its faculty are able and efficient; that its system of instruction is rigid and thorough; and that the education it furnishes is as entire as can be secured in any institution of like grade in the country." This, coming from the source it does, is high praise, but not undeserved.

In glancing the eye over the list of Alumni, the reader will be at once struck with the extent to which this Institution from its earliest period has contributed to fill every department of society with able and efficient men. While yet an Academy, it sent out for the "Bar and the Bench" its Blackburn, its Stuarts, its Brown, and its Marshall. Then further down along the list, are the names of Coalter, Field, Allen and others equally worthy to be mentioned. More brilliant perhaps are the names familiar in the Legislative councils of our country—Roane, Watkins, Crittenden, Braxton, Preston, McDowell. In the "Pulpit," we find the names of Hoge, Alexander, Baxter, Rice, Speece, McPheeters, Paxton, Ruffner and Plumer, with others immortal in the pages of the church's history.

With such a "past" and such a "present," may we not confidently expect for Washington College a still more brilliant "future?"

THE LATE LUCIAN MINOR.

Brief editorials and brief obituaries in the newspapers of the State, have already apprized the public of the death, on the 8th of July last, at Williamsburg, of LUCIAN MINOR, Professor of Law in William and Mary College. These announcements sufficed to inflict a pang of sorrow upon a large number of devoted friends, and were, in their simple brevity, just what his own taste would have approved. But the death of such a man would seem to require a more extended notice. In essaying it, the writer seeks, not the somewhat selfish gratification of indulging in deserved eulogy of a departed friend. His aim is higher. He trusts that the exhibition of genius, talents, taste and learning devoted less to the worldly advancement of their possessor, than to the good of mankind, may carry with it a salutary moral lesson. A cordial intimacy and uninterrupted friendship coeval with his acquaintance, and extending through a period embracing more than half his earthly career, in some degree, qualify the writer for the task. No one has enjoyed better opportunities of knowing and appreciating the traits of his moral and intellectual nature.

After completing his education in the venerable institution of which he died a Professor, Mr. Minor removed to Alabama, with a view of following his profession in that State. His sojourn there was a brief one, and he returned to Virginia, and commenced the practice of the Law, in his native county of Louisa, where he resided, with the exception of a year or two spent in Albemarle, until his appointment to the Chair of Law in William and Mary.

As a Lawyer, Mr. Minor was justly held in very high estimation by all of his brethren who had opportunity to become acquainted with the extent and accuracy of his learning. While he regarded the Common Law, in its harsher features, with disfavor, as a relic of a semi-civilization, and was an earnest and eloquent advocate of such reforms as he thought were demanded by the progress of society—his criticisms were discriminating,

and displayed a profound familiarity with the ancient sources of jurisprudence and the whole line of judicial exposition by which it has been developed. His learning was the comprehensive learning of a jurisconsult, not the case-knowledge of a mere attorney. The Revisors of the Code of Virginia (1849) were not unwilling to receive the assistance of his pen in the preparations of portions of that work. His success at the bar was moderate, in comparison with his legal attainments. A result due, in part, perhaps, to qualities which made him the more estimable as a man—the utter absence of all arts of popularity, and a stern adherence to his own lofty sense of right—in part, to a style of argument in the conduct of causes, better suited to an appellate, than a nisi prius, tribunal. His peculiar professional qualifications had found, in the pursuits in which he was engaged at the time of his death, their most appropriate and useful sphere—legal authorship and the professor's chair.

Mr. Minor was a fine classical scholar. He had been taught in the good old way, and cultivated the Greek and Latin not as affording the materials of mere philological speculation and verbal analysis, but as keys to a noble domain of thought, taste and feeling. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek and Roman literature. It moulded his style and modes of thinking. Unlike most men of the present day, he did not discard these studies as the cares of life pressed upon him. When most actively engaged in the practice of his profession, it seemed a point of conscience to read daily a page or two of some favorite classic author. With our own literature his acquaintance was varied and profound. He had drunk deep "of the pure well of English undefiled," and his taste was refined even to the point, occasionally, of fastidiousness. His reading was multifarious and discursive—though the accuracy of his information might have led you to believe that he was "the man of one book." These almost encyclopedic stores of literary knowledge were never obtrusively para-

ded, but manifested themselves, as it were inadvertently, in choice quotation, apt allusion and felicitous illustration. Nor were his acquisitions an undigested mass of the thoughts and words of others. What he read was assimilated and became part and parcel of his mental being—the stimulus and material of intellectual activity, not a substitute for thought. You saw that the stream of literature had passed over his mind by the fertility it had imparted. It was the cause of regret to many of his friends that he did not devote himself to letters as a career. His success would have been certain and decided. In the midst of the harrassing cares of a county court practitioner, he contributed freely to the periodical press. With a full mind, ardent feelings and great command of language, we need hardly say that he wrote with remarkable facility. Composition seemed to cost him nothing more than the manual labor of committing his thoughts to paper. All the productions of his pen are characterised by a terse and elegant precision of style—unadulterated English—perspicuity of thought, and, we need scarcely say, the loftiest moral tone. At one time, he had in view the publication of a volume of miscellanies, and we hope his family may carry into effect his intention. It was the privilege of the writer to maintain with him, for many years, an active correspondence, and from the multitude of letters in his possession a selection might be made far more worthy of the press, than most of those which form the staple of modern biography. His epistolary style was singularly delightful. Literary criticism—moral reflection—political disquisition—the passing news—or family incidents—whatever may have been the topic—was conveyed in language simple and unaffected, which flowed, as it were, spontaneously, from his facile pen; inducing the belief that the terse beauty of the expression was the result—not of artistic skill, but, —of careless grace.

Benevolence—in the most comprehensive sense of the term—was a prominent trait in the character of Mr. Minor. He loved his fellow-men, and strove to pro-

mote their welfare by every means in his power. The feeling did not evaporate in the contemplation of vague schemes of impracticable philanthropy, whilst suffering which daily met his eye was neglected. It was a living, active principle. We shall not be guilty of the indelicacy of trumpeting his deeds of charity, performed in the quietest and least ostentatious way—of his services, however, in one important field of philanthropic effort, which may be called his specialty, we may be permitted to speak more freely. We mean the cause of Temperance. To this he devoted, for the last twelve or fifteen years, the best energies of his head and heart. His ready pen found abundant employment in portraying the evils of intemperance, and in pointing out and urging the adoption of the only remedy. His reputation as a writer opened to him the columns of newspapers, closed, generally, to the discussion of the subject. His rich stores of knowledge and the graces of his style, insured the perusal of his communications, and thus access was had to a class of readers before ignorant of statistics and arguments, which could neither be denied nor refuted. The influence thus quietly exerted upon the public mind is not to be estimated. His facts were so incontestible—his arguments so logical—his appeals so persuasive—and so profound and general the confidence in the sincerity of his convictions, and the purity of his motives—that his essays rarely failed to neutralize hostility where they failed to convert. Under the auspices of the State organization of the Sons of Temperance, a very large edition was published of a tract from his pen, called “Reasons for Abolishing the Liquor Traffic,” which, it is generally admitted, is by far the ablest production on the subject which has any where appeared.

Nor were his labors in the cause confined to the pen. For many years, to the detriment, perhaps, of his private interests and professional prospects, he was the fearless and eloquent advocate of Temperance before the people. He was not what is usually called an orator. But he spoke, fluently, sensibly, and, as in his writings, poured forth the riches of his

knowledge in the choicest language. His quiet enthusiasm—his unselfish zeal—supported by an array of facts and close arguments, seldom failed to captivate his hearers; and numerous are the instances of those, who “came to scoff,” becoming active co-laborers. With the exception, perhaps, of that of his noble-hearted friend, who for years sustained him in his labors by his counsel and sympathy, and who cheered by his presence his dying bed—the venerable philanthropist of Bre-mo—the name of Lucian Minor was earliest and most prominently identified with the cause of Temperance in Virginia.

We might dwell upon the many virtues which adorned his character. His unspotted integrity—his scrupulous regard for truth—the fidelity with which he discharged every trust. It would be pleasing to contemplate him as a son—a brother—a husband—a father, in each of which relations the language of sober truth might sound like adulation. But we forbear.

Of his religious character we must say something. Without examination or reflection, he had adopted much of the insidious scepticism of Gibbon and Hume, whose bold assumptions and misstatements tended to embarrass him, even after he was satisfied of their fallacy. Content with the exemplary discharge of his duty to his fellow-man, he lived in the practical neglect of his obligations to God. The inconsistencies of the professors of Christianity, constituted the chief refuge of his conscience, when pressed upon the subject, and he was wont to insist upon Pope’s delusive sentiment:—

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can’t be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

When, in his latter years, this crust of indifference was broken through and he began to investigate the claims of the Bible, his progress was slow. He relinquished his long cherished prejudices, not without violent resistance, and his

concessions were not unfrequently accompanied by a declaration of his utter disbelief of some further truth, which, however, he was in turn obliged to accept. “I believe,” he said to a friend, “much more than I ever thought I should.” Addison’s remarkable illustration of the relative importance of time and eternity contained in No. 575 of the *Spectator*, wrought strongly on his mind and seemed to stimulate him to enquiry; but it is worthy of observation, that, whilst he read with satisfaction and profit such books as McIlvaine’s *Evidences*, *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, and *The Christ of History*, it was not until he became a more diligent and prayerful reader of the text of the Scriptures, that the light of divine truth broke irresistibly upon his mind.

Convinced, at length, by the enlightening Spirit of God, accompanying His Word, of his own sin, of the perfect righteousness of Jehovah and of the awful judgment to come, he hastened, in earnest, to seek, and soon found refuge in that atonement which before he had rejected. His humility and faith grew together. The more firmly he trusted that by free grace he was become a child of God, the more humble was he before Him who had so distinguished him by His unmerited love. The gloom which had long oppressed him vanished before the glorious sunlight of these new-found and immortal hopes, and the last two months of his earthly life, with all the drawbacks of a distressing disease, and absence from family and friends, seemed the happiest of his existence. Prayer and praise were his habitual employments during this period, and he delighted to converse upon those sublime truths which he had come to appreciate as infinitely above all that human philosophy could teach, and which imparted to him, even in his last moments of consciousness, that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

B.

SHAKING HANDS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

In the last number of the Messenger we gave our readers a pleasant little sketch Mr. Everett's from the "Cyclopedia of Wit and Humour." The following from the same source will be highly enjoyed by the lovers of the humorous.—*Ed. Son. Lit. Mess.*

MR. EDITOR,—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile matters the attention of writers and readers has often been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself reflected a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find among the ancients any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients confined the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them. Although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dexteras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dexteras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented them embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this rudimental stage, it is impossible in the silence of

history to say; nor is there anything the English chroniclers, in Philip de mines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself the privilege of theorists to supply conjecture the want of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down through an arc of 180 degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its true nature, force and distinctive character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it great and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have universally resulted in dislocation of the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to perform it with an equable, tranquil movement to the end of the operation, which should, on no account, be continued after perspiration on the face of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character, but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally to your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given is not to insist on performing it in a strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been accustomed to the *pump-handle* shake. It

known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened,—the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever afterwards shook;—but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it, and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet shake* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instruments made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood, in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose. Particular care ought to be taken if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet shake* to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet shake* with such severity as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder, for which my friend had the satisfaction of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or having a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe-royal*, the *saw-mill shake*, and the *shake with malice-prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. In like manner, the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic* and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of character, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

Editor's Table.

If the present number of the *Messenger* reaches you a few days later than its issues ordinarily make their appearance, oh most indulgent reader, we pray you vindicate your claim to that title by extending some latitude to the editor who has taken it for himself, in withdrawing for a few weeks from the arid city to a breezy mountain region of Virginia, where at one of the oldest watering-places of America, the hot season, like the days of Thalaba, most happily went by. While he was enjoying the delights of the Berkeley Springs, the September number of the *Messenger* was made up, and in bringing forward his absence as an apology for the delay in its publication, he is gratified to have the opportunity of recording the pleasure he derived from a sojourn at a summer resort too little known to Southern pleasure-seekers. Two miles and a half from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the brawling Potomac, is the little town of Bath, the county seat of Morgan, where, bubbling from the side of an adjacent mountain, flow the perennial streams which refreshed the Virginians of three generations ago, before the more crowded and fashionable resorts in other parts of the State had acquired notoriety. There Washington built a cottage even in the very whirlwind of the Revolution, and there Martha, his wife, spent her summers while the great captain of our little army was engaged in his immortal struggle with the forces of King George. Years before the Revolutionary period, Lord Fairfax had coursed with his hounds through the mountain hollows around Bath, and Braddock passed it on his way to the fatal field where the calm courage of the youth who was to become the Father of his Country was so conspicuously exhibited. Associated with such memories and naturally a spot of remarkable beauty, with one of the finest fountains of the health-dispensing goddess sparkling beneath its rocks, the Berkeley Springs well deserves to be considered as attractive a retreat as any in the land. Every body knows the White Sulphur; all are familiar, either from per-

sonal observation or from the numberless descriptions that have been written of with the fair lawns and bright cottages, the delicious shade and bold spring, the water and the ways, the flirtations and the follies that belong to this glorious locality where thousands congregate for bad dinners and good society; but only the few, the fortunate few, know of the gratifications of Berkeley Springs, its charming *abandon*, its cool repose, its indescribable bathing privileges, its excellent *cuisine*, its pleasant parlors and its yet more pleasant grove-beautiful Peri of that Potomac Paradise fairer than shapes that promenade dreams, or when you walked along or when you rolled at ten-pins with the throng of laughing girls, may fortune send us summers yet to come brightened by glimpses of your happy face!

Pardon the rhapsody, good reader, as the slip of our editorial pen, usually so manageable, into a sort of blank verse, and the early manner of Mr. Dickens, in remembering a fair daughter of the Valley who has no doubt gone into the port of our excellent friend, Porte Crayon, with "all her bravery on." There were no other lovely creatures there that might have challenged his cunningest pencil, but they have been fitly celebrated by the newspaper letter-writers, and we invoke them only enshrining them forever in our memory.

We shall not readily forget the *Amusement* of 1858. There is something so enjoyable in the sort of existence, filled with nothings, that one passes at a watering place which is neither too crowded nor too "fast" for the quietude needed by the city fugitive seeking relaxation. The momentary excitements created by the arrival and departure of the stage-coach, the games at the ten-pin alley, where the ladies applaud the clergyman's "strikes," the readings from the poets in the newspapers (varying Tennyson with the Springs correspondence of the *York Herald*), the siesta, the sunset walk up the mountain, the polka-redowa and the *Tempête* in the Ball-room, all these from

to day assume a whimsical importance in the lives of men accustomed to grapple with legal difficulties, or to solve great problems of statesmanship, or to watch the movements of the mighty tides of trade. And it is among the men of action, who go to watering places for relief from the cares of business, and among their families, that the most agreeable Springs society is to be found. There is a freshness and piquancy, apart altogether from their superior culture, in their conversation which is wanting to the gossip of the merely fashionable, who only seek to renew at the Springs the dissipations of the town winter. At Berkeley, the company was of the former character, the representatives chiefly of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, with some others from more distant States. Thrown together in the same circle, they became easily acquainted, and though the company changed as the season wore on, by the going of some and the coming of others, the three or four hundred guests formed a temporary society from which all exclusiveness and formality were banished, and in which the only ambition was to see which should add most to the common enjoyment. Shut up, too, in the mountains, aloof from desk and ledger and court-room and household duties, what cared they for the world beyond, though the electric current, for the first time flashing through the sunless depths of ocean, set the wires vibrating with the news of imperial fêtes and royal progresses and negotiations of treaties with the great ancient despotism of China beneath the beams of the morning star! The world, as the fugitives shall find it when they return from their mountain summer seclusion, is not the same world they left two months ago, it has taken an immense step forward; the age they live in—

— this live, throbbing age
Which brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates,
aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms
Than Roland with his knights, at Roncesvalles,

has grown suddenly older by a century and now may rightly claim its epos. Memorable month, indeed, which, whiled away by many on jocund mountain tops in bathing and dancing, and celebrated by Emperor

Louis Napoleon among his docks and ships and guns at Cherbourg, has seen England and America united by another tie, and all the world admitted to fraternity with the long isolated followers of Confucius!

And this recognition of passing events brings us back to our editorial duties as rapidly as we were brought back by railway and steamer, whirling along by Harpers' Ferry, between its mountain ramparts, and the bright waters of the Shenandoah which flow by the poet's grave, the poet of Florence Vane, and through Washington, lying asleep in its summer vacation, and past hallowed Mount Vernon, signalled by the tolling bell, and across field and farm, to our sanctum in Richmond, where again we greet the editor's chair, vacant for a time, and once more hold communion with our loved contributors, the tender-hearted "Amie," and "Mabel," the gifted and musical, and our Southern Minnesinger "Adrian Beaufain," rich in delicate fancies, and humorous "Mozis Addums," and the pleasant "Rambler in Virginia," and resume our delightful relations with you, oh most indulgent reader, whose summer, we trust, has run by as gladly as our own.

We are indebted to the author, the Rev. C. W. Howard of Georgia, for a copy of an Address delivered by him before the Mnemosynean Society of the Cassville Female College, Commencement Day, July 21st, 1858. The following passage, which occurs near the conclusion, demands quotation as a worthy tribute to the fair ladies who are engaged in the Mount Vernon cause—

"It is a fitting close of these illustrations to refer briefly and with delicacy to the great event recently achieved by her who is, by common accord, the Southern Matron.

"It had long been our nation's desire to secure the grave of Washington. The difficulties in accomplishing this purpose seemed to be insuperable. That which man could not do, woman has done. Impelled by a noble ardor this brave daughter of South Carolina, determined to effect the seeming impossibility. There are few things impossible to a determined woman. The difficulties have disappeared. Her success has been triumphant. The grave of the Father of his people will be the property of the people. No stranger shall desecrate it. It will never pass from the

great family of Americans. With solemn eloquence, voiceless yet ceaseless as the flow of the Potomac, it shall rebuke those insane men, who with worse than Ephesian fury, under cover of liberty, would fire the temple of liberty. It shall tell them that he who was 'first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' was an 'accursed slaveholder.' It shall remind them that they cannot malign their brethren of the South, without in one and the same breath, parricides as they are, reviling the memory of the illustrious dead.

"Let no 'Pantheon of departed worth,' no royal St. Denis, no stately Westminster Abbey, no massive Egyptian Pyramid, be built upon this sacred spot. Let the American Eagle, as he circles in the blue ether above, and turns his glance from the sun downward to earth, find no vaulted roof or turret square to hide from him the tomb of his hero, and ever and again 'renewing his youth' by looking on the trust committed to him, with tireless wing and sleepless eye, and bold, defiant heart, he shall keep his aerial vigil, at once a sentinel to warn against impending danger, and a defender to swoop upon the advancing foe.

"Let no inferior mould be mingled with the ashes of Washington. Alone in history, let him the peerless one, rest there, alone in his glory. And thus in all time when the young pilgrim of liberty shall visit this 'Mecca of the West,' his eye shall be bewildered by no lesser light, his ear confused by no inferior names, his memory call up no other images, and from the grave of Washington he shall draw an unmingled inspiration of lofty deeds.

"All honor to the Southern Matron and her two distinguished coadjutors, daughters both of Georgia and ornaments of the State. Let their names be cherished among us. Let their bright example be held up to our young maidens, as an illustration of the great results which may be achieved by the unconquerable energy of woman."

As a pendant to the long and interesting sketch of the late Philip Pendleton Cooke, published in the June number of the *Messenger*, we give a place in our "Table" to the following letter from Mr. J. Hunt, Jr., of Ohio, to the Editors of the *Home Journal*, on the origin of the song of "Florence Vane"—

"*Banks of the Ohio, July 15, 1858.*

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—In your issue of the 19th ultimo, you have spoken in a highly commendable manner—as have many of the first critics of America—of the produc-

tions of the late PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE and quoted his renowned lyric, entitled 'FLORENCE VANE.' Now then, it may perhaps, prove uninteresting to you, and the readers of the *Home Journal*, to let the origin of the poem. If you feel inclined to give me a hearing, I am willing, I will feel more, if possible, than please tell it you, just as I received it from Cooke himself, a few months previous to his decease. In order, therefore, to effect understanding of the matter, you permit me to make a few—well, I will then prefatory remarks—and make too, in my own simple way of expression, take a seat and peruse.

"In one of the letters which I received from Edgar A. Poe, during his connection with the *Broadway Journal*, touching peculiar beauties of American literature, Mr. Poe cited to me, more than once, a pathos embodied in this same *Florence Vane*; and, as a matter of course, commendation coming from one who, at the time, stood at the head of his class school of prose and poetry, I turned attention to the article, and committed it to memory: at the same time I formed a resolution that, if I were ever blessed with another daughter, to name her in honor of the poem. Well, time passed on, and the wished-for child appeared, and we named her *Florence Vane*. Soon after the event, I wrote Mr. Cooke, making mention of the circumstance, and solicited of him the poem to furnish me, for the child's remembrance. After years, a copy of the same, in his hand writing. After some four weeks of anxiety, I received the following well-worded epistle. Without delay, I will copy the letter entire. None of the highest order of culture could produce so simple, and yet so timely a literary gem:—

"*Vineyard, near Millicott,
Clarke County,
SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.*

"*J. Hunt, Jr.: My Dear Sir,—*I received your complimentary letter two days ago. Winchester is not now, and has not been for years, my post-office. I happened to see your letter on the advertised *Winchester* paper, otherwise, perhaps, it would never have reached me.

"You compliment me very gracefully in calling your little girl after the name of one of my verses. If I never happen to be near enough to manifest a substantial interest in her welfare, she has, at least, secured one advantage, that of a very good name. But stranger things have happened than our becoming, one day, well known to each other. I may, one of these days,

little Florence Vane, for her own sweet looks, pretty name, and your graceful kindness.

"I send a copy of the poem in my own hand-writing, as you request. It was written many years ago, and, as you have guessed, without labor. It has been often published in a more embracing form—in Griswold's *American Poets*, Morris's *American Poets*, the *Book of Parables*, and finally in a volume of my poems, issued by Cary and Hart, two years since. This issue of Cary and Hart is called '*Froissart's Ballads and other Poems*.' I have never understood the reason of the hold which so slight a work as Florence Vane has taken upon the public.

"Kiss your child for one whom, by your selection of a name for her, you have elevated to the dignity of a *quasi* godfather. I trust that she will live long, and be one day a cheerful and happy matron; and not die in her youth, like the Florence of the song, for the poetry of being covered with lilies and daisies.

"Very truly, my dear sir, yours,
P. P. COOKE."

"Here follows the song in his own, almost printed, handwriting. There is no particular need of my sending you a transcript of it; but I will send you Mr. Cooke's comments on the poem, for thereby hangs the tale which I wish to tell.

"NOTE TO THE MS. COPY.

"The idea contained in the two lines of the third stanza—

'Thy heart was as a river
Without a main'—

is not clearly expressed. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* took the pains to discover this. My meaning, I suppose, was, that Florence did not want the capacity to love, but directed her love to no object. Her passion went flowing like the currents of a lost river. Byron has a kindred idea expressed by the same figure. Perhaps his verses were in my mind when I wrote my own.

'She was the ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.'—*The Dream*.

"But no verse ought to require to be interpreted, and if I were composing Florence Vane now, I would avoid the over-concentrated expression in the two lines, and make the idea clearer. As it is, I leave it, more than satisfied with the favor which has been shown to such a mere trifle, in many ways, but now, most extraordinarily,

in the taking a name from it for the child of strangers, born several hundred miles away in the West!

"When little Florence Vane Hunt comes, after a while, in inquiring how her name originated, to read this, she may care to know that Florence Vane came into my mind one spring day, as I walked in a flower-garden, and heard my young wife sing from a window of an old country house.

"I am the little girl's devoted friend,
P. P. COOKE."

The schoolmaster is abroad in Baltimore. Here is a veritable copy of a notice stuck up in one of the omnibusses running along Baltimore Street—

notice to passingirs

All persons not Riden up in the Coach
haven baskits on Returning In the Coach
will haffer pay full faire fore All baskets
ore bundels waing over 10 bound

W. J. BEWLES
proprietor.

Our venerable friend, *The Knickerbocker*, has taken a new lease of life, and comes to us now exhibiting the taste and critical judgment of two Editors, Dr. Noyes have been associated with Clarke to do what Clarke did formerly so well by himself. Shall we say there is an improvement in the magazine? We will, at the risk of offending the Senior whose charming "Gossip" has long since become an "institution." We recognize among the contributors to the body of the work many new and most excellent hands, and in the September number, which has anticipated our own tardy appearance, we find an admirable letter on "Life in Virginia," from the pen of G. P. R. James, Esq., which evinces the close and accurate observation of that accomplished writer. *Apropos* of our Anglo-American novelist, whom, from the tender period of roundabouts, we have appreciated highly as a author, and have since learned, happy privilege, to esteem as a friend, it is with real regret that we look forward to his speedy departure for new fields of consular service, if we may be allowed that expression with regard to Venice, where there are no fields at all and

the landscape is a watery one. The sentiment has been generally expressed by the journals and periodicals of the country, but it is felt with peculiar force by us in Virginia, among whom Mr. James has lived for several years past and by whom his engaging social qualities are so justly esteemed. Our literary circle loses its Coryphæus and there is no one to take his place—our Richmond society will miss an amiable and cultivated family which we had learned to regard as belonging to it specially—and the breaking up of such ties cannot be thought of with indifference. Mr. James will exchange “Life in Virginia” for “Life in Venice,” let us congratulate the Venetians. If he continues to write, as the vigour and freshness of “Lord Montague’s Page” give us the assurance that he will, we shall expect some novels imbued with the atmosphere of his new home which will eclipse the efforts of his earlier life. The “solitary horseman” will be out of place on the Grand Canal, but the gondola at sunset will serve him as good a turn, and the intrigues of the Adriatic’s spouse will furnish the material for many exciting narratives. Long life, honour and happi-

ness to H. B. M.’s worthy represent and the Consul-General of Letters!

We observe with pleasure the announcement by Mr. A. Morris, of this City, he will shortly publish a volume of po from the graceful pen of Miss Smiley Grape Hill, Virginia, so well known to public as the “Matilda” of the magazi and religious newspapers. Miss Smile very far from being a “Laura Matild and the offerings of her muse have e betrayed a true poetic feeling and a h recognition of the beautiful. We earnestly invoke for this collection of Virginian poe a cordial reception at the hands of the k ers of literature everywhere, but especial should it be welcomed by the people our own State who owe to their “swe singers” a generous encouragement. L it not be said that we are so much engro ed in the material pursuits of life that w cannot listen to the pure melodies which gifted spirit pours out for our delight an improvement.

Notices of New Works.

MEMOIRS OF RACHEL. By MADAME DE B—. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have already attempted to sketch the life and characterize the genius of the brilliant Melpomene of the French stage; we need not therefore, in noticing these interesting memoirs, again trace the career of Rachel from the streets of Lyons to the triumphs of the Theatre Français. Nor happily is there the occasion for us to say anything of the domestic life of the woman, sadly scandalous as it was, for with a most becoming reticence, Madame de B— has failed to supply those incidents in Rachel’s history which present her to the world as a disgrace to her sex. Of Rachel as an artist, calling back to life the dead creations of Racine and Corneille and giving a temporary preeminence to the classic

over the Romantic school of French dramatic literature; of the Tragic Muse, filling theatres with horror and sending aw thousands to shudder at the remembrance of her simulated passion, a very full & acceptable narrative is here offered to public. The style is somewhat cold & unsympathetic, and there is little in the volume to suggest its French authorship. little, indeed, that we are half inclined to suspect that “Madame de B—” is a *plume* and the *real author* is not a co-riotee of the tragedienne. But the s faithfully told, and if the incidental es of individual, as opposed to professional character, given here and there, a to any lingering respect which an s of Rachel’s power may have retained herself, she, and not the writer, m the blame. The statement for i that she gave \$1000 to the sufferer

Yellow Fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth, purely as a matter of speculation, and that she afterwards regretted the donation as money thrown away, was necessary to the full account of the unfortunate winding up of the American tour, and if it degrades the woman, as it must, in the estimation of everybody that has a heart, the fault is in the stern fact and not in Madame de B—. We commend these Memoirs to the public as the impartial history of a most extraordinary life.

SAPPHO, a Tragedy, in five acts, after the German of Franz Grillparzer, by **EDDA MIDDLETON**.

This is a superb issue, in royal octavo, from the prolific press of Messrs. Appleton, in large type and of the ancient form, to comport, as is hinted by the authoress of the translation, with the "classic character of the tragedy." It has a superb engraving of the celebrated Grecian poetess, to which, we are told, it was found necessary to make the size of the book conform. The play of Grillparzer's **SAPPHO** is based upon the tradition of Sappho's passion for the youth **PHAON**. The reader may be referred to Lempriere and Anthon, or to the note of Mrs. Middleton in the work itself, for the historical facts.

Of Grillparzer, the author of **Sappho**, Mrs. M. gives us some account. He was born in 1790—wrote several plays, among others, this, which appeared in 1818. **Sappho** still preserves its place on the German stage, and, as Mrs. M. further tells us, is regarded one of the very few successful modern classic dramas.

Lord Byron pronounced the work of the German author, "superb and sublime." The language of the translation is remarkable for its simplicity and is pure in sentiment throughout.

We give an extract which we think, among others, sustain this opinion.

In the III Act and VI Scene, **SAPPHO** demands of **MELITTA**, her youthful slave, the rose, which, "unlike a slave," **Melitta** refuses. **Phaon** appears, to whom **Sappho** says—

"I asked her for the rose upon her breast.
And she refused."

PHAON. "She did! By all the Gods!
She hath done well! No one shall take that
flower.

'Twas I who gave it to her as a pledge,
A token dear of a too happy hour;
A proof that in all hearts, love is not
quenched;

Nor sympathy for undeserved distress;
A drop of honey in the bitter cup,
That arrogance hath pressed upon her lip;

A sign of my belief that gentleness
Is woman's noblest grace, and that the
wreath
That decks the brow of blooming innocence
Is better far than fame's dark laurel leaves!"

By those regarded as competent to decide in such matters, Mrs. Middleton, it is considered, has conferred a benefit on classic literature by her translation. We commend it to the public.

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF LYNCHBURG. *By the Oldest Inhabitant*. Richmond: C. H. Wynne, Publisher. 1858.

It is not often that "the oldest inhabitant" is an author, or we should have a valuable collection of works of local history and biography like that before us. We greet it with real satisfaction as a pleasant record of fading memories which the Virginia Historical Society should preserve. The volume is put forth anonymously, and with no other clue to its authorship than is afforded by the assumption of the somewhat mythical title of "the oldest inhabitant." The writer need not shrink, however, from acknowledging these sketches, since they are written in a very pure and graceful style, and contain little that is frivolous or uninteresting. Mr. Wynne has done himself great credit by the handsome externals he has given to the volume which we trust will meet with an extensive sale. It may be found at all the Richmond bookstores.

BELLE BRITTAN OR A TOUR, At Newport, and Here and There. New York: Derby and Jackson, 119 Nassau Street. 1858. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Newspaper correspondence is ordinarily of so light and fugitive a character as not to demand criticism and we may therefore content ourselves with saying of this handsomely printed volume that it contains a series of pleasant gossip letters written from various parts of the country by a tourist of sharp eyes and practised pen. "**Belle Brittan**" is said to be a male and not a female correspondent, but whether this be so or not, the sketches of society at Newport show an intimate acquaintance with the social habitudes of the softer sex, and will be accepted as agreeable reading for the summer at a watering-place or in the country.

TWO MILLIONS. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.
New York: D. Appleton & Company.
1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

There never was a time when the want of a satirist was more keenly felt than the present. The age is rife with shams and insincerities; society presents us everywhere with notable instances of folly, and our own country furnishes its special objects of ridicule for the pen of an Aristophanes. Thackeray has indeed lashed with proper severity those weaknesses which belong equally to the social life of two continents, but for our individual faults, for the peculiar peccadilloes of our American model, no writer has appeared of late years to give the suitable corrective with the triple-throated whip of wit, irony and sarcasm. Mr. Butler's success has been measurably due to the popular willingness to accept the services of any one bold enough to attack the prevailing foibles of the country. The poem of "Nothing to Wear" came most opportunely to rebuke the ruinous extravagance of the ladies just at the moment that a financial revulsion was paralyzing the commercial energies of our people, and in accomplishing a twofold purpose, by enforcing the lessons of economy and giving us something to laugh at during the season of gloom, it attained a celebrity almost unprecedented. We think it no disparagement of the merits of this poem to say that the favour it met with could not have been secured by the like number of verses, altogether as graceful, as sparkling and as witty, on any other subject. It caught the Cynthia of the minute as she was flying; it hit exactly the mark at which the attention of the million was directed, and Mr. Butler's reputation as a poetical satirist was achieved. The poem of "Two Millions" is a more laboured, and, we think, a less successful performance than "Nothing to Wear." It is characterized by the same happy command of language, the same quickness in perceiving the foibles of mannikins, the same strokes of pleasantry, and the same dexterity of rhythmical structure, (except here and there,) but the verisimilitude of the story fails, and we are compelled to form a less favourable opinion of the author's invention than of his talent for making verses.

We shall give no outline of the plot of "Two Millions," contenting ourselves with a word or two of explanation concerning such passages as we shall quote, to serve as specimens of the whole. The following description of Firkin at his devotions is all the more effective for rising above the region of satire into the airy realm of imagination and feeling—

"And yet, he seemed devout; with
much search
You might have found, on any Sunday
morning,
His visible coach, outside the vicar
church,
With green and gold its sacred frontage
ing,
A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed
with sherry,
A footman, portly with perpetual diune
Waited, while Firkin in the Sanctuary,
With many other "miserable sinners,"
Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pew
Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer an
psalter,
Rose with the music, looked with liberal
views
On prima donnas, never known to falter
In chant of solo, hymn or anthem splendid
And still enchanting when the chant was
ended:
Then sat or knelt, grave as the antique
bronzes,
And went through all the usual responses
Those solemn prayers, those litanies sub-
lime,
The ancient Church first taught the lips of
Time,
Thenceforth to sound forever—as when
first,
Flooded with light, the lips of Memnon
burst,
From their cold stillness, and rejoicing, gave
Back to the flood of Day, its tide upborne
Of rarest harmony, wave answering wave
Deep calling unto deep. Music to Morn!
Those lofty chants, first echoed under
domes
Of starry midnight, or in catacombs
Where, by rude altars and sepulchral
tombs,
Deep in the rocky earth, the vestal choir
Rehearsed their music by the martyr
fires;
Now swelled from lips of people or
priest
To fall on Firkin's ear without the least
Responsive utterance or the faintest note
That they had any reference to devotion

But Firkin at home is even better than
Firkin at church. Witness the following
"first-rate notice" of his palatial resi-
dence—

"She sought him at his house, that lofty
pile,
Built on the avenue, in the latest style
Of Merchant Princes, grand, grotesque,
florid,
Out of the finest freestone ever quarried
In its erection, as he oft declared
To wondering visitors, no expense
spared;

And had he said, no order of architecture,
 'Twould have been truer still, as I conjecture.
 The builders, with their taste so fine and funny,
 Laid themselves out, as well as Firkin's money,
 And in a way that beggars all description,
 Blended Corinthian, Gothic and Egyptian,
 And other famous styles with classic rarities,
 In one grand jumble of brown stone vulgarities.
 'Twas bad enough outside, but once within,
 It was like probing deeper than the skin
 Some mammoth fester, such its tainted mixtures
 Of decorations, furniture and fixtures.
 It seemed as if a bomb-shell, charged and loaded
 With paint, and gilt, and plaster, had exploded,
 Without regard to anybody's feelings,
 On wall and columns, cornices and ceilings.
 The ambitious plasterers had eclipsed the builders,
 And in their turn were outdone by the gilders;
 The painters then—beside whose rich adorning,
 The brightest rainbow would have seemed deep mourning;
 From lowest basement up to topmost attic,
 The whole was gorgeous, glaring and prismatic;
 Pannelled and kalsomined, and striped and starred,
 Paint by the bucket; frescoes by the yard.
 Laid on in thickest layers by battalions
 Of exiled red Republican Italians!
 With pots and brushes, blues, and greens, and yellows,
 They scaled the walls, the bold designing fellows,
 And took the house by storm with their mythology,
 Fruits, flowers, flamingoes, landscapes and zoology,
 Mermaids and Fauns, Arcadian shepherdesses,
 Long in the ringlets, scanty in the dresses,
 Heroes and gods, and goddesses and ogres,
 Nymphs in pink tunics, sages in red togas,
 Heads of Old Masters, shaded somewhat duller,
 And full length Venuses, all in flesh colour!
 Then following up the grand Two Million plan,
 Where paint left off, upholstery began;
 The latest artist at fresh marvels aims,
 Acres of mirrors in prodigious frames,
 And miles of damask spread in rich expansion

Of gilt and crimson, through the costly mansion;
 Incredible carpets, which outstared the ceiling,
 With flaming hues that set the brain to reeling,
 And with the walls in one fierce blaze united—
 O what a sight! when all the gas was lighted,
 And Firkin seated, with some fellow snob,
 Surveyed the scene beneath the brilliant streamers,
 Declared the parlors were 'a splendid job,
 Which went ahead of all the Collins steamers;
 Taylor's saloon, when every jet is on;
 Or the new Capitol at Washington!'—
 And echoed back the truthful observation,
 'There's nothing like it in the whole creation!'

The conclusion of the poem would seem to have been designed by the author as an *amende d'honorable* to the gentler sex for his traduction of them in the creation of Flora McFlinsey, just as the author of "Vanity Fair" endeavoured to set off Laura Pendennis against Becky Sharp only that he failed to render a fair equivalent in the virtues of the one lady for theascalities of the other. Mr. Butler does *not* fail, however, in striking a balance with the ladies, for his tribute to woman is full of tenderness and pathos, and, let us add, of truth.

"And while each deepening shadow round her falls,
 She waits, like Mary, till the Master calls!
 Nor waits alone. Such have there ever been,
 Since human grief has followed human sin—
 The patient, perfect Women! As they climb,
 With bleeding feet, the flinty crags of Time,
 Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown,
 They bear the cross and wear the martyr's crown.
 Though Queenly medal, stamped with Royal Heads,
 Their humble toil to endless honour weds;
 Though, like a bow of Hope, their fame is bent,
 From side to side of each broad Continent;
 And pictured Volume, with its tinted page,
 Bears their meek features to the coming Age;
 A higher joy their gentle spirits reap,
 Where, all unknown, their silent watch they keep,
 Far from the echo of the world's applause,
 Through sultry noon, or midnight's dreary pause—

Where helpless infants gasp their parting
 breath,
 Cradled in sorrow and baptized with
 Death;
 Or strong men, tossing, with delirious lips,
 In fever-tempests and the mind's eclipse,
 Plunge through the starless storm, like
 foundering ships;
 Or Old Age, shrinking from the tyrant's
 clutch,
 Feel, through the darkness for their tender
 touch—
 Watching and waiting, till the rising Morn
 Shall greet their saintly faces, pale and
 worn
 With the long vigil, as they steal away,
 Through darkened chambers, at the dawn
 of day,
 Unloose the casement to the early air,
 Hail its pure radiance with their purer
 prayer,
 Drink in fresh courage with its quickening
 breath,
 Then shut the sunlight from the bed of
 Death,
 But bear, serenely, to the sufferer's side
 A brighter beauty than the Morning tide—
 Faith's golden dawning, which, from
 heights above,
 Transfigures Toil to Joy! Duty to Love!
 No eye beholding, save their risen Lord's,
 Who sees in secret but in sight rewards!
 Their fairest earthly crown, the wreath
 that twines,
 Not round loud Platforms, or proud Senate
 Domes,
 But those pure Altars, those perpetual
 Shrines,
 Which grace and gladden all our SAXON
 HOMES!"

There, good reader, go and buy the volume for that noble peroration.

THE AGE; *A Colloquial Satire*. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

Dr. Maginn said of Dickens that he went up like the rocket and came down like the stick—we know not what similitude will express the distressing inequality that obtains between the earlier and later performances of Philip James Bailey. The extravaganza before us—we cannot call it a poem—is as far removed from "Festus" as a bellman's rhymes from *Paradise Lost* or the folly of the circus clown from the airy fancies and delicate wit of Hood. Mr. Bailey's attempts at fun are the most ponderous and elephantine we have ever tried to laugh over in vain—his efforts at nimble and humorous versification are inconceivably wretched, as would be the en-

deavour of a dozen paviors to imitate with their rammers upon cobble-stones the music of the Swiss Bell-Ringers—while his opinions, if he has any, upon the affairs of the world, are so wrapt up in clouds nebulous verbiage, that we doubt if Emerson and Dr. Lazarus and Andrew Jackson Davis, sitting a committee, could make them out. As a satire, Mr. Bailey's edition is lamentably inferior in all respects to the poem of Mr. Butler, which has just passed under our notice, and the last gentleman could not desire a better foil for "Two Millions" than this same satire of "The Age," which appears most opportunely for him about the same time. The author of "Festus" would seem to think that the satirist's office is only to sneer, he sneers at everything. The Rev. J. Spurgeon is thus treated—

"Is't because Boanerges roar and thunder
 They draw such flocks? For much it moves
 my wonder
 That crowds, with joy so marked, it might
 be shamed,
 Should rush to hear themselves so loud
 damned;
 And all in tones that might volcanoes
 quell,
 Obstreperously ordered off to—well,
 The word's tabooed, it ends, I think, in "L.
 But wedged in tight 'twixt muslin and
 brocade,
 A sobbing matron and a shuddering maid
 With tears one reddens her Junonian eye
 One bursts her new French bodice with
 her sighs,
 Ah me! what sins their memories must
 comprise!
 Sweet sympathy there drives a roaring
 trade,
 And makes, or finds, some martyrs, I'm
 afraid."

From the pulpit he passes to the press in some lines which are really too stupid to quote, the cause whereof was doubtless the inability of certain English journals to appreciate "The Mystic." But the press will not be demolished probably by a satirist, nor need Dr. Livingstone distrust himself for being mentioned in the number following—to wit:

"We feed, work, trade, the same, the
 Rev. Ammon
 (To me, his Biblical-Cottonian gammon
 Seems just the thing denounced—read I
 —as mammon)
 Proves that in Afric men their child
 suckle,
 And, in some tribes, the sapient nig
 knuckle
 Down to the dusky ladies of creation
 The most momentous piece of information
 His oracle relates of the black nation—

All who have read Mr. Bailey's previous writings will recollect his fondness for stringing together names, after the manner of a man who should seek to versify and reduce to rhyme a City Directory. This old habit clings to him yet, as for example—

Be Merrick, Shenstone, Byrom, not despised,
And Barbauld's pious raptures duly prized.
Add Ossian, Caedmon, and the bards of
Wales,
Who chant in Kymric strange and mystic
tales,
Though o'er their age a cloud of doubt
prevails:
Blair, Beattie, Mason, Southey, Coleridge,
Moore,
Burns, Campbell, Crabbe; and Scott I
named before.
Rogers, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth,
Hogg,
Names uncontested, close my catalogue."

If Mr. Bailey needs must write such rubbish as this, in the name of political economy let him turn it to some account. Mr. Slum devoted his poetical talent to Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works. Mr. Bailey should write tuneful catalogues for Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

But "The Age" is not wholly destitute of passages which betray the glow of the fire that burned in "Festus." Whenever the author ceases to be funny and satirical, and takes hold of some subject within the range of his poetic vision, he writes with force and beauty. Take this passage concerning Homer—

"There stand his two great works, alone,
supreme,
Like pyramids by the shore of Time's dark
stream.
Of verse the legislator born, and sire,
His thoughts are white with heat, his words
strike fire;
But when his theme soft sweetness may
require
How rich, how delicate his accents roll—
* * * * *
Each verse, each luminous wavelet of his song
Makes its own music as it rolls along."

Or take this graceful simile embodied in lines worthy of the old masters of poesy—

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian Sea,
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,
The pearl (which after shall enrich the
breast
Of some fair Princess regal in the West)
Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful
main,
In worth proportioned to its parent's pain,
Until, in roseate lustre perfect grown, -
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;

So must the poet, martyr of his art,
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a
smart;
Death only, may be, gives him equal right,
And nations glory in his royal light."

With these extracts given as fair specimens both of the nonsense and the eloquence of "The Age"—the former greatly predominating—we take leave of the author of "Festus" in the earnest hope that until he can achieve something that deserves to be classed with his great epic, he will not come again before a suffering public.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume I. From the Second London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A work of greater pretensions than this has probably not appeared during the present century; for it assumes to solve by a new formula the most difficult problems, social and historical, with which the greatest intellects of the age have grappled. So far as we can gather from this Introduction to Mr. Buckle's History (for Volume I. of 677 pages is but an "Introduction") his idea is that history should be studied by statistics, and that viewed by the aid of tables, carefully prepared, the whole course of human events will appear to have been ordered by certain fixed laws irreversible by man's agency. Volition is nothing to Mr. Buckle, we are not at all what we make ourselves, but we are the creatures of circumstances occurring after an inevitable succession and to the eye of enlightened reason, when facts enough have been accumulated to eliminate the laws in question, the happening of future events and the necessity which produces them, will be perfectly apparent. Of course the notion of an Overruling Providence is foreign to Mr. Buckle's speculations. It would be absurd to attempt the refutation, nay, even the concise statement of a system of philosophy so daring and so pretentious in a notice like the present, but we may say that much of what is set forth by the author as his own may be traced to Spinoza, that many portions read like mere English transcripts of Auguste Comte, and that from Gibbon, whom he so much admires, Mr. Buckle has drawn largely of the scepticism which underlies his performance. The work has made a decided sensation in England, and as an imposing part of the literature of the age, our enterprising American publishers, the Messrs. Appletons, have done well to issue it in so handsome a style. When the author

shall enter fully upon his subject we shall see whether his success in overturning all the authorities in intellectual philosophy hitherto accepted by the world will be equal to his modesty in making the effort to do so.

A TEXT BOOK OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY, Designed for the Use of Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges, in the United States. By HENRY GOADBY, M. D., Professor of Vegetable and Animal Physiology and Entomology in the State Agricultural College of Michigan; Fellow of the Linnean Society of London; Corresponding Member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; and formerly Dissector of Minute Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Embellished with upwards of Four Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

This is really a noble work, upon which the publishers have expended care and money untrammelledly to make the letter-press and engravings worthy of the valuable material which it presents to the world. The result has been a complete success, and is considered as a work of reference for the library or as a text book for the use of schools and colleges. Dr. Goadby's volume must be received as one of the most desirable publications of the time. The dedication of the work to his daughter, in a letter of peculiar grace and tenderness, shows that physiological studies have done nothing to impair the affections of the author.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. By ISAAC DISRAELI. With a View of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, in four volumes from the fourteenth, corrected London edition. Boston: William Venzie, 62 & 64 Cornhill. 1858.

Mr. William Venzie is a publisher with whom we make our first acquaintance in these beautiful volumes, which upon opening we thought to be from an English press. We must be permitted to say that if he designs to maintain so elegant a style of publication in his succeeding issues, and to lay before the American public works of such sterling excellence as Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, we trust he may be encouraged to go on voluminously. The idea was a good one to inaugurate a house

by bringing out a work which every one should have in his possession but it was not easy to procure by reason of the scarcity of American editions of it. We hazard nothing in saying that every one who desires to get a copy of the *Curiosities of Literature* will gladly seize upon the opportunity which Mr. Venzie has afforded him of buying one, luxurious in display and moderate in price. Mr. Woodhouse has it for sale in Richmond.

DOCTOR THORNE. A Novel. By ALICE TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Street.]

We are not acquainted with the "*Two Clerks*" or "*Barchester Towers*" which are given on the title-page of this volume as previous novels of the author, but can commend "*Doctor Thorne*" as an agreeable story which the author has been content to tell without the introduction of any peculiar views of his own, on religion, politics or philosophy. It is a plain, well-told story of loves and sorrows, calculated for no exercise of the reader's ingenuity to comprehend and not offending him by the needless display of learning or the gratuitous argumentation of dispute points in ethics. In the present dearth of novels, "*Doctor Thorne*" will be accepted by many readers with satisfaction.

"*Redgauntlet*," in two volumes from the press of Ticknor and Fields of Boston has reached us through Mr. James Woodhouse of this city. The beautiful Household Edition of the *Waverley Novels*, of which it belongs, now rapidly approaching completion, and we are gratified to learn that the enterprise has met with the heartiest encouragement from the class of persons who buy books for preservation. In the handsome russet binding given to the volumes by the publishers, the set makes a brave show upon the shelves of the library, but when arranged in simple, plain cases they present an appearance which would have gratified our Father Time. Not the least advantage which they possess is their convenient size, being of such books as Dr. Johnson loved to read with him to the fireside, neither so small as to involve indistinctness of typography nor so large as to fatigue the arm of the reader.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1858.

THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to what constitutes a good history. It would perhaps be more correct to say, that a vast majority of those, who profess to be *readers*, have formed in their minds no fixed standard of historic excellence. Indiscriminate praise is as common as indiscriminate censure. This is, however, just what we might expect, in the absence of fixed and unvarying standards of comparison; and the majority of readers are too indolent to enter very deeply into the merits or demerits of a literary work, or to trouble themselves to analyze the particular effect it produces upon their minds.

We might indeed reasonably hope, that minds cast in a finer mould—the disciples of Longinus and Quinctilian had been able by this time to establish some common ground of criticism, to the end that inferior minds might determine for themselves with something like unanimity the important question, “What constitutes a good history?” But among the critics, who have attempted the solution of the problem, there seems to be quite as much conflict of opinion as among the common herd. A distinguished one, Mr. Carlyle, (if, indeed, we correctly extract his meaning from the mass of crabbed and uncouth words, and involved constructions, with which his style is loaded,) thinks that no work has yet been produced deserving the name of history, and denies *in toto* the possibility of a his-

tory being written which shall *approach* anything like perfection. As nations are composed of individual men, the perfect history of a nation would be, in his opinion, the *essence* of innumerable biographies; and therefore, for one man to write a good history is utterly absurd. He admits, however, that something may be done by division of labour; as for example, were one man to write the history of the *government*, another that of the *manners and habits of the people*, another that of the *church*, another the *legal and constitutional history*, &c., &c. He thinks that in this way, we may approximate pretty near to the true idea of a nation's progress.

Another critic of modern times, far more celebrated himself in the front rank of historians, has given far juster and more practical views of what history ought to be, and has, moreover, presented to the world, a fine illustration of what he would call, a “perfect history.” Says he, in his *Essay on History*, “The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire.

* THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. *A History*. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In three Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.

But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they educate the condition of society, and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The change of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line."—*Macaulay's Miscellanies*, p. 65.

It has been said, that to write a *great* history is the grandest achievement of the human mind. This opinion is based upon the fact that there are works in poetry, and in some branches of exact science, which are regarded as nearly if not quite faultless: while in history, amid the innumerable and ponderous tomes under which the press groans, there are few that rise above mediocrity,—still fewer entitled to the epithet *great*, (except in a sense entirely literal,) and not one perfect.

While we freely admit the fact of the only partial success of those who have aspired to become recorders of the world's progress, we entirely dissent from the inference which has been drawn therefrom, viz: that the historian's art requires a higher order of genius than that of the poet or of the man of science. The true poet must be endowed with all the mental attributes in their richest development, but especially and above all, must he possess *imagination*, that wondrous magic power which evokes from nonentity forms of beauty and grace that will live forever. This is the true seal and stamp of the poet,—ὁ ποιητής,—*the maker*, which lifts him above his fellows, and approximates him to the divine perfection. Now, we conceive that for the

writing of history successfully, a different and lower order of powers is required. Good judgment in the selection of facts to be recorded, a power of seeing and accurate analysis in determining their relations and consequences, unflinching industry in ascertaining facts, impartiality in the presentation of them, constitute the most essential qualities of a good historian. To these should be added as a minor requisite, imagination, though most persons would decide that imagination has nothing to do with the narration of events. A clear, luminous style, in addition to these requisites would suffice, we think, to make a good history. Indeed, if the subject be thoroughly understood, impartially presented, in clear and attractive style, such a work comes as near to perfection as is at all desirable. Style, though of minor importance in determining the intrinsic value of history, is yet all-important, as determining the position the work is to hold in the public estimation. The most popular historians owe the greater part of their popularity to some peculiar charm of style. And here there is room for the utmost freedom of choice. The "child-like simplicity" of the old story-teller Herodotus, the epigrammatic terseness of Tacitus, the pompous, stately march of Gibbon, the clear transparency of Macaulay—each of these has its admirers and imitators, but no history, however valuable in other respects, will ever come dear to the popular heart unless its diction be pure, simple, and adapted to the comprehension of the masses of the kind. If, therefore, historians have failed in their high vocation, or, at least, have not reached that proud eminence which has been attained in other departments of letters, this result should be ascribed to a want of industry,—to a failure to comprehend the subject, both in its unit and in its most minute details,—to a failure to reach that point of positive knowledge from which the past can be seen at one panoramic glance; and finally, to the use of a style, either naturally acquired, unsuited to the minds of the readers.

We propose to say something of

History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic; and we have submitted the foregoing introductory remarks, in order that when we affirm that this book, though not coming up to the ideal and impossible standard of Mr. Carlyle, and failing even to reach the more moderate "perfection" of Mr. Macaulay, is a *good* history, our readers may know what we mean and upon what we base our judgment. Mr. Motley has not *daguerreotyped* the Dutch nation in all the multifarious aspects of life during the eventful years he has described, but like a true artist, he has drawn a most vivid and spirited picture of a brave and patient people steadily confronting and finally overthrowing the most atrocious ecclesiastical tyranny that ever disgraced the world.

The rise of the Dutch Republic is an event not paralleled in the world's history. Considering the exposed position and the comparatively small population of the Netherlands, and the grandeur and power of the Spanish monarchy at that period, no event would seem so improbable as the emancipation of this feeble nation from the domination of Spain, and the establishment of a Republic whose commercial glory has only been rivalled, but not, even within our time, surpassed. Yet with a patience and an indomitable perseverance, only equalled by that by which they conquered their narrow domain from the ocean's empire, they, through a series of years, resisted the whole might of the Spanish monarchy, and at last secured the reward of their patient endurance and vigorous efforts, in the establishment of the political independence of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands. Through all the vicissitudes of the bloody and exciting drama enacted upon the soil of the Netherlands, one figure stands præminent—the guiding spirit of the whole movement—William, Prince of Orange. This fact gives to the history all the *unity* of a dramatic work; and upon this central figure the author exhausts all his powers of delineation, to the neglect, perhaps, of some subordinate but still important characters. But in truth this was almost unavoidable. The best history of the Neth-

erlands during the life of the Prince of Orange must be *his* biography—so intimately was he concerned in every public movement, and so deeply did he stamp his impress upon his country's progress.

The great *idea* of the revolt of the Netherlands was the lofty assertion of the freedom of the human soul and resistance to the tyranny of the Spanish Inquisition. In the progress of Mr. Motley's narrative, the reader will perceive how the narrow bigotry of the Spanish king, the devilish machinations of Jesuit priests, and even the wholesale butchery of Alva all failed utterly of their object, and lost to Spain the fairest jewel in her crown. Let us briefly review some of the most important events of the struggle.

At the time of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V., in 1555, the Low Countries were by far the most densely populated and most flourishing portion of Europe. Its inhabitants were intelligent, ingenious, and industrious, and excelled in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Antwerp was, at this time, the most splendid city of Europe.

Charles, foiled in his purpose of extirpating heresy in his German dominions, had determined to crush the dawning spirit of religious freedom in his hereditary domain of the Netherlands. To this end he introduced the "Holy" Inquisition; and for the heinous offences of "reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, and of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer," burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive over one hundred thousand of his subjects! Charles retired with pompous theatric display from the active scenes of life, leaving his throne to his son and successor, Philip II. Of the profound dissimulation and hypocrisy of Philip,—of his utter loathsomeness of character, Mr. Motley has drawn in his volumes a vivid picture. Amid the acclamations of loyalty (that most absurd perversion of patriotism) which hailed his accession to power, he announced that his mission upon earth was to carry into execution his father's plans of persecution, to ex-

tirpate heresy, and to deserve the title of "Most Catholic King." He immediately directed the reestablishment of the Spanish Inquisition, though not without the most vigorous opposition on the part of his people. After four years residence in the Netherlands, (from 1555 to 1559,) the more urgent duties of his position calling him to Spain, he left the Low Countries, never to return, entrusting the administration of the government nominally to his sister, the Duchess Margaret, of Parma, but really to Cardinal Granvelle.

Let it be remembered that at this time a vast majority of the Netherlands were sincere and devoted Romanists. Orange, Egmont, Horn, and all the great nobles who so vigorously opposed the establishment of the *Spanish* Inquisition, would not, perhaps, have so firmly resisted a *Flemish* one. The opposition to Philip's measures at this time, seems to have been rather the indignant remonstrance of a people whose national spirit had been cruelly insulted by Spanish rule, than the assertion of the right of liberty of conscience. Egmont and Horn died, not for heresy or opposition to the "Holy Mother Church," for their last words were a profession of unchanged faith, and an invocation of blessings upon the hand that had so cruelly struck them down. Orange, by superior sagacity, escaped their fate, but he did not become a convert to the Reformed doctrine till several years after their execution.

The administration of the Duchess Margaret was but the prologue to the bloody drama that was to follow. During her administration of eight years, the champions of religious freedom and toleration on the one side, and those of ecclesiastical tyranny and the Inquisition on the other, had been marshalling for the fray. Philip, finding that his holy work of maiming, burning, hanging and quartering his subjects, did not, under the feeble rule of the Duchess Margaret, go on with as much rapidity as he desired, determined to let loose upon the devoted Netherlands the blood-hound Alva. Long before the perusal of Mr. Motley's book, we had been accustomed to associate with

the name of Alva all that is cruel, blood-thirsty, and atrocious, but imagination in its boldest flight failed to comprehend the length and breadth and depth of that stupendous enormity of cruelty, which for seven years drenched the soil of the Netherlands with the blood of the best and bravest of its citizens. Let any one read chapters 5 and 8, 2nd Vol., entitled respectively, "A tenth penny and a model murder," and "Three *thorough* massacres," and he must be either more or less than human, if his soul does not rise in holy indignation and call down the maledictions of Heaven upon the atrocious villain, who planned and executed these wholesale butcheries of blameless men and defenceless women and children, and upon the system which prompted, justified, and sustained such hellish enormities. We quote Vol. 2, p. 503, et seq.:

"The tens of thousands in these miserable Provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted: for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer, was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of government, that rich heiresses

might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the *regular* course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the rack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities, are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise. Such was the administration of which Vargas affirmed at its close that too much mercy, — '*nimia misericordia*,’—had been its ruin.”

In this appalling condition of his native country, the Prince of Orange was not idle. Long ago would he have suffered death by the most exquisite tortures that men or devils could have devised, if Alva could only have laid hands upon him. But the Prince was too wise a man to be entrapped. At the council-board and on the battle field his services were ever ready to aid his afflicted fellow-countrymen, and during these dismal years, he was the only star of hope that beamed above their horizon.

Sated with plunder and slaughter, Alva left the Netherlands loaded with the curses and frantic hate of a whole nation. The short administration of his successor, the Grand Requesens, was characterized by no very important events, except the Antwerp “fury.” The year 1576 witnessed the proud and beautiful Antwerp, the queen city of Europe, attacked without warning and without provocation by the Spanish garrison which held its citadel. For three days and nights the tide of slaughter ran unchecked. Eight thousand of its citizens were murdered, untold wealth was plundered, its magnificent public buildings were destroyed, and the glory of the city forever obliterated. Justice demands that

the Spanish government should be acquitted of the blame of this transaction. It was a private enterprise of the soldiers, stimulated, not by religious enthusiasm, but solely by the love of plunder.

The Reformed religion, despite the bloody persecution of the Duchess Margaret and Alva, had made such rapid progress, that Orange, as the representative of all who opposed royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, was now enabled to present a formidable resistance. Requesens was succeeded in 1576 by Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, and illegitimate son of Charles V. The conciliatory policy adopted at first by Don John, the able negotiations and consummate statesmanship of Orange, Don John’s faithlessness, his campaigns in the Netherlands, his brilliant success and sad death are all admirably told. Alexander of Parma, the first captain of the age, succeeded to the post left vacant by the death of Don John. Though Alexander governed with a strong hand, and with infinitely more ability than any of his predecessors, he came too late to arrest the tide of events in the Netherlands; and it was his fate to witness the “severance of a nation and the birth of a republic.” The causes, indeed, of the separation had long been at work, but the idea of an independent State, as a remedy of their evils, seems to have been slow in dawning, even upon the sagacious mind of Orange. He struggled long and manfully to effect the union of the seventeen Provinces, but without success. From numerous causes, the most prominent of which were mutiny, jealousy, and an obstinate attachment to the Romish religion, he found it impossible to detach the Flemish Provinces from the government of Spain. He lived long enough, however, to see the Seven United Provinces of Holland independent in all but in name. His stirring, eventful, and heroic life was suddenly brought to a close on the 10th of July, 1584, (after three previous unsuccessful attempts to assassinate him,) by the hand of the assassin Gérard, hired by the Pope and Philip. Magnanimous monarch, who instigated and rewarded;—glorious and “holy”

church, that encouraged, by her prayers and benedictions, so foul a deed!

With the death of the Prince of Orange, Mr. Motley brings his history to a close. The independence of the Dutch Republic was virtually accomplished, though not formally acknowledged till some years afterwards.

It is, doubtless, a fortunate circumstance for his future fame, that the author has chosen so interesting a period upon which to base his first contribution to historic literature. So admirably is the work done, that the attention and interest of the reader are at once gained, and maintained unimpaired to the last. Let us briefly point out some of what we conceive to be the excellencies of the work. First, then, the *industry* and *care* of the author in ascertaining the *truth* seems to be sufficiently assured, from the numerous citations of contemporaneous authorities. The work bears internal evidence of its truthfulness. The great test of truth, says a distinguished writer, is *CONSISTENCY* in all its parts,—and of this quality, Mr. Motley's book gives abundant evidence. That he is, in the main, impartial, we have no doubt. Not even Philip, and none, except Alva, of the brood of Spanish harpies, that so long plundered and scourged the Netherlands are painted in colours altogether black. If he errs in this respect, it is in favour of the Prince of Orange. The Prince seems to be as great a favourite with our author as his descendant and successor, afterwards king of England, is with Lord Macaulay. Mr. Motley represents him as a hero of romance, and attributes to him only the noblest qualities, and those in their richest perfection. He makes him the greatest statesman, writer, orator, and general of his age. Now, we do not doubt that Mr. Motley's general estimate of William's character is correct. He was unquestionably the profoundest statesman of his age, as statesmanship then went,—his powers as an orator and writer are attested by the almost absolute sway he possessed in the States-General. He *may* have been a great general, but if he was, he was al-

most uniformly an unsuccessful one on the field.

We do not recollect in the whole work, (three volumes of 600 pages each,) seeing the slightest fault or blemish attributed to the Prince, but the following incident related in Vol. 3d, page 289, will show that he was guilty of a little piece of Jesuitism, scarcely to be expected in a man of so exalted a character. In the contest for supremacy between the adherents of the Prince and Philip in the city of Ghent, one Ryhove, an ardent republican, proposed to the Prince the violent seizure and expulsion of the leaders of the opposing party, and asked his advice and his aid in accomplishing the object. The Prince neither encouraged nor discouraged the scheme; intending, as Mr. Motley admits, if Ryhove should prove successful, to avow his knowledge and approval of the act, but if he should fail, to disavow the whole proceeding. It were, however, an envious task to point out spots in a character so noble and pure.

In the *delineation* of *character* Mr. Motley is exceedingly happy. The profound dissimulation of Philip, the supple and patient Jesuitism of Granvelle, the arrogant vanity of Egmont, the unapproachable malignity and cruelty of Alva, the impetuous bravery and chivalry of Don John, and above all, the calm and intrepid heroism of Orange are all admirably drawn. The author never leaves out of sight the grand *fact*—the leading idea of the revolt of the Netherlands, (as, indeed, it would be impossible for a faithful chronicler to do) viz: that it was the deadly struggle of a brave, patient and oppressed people with a bloody and remorseless tyranny, for the privilege of worshipping God according to their own conviction of truth. Compared with our national struggle for civil liberty, theirs for moral freedom rises superior in moral grandeur. The story of the Netherlands is pregnant with instruction and warning to all who love civil and religious liberty.

The *style* of these volumes is singularly clear and transparent. As the best mirror reflects the image so truly, that

we suspect not its existence, so that style is best which conveys the meaning so plainly that we pay no attention to the words in which it is conveyed. We neither see nor expect the existence of a *medium* between the author's mind and our own, but seem to receive the meaning by actual contrast (so to speak) of mind with mind. Mr. Motley's style approaches near to this excellence. It is generally uniform and equable, and with few attempts at *fine* or *eloquent* writing. As a specimen, we select at random his account of the execution of Count Egmont, vol. 2d, page 203 et seq.

"During the night, the necessary preparations for the morning tragedy had been made in the great square of Brussels. It was the intention of government to strike terror to the heart of the people by the exhibition of an impressive and appalling spectacle. The absolute and irresponsible destiny which ruled them was to be made manifest by the immolation of these two men, so elevated by rank, powerful connexion and service.

"The effect would be heightened by the character of the locality where the gloomy show was to be presented. The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. Its architectural effects, suggesting in some degree the meretricious union between Oriental and a corrupt Grecian art, accomplished in the medieval midnight, have amazed the eyes of many generations. The splendid Hotel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful, but incoherent facade of the Brood-huis, now the last earthly resting place of the two distinguished victims, while grouped around these principal buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the Archers, Mariners, and of the other guilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables bedizened profusely with emblems, statues and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a gay tournament, and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes rained influence from all those picturesque balconies

and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and political liberty had, upon the same spot, endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or valour, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent by the hand of tyranny, to his great account.

"On the morning of the 5th of June, three thousand Spanish troops were drawn up in battle array around a scaffold which had been erected in the centre of the square. Upon this scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, were placed two velvet cushions, two iron spikes, and a small table. Upon the table was a silver crucifix. The provost-marshal, Spelle, sat on horseback below, with his red wand in his hand, little dreaming that for him a darker doom was reserved than that of which he was now the minister. The executioner was concealed beneath the draperies of the scaffold.

"At eleven o'clock, a company of Spanish soldiers, led by Julian Romero and Captain Salinas, arrived at Egmont's chamber. The Count was ready for them. They were about to bind his hands, but he warmly protested against the indignity, and, opening the folds of his robe, showed them that he had himself shorn off his collars, and made preparation for death. This request was granted. Egmont, with the Bishop by his side, then walked with a steady step the short distance which separated them from the place of execution. Julian Romero and the guard followed him. On his way, he read aloud the fifty-first psalm? 'Hear me cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer!' He seemed to have selected these Scriptural passages as a proof that, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies, and the cruel punishment to which they led him, loyalty to his sovereign was as deeply rooted and as religious a sentiment in his bosom as devotion to his God. 'Thou wilt prolong the King's life; and his years as many generations. He shall abide before God for-

ever! Oh! prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.' Such was the remarkable prayer of the condemned traitor on his way to the block.

"Having ascended the scaffold, he walked across it twice or thrice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle, embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat, with black and white plumes on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die, sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he passionately asked Romero whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this, Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than in despair. Shortly afterward commanding himself again, he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling then upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's prayer aloud, and requested the bishop, who knelt by his side, to repeat it thrice. After this the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the Count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, and folding his hands together, cried in a loud voice, 'Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit!' The executioner then suddenly appeared, and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow."

While we give to the style of these volumes high praise, we do not consider it faultless. It would, in a work so extended, be an easy but invidious task to point out some verbal inaccuracies. The author sometimes departs from the severe simplicity of the strict historic style. For example, it must be acknowledged that, in the extract above quoted, the figure of "rousing the stones of the pavement to mutiny, or softening them to pity" is rather too extravagant for the calm dignity of the philosophic historian.

He sometimes forgets that he is addressing *posterity*, and that it is his duty to relate facts, without becoming an advocate or denouncer of particular men, or particular systems of religion or government. Though giving, in the main, an impartial and perspicuous narrative of events in the Netherlands, he occasionally breaks out into a strain of fierce denunciation, with redundancy of epithets and turgidness of diction. It is, doubtless, natural that the contemplation of revolting crimes should excite a feeling of indignation, but a question here arises, whether the historian can become the apologist or advocate of men or systems, and still preserve his character of impartiality. And, if this question be decided in the affirmative, the farther question arises, "How may the writer best accomplish this object?" Is it by delivering a "plain, unvarnished tale," or by a direct appeal to the passions of his readers? The powerful but silent eloquence of facts is too much overlooked, and we think that Mr. Motley has erred, though naturally and excusably, in breaking forth, from time to time in impassioned appeals, such as the following:—

"The history of Alva's administration in the Netherlands is one of those pictures which strike us almost dumb with wonder. Why has the Almighty suffered such crimes to be perpetrated in His sacred name? Was it necessary that many generations should wade through this blood in order to acquire for their descendants the blessings of civil and religious freedom? Was it necessary that an Alva should ravage a peaceful nation with sword and flame, that desolation should be spread over a happy land, in order that the pure and heroic character of William of Orange should stand forth the more conspicuously, like an antique statue of spotless marble against a stormy sky."

In conclusion, we observe that this work has not received that notice and commendation at the hands of American literary men which it justly deserves. The author has entered upon and pursued with eminent success, the path opened by Prescott and Washington Ir-

ving. We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of a second work which he is said to be preparing, in continuation of his first; and doubt not that it will add to his already well earned fame as a writer, and prove a valuable contribution to the stock of American literature.

IN THE RAIN.

BY AMIE.

I.

Up in the high tree-tops,
 The song-bird sways;
 Sweet 'mid the storm are the gushing lays
 He merrily weaves.
 He waits not for smiling skies,
 Or sunny ray,
 To turn to opals the fringing spray
 Of the fluttering leaves.
 He scatters the crystal drops
 Like musical pearls,
 And every drop as it quivers and whirls,
 Adds a note to his hymn.
 In his song a summer lies
 Of balm and shine—
 Wide earth seems gay with day's golden wine,
 As he sings in the rain.

II.

And thus in storm and rain
 The Poet sings—
 Plaintive and sweet are the notes he wrings
 From his quivering heart.
 He waits not for Fortune's hand
 To gild the years,
 Turning to jewels the bitter tears
 That in secret start.
 The harmonies of pain,
 The sweets of woe,
 In silver waves through his numbers flow,
 And enrich his strain.
 Like a seraph he seems to stand
 In the Eden-door,
 In a summer of rapture evermore,—
 As he sings in the rain!

what peculiar. The battle of Point Pleasant, in '74, had for the time of the neighbouring Indians; but of this our people were then not so not knowing but their presence might be required nearer home, they went reluctant to come in any great numbers to the aid of their caste they afterwards rendered most efficient service. The quantity of war of war, originally limited, had been further reduced by consumption mineral resources, from which farther supplies might be created, were or undeveloped. Manufactories—except of the plainest household flourished in Virginia; and the suspension of regular commerce, with exports and imports precarious, not only caused the burden of taxation the people, but well nigh deprived them of certain prime necessities; privation was the more severe in that the general observance, for yet Resolves of the "Association" for the non-consumption of British reduced the supplies to a minimum. Other causes concurred to aggravate greater part of our commerce was in the hands of Scottish merchants were unfriendly to the cause, or where otherwise, being factors, had to obey the instructions of their principals who resided abroad. They often hoarded their treasures; and paper emissions, which rapidly issued for the payment of previous debts, materially affected the fortuitous vicissitudes. The number of traitors and disaffected was inconsiderable with those of other of the States, but there were enough of these in Virginia to exert an unhappy influence on the neighbouring people, imposing a false or exaggerated rumours, for which the imperfect facilities of it but a tardy corrective. Our slaves were also liable to be tampered under the promise of freedom, or forcibly abducted and made to set the enemy. The old Government having ceased, a new one must be on Republican principles and adapted to our peculiar circumstances work of time and deliberation, its Executive powers in the interval Committee of Safety; and it was reserved for Virginia at length to put the first example of a written *Constitution of Republican Government*.

The contemporaneous volumes of our laws* will show, in some and energetic measures taken to supply the various wants we have to meet the several exigencies as they arose and History has given her

illustrate this era of her history. The names of the writers—being those of so many of our ancient worthies—may farther recommend their views to the reader.

It is proper occasionally to review these scenes, as well to contrast the present with the then condition of our country, and thereby to obtain a clearer conception of the much for which we have to be grateful, as to show what may be done, under circumstances the most unfavourable, by a people determined to be freed from foreign domination.

EXCERPTS FROM THE LETTERS OF EDMUND
PENDLETON TO R. H. LEE.

Oct. 28th, 1775. We are much concerned to hear there are traitors in Philadelphia, "but alas, they are the product of every clime." Virginia has its Matt. Phripps, who we are just informed is gone on board the William. You know the sacred trust reposed in him. Our importation of *Grain** is about 4000 lbs., which is safely stored.

—
TO THE VA. DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

Nov. 11th, 1775. The Committee of Safety have received and considered your favour of October 31st, and can easily foresee the necessity of arms and ammunition being sought for during this winter, and the propriety of relaxing so much of the Association as might interfere with the prosecution of that business; we also wish you to consider whether the importation of Salt might not be included in that regulation, as we are informed from all parts that the clamours of the people begin to be high on account of that Article, and we greatly fear the consequences if some method cannot be fallen on to supply their wants. We are sorry to say we have nothing promising from Mr. Tate, and are told that Lord Dunmore has already collected a large quantity, and is embracing every opportunity, by seizing what comes in his way, of increasing his store; we doubt not with an intention to try the virtue of our people, when the want of that necessary article becomes more sensible among them.

Tho' we see the utility of the measure adopted by the Congress for the importation of these necessaries, we at the same time cannot avoid contemplating the dan-

ger and almost insuperable difficulties, which in our opinion will attend the carrying it into execution here, in our defenceless state, without a single armed vessel to give the exports and imports even the shadow of protection.

We sympathize with you in the disagreeable feelings you must sustain on the disgraceful patience and suffering of some of our people, which tho' confined to a very few will be charged to the Colony. The only apology for them is, the exposed situation of their families and property, the want of arms and ammunition, and their intermixture with Tories, who instead of assisting were ready every moment to betray them. We could not protect them. We had men enough, but were left to ransack every corner of the country for arms, tents and other necessaries. The few we collected were unavoidably retained here for the protection of our magazine, Treasury and Records. Both regiments are now literally armed, and our troops are marching to Norfolk. Let us have credit for driving them off at Hampton, and for having ever since prevented their coming near the shore, there, and up the river, as high as James Town, tho' they attempted to frighten us, with abortive discharges of their cannon.

P. S.—Since writing the above the Treasurer informs us, that Mr. Tate has his Pans fixed, and says he can make 150 Bushels a week.

—
TO R. H. LEE.

1776, Ap'l 20th. I feel the propriety and necessity of adopting some such mode as you propose, for constructing salt works at the Public Expense. I have generally thought necessary articles

* (?) Powder.

would be most probably produced to the Society, by giving bounties for encouraging private adventurers; but having tried this without effect, it will be prudent to risque even a loss of Public money to secure an Article without which our people will break thro' all restraint: we shall be glad to receive the approved method of making it, as we have suffered in other cases by setting out wrong.

My relation, Mr. John Taylor, who accompanied me to Philadelphia, has somehow got disappointed in his wishes to get into the Army; I am told two places are still vacant, in the gift of Congress, that of Muster Master, by the resignation of Mr. Randolph, and that of Judge Advocate, in which we have heard of no appointment, either of which Mr. Taylor would accept, tho' greatly prefer the former. I can answer for his fidelity in any thing, and if you are disengaged, your vote and interest in his favour will much oblige him and me.

—

1776, December 28th. If the House of Bourbon mean to join us at all, I think it will be soon, lest the progress of the Enemy should make our connexion less valuable by the destruction of our commercial Cities.

A supply of woollens will be very agreeable intelligence, as a dread of want in that Article seems to impede our enlistments, which however, I hear, go on tolerably. You will have heard that besides our 18 Battalions, we have empowered the Governor and Council to raise any number they can and which they may think necessary.

—

1777, February 8th. It seems, we have 7 men-of-war in our bay, who have been hitherto tolerably civil; a vessel loaded with blankets luckily escaped them and is got up York River.

—

March 9th, 1777. I have omitted paying my respects to you for two past Posts,

concluding from my last you were in Va., but have heard you remain at Baltimore. I observe by the last papers Col. Woodford is at last promoted, and felt concern at seeing him behind Muhlenburg and Weedon. Mercer and Stevens had originally a right to command him, and it was owing to some untoward circumstances, contrary to his endeavors, that he was put over them, and therefore it was just they should be put in their proper places: tho' it must hurt the delicacy of a good Officer to have a man under him to day command him to-morrow. But these gentlemen, however worthy I think them, had no such claim, and I am persuaded, would have been happy in ranking under him. What he will determine to do I know not, but as I think him a valuable Officer, I wish, for the common good, he may waive all these considerations, and return into the Service. I hear our Continental Troops begin to collect fast in companies, and I hope will soon be on their march to relieve the General, who seems to be yet in rather a dangerous situation.

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May 11th, 1777, Caroline. The last division of 2200 North Carolina troops passed thro' this County yesterday; they are healthy and spirited, and their decent, orderly behaviour does honour to their Officers. They are to take the Small Pox, which will retard their arrival, but will be a respectable reinforcement. I fear not in time to be before Howe's accession of new troops.

One of our vessels has slipped in with 2000 stand of arms, and a small vessel in which Bannister is interested has carried a Rum Prize into N. Carolina.

—

1777, May 17th. Your having plenty of stores of all kinds and Ammunition, is very agreeable, as I was alarmed, as well as surprized when Congress, some time ago, Resolved upon borrowing or buying arms from the Militia, and assessing the different States their proportion of blankets. I am sure few could have been got here, since besides having

spared many to the Soldiery, we have been near 3 years in a state of consumption only, with very little recruit, while the captures to the Eastward have been a source of continual supply to them.

1777, May 25th. I find Mr. Hunter is alarmed lest his works should stop for want of iron; the Maryland Gentlemen who deal in that material article, either from the fondness of back friends to invest their paper in that commodity, or their opinion that we are in their power, or perhaps both, have demanded £20 a ton for Pigs. It will be shocking to have him stopped in so beneficial a course, since besides his gun manufactory and supplying the Navy with Anchors, &c., his slitting, plate, and wire mills are in great forwardness, which would produce the greatest private utility. We must explore our banks for ore and compel the Proprietors to open them, or give up to those who will, that we may have the necessary for these branches within ourselves.

1777, August 30th. I think it no unimportant part of our late success that militia had a principal hand in it, for if they will stand six hours' hard fighting with their officers and men falling by their sides, we can never be subdued; our resources in that way are infinite, however difficult it may be to raise a regular army, and I am told the whole militia here, lately called below, were of volunteers without a single draft, and in most counties the whole declared themselves ready if wanted.

I am no soldier, but I think in dividing their Army as they have done, and carrying on distant operations at the same time, they have played the game as we should have wished.

I am glad to hear that the good old *Lord of Hayes*,* was able to get out even

on his crutches; his argument was like all his, wise and forcible, and I hope America will prove the truth of his prediction.

1777, Nov. 2d. Some of the pleasantest lines that ever adorned paper since the promulgation of the Holy Scriptures, met my eyes in your obliging favour of the 21st past: and is it really true that the great and flourishing Burgoyne, with nine other Generals, at the head of the very number of men with which they boasted in St. Stephen's Chapel they could conquer America, has surrendered to a detachment of our Army, composed for the most part of honest Planters, called to oppose them from the culture of their farms? I won't say tell it *not*, but tell it in Gath and publish it in the streets of Askelon; and add, moreover, that this great and mighty nation whose Naval Power hath awed the world, hath been alarmed for their trade at home, by a few fishing boats scrambled up by the poor despised Americans, at a time they were entertaining the fond idea of blocking up all the ports upon the Ocean for 1800 miles of a coast 3000 miles from them. If this don't open the nation's eyes, I think they are desperate and their destruction inevitable: nor would I undertake to play for the Prussians, if they are such sanguine gamesters as not to allow we have "thrown sixes."

1777, Nov. 8th. Your last favour removes all doubts, and tho' it cuts us off of 4 Generals, 10,000 stand of arms and 5 pieces of cannon, which common fame had made it, we have yet had abundant reasons to be thankful, for it is a most important victory; and I am inclined to think their retiring to England may prove of greater advantage to us than their actual captivity here, in the report which they may make, discouraging further pro-

* Lord Chatham. Ed. 7.

secution of their attempts. Especially Burgoyne, if he seriously thinks our Independence inevitable, may forward a peace much in the House of Commons, where his own honour seems concerned, and must stimulate him to magnify our strength and importance.

—

1778, June 13th. The treaties of Alliance and free Commerce with France, which will probably lead the way to those with many other European Powers, will make this year a memorable Era, tho' nothing more important should happen in it.

August 16th. I was astonished at the Resolutions of the Commons in favour of the Irish. I consider them, however, as the first fruits of the benefits mankind will receive from our noble struggle. This and the success of the Duke of Richmond's motion respecting the Toulon fleet, seem to indicate a change in administration. Happy for us they cannot raise Lord Chatham to be in the new.

A heavy North-East storm, on Tuesday last, has greatly injured our Corn and Tobacco, and forced down too many of our half-ripe Peaches. I expect to hear it has reached the fleets.

—

JOHN PAGE TO R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, Dec. 9th, 1775.

It was so late when I received your letter, and I have been so engaged in business and surrounded by company, that I am scarcely able to tell you that I received it, and by no means have time to say how much obliged I am to you for writing it. But however much I am pressed for time, I cannot conclude without lamenting the unhappy situation of our Country. So defenceless is it that I am persuaded that a couple of Frigates with a few tenders and only one Regiment, might at this time make as complete a conquest of all the lower Counties of Va. as *Ld. Dunmore* has made of *Princess Ann* and *Norfolk*. *Col. Wood-*

ford, with 500 hundred men, has been hitherto prevented from passing the Great Bridge, on his way to *Norfolk*, by a body of Negroes headed by Scotchmen and a few Regulars; and I make no doubt that before he can pass, *Norfolk* will be made impregnable by land. It is capable of being strongly fortified on a small neck of land near the Church, where it is said *Lord D.* has for some time past employed several hundred negroes. The only way, I conceive, that town can be taken without Cannon, must be by taking advantage of the night and throwing into it 3 or 400 resolute Fellows—and to make a bold push at the Sloops of War at the same time. I have mentioned this to several, but unhappily they call it a rash attempt, and seemed to be contented with the Expedition now carrying on under *Col. Woodford*—which if it should succeed, can only force our enemies on board the Ships, and oblige them to change the scene of the War, and spread their depredations farther. I wish to God we had a few armed Vessels to take the tenders. We might very much distress their ships by it. I approve very much of your hint of procuring them from *Bermuda* or the Northern Colonies. But most of the Committee and Convention seem to think it in vain to attempt anything by water. I think this may be attended with fatal consequences—for if no attempt of this kind is made before Reinforcements of Ships and tenders arrive, the people will be most wretchedly dispirited and easily crushed. For my part, I think we should make a point of keeping possession of our Rivers, those excellent channels of Commerce, and should strain every nerve in struggles for the Dominion of the upper part of the rivers at least. It is certain that 5000 men cannot defend our Coast against the depredations of the men of war and tenders already here—but it is certain that 500 men in armed vessels could easily take the whole fleet.

—

Feb. 3d., 1776. I have been always of your opinion with respect to our present Commander in Chief. All orders do pass

thro' him, and we really wish to be in perfect harmony with him.

—

Feb. 19th, 1776. I moved too, with the like success, that the sum of £40 should be paid to Bucktrout, for his ingenuity in constructing, and to defray the expense of erecting a powder mill; and to enable him to prosecute his plan of working up the Salt Petre which may be collected in the neighbouring Counties, with his Hand Powder Mill now at work in this City. The President—altho' I told the Committee I would engage to make 100 lbs. of Powder per day with it, and endeavoured to show the necessity of encouraging such a work—declared that in his opinion it was a Bauble,—and 5 members were of opinion that it was not worth the reward I proposed. I was ashamed for the Committee, and very much hurt to find that my recommendation of a machine which I understood perfectly and had seen tried, and a man of whose ingenuity I had before produced proofs by showing powder of his making and proving its excellence by actual experiments, had not the least weight with the Committee. This mill, Sir, alone, well attended, might supply a great part of our Country with Powder, I shall do all I can to encourage the man to go on with his work. I think private subscriptions, until the Convention meets, may enable him to be very serviceable. The Committee indeed, on finding that many people in Town entertain an high opinion of this Mill, begin to appear willing to give some kind of encouragement to it.

—

April 12th, 1776. I am particularly obliged to you for so readily promising me your vote and interest in favour of Col. Grayson. Before you can receive this you will have seen the letters to Gov. Eden from Lord G. Germain. They had a good effect here. I think almost every man, except the Treasurer, is willing to declare for Independency. But I fear it is too late for Va.; for if the at-

tack should be made here, which we have now great reason to expect, we shall be able to make but a poor resistance. Our army is but an handful of raw, undisciplined troops, indifferently armed, wretchedly clothed, and without tents or Blankets. Our people, in some places disconcerted about Henry's Resignation, in others on account of the removal of the Troops from their Neighborhood, and in others at the apprehension of being removed, as the People of Norfolk and Princess Ann are to be, into the interior parts of the Country. In this state of things, God knows what will be the consequence of a vigorous push made by a fleet and 6 or 7 regiments. It is happy for us that General Lee is here, but so weak are we at present, our troops being so badly armed and accoutred, that I really pity him. On a review to day, there were only 500 men fit for duty. There are 3 companies at York and 6 at Hampton. I trust only to Heaven which has hitherto protected us.

I would to God you could be here at the next Convention. It would be happy for us if you could be all spared on that occasion; if you could, I make no doubt you might easily prevail in the Convention to declare for Independency, and to establish a form of Government.

(P. S.) I suppose, as Mr. Arundel is appointed Captain of a company of Artillery to be raised here, you either intend that there should be two Companies, or you did not know that we had already raised one. If the latter was the case, I fear there will be some confusion here, as Capt. Innes, who is captain of the Company, is a very deserving man, and was expelled the college for his activity in the cause. To prevent this, and indeed as two companies are really wanted, I wish you would raise another, and put them both on the Continental Establishment.

—

Williamsburg, Dec. 20th, 1776.

You cannot conceive how our cause suffers for want of a constant and speedy conveyance of Authentic Intelligence from State to State. I hope the late

resolutions of Congress respecting the Posts would have remedied this inconvenience, but unhappily it has not been carried into execution. The Tories propagate what lies they please to invent, and it is often long before we can contradict them. Seldom before they have made a bad impression somewhere. Many people here were greatly alarmed at the letters, which it is said, you and Col. Harrison wrote by the Post, (I have not yet seen them,) and seem to think all is lost. But I am sure, your letters, and I suppose Col. Harrison's, could never convey such an idea. For the loss of every town in America, must be but a small loss compared to *all*. Some people, I fear, wish all *was* lost.

—

Williamsburg, Jan. 29th, 1777.

P. S.—There is a sloop, (the one I mentioned in my letter,) which has a number of soldier's clothes on board, which will probably be taken if she ventures up the Bay. I have endeavored to have them landed and put on the backs of the poor fellows, who cannot march without clothes. But the Capt. refuses to deliver them, unless by an order of Congress, or of Mrs. Buckannan of Baltimore. * * * * If the clothes could be sent to Fredericksburg, they would be very convenient for the men who will rendezvous there.

—

Williamsburg, Feb. 27th, 1777.

If I can have any weight with the Governor and Council, no pains shall be spared to put our Navy on a respectable footing. As it is, I think, if we were not too diffident, or ignorant of the effect of 18 Pounders, we might drive away the Men of War. * * *

The apprehension of an Indian War makes the people immediately on the frontier, who are the best troops in the world for the defence of that country, very averse to leaving it, and they will not enlist.

I can hear nothing yet of casting

cannon here. The two private Powder mills—for there are none belonging to the public—stand still for want of Saltpetre. A fine large Galley is almost finished in North Carolina, but we have no guns proper for her, and we want at least 50 heavy Cannon for the necessary protection of our most important harbors. We have discovered vast quantities of *Lapis Calaminaris* near one of the Copper mines in this State, so that we might, with proper spirit and Industry, supply America with Brass and Brass Cannon. Mr. David Jameson, one of our board, is concerned in a Copper mine, where he thinks that 20 or 30 hands might raise copper enough for this purpose, and the Calamine lies around in vast abundance. We have had specimens of this stone and a small experiment made on some copper with it, and find that it makes fine brass.

—

Wms. Burg, August 29th, 1777.

I will do all in my power to forward the works you mention, but I have long laboured in vain to draw the attention of our Countrymen towards the Copper and *Lapis Calaminaris*.

—

Rosewell, Sep. 11th, 1777.

I return you many thanks for the Hand bill, and heartily congratulate you on the glorious news it contains. Col. Gansevoort deserves the highest honours for his gallant defence of Fort Schuyler; and Arnold, whose perseverance, fortitude, and fearless spirit, raised him long since high in my esteem, rises still higher by his rapid march to support Fort Schuyler, his noble resolution to attack the Besiegers at all events rather than suffer the Garrison to fall into their hands, and above all by the Terror which his approach seemed to spread thro' the British Army and the happy effects of this Consternation. And what shall I say of the Generals Herkimer and Starke, the Colonels Warner and Willet. I cannot sufficiently admire them. Happy for us, that quarter of America teems with Heroes.

I think it the happiest event of the War that Ticonderoga was evacuated,—for otherwise Burgoyne would not have ventured so far into the Country. Had he been forced to make regular approaches and attack that place in form, and been long detained by a stout resistance, he must either have set down at that Post after its surrender, or if compelled to raise the siege, have retired to Crown Point; so that I think St. Clair's retreat a happy circumstance; and almost think that if Burgoyne has not seen the votes of Congress condemning that step, he will now think it but a manœuvre. Do you recollect your conversation with Major Butler of Charleston, in the Coffee House Porch at Wms. Burg, on the subject of defending Ticonderoga? I think you spoke of it as a place of little consequence, which surprised us much, and upon our expressing some surprise at your opinion, you added that you believed Congress had ordered it to be evacuated; which I looked upon to be the case until I saw the votes above-mentioned, and then I concluded you must have spoken it in jest and for the sake of argument.

Some people here are greatly afraid, that Howe, when forced to abandon his designs against Philadelphia, will thro' vexation and Revenge lay waste Maryland and Virginia, and canton his troops for the Winter in those States. We have have an excellent body of Militia, but unhappily we have not Tents, &c., &c., for a sufficient number of them. *Is there no possibility for cutting out an excuse for France to declare War against England?* Can she not, with a safe, Catholic conscience, endeavor to restore the unhappy race of the *Stuarts*? May not the present cruel Usurper be told, that he has far exceeded any of that family in acts of Tyranny; even the English themselves have no good reason to object to their restoration, and the *Scotch* must be strangely altered to be less zealous and active in this favorite work, than they were in 1715 or 1745.

(P. S.) I heartily congratulate you, on the gallant behaviour of our kinsman, Capt. Lee, of the light Horse.

Williamsburg, Oct. 17th, 1777.

I this moment received yours of the 10th inst. by the return of our Express, and am much obliged to you for the particular account you have given me of our attack on the Enemy. From your account of this affair, and Weedon's particular detail of the Plan, March, and Disposition of Attack, I look upon it to be one of the best concerted, but worst executed expeditions and Attacks, which ever was made. However, as our troops have learnt experience by it, and are willing to make a second trial of their Courage and skill, and have also received a considerable reinforcement since their repulse, which makes them very much resemble the Hydra, I trust they will be more successful in their next attempt and show us that they have not an Hercules to deal with. For my own part however, *I had rather fight such battles every day than not fight at all.* For we not only have the advantage of gaining experience by frequent engagements, but we must at length break up and destroy, or worry our Enemies to death. They will soon be taught to reason in this manner: "If we are to depend upon reinforcements and supplies of Provisions sent us from the distance of 3000 miles, and our enemies, having supplies at hand and recruits daily coming in, can easily, after every defeat, meet us with renewed, or at least undiminished numbers; and if we add to this that a total defeat to us must be ruinous, not only to our affairs in America—but perhaps to Britain herself, what folly is it to contend any longer for the Conquest of America! We see that the loss of Towns and the rout of Armies, serves but to embitter and to instruct our enemies, whilst our very victories must ruin us. Our unavoidable losses in killed and wounded, the necessary guards for the sick and wounded after such incessant Attacks and fatigues, and the garrisons for the Posts we must occupy, must in a short time so weaken us, that it will be at least impossible to make any farther progress in our Victories." But enough of this Reverie.

I am myself much pleased with the

plan and proposals of the French Officers, but am much afraid that our Assembly will be too much prejudiced against Foreigners to accept it; and our officers are so conceited and so jealous of the French, that I fear it will meet with great opposition from that quarter. However, as far as my opinion can influence any of the members I shall give it freely. The Capt. La Porte de Crome, who was out on the recruiting service when I mentioned him to you, now proposes jointly with Mons. Baury, an accomplished young Officer, to raise a French Regiment in the West India Islands for 50 dollars per man, to be paid on producing the men in this State; provided they can have the command as Colo. and Lieut. Colo. They ask for nothing in advance, for they think they can recruit men and import them equipt for 50 dollars each. If so, I think it the cheapest way of raising men. I am sure those we raise now cost us more. If the Assembly should refuse their offer, would it not be worthy the consideration of Congress whether they should not accept of it? For I shall advise them to tender their services to Congress if refused here.

P. S.—I have this moment read a more particular account of the late action written by Capt. Pierce, which has induced me to alter my opinion of that affair. I think now that it was much better conducted than I before thought, and the bravery of our Troops makes full amends for the misfortune.

—

Williamsburg, Nov. 9th, 1777.

The Assembly, it seems, have offered Capt. Loyauté the command of an Academy instead of a Regiment. I suppose he will not accept of this offer. We have with us a very able engineer who will undertake this business if offered to him. He has shown his skill and great abilities, in the directions he has given for fortifying some of our Harbors, and in a most excellent treatise he has written on maritime defence and on the principles of Fortification. He understands English

well, and translates it into Italian, Spanish or French. Into French, elegantly, as he showed by his translations of our letters to the Havannah and New Orleans. * * *

I lost an opportunity of writing to you by the last Post, as I was out of town great part of the week, and as I returned not till yesterday, and was then engaged at Church all day, and in company late at night, and am just about to prepare for the Ball this evening, I can only scribble these lines by way of letter and apology.

—

Wms. Burg, 17th Feb., 1778.

The resolution of Assembly you mention respecting the Galleys to be stationed on the Rappahannock, I have never seen, but will enquire for it. If we had twenty or thirty 32 pounders, we might, in my opinion, secure our Rivers, but without more heavy cannon we cannot defend them. I wish you had mentioned the situation, or station, of the Men of War, and their strength. Perhaps something might be done to remove them. I am much pleased with Capt. Loyauté and have assisted him with all my ability.

—

Williamsburg, May 7th, 1778.

As to the report you have heard respecting the stipulation with the Delegates in Gloucester, I am pretty certain you have been misinformed. However, I have often heard it said that you had made the motion you mention, and have as often declared that I could not believe it, for even if you had any pique against the General, you were too good a Politician and Whig to attempt to remove him from the command he holds, and that I believed it to be a stale trick of the Tories. * * *

P. Grymes is actually elected, I am told, and old Wormley was within a few votes of being sent with him.

FROM LETTERS OF F. LIGHTFOOT LEE TO R.
H. LEE.

July 16th, 1776. The 11th of next month Col's. Harrison and Braxton are no longer Delegates, and as Mr. Jefferson is determined to go home then, we shall be without a representation, unless you join us. We have not heard when Mr. Wythe intends to be here.

—
Yorktown, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1777.

We have reason to think that there are many emissaries of the enemy sent into the country, and some to the parts of Virginia adjoining this State. I wish you would urge the Executive Power to have some active, spirited whigs, in those counties to keep the most vigilant eye over them, especially where there are prisoners of war. We find the people of Frederick begin to be poisoned.

— ●
Menokin, June 25th, 1778.

Some of the people in the lower end of Westmoreland have lately been a little turbulent. Several of them associated and were in arms to oppose the execution of the militia law. However, they have been quelled without bloodshed, and the ring-leaders are in the hands of justice. These ill-humours among the people are altogether owing to the many infamous lies which are circulated by the incorrigible villains, whom the mistaken policy of our country has supposed to remain with us. * * * The Junto, by their lies and intrigues, have so far carried their point as to throw some little discredit upon us, but have missed their great aim of removing obstructions to their jobbing schemes. I think you are perfectly right in not gratifying them by resenting the ill-treatment of the Assembly. The Esq., says Mr. Harvey, who got to Williamsburg after the election, was much offended, and made those who had been taken in by certain gentry, perfectly ashamed of themselves. I suppose they would now willingly return you thanks to make up with you, though

they will again be taken in by the same wretches. How imperfect a creature is man. We have had fine, seasonable weather, and I think the crops are in a good way.

—
Menokin, July 12th, 1778.

I find the people in this part of the country not in the least hurt by the war. They are better cloathed; and I think bettered in every circumstance. But there is a lamentable indolence and inattention to public affairs in the gentlemen, which leaves the people open to the arts of every designing rascal, and has occasioned some discontents and an aversion to entering into the army.

The weather is so excessive hot that I have not been able to do so much towards setting things right, as I could wish; but from what I have seen, I am sure the people only want to be well informed, to do every thing that is desired of them.

—
Menokin, Aug. 12th, 1778.

I am as heartily tired of the knavery and stupidity of the generality of mankind as you can be. But it is our duty to stem the torrent as much as we can, and to do all the service in our power, to our country and friends. The consciousness of having done so will be the greatest of all rewards. I have very little hopes from the present race. They are too much infected with the views of Britain, but by proper regulations to enlarge the understanding and improve the morals of the rising generation, we may give a fair opportunity to succeeding Patriots of making their country flourishing and happy. But this must be the work of Peace: in the mean time we must struggle with the present degeneracy, and prevent as much of its bad effects as possible.

August 20th.—We have had a bad gust, and heavy continued rains for five weeks, which have injured the crops very much.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1778.

I do not wonder at your disgust at the wickedness and folly of mankind. I have so much of the same feeling, that I am sure there can be no condition in life more unhappy than to engage in the management of public affairs, with honest intentions. But hard as the lot is, it must be done, at least till things have got into a tolerable way. * * *

Congress has as yet done nothing in finance or foreign affairs. I fear there is a design in some that nothing shall be done, that things may get into such disorder as to make the people wish for the old government. Congress has no power, and every villain whom they want to call to account, insults them. The enclosed letter from Mr. Lawrence will give you an account of his resignation and his reasons. He is really an honest man, and I hope will do a great deal of good.

—
FROM SAME.

Williamsburg, Aug. 17th, 1777.

A letter from General Hand to Col. Campbell of Yohogony County, says that he expects to be attacked by 500 of the English besides Indians, and wants a reinforcement of 400 for the garrison of Fort Pitt. Few troops at WmsBurg and no General. Col. Theodorick Bland to be married to Mrs. Yates. The Mt. Airy family are well. Only 10 of Lane's company took the oath when tendered. Many refuse it in Northumberland and Richmond; Lancaster and the counties to the southward took the oath, except Brunswick and some about Princess Anne and Norfolk.

—
FROM THE LETTERS OF MANN PAGE, JR.,
TO R. H. LEE.

Mansfield, Sept. 2d, 1777.

The appearance of Howe's Fleet, in our bay, alarmed the lower parts of the country to a very great degree, but the alacrity with which the militia, who were called from the upper parts, turned

out, gives me great reason to hope that if the enemy should invade our country, the Virginia Militia would be able to withstand the mercenaries of the British Tyrant. Their zeal to assist their country was so great in many counties, that the numbers which were required of them by the Governor and Council were readily made up of volunteers. I congratulate you upon General Starke's signal victory near Bennington. A few more such strokes will wither the Laurels which Burgoyne had gained before Tyconderoga. * * *

I am glad to hear that the spirits of the French begin to rise. If they will only prevent the English from sending over any more mercenaries, I think we may give a good account of what tories they now have in America.

—
Mansfield, Oct. 7th, 1777.

I congratulate you upon the success of our arms in the North. In a short time I hope to hear that General Gates has demolished Burgoyne's Army, he will then be able powerfully to assist General W. against Mr. Howe. We have a report here that Gen'l de Coudray was drowned in crossing the Schuylkill, pray inform me of the truth of it. I should be much concerned at the loss of so able an officer. Sullivan might have been better spared.

The Post from the northward seldom comes in, and when it does, only brings us old papers from Baltimore. Ought not one to come immediately from York to Virginia? In the hurry in which Congress was forced to remove from Philadelphia, I fear some of their papers must have been lost.

—
Mansfield, Oct. 14th, 1777.

I am much obliged to you for your particular account of the Battle of Germantown, in your letter by Col. Harrison. It is much to be lamented that the utmost skill of a General, and the greatest bravery of soldiers cannot ensure success: but that the event of Battles must be

determined so often by accident. The bravest soldiers have sometimes been struck by a Panic, and have soon recovered from it. Our troops, I make no doubt, have recovered from theirs, and will, in the next engagement of the Enemy, give a good account of them. They have already seen that they can conquer the British troops, and they will be stimulated by every sense of shame and Honour to regain the Reputation which they have lost. I am sorry to hear that we have lost many valuable Officers, but rejoice that the loss of the Enemy was much more considerable than ours. We are told that when the account of the Enemy having got possession of Philadelphia reached Williamsburg, the City was as much frightened as if they had been attacked themselves. Our Executive body appears not to have been free from Alarm; for they immediately empowered General Nelson to raise 5000 volunteers, and march to join the army. Not long before they had disbanded the Militia, who had been collected at a great expense. Had 4000 of them been sent, as General Nelson requested some weeks ago, they might have done good service, for they were fine looking men, and well armed.

—

Williamsburg, May 15th, 1778.

I rejoice with you upon the glorious treaty, which has lately been concluded by our Commissioners with the Court of France. The terms are so truly generous that the most artful agent of Britain will not be able to prejudice the mind of the weakest American against it. If America would now exert herself to send a proper force into the field, in all human probability this campaign would terminate the War. Our Assembly seems to be sensible of the necessity of making the Army respectable, and will do their part towards it. Yesterday in Committee they voted 500 Horse, and mean to add 2000 Infantry, for the reinforcement of the Grand Army. I entertain great hopes that these troops may be raised without our being reduced to the necessity of a draught. The spark of liberty is

not yet extinct among our people, and if properly fanned by the gentlemen of influence, will, I make no doubt, burst out again into a flame.

We were not able, through want of members, to make a House till Tuesday, when Col. Harrison was elected Speaker: owing principally to a majority of the members present being from the lower counties upon James and York Rivers. Our friend, Mr. Jefferson, was greatly outvoted. Pray inform our Republican friends of the true cause of that appointment, that they may not for a moment entertain a thought that we are lapsing into Aristocracy because an aristocratic gentleman is at our head. We have many true Whigs, and they are upon their guard.

—

May 21st, 1778, Williamsburg.

Our people are too desirous of Peace, and the report of the embarkation of the Enemy seems to have damped that ardour which a few days ago I flattered myself had begun to spread. The 500 horse which I informed you had been voted by the Committee, are reduced to a regiment of 350. A bill for raising 2000 volunteers to make up our quota of troops, is pretty forward, and it is intended to raise our Battalion of State troops for garrison duty. Measures will also be taken to recruit our regiments with men to serve during the war. These are all our military proceedings. I wish them all to be successful, but fear the fate of all except the House bill. This, I think, will meet with success, for many gentlemen of influence intend to serve at their own expense.

Your fear that we should lose the services of Mons. Loyauté have been too well founded. He has resigned. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with him, and found him to be sensible and polite. I hoped our country would have received great advantages from his abilities; but unfortunately a dispute arose concerning rank, between him and the Officers of the Artillery, over whom he claims the right of commanding. They

all (even Col. Marshall) threatened to resign if Mons. Loyauté was to command them, the matter was referred by the Governor and Council to the Assembly, the House of Delegates determined that his appointment did not give him the command which he claimed. He still might have kept his corps of men and have proceeded in disciplining them, but in disgust he resigned. I am sorry we have lost him, but the loss must be attributed to his own caprice, as he received no slight from the Assembly. Indeed, the words of the resolution appointing him Inspector General by no means warrant the claim which he set up for command.

—
May 25th, 1778.

The enemy left our Bay on Saturday last, and stood a S. W. course. I suppose they are gone to take care of their W. India Islands.

—
July 21st, 1778.

Lord Chatham's death has happened very favorably for us, I have long been afraid of him; for added to his great abilities, he so entirely possessed the confidence of the nation, he could have brought them to undertake any thing. Besides, his system of Politics was by no means fitted for N. America.

The account you give of Capt. Jones, of the Ranger, is very agreeable, it will put the Enemy to a little more expense to guard their Coast. I wish some of our enterprising Generals would visit the Coast of North Britain, we should see how those Gentry, who are so fond of going abroad to fight, would relish it at Home.

—
Mansfield, March 16th, 1779.

I sincerely rejoice with you that the Torrent of faction begins to subside, and that the People are returning to a more dispassionate way of thinking than they have been in for some time past. In the first moments of misrepresentation the

vulgar are too apt to be led away, and from a generous though improper passion become dupes to the artifices of any designing villain, who will be hardy enough to traduce the most virtuous characters. But sooner or later they will recover from their frenzy, and do justice to that innocence which they before abused. In your case, as they have been precipitately hurried on to give credit to Mr. Deane's assertions, so they will upon cooler reflection acknowledge your integrity, and do justice to the injured character of your Brother. Your Brother's zeal in getting the 11th and 12th Articles of the Treaty of Commerce rescinded must prove to America his attention to her Interests, and Mr. B——'s intercepted letters ought to convince the World, that the opposition to you and your family arises from private resentment only. Pray, my dear sir, remember your promise to send me the Paper which contains those letters. I have seen one of them, and feel my curiosity the more raised to see the others. If it would not give you too much trouble to collect them, I should be much obliged to you for all the pieces, on both sides, which relate to your dispute with Mr. Deane. I have seen but few of them, for we seldom get a paper from Philadelphia.

—
Mansfield, March 30th, 1779.

The enclosed paper I would have sent you by the last Post, if I had known in time that the Northern Post had come in. It will show you how impotent an antagonist you have in Mr. B.

—
Mansfield, Dec. 15th, 1780.

I should have been glad to have been with you to have given my opposition to that unjust Law, which makes the present depreciated Currency a tender in discharge of all debts and contracts. I have been told that the yeas and no's were taken upon the passage of that Law; if so, pray send me that sheet of the Journal. I think, however, I could now name

the greater portion of the friends to the Law.

—
FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGE MASON TO
R. H. LEE.

Gunston Hall, May 31st, 1775.

We have seen nothing here from the Congress: I presume their deliberations are (as they ought to be) a profound secret. I hope the procuring arms and ammunition next winter, when the ships of war can't cruise on our coasts, as well as the means of laying in good magazines of Provisions, &c., to the Northward will be properly attended to. * * *

I think you are happy in having Dr. Franklin at the Congress, as I imagine no man better knows the intentions of the Ministry, the temper of the Nation, and the interest of the Minority.

—
G. Hall, March 4th, 1777.

The gallies now building I hope will be able to afford sufficient protection to our Bay. I am sure they are as many as can possibly be built and manned before the meeting of the Assembly. I should be glad to be informed if the Governor and Council have proposed to the Congress to furnish them out small gallies, in lieu of those they ordered to be built here, for the protection and transportation of their troops over our Rivers; and the result.

—
July 21st, 1778, (*Gunston Hall.*)

I am much obliged to you for the last papers, and the agreeable news they contain. American prospects brighten every day; nothing, I think, but the speedy arrival of a strong British Squadron can save the Enemy's Fleet and Army at New York; indeed as to their fleet I trust the blow is already struck. We are apt to wish for peace, I confess I am, although I am clearly of opinion that War is the present interest of these United States. The Union is yet incomplete,

and will be so until the inhabitants of all the Territory from Cape Breton to the Mississippi are included in it. While Great Britain possesses Canada and West Florida, she will continually be setting the Indians upon us, and while she holds the Harbors of Augustine and Halifax, especially the latter, we shall not be able to protect our trade or Coasts from her depredations; at least for many years to come. The possession of these two places would save us more than half a million a year, and we should then quickly have a fleet sufficient for the common protection of our own Coasts: For without some strong holds in America, or Naval Magazines in our neighborhood, Great Britain could seldom or never keep a squadron here. If she loses her Army now in America, or is obliged to withdraw it, one of which I think must happen, this important object will probably be obtained in the course of another campaign. If the British Ministry act consistently and in Character, they will not recognise our independence until this business is completed, and until our prejudices against Great Britain are more firmly rooted, and we become better reconciled to foreign manners and manufactures. It will require no great length of time to accomplish this, and then the wisdom of British Councils will seize the auspicious moment and acknowledge our Independence. Lord Chatham's death does not seem to be mentioned in the papers with certainty; but from the infirm condition in which he appeared in the House of Lords in April, the account is more than probable.

One cannot help being concerned at the death of a wise and good man; yet it is certainly a favorable event to America. There was nothing I dreaded so much as his taking the Helm, and nothing I more heartily wish than the continuance of the present Ministry. After his Most Christian Majesty, and happiness and prosperity to the French Nation, my next toast shall be, "Long life and continuance in Office to the present British Ministry," in the first bottle of good Claret I get, and I expect some by the ships from France.

G. Hall, Aug. 24th, 1778.

We have such various and vague accounts of our affairs to the Northward and of the movements of the French Fleet, that I am extremely anxious to know with certainty what is doing. Is our Army drawn near to King's Bridge? Are the enemy's outposts abandoned? Is New York effectually besieged? Are, or can the Enemy be prevented from foraying upon Long Island and Staten Island? Is the Cork Fleet of Victuallers arrived at New York; or was the report a piece of Artifice? or has any such fleet actually sailed? Has Lord Howe's fleet left Sandy Hook and gone to Rhode Island, or are the English ships which appeared there a fleet lately from Great Britain, and what has been the consequence of their meeting with the Count D'Estaing's Squadron? Are the French land forces landed on Rhode Island, to act in concert with Gen. Sullivan, or are they thought to be able to Burgoyne the British troops there? I am almost ashamed of having asked you so many questions. I think they are nearly equal to the string with which Old Col. Cary once harassed Doctor Francis, upon his coming on shore at Hampton. If Lord Howe, with his fleet, has really left New York, the British Army must be in the most desperate circumstances, and his intention must be to draw off the attention of the French Squadron, untill the Troops can embark, and run down to the Southward, where they can get provisions, for I hardly think they can have provisions for a long voyage. * * *

If the Congress or any of your friends should have occasion to purchase a quantity of Tobacco in this part of the Country, I would beg leave to recommend my friend and neighbour, Mr. Martin Cockburn. He was regularly bred to business in a very capital house in London, and I know no man whose attachment to the American Cause, or whose Integrity, Diligence and Punctuality, can be more thoroughly confided in. I am not fond of giving recommendations, but I am so well acquainted with Mr. Cockburn, that I know I can recommend him with safety.

Williamsburg, June 19th, 1779.

The great business of the Legislature goes on heavily, the members inattentive, tired and restless to get away. * * *

The principal bills still before our House are upon the subject of the Militia Invasion or Insurrection, raising troops for the immediate defence of the Commonwealth, selling the real and personal estates of British subjects and lodging the proceeds in the public treasury, subject to the further orders of the General Assembly, Naturalization, ascertaining the damage done by the Enemy on private property that compensation may in due time be demanded, or levied by exclusive duties on the British trade with us at any time hereafter, and the mode of proving Book debts and discouraging extensive credits, and on the more effectual manner of supplying our troops with the articles necessary for their comfortable accommodation, preventing embezzlement; most of these bills now stand committed. Whether the house will have patience to go through them all is uncertain; I fear not; many members declaring that they will stay no longer than next Saturday, at all events, and some that they will go away sooner. We should not have had a house now, but for a little piece of Generalship. I got our friend Mr. Page to undertake procuring an order that the clerk should grant no certificate to any member for his wages until the Assembly should have adjourned, unless upon leave of absence. Some of the Fellows threatened, and kicked, and struggled, but could not loosen the knot. We are endeavoring to digest a scheme for laying a tax on Specific commodities, which I think will have more effect in preventing the further depreciation of our Money, than anything we have done, or can do besides.

We have had Mr. Pinet & Co.'s Memorial several days before a select Committee, the members of which seem well inclined to encourage so important an undertaking; if this can properly be said of men who are too indolent to attend to any thing. The committee have

met, or rather failed to meet at my lodgings every morning and evening for this fortnight; Ballendine has got possession of the key to the Navigation of James River, and is acting exactly the part of the dog in the Manger. I am very uneasy about it, and fearful nothing decisive will be done, and the Gentlemen left in doubt and disgust.

—
THOMAS LUDWELL LEE.

(Not dated,) *Williamsburg.*

MY DEAR BROTHER:

"I send you enclosed a printed account of intelligence received at Headquarters from our camp at the Great Bridge, about 20 miles from Norfolk, commanded by Col. Woodford. Our Army has been for some time arrested in its march to Norfolk by a redoubt or stockade, or hogpen, as they call it here by way of derision—at the end of this Bridge. Though by the way this hogpen seems filled with a parcel of wild boars, which we appear not overfond to meddle with. My apprehension is that we shall be amused at this outpost, until Dunmore gets the lines at Norfolk finished; where he is now entrenching and mounting Cannon, some hundreds of negroes being employed in the work. This consideration, added to the advanced season of the year, and the strong exportation, as we find by intercepted intelligence, of a reinforcement arriving every hour from St. Augustine, made a bold and sudden stroke necessary, whilst we walk too cautiously in the road of prudence. There we other passes into the neighborhood of Norfolk.

We are now in Convention, and have already voted the raising six new battalions of the Continental number—the two old battalions to be recruited to the same standard. These eight are expected to be on the Continental establishment. The express which brings you this, goes with an application to Congress for this purpose. It would seem indeed highly necessary, from the manner in which Dunmore has hitherto baffled all our endeavors to put our military matters under some other direction.

If Philadelphia is in such a state of Naval preparation as report says, it would be in her power to render the most signal service to this Colony, and thereby to the American cause. The naval force of the Enemy in this Country consists of two sloops of war, the Otter and Kingfisher, of sixteen, six and four pounders with their compliment of men, indeed one hundred and ten, but these much dispersed in tenders, and all except ten in the Kingfisher, and a few in the Otter, pressed men, disaffected to the cause and unwilling to fight. Six deserters from the Kingfisher, examined last night, confirm their circumstances, which we were informed of before from other hands. A frigate of 30 guns with metal proportionable, by coming into Norfolk River, would not only become master of these, but of Dunmore's ship, "William," and a vast many other vessels loaded with the floating property of Tories, and seized cargoes to the amount, it is said upon good grounds, of £140,000. These gentry would, by such a strike as this, be all taken in a nett, Lord Dunmore's preparations be all torn up by the roots, and the plan of hostility for this Country to begin anew. Lord Dunmore has issued his first Virginia Gazette, printed I think on board the "William." It contains his proclamation, the oath tendered to the people of Princess Anne and Norfolk, his conquest over the Militia, and the letters of the Delegates intercepted by Capt. Wallace.

• —
Williamsburg, Dec. 23d, 1775.

I congratulate you, my dear brother, on the honour of Virginia being fully restored by the disastrous attempts of Dunmore's troops on our lines at the Bridge. He and his maimed, ragged crew, find no safety for themselves but by skulking on board the ships. The Tories of Norfolk and inhabitants of Princess Ann and Norfolk have forsworn their allegiance to Dunmore. Many of them, after petitioning and acknowledging the authority of Convention, are now under the examination of a Committee; amongst these are the two Messrs. M., a Dr. C. and

Mat. Phrip. An express from Hampton this morning, informs that Capt. Barron of that place, who commands an armed vessel in the service of the Colony, has taken a tender of Dunmore's with 16 men, and a vessel belonging to a couple of Tories in Norfolk, with 24000 bushels of salt on board. Some other vessels belonging to these gentry, with the same commodity, were taken before; by which you see that your infant attempts on the water have been also crowned with success. We have already provided a respectable little navy for James River, and are proceeding to take care of the

other rivers. Most of the objects recommended in your letters have been already attended to and encouraged. A test is now before Convention, which will oblige all those to decamp who are the objects of its rigour. Since writing to you on the subject of a naval assistance from your way, the Liverpool, a frigate pierced for 36 guns, but mounting only 28, has arrived at Norfolk, together with a brig laden with naval and military stores, out three months and upwards from England. The Intelligence reports them to have 400 men; I suppose meaning seamen and marines.

NATURE THE CONSOLER.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

Gladly I hail these Solitudes, and breathe
 The inspiring breath of the fresh woodland air,
 Most gladly to the Past alone bequeathe
 Its painful memories—bordering on despair;
 I feel a new-born freedom of the mind,
 Nursed at the breast of Nature with the dew
 Of glorious dawns; I hear the mountain-wind,
 —Clear as if Elfin trumpets loudly blew,—
 Peal through the dells, and scale the lonely height;
 Rousing the Echoes to a quick delight,
 Bending the forest Monarchs to its will,
 'Till all their mighty branches shake and thrill
 In the wide-wakening tumult: far above,
 The Heavens stretch calm, and blessing; far below
 The mellowing fields are touched with evening's glow,
 And many pleasant sights, and sounds I love,
 Would gently woo me from all thoughts of woe;
 Sunlighted meadows,—music in the grove
 From happy bird-throats, and the fairy rills
 That lapse in silvery murmurs through the hills:
 Great circles of rich foliage, rainbow-crowned
 By Autumns liberal largess, whilst around

Grave sheep lie musing on the pastoral ground,
Or, sending a wild bleat
To other flocks afar,
The fleecy comrades they are wont to meet,
Homeward returning 'neath the vesper star.

II.

O! genial peace, of Nature! divine Calm!
That fallest on the spirit like the rain
Of Eden, bearing melody and balm
To soothe the troubled heart, and heal its pain;
Thy influence lifts me to a realm of joy,
A moonlight happiness, intense, but mild,
Unvisited by shadow of alloy,
And flushed with tender dreams, and fancies undefiled.

III.

The Universe of God is still, not dumb,
For many voices in sweet undertone
To reverent listeners—come,
And many Thoughts with truth's own honey laden,
Into the watcher's wakeful brain have flown,
Charming the inner ear
With harmonies so low, and yet so clear,
So undefined, yet pregnant with a Feeling,
An Inspiration of divine revealing—,
That they whose being the strong spell shall hold,
Do look on earthly things
Through atmospheres of rare imaginings,
And find in all they see,
A meaning manifold;
The forces of divine vitality
Break through the sensual gloom
About them furled,
All instinct with a radiant grace and bloom,
Caught from the glories of a fairer world.

IV.

A fairer World! in the thronged space on high
Dwells there indeed a lovelier star than ours;
Circled by sunsets of more gorgeous dyes,
Or gifted with an ampler wealth of flowers;
Can heavenly bounty lavish richer stores
Of colour, fragrance, beauty, and delight
On mortal or immortal sight,
In any sphere that rolls around the sun?
See what a splendour from the waning Day
Through the grand forest pours,
Now, lighting up its veterans' crests with glory,
Now, slanting down the shadows dim and hoary,
Till in the long-drawn gloom of leafy glades,
At the far close of their impervious shades,
The purple Splendour softly melts away!

V.

Now, archéd o'er with dewy canopies,
 And awed by dimness that is hardly gloom,
 We stand amidst the silence with hushed lips,
 Watching the starry glimmer of the skies,
 Paled by the foliage to a half-eclipse,
 And struggling for full room
 With intermittent gleams that quickly die
 In throbs, and tremours, passing suddenly
 To the mere ghosts of flame, to Apparitions
 Impalpable as star-beams in deep seas,
 Lost in the dark below the surface-ruffling breeze.

VI.

Latest of all these marvellous Transitions,
 And crowning all with unsurpasséd grace,
 The eyes of the night's Empress witching-sweet,
 Scatter the shadows in each secret place,
 So that where'er her beamy glances fleet,
 Shot through and through as if with arrowy might,
 The dusky twilight falls before her shafts of light!

VII.

Soothed by the milder glory, let us pass
 To the weird land of peace-embosomed dreams ;
 The lapsing of the far-off forest streams
 Rustling the reedy grass,
 Will make rare music for us till we reach
 The shining beach, ●
 The margin of the mystic sea of sleep ;
 Thence, launching on the waters, let us sail
 Beneath a Heaven of ever-living Blue,
 Thronged with fair, loving faces, fair though pale,
 The faces of the faithful souls we knew
 In our glad youth, ere yet the death-cloud lowered,
 O! let us hold them in communion deep,
And learn although our lower world is fair,
A lovelier sphere,
Circled by sunsets of more gorgeous dye,
And gifted with an ampler wealth of flowers,
Dwells in the unimagined heights of AIR,
Unmeasured by dull Time, the weary-houred,
 And further learn, we yet shall greet them there,
 When trampling down our latest human Fears,
 The Mortal puts on Immortality!

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.*

In the critical department of the September number of this magazine, we submitted a brief notice of Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," in which we spoke of it as a book of remarkable pretensions. Upon a more careful examination of the work, we felt a strong obligation to review it at some length, expressing our dissent from many of the author's opinions and protesting against their general adoption in the United States. With some distrust of our ability to enter upon a subject of such magnitude, we were yet about to commit to writing the thoughts suggested by Mr. Buckle's train of argument, when the following admirable critique of the volume reached us in the columns of the *National Intelligencer*. Reluctant as we are to surrender so large a portion of our number to selected material, we cannot forbear adopting the *Intelligencer's* comments, and laying them before the readers of the *Messenger* in lieu of an original article. There are very many, we are sure, who will thank us for presenting them with so masterly an essay in a form for preservation.—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger*.

We have here a *magnum opus* undertaken in flagrant contempt of the Noachian deluge and the shortening of human life which is commonly supposed to date from that event in the history of our planet. We do not know whether the antediluvian worthies were remarkable for their zeal and perseverance in the cultivation of literature, but if they were we are pretty sure that the literary Mahalaleels and Methusalehs of that period would have shrunk appalled from the task which Mr. Buckle has proposed to himself in the great enterprise of which this volume is the first instalment, in a series of volumes intended to be *introductory* to the body of the work, which is to follow at some later day. Of how many tomes this "Introduction" will in the end consist we are unable to say, for Mr. Buckle nowhere informs us on that point; but if he continues his preliminary labors on the same scale in which they are projected in the volume before us, it will evidently require several additional volumes to complete the Introduction; and as these will naturally be but the steps leading to the main edifice, we are left wholly at a loss to compute how many volumes will enter into the composition of a work demanding an indefinite number of volumes for its preface. We have to fear, however, that even if Mr. Buckle should live long enough to realize all his auctorial expectations, he will hardly be

fortunate enough to find any body sufficiently long-lived to attempt to read what he shall have found time to write; and therefore we hope we may be pardoned for whispering in his ear the monitory words of Horace to his friend Sestius—

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Before proceeding to any examination of the volume before us we take leave to say that we regard it as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the philosophical treatment of history. And this mainly because, in connexion with incontestable merits, it at the same time illustrates nearly every possible or conceivable error into which the philosophical student of history is in danger of falling; insomuch that, if there be any virtue in the maxim of Lord Bacon that "truth emerges sooner out of error than out of confusion," we are warranted in hoping that the endeavors of Mr. Buckle to correct the latter will not remain sterile of beneficent results because he has contrived to pour so large an infusion of the former into the composition of this his first essay in a most difficult walk of literature. Without any disposition to speak slightingly of his abilities, we are constrained to believe that Mr. Buckle lacks the constructive intellect necessary to the equipment of a wise master-builder

* HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND: By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. From the second London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. Pp. 677, 8vo.

in the domain of history. And, while we should be loth to assign him a rank among the hodmen who fill the measure of their usefulness in supplying materials to more skilful laborers, we are compelled to think that, with a genius much higher than his ability to execute its designs would seem to indicate, Mr. Buckle has signally failed to reach the height of the great argument which was set before his eye with a distinctness of outline that makes us the more regret his "middle flight" towards its summit. Metaphor apart, we may say in plain terms that Mr. Buckle succeeds better as a compiler of facts gathered from a wide and variegated tract of history than as an analyst of the general laws by which these facts are capable of co-ordination into a consistent and logical system of ideas. We are sometimes astounded at the singular combination he presents of profundity and shallowness, of knowledge and ignorance, of perspicacity and short-sightedness, of originality in the discovery of new truth and blind adherence to exploded sophisms which would hardly deserve a place in a new edition of Sir Thomas Browne's collection of "Vulgar Errors." We may say of him, as the Latin poet said of the singer Tigellius, "never was there any body so unequal to himself."

Of the industry of Mr. Buckle it is hardly possible to speak in terms of too high praise. The latter portions of the present volume especially deserve to stand as a perpetual monument in honor of the *labor improbus* which he has expended in the compilation of his historical facts from a wide field of research and literary inquiry. It is only when he undertakes to interpret the philosophy of his facts that he seems to us smitten with a sudden impotence, and this because of a few radically vicious ideas—vicious we mean in point of logical truth—propounded at the very inception of his undertaking. Mr. Buckle's standard of philosophical measurement is not only crooked, but too short. What wonder, therefore, that he should bring back erroneous reckonings from the survey he has attempted?

As we do not intend that our readers shall rely upon our simple statement for

the confidence they are expected to place in the justice of these criticisms, we presently proceed to enumerate the transparent fallacies and errors (as they seem to us) into which our well-ed and laborious writer has fallen. We have partial and mistaken philosophy, an imperfect summation of antecedents upon which he presumes to generalize. But however, we deem it appropriate as just that the plan of the method pursued in its redaction be clearly set before the reader, so that we may incur no risk of misapprehension on these points, we prefer to repeat in the words of Mr. Buckle:

After treating on the relation of philosophy to investigating history and the evidence derived from the study of certain events in favor of the theory that all human actions are fixed and irreversible laws, he states that the laws which govern human actions are partly mental and partly physical. He deduces from this that sets of laws must be studied before any correct history can be pronounced in the present. He states much that philosophical history is impossible, unless considered in connection with physical science. In support of this assertion he adduces the influence seen to be exercised by natural agents, climate, food, soil, and aspect of nature; citing in illustration of his argument the peculiarities of Ireland, Hindostan, Central America, Mexico, and other countries, in all of which marks the variously modified influence of their natural surroundings. He states the joint influence of mental and physical laws in determining the course of human events. Then, Mr. Buckle next infers from the facts of the former and latter that the more important point of fact, the one or the other, must be predominant. For instance, in the case of civilizations outside of Europe, Mr. Buckle, the powers of nature are more prevalent than in those of Europe, and their agency has worked in

chief, as seen in the degree in which they have depressed the human understanding by either benumbing its energies or unduly exciting the imaginative faculty over the practical reason. Hence it is that, looking at the history of the world as a whole, we may affirm, says Mr. B., that the tendency has been, in Europe, to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to nature. This great division, therefore, between European civilization and non-European civilization is taken by the writer as the basis of the philosophy of history, since it suggests the important consideration that if we would understand the history of any nation we must first settle whether it has been more influenced by mental or physical laws; whether the external world has prevailed over man or man has prevailed over the external world. If, for example, we would understand the history of India, we must make the external world the principal object of scientific study, because it has influenced man more than he has influenced it. If, on the other hand, we would understand the history of a country like France or England, we must make man our chief study, because nature here being from the beginning comparatively weak, every step in the progress of civilization has but increased the dominion of the human mind over the agencies of the external world. It being settled, then, that in any philosophical history of an European civilization the phenomena and powers of mind must occupy a more important place than the organic or inorganic forces of nature, Mr. Buckle next proceeds to consider the most available means of psychological study and research. There are, he says, two methods of generalizing mental laws—one, that of the metaphysician interrogating the phenomena of his own individual mind; and the other, that of the statistician or historian interrogating the phenomena of the minds of whole communities. Giving his preference to the latter method, as alone supplying observations numerous and various enough to eliminate the errors that must arise from the casual disturbances or idiosyncrasies of a single mind, however subtle, in the scru-

tiny of its own operations, the writer next raises the question whether the progressive amelioration that is discernable in the actions of men, as gathered into civil communities, is more attributable to their advancement in moral or in intellectual science. A double movement, moral and intellectual, is admitted to be indispensable to the very idea of civilization; but what shall we say of their comparative movement? asks Mr. Buckle. For a reason, which we shall examine in another part of this article, he assigns the precedence to Knowledge over Morality, and affirms that intellectual truths are the real causes of all human advancement. Moral truths, argues Mr. B., are stationary in point of development, and short-lived in point of actual influence when reduced to practice; while, on the other hand, knowledge is capable of infinite expansion, and in each of its successive steps is always the precursor of some beneficent change in the actual sphere of human society—amended knowledge being always the preparation and pledge of amended action.

To recapitulate, we have seen that, in the idea of Mr. Buckle, human actions are solely the result of irreversible agencies from without or within, that is, of mental laws or physical laws; that in Europe the former are more powerful than the latter, and that in the progress of civilization their superiority is constantly increasing, because advancing knowledge multiplies the resources of the mind, while it leaves the old resources of nature unchanged. On this account mental laws are to be regarded in any critical review of an European civilization as the great regulators of progress; and having thus resolved the dynamics of society into the study of the laws and phenomena of mind, and having, in his analysis of the comparative influence exerted by moral and intellectual truths on the conduct of human affairs, assigned a great superiority to the latter over the former, Mr. Buckle is armed with all the tests and criteria which he thinks necessary for the philosophical inspection of human events on the field of universal history. At first he had intended to apply his tests to 'he

totality of human actions, but considering the fact that all past history has unfortunately been written by men (because not natural philosophers and for other reasons) so inadequate to the task they have undertaken, he was constrained to acknowledge that but few of the necessary materials for such a comprehensive and exhaustive work are yet ready to the hand of the philosophical systematizer. Compelled in such an attempt to be at once mason and architect, he must, says Mr. B., not only scheme the edifice, but excavate the quarry; and hence the necessity of performing this double labour entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the undertaking. On this account Mr. Buckle "long since abandoned his original scheme and reluctantly determined to write the history not of general civilization, but of the civilization of a single people." It therefore remained to decide who that people should be, and since, in a critical and philosophical sense, it was apparent that the history of any civilized people is the more instructive and at the same time more simple in proportion as their movements have been least disturbed by agencies not arising from themselves, Mr. Buckle selected the history of England, as presenting this advantage in a greater degree than that of any other country. With these preliminary views it is that the author proceeds to unfold the plan of his "Introduction" to the "History of English Civilization," the present volume, as already explained, comprising only the opening of the said Introduction. We quote the outline of that plan as follows:

"It is not at all from those motives which are dignified with the name of patriotism that I have determined to write the history of my own country in preference to that of any other: and to write it in a manner as complete and as exhaustive as the materials which are now extant will enable me to do. But, inasmuch as the circumstances already stated render it impossible to discover the laws of society solely by studying the history of a single nation, I have drawn up the present Introduction in order to obviate some of the difficulties with which this great

subject is surrounded. In the earlier chapters I have attempted to mark out the limits of the subject considered as a whole, and fix the largest possible basis upon which it can rest. With this view I have looked at civilization as broken into two vast divisions: the European division, in which Man is more powerful than Nature; and the non-European division, in which Nature is more powerful than Man. This has led us to the conclusion that national progress, in connexion with popular liberty, could have originated in no part of the world except in Europe; where, therefore, the rise of real civilization and the encroachments of the human mind upon the forces of nature are alone to be studied. The superiority of the mental laws over the physical being thus recognised as the ground-work of European history, the next step has been to resolve the mental laws into moral and intellectual, and prove the superior influence of the intellectual ones in accelerating the progress of man. These generalizations appear to me the essential preliminaries of history, considered as a science; and, in order to connect them with the special history of England, we have now merely to ascertain the fundamental condition of intellectual progress, as, until that is done, the annals of any people can only present an empirical succession of events connected by such stray and casual links as are devised by different writers according to their different principles. The remaining part of this Introduction will, therefore, be chiefly occupied in completing the scheme I have sketched by investigating the history of various countries in reference to those intellectual peculiarities on which the history of our own country supplies no adequate information. Thus, for instance, in Germany the accumulation of knowledge has been far more rapid than in England; the laws of the accumulation of knowledge may, on that account, be most conveniently studied in German history, and then applied deductively to the history of England. In the same way the Americans have diffused their knowledge much more completely than we have done; I, therefore, purpose to explain some of the phenomena of English civilization by those laws of diffusion, of which, in American civilization, the workings may be most clearly seen, and hence the discovery most easily made. Again, inasmuch as France is the most civilized country in which the protective spirit is very powerful, we may trace the occult tendencies of that spirit among ourselves

by studying its obvious tendencies among our neighbors. With this view I shall give an account of French history, in order to illustrate the protective principle, by showing the injury it has inflicted on a very able and enlightened people. And, in an analysis of the French Revolution, I shall point out how that great event was a reaction against the protective spirit; while, as the materials for the reaction were drawn from England, we shall also see it in the way in which the intellect of one country acts upon the intellect of another; and we shall arrive at some results respecting that interchange of ideas which is likely to become the most important regulator of European affairs. This will throw much light on the laws of international thought; and, in connexion with it, two separate chapters will be devoted to a History of the Protective Spirit, and an examination of its relative intensity in France and England. But the French, as a people, have, since the beginning or middle of the seventeenth century, been remarkably free from superstition; and, notwithstanding the efforts of their Government, they are very averse to ecclesiastical power; so that, although their history displays the protective principle in its political form, it supplies little evidence respecting its religious form; while in our own country the evidence is also scanty. Hence my intention is to give a view of Spanish history; because in it we may trace the full results of that protection against error which the spiritual classes are always eager to afford. In Spain the church has, from a very early period, possessed more authority and the clergy have been more influential both with the people and the Government than in any other country; it will, therefore, be convenient to study in Spain the laws of ecclesiastical development, and the manner in which that development affects the national interests. Another circumstance which operates on the intellectual progress of a nation is the method of investigation that its ablest men habitually employ. This method can only be one of two kinds: it must be either inductive or deductive. Each of these belongs to a different form of civilization, and is always accompanied by a different style of thought, particularly in regard to religion and science. These differences are of such immense importance that until their laws are known we cannot be said to understand the real history of past events. Now, the two extremes of the difference are undoubtedly Germany and the United States; the Germans being pre-eminently

deductive, the Americans inductive. But Germany and America are, in so many other respects, diametrically opposed to each other, that I have thought it expedient to study the operations of the deductive and inductive spirit in countries between which a closer analogy exists; because the greater the similarity between two nations the more easily can we trace the consequences of any single divergence, and the more conspicuous do the laws of that divergence become. Such an opportunity occurs in the history of Scotland as compared with that of England. Here we have two nations, bordering on each other, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, and knit together by the same interests. And yet it is a truth which seems to have escaped attention, but the proof of which I shall fully detail, that until the last thirty or forty years the Scotch intellect has been even more entirely deductive than the English intellect has been inductive. The inductive tendencies of the English mind, and the almost superstitious reverence with which we cling to them, have been noticed with regret by a few, and a very few of our ablest men. On the other hand, in Scotland, particularly during the eighteenth century, the great thinkers, with hardly an exception, adopted the deductive method. Now, the characteristic of deduction, when applied to branches of knowledge not yet ripe for it, is that it increases the number of hypotheses from which we reason downwards, and brings into disrepute the slow and patient ascent peculiar to inductive inquiry. This desire to grasp at truth by speculative and, as it were, foregone conclusions has often led the way to great discoveries; and no one, properly instructed, will deny its immense value. But when it is universally followed there is imminent danger lest the observation of mere empirical uniformities should be neglected; and lest thinking men should grow impatient at those small and proximate generalizations, which, according to the inductive scheme, must invariably precede the larger and higher ones. Whenever this impatience actually occurs there is produced serious mischief. For these lower generalizations form a neutral ground, which speculative minds and practical minds possess in common, and on which they meet. If this ground is cut away the meeting is impossible. In such case there arises among the scientific classes an undue contempt for inferences which the experience of the vulgar has drawn, but of which the laws seem inexplicable; while among the prac-

tical classes there arises a disregard of speculations so wide, so magnificent, and of which the intermediate and preliminary steps are hidden from their gaze. The results of this in Scotland are highly curious, and are, in several respects, similar to those which we find in Germany; since, in both countries, the intellectual classes have long been remarkable for boldness of investigation and their freedom from prejudice, and the people at large equally remarkable for the number of their superstitions and the strength of their prejudices. * * *

"This is an outline of the plan I propose to follow in the present introduction, and by means of which I hope to arrive at some results of permanent value. For by studying different principles in those countries where they have been most developed, the laws of principles will be more easily unfolded than if we had studied them in countries where they are very obscure. And, inasmuch as in England civilization has followed a course more orderly and less disturbed than in any other country, it becomes the more necessary, in writing its history, to use some resources like those which I have suggested. What makes the history of England so eminently valuable is, that no where else has the national progress been so little interfered with, either for good or for evil. But the mere fact that our civilization has, by this means, been preserved in a more natural and healthy state, renders it incumbent on us to study the diseases to which it is liable, by observing those other countries where social disease is more rife. The security and the durability of civilization must depend on the regularity with which its elements are combined, and on the harmony with which they work. If any one element is too active, the whole composition will be in danger. Hence it is that although the laws of the composition of the elements will be best ascertained wherever we can find the composition most complete, we must, nevertheless, search for the laws of each separate element wherever we can find the element itself most active. While, therefore, I have selected the history of England as that in which the harmony of the different principles has been longest maintained, I have, precisely on that account, thought it advisable to study each principle separately in the country where it has been most powerful, and where, by its inordinate development, the equilibrium of the entire structure has been disturbed."

We have thus allowed Mr. Buckle to

explain the plan of his own work, and have given a specimen of his style as well as a glimpse of the magnitude of the view which he purposes to open up before the view of his readers. Before, entering upon the wide field which he proposes to open up in his way, he proceeds to establish a common belief, that Religion, Literature, and Government are prime causes in human affairs; a proposition which, ever wide-spread or plausible, in Buckle's eyes, "altogether erroneous in point of fact, and false in political statement, being indeed for a glaring inversion of ideas—of what we may term a species of anachronism. For, according to Buckle, Religion, Literature, and Government are but the results of certain social antecedents, and serve only to mark successive stages of progress in the social civilization. They have no agency in creating civilization. We have heard this opinion advanced before, but Mr. B. is the first philosopher who has risked his reputation for common sense by imposing upon his disciples a delusion so transparent."

Having thus explained the plan which he proposes to prosecute in his history, and having established a general proposition that the progress of European civilization is solely the progress of knowledge, and that the progress of knowledge depends, in the number of truths which the intellect discovers, and on the manner in which they are diffused, Mr. Buckle next proceeds to verify these conclusions by an exhaustive examination of such among the most important facts in the history of England as are explanatory of its self-evolved progress, and of such other most important facts in the history of other countries as serve to illustrate those intellectual laws in which the English civilization finds no adequate information. He then discusses such as tend to bring out in relief the historical laws which govern the more strikingly developed elements in Great Britain. Before, he undertakes to investigate the phases of civilization into which

great countries of Europe have diverged, Mr. Buckle, with a characteristic involution of thought in the treatment of his theme, pauses to indulge in a profound preliminary inquiry into the progress of historical composition, as forming the best introduction to an inquiry into the progress of the history of man. His views under this head are characterized by the usual combination of learned research and speculative fallacies.

Having thus cleared the way at last for entering upon an analysis of the historical laws to be developed in this general introduction to the History of England, the learned writer now fairly proceeds to his work, by giving first, in comprehensive outline, a history of the English intellect from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, for the purpose merely of showing that its progress was due to the spreading and deepening spirit of intellectual inquiry, or, as Mr. Buckle calls it, the spirit of skepticism—a convenient term which he appears to use in an intellectual rather than theological signification. In order more strikingly to present the same truth as embodied in French history, Mr. B. next traces an outline of the history of the French intellect from the middle of the sixteenth century to the accession of Louis XIV., mainly with the view of studying the abnormal conditions of French society resulting from what Mr. Buckle designates the too *protective spirit* of the French Government; by which latter phrase he means its too constant and overshadowing intervention in the municipal and private affairs of the people, who were retained in a state of perpetual tutelage instead of being left to develop their civil and social institutions under the laws of human nature and political freedom. In this too great energy of the protective spirit, traditional in the French Government, he finds the explanation of the different line of direction almost immemorably impressed on French political institutions as compared with those of England, where the people were early accustomed to think and act for themselves in all municipal or local concerns, and thus kept alive in

every county, township, and hundred so many re-entrant circles of civil independence and political activity, embraced within, but not, as in France, absorbed by, the central power of the General Government. And, in a natural reaction against this humbling, patronising spirit of the French monarchy, Mr. Buckle finds a leading incentive to the French revolution of '89, and minutely traces the rising signs of such reaction in connexion with the proximate causes which led to that great civil cataclysm. This portion of his task has been executed by the writer with an industry and thoroughness of research which are above all praise. These chapters must ever remain invaluable to the historical student for their copious citation of facts, if not always to the justness of the conclusions based upon them, or for the infallibility of the laws educed from this comprehensive survey of historical phenomena in the field of French history, which is here cited only as illustrative of the history of civilization in England. For the reader will comprehend that all these labours of Mr. Buckle are merely initiatory to the discovery and elucidation of the *historical laws* by which the body of English history is to be tried and represented in the main work which our author proposes one day to undertake, after he shall have finished this "Introduction," of which the forthcoming instalments will be devoted to an investigation of the civilizations of Germany, America, Scotland, and Spain, purely for the purpose of gathering into a focus the reflected light which, in common with that of France, they pour on certain intellectual tendencies less remarkably illustrated by the general tenor of English history. Each of these countries presents a different type, progress, and degree of intellectual development, and has therefore followed a different direction in its religious, scientific, social, and political history. The causes of these differences will thus be educed from the various phenomena by which they are subtended, and the next step, adds our exhaustive philosopher, will be to strike a generalization among the causes themselves, and,

having thus reduced them to certain principles common to all, we shall be furnished with what may be called "the fundamental laws of European thought"—the divergence of the different countries being determined by the different direction of these laws or else regulated by their comparative energy. It will remain for Mr. Buckle in the future volumes of his Introduction to give completeness to those laws; after which, in the body of his work, he expects "to apply them to the history of England, and endeavour by their aid to work out the epochs through which the British people have successively passed, fix the basis of their present civilization, and indicate the path of their future progress." What prospect there is that Mr. Buckle will live to fulfil these magnificent expectations the reader can judge as well as ourselves.

Conceding, as we think we have done without stint, the admiration extorted from us by the wide grasp of thought which Mr. Buckle sometimes displays in his generalizations, and renewing our tribute to the affluence of his historical reading and learning, we proceed to point out a few of the manifest imperfections which mar the excellence of this elaborate work, if they do not wholly destroy its pretensions as a philosophical and scientific treatise. This we shall do in all freedom as in all frankness, notwithstanding the slightly supercilious as well as deprecatory tone in which the writer intimates that if the critic may chance to meet in the present work any opinions adverse to his own, "he should remember that his views are, perchance, the same as those which I [Mr. Buckle] too once held, and which I have abandoned, because, after a wider range of study, I found them unsupported by solid proof, subversive of the interests of Man, and fatal to the progress of Knowledge." In some palliation of the hardihood that may seem to be implied in questioning the infallibility of Mr. Buckle's method, as well as the accuracy of some of his conclusions, we take leave to say that for the purposes and limitations of our criticism it is not necessary that we should

be able to vie with him in the wild excursions of his studies in history; for upon the accumulated wealth of his researches we have little remark to offer save in the way of commendation. It is to the very essence of his philosophical method that we take our greatest exceptions; it is with the very metaphysics which Mr. Buckle considers the most irreproachable part of his labours that we are the least satisfied; and in a department where he is manifestly so weak, we are sure we shall incur no charge of presumption if we venture to bring to the notice of our readers a few of his more glaring fallacies.

We agree with Mr. Buckle in holding that history no less than nature is the embodiment of reason and law. Since the day when the Greek Anaxagoras was the first to enunciate the proposition (which he failed to apprehend in all its breadth of meaning) that *Nous* (Understanding or Reason) governs the world, the deepest thinkers of the race have been curiously exploring the rational laws which may be said to constitute the harmony of the universe. When this doctrine was propounded, says Aristotle, Anaxagoras appeared as a sober man among the drunken. The minds of men were not prepared to accept its truth or to test its accuracy. Since that day great advances have been made in the knowledge of the laws by which the goings of the visible world are regulated, and the presence of law is now everywhere suspected, even though it is still far from being everywhere clearly and fully made out. Without pausing to explain why, in the natural order of evolution which obtains among the sciences, we might have expected the scientific character of history to be among the latest trophies of the inductive philosophy, it is enough to say that the laws which control the actions of men, whether singly or collectively considered, are from the very nature of the case more implicit in the phenomena as well as more complex in their relations than those which have been embodied in the physical universe, and which are almost expressed by the visible regularity of its movements.

Assuming, then, the scientific character of history, how shall we set about the task of unravelling the tangled skein of human affairs in the figure of society? This is the great problem which Mr. Buckle has proposed to himself, and undertaken to answer so far as regards the history of England. It remains for us to examine a few of the principles with which he sets out, and which must necessarily give character and complexion to all his conclusions.

In the first place, then, he ventures with a single dash of his pen to simplify the conditions of the problem by totally ignoring the doctrine of free agency, and consequently of moral responsibility, as attaching to the actions of men in the sphere of society. As this assumption lies at the very basis of Mr. Buckle's philosophy, we give it in his own words:

"The actions of men are by an easy and obvious division separated into two classes, the virtuous and the vicious; and as these classes are correlative, and when put together compose the total of our moral conduct, it follows that whatever increases the one will in a relative point of view diminish the other; so that if we can in any period detect a uniformity and a method in the vices of a people, there must be a corresponding regularity in their virtues; or if we could prove a regularity in their virtues we should necessarily infer an equal regularity in their vices; the two sets of actions being, according to the terms of the division, merely supplementary to each other. Or, to express this proposition in another way, it is evident that if it can be demonstrated that the bad actions of men vary in obedience to the changes in the surrounding society, we shall be obliged to infer that their good actions, which are, as it were, the residue of their bad ones, vary in the same manner; and we shall be forced to the further conclusion that such variations are *the result of large and general causes*, which, working upon the aggregate of society, *must produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom the society is composed.*"

In support of this position Mr. Buckle adduces the evidence derived from social statistics. What crimes, he asks, are apparently more arbitrary in their origin and capricious in their motives than mur-

der and suicide? Yet it is notorious, he adds, that in point of frequency "they are committed with as much regularity, and bear as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the rotations of the seasons." In London about two hundred and forty persons every year make way with themselves, insomuch, says Mr. B., that we may truly and safely say "in a given state of society a certain number of persons *must put an end to their own life*. This is the general law; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime depends, of course, upon special laws; which, however, in their total action, *must obey the large social law to which they are subordinate*. And the power of the larger law is so *irresistible* that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world can avail anything toward even checking its operation." Perturbations there are in the operations of these great social laws, but only such, says Mr. B., as are analogous to the aberrations observable in the laws of mechanics or of nature, where the concrete results are never expected to conform precisely to the abstract formulæ of science. "Just in the same way," he adds, "the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product *not of their volition*, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country." Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is, in Mr. B's opinion, that these variations should not be greater; and from the fact that the discrepancies are so trifling we may form, he thinks, some adequate idea of "the prodigious energy of those vast social laws, which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle."

As with vices, so with other phenomena of society. They are all the inevitable consequents of certain fixed, if not always ascertained antecedents. Marriage,

for instance, "is not determined by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known (adds Mr. B.) that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that *instead of having any connexion* with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people."

Now, if we may legitimately eliminate from human actions the element of conscious freedom and responsibility, the problem of reducing the facts of history to some cōordination of parts is undoubtedly facilitated in a high degree. But if it remains none the less true that man is not only a sentient but a moral being, endowed with the fearful prerogative of choosing between good and evil, then Mr. Buckle's solution of the problems of history is vitiated by his failure to embrace all the conditions which it presents. And here we find the *proton pseudos* of his philosophy—a philosophy falsely so called because it ignores the highest capacity of man, and omits, in its generalizations, precisely that attribute of human actions which invests the scientific treatment of history with most of its difficulty and nearly all its grandeur.

Is it true that the uniformity observable in human phenomena proves the absence of volition in their determination? Because every year two hundred and forty persons commit suicide in London, stimulated by every variety of motive and caprice, which constitute in each case so many *special laws*, does it therefore follow that these special laws which, individually considered, may certainly implicate moral considerations, are to be pronounced in their aggregate *non-moral* or *necessary* because that aggregate is seen to obey a definite numerical law? Is the moral quality of actions eliminated by their reduction to an arithmetical average? The fallacy of the hypothesis may be latent, but it is too paradoxical to have imposed on a mind so acute as Mr. Buckle's. Who shall assert that because the number of marriages bears a certain function to the

price of corn, it therefore follows that they are "*simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people,*" and have "*no connexion with personal feelings?*" Such language is as unphilosophical as it is illogical in statement and contradictory to human consciousness. Mr. Buckle, we suppose, will not deny that "personal feelings" do determine *some* of the marriages which occur in human society, any more than we shall deny that "the price of corn" may increase or lessen their number by enlarging or contracting the conditions which may be held to justify the assumption of conjugal responsibilities. Why, then, may we not retort his argument upon him, and say: "Because it is known that a certain number of persons marry every year from feelings of mutual love and admiration, it follows that marriages in every community bear a fixed and definite relation to the degree of amatory sensibility, and have no connexion with the price of subsistence?"

It will be seen that the fallacy is the same in each proposition, and results from a confusion of ideas in interpreting the rule of averages. Mr. Buckle should remember that in a universe which is a universe only because of the harmony that exists among its parts, every separate phenomenon in the realm of nature or of mind sustains a certain functional relation to every other phenomenon, and to the vast complex of phenomena seen in the totality of events. It is the part of philosophy to form its generalizations without unduly sinking any of the elements which should modify our grand conclusions, but Mr. Buckle, in summing up his great archetypal ideas of historical construction, contrives in some way to shuffle all moral considerations out of our sight, leaving the congeries of human affairs to be controlled in the last analysis, and in the most ultimate generalizations, by the irreversible laws of nature or society.

Of course we need not say that Mr. Buckle's theory demands the immediate and entire abrogation of all penal codes, or of any punitive sanctions in the enforcement of civil law. If in a given

state of society a certain number of men *must* commit the crime of murder in obedience to "the large social law," which holds all minor special laws in subordination to it, it follows that *society at large* is really answerable for all murders that are annually committed. In the light of this system may we not fancy that the exemplary Roman Emperor who wished all the necks of the Romans condensed into a single tracheal column, was in reality imbued with the philosophical ideas of Mr. Buckle, and only sought to wreak plenary vengeance on the confederated guilt which constrained a certain number of Latins, himself among them, to commit the foulest crimes against their will? In fact, individual crime, according to Mr. Buckle, is the misfortune, not the fault of the culprit, who has no volition as against "the large social law" which importunately demands a certain percentage of vice and crime every year. Is anything more needed to point the fallacy of a line of argument which logically conducts to such absurd conclusions—conclusions which are as disorganizing socially as they are false in philosophy?

Or if it be admitted that, in order to check eccentricities of temper or to restrain the sallies of private malice and vengeance, it might still be expedient to visit the penalty of capital punishment on the "crime" of murder, it is none the less clear that the quality of crime can attach to that act only after it shall have been made to appear that it has been done in contravention of "the great social law." If, for instance, it be found on examination that twenty murders must annually take place in Massachusetts under the pressure of the said social law, it follows that twenty culprits arraigned for murder might every year be rightfully exempted from the penalty of suffering death; for who does not see that their "crime" was nothing more than their misfortune, growing out of the evil times in which they lived. If, however, there should be an overplus of murders in any given year, it might be just and proper to hang the number in excess over the annual average of twenty, since this would have the useful effect of deterring

the evil-minded from abusing their privileges under "the large social law," and would at the same time keep the science of statistics in a favourable shape for quotation by philosophical historians. And hence, perhaps, we may see the undiscovered wisdom which has directed the legislators of Massachusetts (men who "builded wiser than they knew") to postpone the capital execution of every person condemned for murder in that State until one year after the date of his conviction. For in that time the annual returns of statistics may be completed, and the data thereby furnished by which to ascertain whether any more murders have been committed than are allowed by "the large social law." And after the Legislature of that humane Commonwealth shall have read Mr. Buckle, we are sure they will perfect the present statutes of their criminal code by providing for the unconditional pardon of as many murderers as shall appear by statistics to have acted in obedience to the large social law rather than their own volitions.

Omitting all animadversion on the shallow metaphysics displayed in Mr. Buckle's genesis of Free-will and Predestination, (which he thinks have respectively risen into abstract dogmas from the observed phenomena of chance and necessity,) and without pausing to point out any of the many partial generalizations into which he has fallen while treating on the comparative civilizations of India, Egypt, Mexico, Peru, Sweden, Portugal, and other countries, we proceed again to trace the persuasive influence of the radical fallacy which runs through all his disquisitions, so soon as, turning from the compilation of facts, he undertakes to draw from them their highest lessons.

Distinctly holding that all civil and social amelioration implies a two-fold progress, moral and intellectual, Mr. Buckle perceives that this double movement presents a question of great moment, namely, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important in the last analysis. For, he adds, the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more

powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior element to the laws of the superior one.

Mr. Buckle, as already intimated, gives the precedence to knowledge over morals. This he does mainly from two considerations: firstly, because the stock of moral truths has long been complete and stationary, and therefore, he thinks, cannot be held to have had any appreciable influence in determining the mutations of society; while, on the other hand, intellectual truths, being constantly cumulative, are perpetually infusing new forces into civilization. And, secondly, because the acquisitions of the intellect are more actively vitalizing in society than good deeds effected by the widest philanthropy from purely moral motives. These conclusions, says Mr. B., are no doubt very unpalatable; and he adds, with an air of oracular self-sufficiency, "what makes them peculiarly offensive is that it is impossible to refute them."

To our mind there is nothing offensive in these conclusions save the ignorance and stolidity which they argue in their patron. It remains to see whether they are so irrefragable as Mr. Buckle imagines. The illustration which he employs to enforce his argument in affirmation of the comparative inferiority of moral to intellectual truth is derived from the history of religious persecution and of war. Here, says Mr. B., we have two great evils which are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth. To what is this decline attributable? Evidently, he affirms, "to the diffusion of knowledge, and to that alone," since the diminution has marched step by step with the progress of intellectual illumination. Moral truths being stationary, and intellectual truths being progressive, he holds it highly improbable that the progress of society, in any amelioration, should be due to moral knowledge, which for many centuries has remained the same, rather than to intellectual knowledge, which for many centuries has been incessantly advancing. Hence he draws the monstrous inference that, "if we would ascertain the conditions which regulate the progress of modern civilization, we must seek them

in the history of the amount and diffusion of intellectual knowledge; and we must consider physical phenomena and moral principles as causing, no doubt *great aberrations in short periods*, but in long periods correcting and balancing themselves, and thus leaving the intellectual laws *to act uncontrolled by the inferior and subordinate agents.*" Again: "We are all sensible that moral principles do affect *nearly the whole of our actions*, but we have incontrovertible proof that *they produce not the least effect on mankind in the aggregate*, or even on man in very large masses, provided that we take the precaution of studying social phenomena for a period sufficiently long and on a scale sufficiently great to enable the superior laws to come into uncontrolled operation."

Here we have another proof of Mr. Buckle's method of disposing of moral truths by shuffling them out of sight from his grand generalizations. Moral ideas, he says, influence all men individually but produce not the least effect on mankind in general! To state the proposition is to confute it. But as it is put forward with such an air of assurance let us see it a little more narrowly.

To impute to moral truths as a defect the fact that they are stationary, and not progressive, is to complain of the foundations upon which a palace is reared because they are not liable to expansion and contraction. For, by some unaccountable confusion of ideas, Mr. Buckle throughout fails to discriminate between moral truths *in the abstract* and their *concrete realization in the figure of society*. In abstract truths, undoubtedly they are incapable of constant multiplication, but who does not see that they are susceptible of a constantly increasing verification in the actual conduct of human affairs? This latter it is which constitutes moral progress, properly so called. Morality is indeed the great conservative band of every community, and without knowledge becomes an element of greater destructiveness. It is the guarantee of all intellectual as of all social advancement. In what country has dissolution of morals been combined with a steady and who-

some acquisition of useful knowledge? Yet if moral principles are only potent enough to produce "aberrations in short periods," might we not have expected Mr. Buckle to cite some instance in which intellectual laws may be shown to have acted "uncontrolled by the inferior and subordinate agencies" of morality? The atrocities of the French Revolution were great "aberrations" in the history of humanity—aberrations from which the French mind is even yet slowly recovering itself, as is proved by the periodical oscillations with which it swings between the torpor of absolutism and the spasms of popular revolt. We leave the reader to judge whether the greater or less degree in which moral truths have infiltrated themselves into French society has had anything to do in giving definite form and peculiar colour to its distinctive civilization, or whether, as Mr. Buckle would assert, their efficacy has been limited to the mere production of sporadic growths at particular periods in the annals of France. Or, to advert to British history, in which, as Mr. Buckle says, we can trace the constant increase and diffusion of intellectual knowledge, let us ask if the England of Cromwell and the Puritans was so much inferior in all the elements that constitute a State to the England of Charles II. as we should be warranted in expecting, if indeed it were true that "the effect of moral influences is, in the great average of human affairs, nowhere to be seen," and if "the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed."

Mr. Buckle, we need hardly say for the information of the intelligent reader, embraces the elements of Christianity in the scope of his argument when he decides in favour of the comparative superiority of intellectual to moral truths. Indeed, we are gravely told that "the system of morals propounded in the New Testament contain no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and that some of the most beautiful passages in the Apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors." We imagine it would be somewhat difficult for Mr. Buckle to

find in Pagan literature the originals of all the moral virtues enjoined by Christ and his Apostles; but, admitting the statement in all its length and breadth, it would still fail to strip Christianity of its crowning glory, considered as a merely historical element. For it cannot be denied that the new hopes and fears which it awakened in the breast of humanity were so many new forces impressed upon the current of human thoughts and actions, and supplied to the system of natural morals all the superadded incentives and motives derived from "the powers of the world to come." If these pass for naught in the estimation of Mr. Buckle, they have at least left the marks of their prevalence in those revolutions of the world's history which have made the progress of humanity but a reflex of the successive stages through which Christianity has passed in gradually displacing the old ethnic civilization. But we weary in the exposure of a sciolism which is as unhistorical in its facts as it is unphilosophical in its teachings.

Having devoted so much of our space to the examination of what seems to us the radical fallacy of Mr. Buckle's volume, we have no room in which to treat in detail upon certain other inaccuracies and paralogisms into which he has fallen. We may say, however, that if some of his generalizations seem to us unsound, many of his historical parallels seem to us equally imaginary. For instance, in speaking of the effect of climate and soil on the social life and mental habits of a people, Mr. Buckle remarks that although Spain and Portugal on the one hand, and Sweden and Norway on the other, are countries essentially dissimilar in government, laws, religion, and manners, yet these four countries have one point in common, namely, that their agriculture is interrupted by the heat and dryness of the weather in the former countries, and by the cold and shortness of the days in the latter. "*The consequence is,*" he adds, "that these four nations, though so different in other respects, are all remarkable *for a certain feebleness of character*, presenting a striking contrast to the more regular and settled habits which are

established in countries where climate subjects the working classes to fewer interruptions." Where the meteorological facts are unfounded it is hardly necessary to say that the philosophical inference from them is historically false.

Mr. E. Meriam, who attends to the state of the weather generally, but makes earthquakes his *specialité*, will learn with much satisfaction that Mr. Buckle agrees with him in thinking "there is much reason to believe that these phenomena are always preceded by atmospheric changes, which strike immediately at the nervous system, and have a direct physical tendency" not only to create an extraordinary agitation in the duodenum, but also "to impair the intellectual powers." And hence, as Mr. Meriam finds in earthquakes an explanation of disordered bowels throughout a continent, so Mr. Buckle discerns in these same subterranean concussions the secret of that political and intellectual incapacity which has been displayed by countries like Peru and Mexico during the cycles of their history. But even the statistical Mr. Meriam will learn with surprise that "earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more frequent and more destructive in Italy and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula than in any of the great countries;" and that it is for precisely this reason that in these countries "superstition is most rife and the superstitious classes most powerful." For, Mr. Meriam, with the rest of mankind, (save Mr. Buckle,) is aware that there are no volcanoes in the Spanish peninsula, and that the only earthquake known to have occurred there was that of Lisbon in 1756, which, though sufficiently "destructive," can hardly be held sufficiently "frequent" to sustain Mr. B.'s assertion when he declares that "earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more numerous" in that quarter than "in any of the great countries."

We trace a like license of the imagination in the writer's attempt to run a parallel between the war of the Fronde in France and the Great Rebellion against Charles in England. "It would indeed be far from accurate," admits Mr. Buckle,

"to say that the two events were [respectively] the counterpart to each other; but there can be no doubt that the analogy between them is very striking." The actual analogy which he traces is very transcendental, as might be expected in any attempt to institute a comparison between "the most prodigious and the boldest rebellion that any age or country ever brought forth," as Clarendon not unfitly characterizes the one, and that playing at rebellion which passes under the facetious name of the "wars of the Fronde," or as it is otherwise called the "war of the ladies." Mr. Buckle seems himself to be not wholly unaware of the generic differences between these two civil commotions. The one was waged in the name of civil liberty against royal prerogative; the other turned on the right of the French nobles to sit rather than stand in the presence of their king. As we turn the weighty pages of Clarendon we find how closely, in the one, the grandest problems of human destiny and the deepest mysteries of religion were united in the thoughts of the gloomy but earnest men who were working out their country's deliverance from the shameless perfidy of Charles and the persecuting bigotry of Laud; in the sprightly pages of de Motteville we read what formed the "direful spring" of the mimic wars which amused the French nobles engaged in the other. Nay, Mr. Buckle tells us in another part of his volume that the greatest difficulties and disputes of these belligerent French noblemen and ladies arose as to mere points of conventional etiquette, such as who was to have an arm chair at court; who was to be invited to the royal dinners and who was to be excluded from them; who was to be kissed by the Queen and who was not to be kissed by her; who should have the first seat in church; what the proper proportion was between the rank of different persons and the length of the carpet which they were allowed to stand; what was the dignity a noble must have maintained in order to justify his entering the Louvre in a coach; who was to have precedence at coronations; whether dukes were equal, or whether, as some

thought, the Duke de Bouillon, having once possessed the sovereignty of Sedan, was superior to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who had never possessed any sovereignty at all; whether the Duke de Beaufort ought or ought not to enter the council chamber before the Duke de Nemours, and whether, being there, he ought to sit above him. These and such as these were the mighty and momentous questions which convulsed France during the period when the most serious misunderstandings arose as to who should have the supreme honour of handing to the King his napkin as he ate his meals, and when the ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber, not to be surpassed by the gentlemen of the court in their obsequious loyalty, espoused different parties in the "wars of the Fronde," solely in order to decide by an appeal to arms their respective pretensions to the inestimable privilege of helping on the Queen with her juxta-cutaneous linen. The reader, in a word, who will compare the "campaigns of Mademoiselle" with the "crowning mercies" for which Cromwell offered solemn thanks to the Lord, will find the measure of the likeness between the "Ladies' War" and the "Great Rebellion."

We had intended to offer some reflections on many other portions of Mr. Buckle's work, but we are constrained to forbear from the length to which our remarks have already extended. We had intended to allude to the supposititious origin ascribed to St. Augustine's Pauline theology; to the one-sided and erroneous view of Christian doctrine presented under the name of "Calvinism," by a writer who has evidently never read the Institutes, and who significantly enough, while devoting almost a whole chapter to a contrast of "Calvinism" and "Armenianism," considered in relation

to their political tendencies and historic influences, (a contrast just and proper in the main,) makes not a single reference to the writings of either Calvin or Armenius, nor even enumerates their names in the list of the five hundred and more authors who are somewhat ambitiously paraded in the front of his work "with the view of indicating the nature and extent of the materials used" in its compilation. We had intended also to remark on Mr. Buckle's depreciatory criticism of Edmund Burke because that liberal and enlightened statesman could not find it in his heart to look with complacency on the horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty during the French Revolution; we had purposed to cite a few instances in which Mr. Buckle, in narrating the events that occurred during the reign of George III, has allowed his anti-Tory political prejudices to betray him into exaggerated statements which do not become the calm and impartial historian, to say nothing of the philosopher; but on these, as on all other points, we must refrain from animadversion, and satisfy ourselves by simply invoking the careful and critical attention of our readers to a volume which combines more of ripe erudition and crude speculation than any it has ever before been our fortune to meet. It is to be hoped that Mr. Buckle, before proceeding with his work, will put himself on a course of reading in metaphysics, theology, and logic. In all these he is sadly deficient, as is apparent not only from the contexture of his present volume, but even from his own admissions. He has undertaken a great task and a noble one. But let him beware lest, in regard to his merits as a *philosopher*, it may be said of him in the end that he spent his life in dropping empty buckets into empty wells and drawing nothing up.

MRS. STOWE AND DRED.

It may, perhaps, seem rather late in the day to review "Dred," that dismal story of the Dismal Swamp, which Mrs. Stowe gave to the world some three years ago, and which, aimed, as it was, against the people of the Southern States, like the terrible boomerang, came back upon her and demolished her own reputation. We have never, indeed, up to the present moment, alluded to "Dred" in the pages of the *Messenger*, nor had we thought of doing so, until the following notice of it from the pen of a most accomplished young lady of New England was placed at our discretion, to publish or not, as we should determine. The reader will see that the article, which, it is proper to say, was not written for publication, is less a criticism of the novel than a characterization of the Beecher family, and as such we are confident it will be gratefully accepted. We should be gratified to hear again from our fair correspondent. [ED. SOC. LIT. MESSANGER.]

The old proverb, which divided the English into three classes—"Saints, sinners and Herveys," has of late received a cis-atlantic application, and the citizens of the new world have been designated as "Good, Bad and Beechers," the latter being supposed to be an intermediate class between the two others.

Proprietors of too much genius and goodness to be summarily condemned, and of too much ultraism and singularity to be commended, the Beechers defy both natural and artificial methods of classification, and can be ranked only in the catalogue of American curiosities. As we direct travellers to a hot spring or a mammoth cave, as the peculiarity of American nature, so we point out to him the Beecher family as the freak of American humanity.

Now, though it has been shrewdly suspected, that if the quality called Beecher were analyzed, it would be found to be identical with other forms of human depravity, yet as long as it passes for something better, its possessors are allowed immunities denied to the rest of the world. They can trample on conventionalities, say and do what others would be condemned for saying and doing, and all this is looked upon as only the characteristic manifestation of an elementary substance. So widely have the family been dispersed, that it has become the ready explanation of idiosyncracies in every part of our land, to say that they originated with the Beechers, and, since the death of John Randolph, every orphan epigram and oddity has been attributed to them.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has, for years been celebrated no less for his excellence than for his eccentricity. His children however, not content with the fame they inherit from their colossal father, seem bent on achieving renown for themselves and with great calculation have so marked out their orbits as to avoid all danger of collision.

Miss Catherine has in her department Domestic Economy, Hygienic Education and Cookery; Mrs. Stowe seeks her fortune in the furtherance of moral reform while Reverend Henry Ward shows versatility in turning to account the fragments abandoned by the others. He has his imagination in twenty-five to hundred dollar packages to lyceums, supplies the scintillations of his genius to the New York Independent; now a rifle for Kansas, and now reports to newspaper readers the progress of poultry yard at Lennox. Matters in this world being pretty much used, Dr. Edward Beecher throws his paraqu Coast Guard beyond the sphere of the coast guard and makes a novel excursion into the realm of the past, and comes back to put on this planet his Rambles in Chaos.

Who can predict the future, when considered that there is a *third* generation, in whom, no doubt, the speculative eyes of Old Tiff would unmistakably discern "de very sperit of de family."

In 1852 Mrs. Stowe appeared before the American public as the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—she visited Europe and on her return published two volumes of adjectives, which were sold and read as another work from the authoress.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; and just as Thomas Campbell complained that he was never recognized in any other capacity than that of Author of the Pleasures of Hope, it seemed probable that Mrs. Stowe would be known to futurity, only as the patroness of poor Uncle Tom. "Life among the Lowly" was made the measure by which all subsequent publications of like kind should be gauged, and it was supposed that even its authoress, a modern Cervantes, would be unable again to produce anything which should quite come up to its standard. In defiance of this opinion, and no doubt with the triple intention of replenishing her purse, furthering moral reform, and reminding the world that she is mentally alive, Mrs. Stowe has issued another work, published simultaneously in three countries.

Instead of avoiding comparisons by aiming at a different target, with true Beecherly boldness she again selects the subject of slavery, and brings out of the Dismal Swamp some spirited sketches founded on the South Carolina insurrection, the Cincinnati slave case, and the attack on Mr. Sumner.

These are surnamed Dred, for no other reason than that it is a novel and attractive name. In fact, Dred is the most uninteresting and unnatural character in the book, and no more the hero than Mr. Edward Clayton, a man dubbed idealist because he followed his conscience rather than his interest, or Miss Nina, a singular combination of coquetry and practical philosophy, a rainbow with a pot of money at the end,—or best of all, Old Tiff, a negro who had possessed such extreme veneration for the "F. F. V.'s," that only the hard experience of age, and a residence in New England, could convince him that character was equivalent to family, and that as a lady could not marry all the generations back, it was best for her to look at the man himself rather than his ancestors.

In their portraiture of Southern life, we do not criticise the lights and shades of Mrs. Stowe's work. Let us rather look at its literary merits and moral

character, at it, as the work of a popular authoress and Christian lady.

While Uncle Tom may be said to contain the pith of her genius, Dred is not wanting in the lively wit, drama and argument, which marked its predecessor. At the same time there is frequently discernible in it, a want of that delicacy always so pleasing in female writers, and of a reverence for sacred things no less essential to literary refinement than to consistent Christianity. Indeed, one of the most prominent features of the work is a constant bordering on profanity, and such frequent use of irreverent expressions as leads us to inquire into the nature of Mrs. Stowe's philanthropic zeal.

Is she engaged in a crusade against sin, or against slavery?

If against *sin*, what is accomplished, when, in destroying one form of evil she builds up another, and lends her influence at once to overturn oppression and encourage profanity? One would almost conclude that, in her view, slavery was the only synonym for guilt, and that she thought it no wrong to break the third specific commandment, to enforce the great general law of love.

The only apology for these expressions must be, that they are necessary to the effectiveness of her picture of Southern wrongs. But is profanity any more a *sine-qua-non* to Dred than cotton to the North, or negroes to the South?

The "shalt not" is as strict against profanity as against oppression, and the only plea for it is one that our authoress denies to the South, that of expediency. Let us measure Southern consistency by our own. Mrs. Stowe complains "that the mouth of the North is filled with cotton, and will be kept so as long as suits Southern interest," yet Mrs. Stowe, in her Sunny Memories, says she does not feel the sacrifice of slave labour products to be required of us.

From one identified with the tribe of Levi, as a daughter, sister, and wife, we could not have anticipated such libellous reflections on the American ministry as Dred contains. Of all the clergymen mentioned, only one poor, persecuted

man is faithful, and he but just escapes feathers and lynching.

There is Mr. Titmarsh, "a theological dictionary with a cravat on," and Dr. Calker, "who loves the church better than the Deity," meaning by the church the Presbyterian organization in America, and there is Dr. Cushing, and Dr. Baskum, and Father Bonnie, all preaching to Southern men, and more or less swayed by Southern interest. But there is no Mason and Dixon's line limiting Mrs. Stowe's invective. Dr. Packthread, an influential minister in a *Northern* city, is described, we hesitate to repeat it, as "going on from year to year doing deeds which even a political candidate would blush at, while he sang hymns, made prayers, and expected, no doubt, to enter heaven by some neat arrangement of words used in two senses."

But there are accusations of the brethren as well as of the clergy. Dred says, "I have found the alligators and snakes better neighbours than Christians. They let those alone that let them alone, but Christians hunt for the precious life."

Of all the persons mentioned as lay professors of Christianity, not one is consistent save Tomtit, "who jined the church and did beautiful." The clear starched Aunt Nesbit, the barbarous Zekyl, are the examples of orthodox Christianity; while all genuine goodness

is vested in Clayton, Nina, and non-professing Christians.

At once, to decide the matter for the scrupulous, Dred was advertised as a novel. It is, however, perused by anti-fictionists, who read Uncle Tom because it was true, and read Dred because they read Uncle Tom, though one tithe of the profanity it contained would interdict the work of any of the old novelists from our puritan homes.

Mrs. Stowe says, "In a book, it is contact with the personality of the author that improves you—a real book always makes you think that there is more in the writer than he has said."

We beg pardon for hoping that there is nothing unexpressed in Dred, and that its authoress, like the Queen of Sheba, "has no more spirit in her."

Each expression of Mrs. Stowe has double significancy when we remember that her work is simultaneously issued in three countries, and that triple publicity is thus given to every reflection on our church or country.

We envy not the authoress who, in the deliberation of retirement, can fill her pen with unrefined expressions; we fear for the Christianity that can trifle with the use of profaneness; we do not acknowledge the patriotism which, in a foreign country, can quietly sit under the mutilated flag of our country.

Were she a woman, we should blush for the sex—luckily she is only a Beecher.



A STORY OF YESTERDAY.

From the French of Paul D'Ivoi.

In one of the most aristocratic streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, at the extremity of the street bordering on the Gros Caillou, there is a little well-known hotel, which was built in 1751, for a lady whose name shone at that period at the court of Louis XV. The family of this lady, an illustrious family, became extinct in 1793, unceremoniously cut off by an act of condemnation of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The hotel, for a long time the property of the nation, was sold at last to a speculator for less money than would be necessary at this day to purchase the building-lot of a small house in one of the most deserted streets of the city. It belongs at present to the great-grand-daughter of this speculator, who is a widow and mistress of a large fortune, though she is hardly thirty-three years of age.

Three months ago, this young lady, the Comtesse Amélie de C. was alone and in a reverie. She mused upon her happiness, upon her reign over the little flowery kingdom which she saw from her casement, upon her subjects, the servants who waited only upon her orders. She mused, and found this splendid existence too calm not to be a little monotonous, too unoccupied not to become, now and then, suggestive of those dreamy moods which border nearly upon ennui.

Accordingly, the Comtesse Amélie languidly passed the day at the bottom of her summer boudoir, lost like a nest in the foliage of a large garden. Walking here and there, seating herself, rising again with a petulant air, she threw aside, one after another, all her accustomed playthings: her Angora Cat, furious at being forsaken, bristled in a corner in its ermine fur; her beautiful bengalis, flying in a large cage of fine twisted silver wire between four silver-gilt palm trees, no longer amused our capricious lady: the remembrance of her husband, two years deceased, has never amused her. In short she was weary. Meanwhile, the sky above was as sweetly blue as the flower of the *Vergiss-mein-nicht*—a warm

breeze floated through the trees with a harmonious murmur; the fair Comtesse seemed like one of those pretty coquettish little shepherdesses who look down so graciously from their grassy thrones in the pastoral groups of Watteau, and Mignard, who painted such dazzling nymphs with eyes as oval as almonds and lips as red as cherries, had anticipated her.

The Comtesse Amélie is one of the richest, the most beautiful and the most distinguished women in Paris, and yet she is sad. Her dejection has been of some duration, for her birds, forgotten, have had nothing to eat, and her loveliest flowers are dying for water. After walking for several minutes in her boudoir, like some exquisite panther in its cage, she coloured up, seized from a gilded pier-table a piece of Japanese porcelain of rare beauty and dashed it violently in fragments against the floor. She smiled, a little calmed by this performance, and then drew forth from a drawer a pack of cards, spread them out upon a round table of marqueterie and began to arrange them after the manner of a fortune-teller.

She dealt the cards.

She began again several times: each time she turned up to herself the knave of hearts and the knave of clubs; she placed mysteriously her pretty little rosy finger sometimes on one and sometimes on the other, dwelt upon them pensively, then fired with indignation that her luck could bring her only one of these two cards. She began over again once more, and then both the knaves reappeared.

Finally she tried her fortune for the last time, when she drew three knaves, the knave of hearts, the knave of clubs and the knave of diamonds.

What was the meaning of this? the cards could not lie. The knave of hearts, this is a lover with whom one must expect to be linked for better, for worse. The knave of clubs, this is also a lover, a lover who has money; the club means money; one may wed also for that. The knave of diamonds, what are we to think of him? The diamond is friendship and

marriage, but the knave of diamonds is a traitor, a soldier that carries bad news.

She was employed in these meditations when the door opened, and a little negro, three feet high, dressed in a livery of peach-blossom, announced

Monsieur le Baron Auguste de V. . . ,
Monsieur Amédée de S. . .

The Comtesse Amélie gave a little scream and hastily threw aside the cards.

Compose yourself, madame, we do not come to disturb your game.

Auguste and Amédée divined at a glance the mental condition of the pretty Comtesse. They saw the perishing flowers, the bengalis enraged by hunger, the broken fans, the porcelain shattered to pieces, the pets in an uproar, the cat in disgrace, and both readily conjectured why she had taken counsel of the cards.

Notwithstanding the little scene of which we have been a witness, it must not be supposed that the Comtesse Amélie was a child. She had her little paroxysms, but she was really a woman of mind and character. Married at sixteen to a man much older than herself, she had not known the period of girlhood; she had passed at once from infancy to the exciting life of a woman of the world. She was a true woman, looking upon life after a fashion at once intelligent and poetic, animating all whom she met with a fervid and mysterious inspiration, possessed of tact and judgment, having a certain hardihood such as belongs to women who passed from the period of innocence too early to have ever known it, and with this, subject to those returns of her childish nature, those inexplicable freaks, those pouting caprices which we see in an infant playing with a doll. In fine, and as the result of these contradictions, she was an adorable creature.

It is proper for us to say a word also of the knave of hearts and the knave of clubs.

The knave of clubs, Auguste de V. . . , was twenty-nine years of age; a handsome young bachelor, of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair like the crow's wing. He was brave. He was rich. He had first met the Comtesse Amélie when he was oppressed by the yoke of a great

affliction. Amélie had made him acquainted with that smile of woman which restores happiness and light to hearts darkened by the deepest gloom; he fell in love with Amélie with all his strength and all his soul, and Amélie loved him.

Unfortunately she also loved the knave of hearts, the fair-haired and timid Amédée de S. . . Amédée was a person of great distinction, he had a complexion of aristocratic paleness, beard and hair of an ashy lightness; his eyes were of a milky blue; full of elegance and grace, he was of a refined and delicate nature which was both intellectual and sad; he loved the Comtesse, but he loved her poetically, with that selfish passion which makes one love a woman less for herself than for the tendernesses, the ebullitions of rage, the seasons of softness, the fits of fervor, the sportive sallies, the sudden attacks of peevishness, the outbreaks of feeling, the strange intervals of despondence, the foolish hopes, in a word, for that quivering interest which a capricious creature attaches to the least disturbance of her musings. He loved the Comtesse as a musician loves his piano—the Comtesse was the instrument by which were accompanied the dreams of his heart. He had not for her then a true love, the love which belongs to those rare and mysterious apparitions of whom men talk so much and see so little, according to Rochefoucauld. But this love he sincerely thought he experienced.

The Comtesse did not manifest a preference for either of these two lovers. She did not know which of them to choose. She dreaded to make the choice, for to select one was to send off the other.

The knave of hearts and the knave of clubs were devoted friends. But love had singularly impaired their friendship. When therefore to-day they surprised the Comtesse interrogating fortune, because her heart had not the courage to speak, they resolved to determine the question precipitately.

Up to this moment they had never spoken of love to the Comtesse or asked her hand but separately and apart from each other. Without previous concert, they found themselves of the same mind, and

demanded of her, with the utmost politeness and consideration, that she should choose between them. The Comtesse, rendered yet more irresolute by the persistence of the cards in refusing to direct her choice, responded evasively, flattering both of them, leaving both to hope, and promising both a prompt reply.

They left the house in a fury.

Auguste and Amédée lived in the same street, one of the great streets of the Faubourg St. Germain running parallel with the Seine.

The following day Auguste and Amédée sallied out at the same hour and met each other in the street equidistant from their dwellings.

I was going to your house, said Auguste, without offering his hand to Amédée.

And I to yours, replied the latter.

My dear friend, we must fight.

My friend, I must kill you.

You think, as I do, that as long as we both live—

—The Comtesse will never decide to choose between us.

It is therefore necessary to compel her to a decision.

This must be done.

It is understood ; to morrow at Vincennes a pistol ball shall kill one of us and marry the other.

Next day at noon they were on the ground. The knave of hearts had for his seconds two fair-haired young lawyers, friends of his, little acquainted with the laws of the duel ; the knave of clubs was accompanied by one of his friends, the Comte Hector de T. . ., a cavalry officer of high distinction, of a great family and very expert in affairs of honour and gallantry. Auguste had presented him to the Comtesse who could not endure him.

The rivals were placed fifteen paces apart ; the word was given, two pistol-shots went off simultaneously, and Auguste, the knave of clubs, fell bathed in his blood.

The unhappy knave of hearts was in despair. But Hector gave him no time for lamentation.

Monsieur, said he, you have killed my friend, but you bore yourself gallantly.

Fly at once from pursuit ; I will employ myself in arranging matters so that you may return. Go to Germany. Here are six thousand francs which I had brought to meet emergencies for my unfortunate friend. Lose no time in making your escape.

Amédée distractedly threw himself into his phaeton, drove immediately to the Eastern railway station and left by the first train.

Meanwhile, a surgeon whom they had brought with them was kneeling down by the side of the wounded man and had uttered a cry of joy. He had only fainted. The ball had but grazed the cheek and the tip of the ear—a lively hemorrhage was the consequence, and the blood which flowed forth had induced the belief that the wound was more serious. But after all it was nothing, and the swoon having passed away and the wound having been dressed, there was no more to be said.

The seconds left the ground. Those of Amédée would have attempted to overtake him but they knew not in which direction he had fled. They charged themselves with writing to him, when they should have any news to communicate.

The wounded man having fainted a second time, was placed in his carriage and Hector took him home, to the apartments he himself occupied in the Champs Elysées.

Auguste came to himself. His scratch was nothing at all ; he was not even indisposed. But he was dreadfully frightened at the gloomy look of Hector.

The latter took both of Auguste's hands in his own.

My friend, said he, your swoon saved you a most melancholy spectacle. You have killed Amédée. It is absolutely necessary that you fly to avoid pursuit. I shall use every exertion to arrange the affair, I shall prevent any noise being made over it, I have powerful friends, this you know, but I shall be able to act more effectively, you being in a place of safety. Leave then immediately. Cut off your beard and moustache, wear blue glasses and take these six thousand francs for your immediate wants. I will remit

you more when you inform me where to send it.

Auguste lamented his enemy, threw himself into the arms of Hector, made him promise that he would narrate all to the Comtesse, and left by the Northern railway.

Auguste and Amédée wandered about everywhere, awaiting with impatience the moment when they might return to Paris; seeing nothing in the journals concerning the duel, they concluded that the good Hector had done his utmost to keep it silent, and both ardently wished to get back to Paris. Auguste had determined to return secretly. He was at Wiesbaden, he wished to see Baden Baden before his return.

Arriving there he entered the gaming saloon, seated himself at the table, and was getting ready to throw a louis on the *rouge*, when directly opposite to him he saw the ghost of Banquo who threw a louis on the *noir*. It was the pallid Amédée, more pallid than ever.

Auguste exclaimed aloud.

Amédée exclaimed aloud.

The knave of hearts and the knave of clubs recognized each other and embraced heartily.

They both explained, and you may imagine their indignation against the rascally Hector.

An hour afterwards, the knave of clubs and the knave of hearts were on their return to Paris. They approached the city, they arrived, took a carriage and were soon at their respective lodgings.

Monsieur, here are letters for you, said Auguste's concierge.

Monsieur, here are letters for you, said Amédée's concierge.

Auguste and Amédée broke open at the same moment, each before the door of his concierge, two letters engraved as follows

"Mme la Comtesse Amélie de C... has the honour of announcing her marriage with the Comte Hector de T..."

"M. le Comte Hector de T... has the honour of announcing his marriage with the Comtesse Amélie de C..."

"You are invited to assist at the nuptial benediction which will take place day after to-morrow at the church of —."

These letters had been there ten days. It had been eight days since Amélie and the Comte were married.

Auguste and Amédée each left his own house in a run to seek the house of the other. They met again in the middle of the street, letters in hand.

We will kill him, cried the fair haired knave of hearts, red with anger.

Let us do better, let us revenge ourselves more surely, let us remain his friends, and the friends of his wife.

This was what they did.

They sought Hector and gave him their pardon with a great air of sincerity.

But Hector, sure of being loved by his wife, saw through their plan and laughed at it with Amélie who said to him with a smile,

Bah! You know, mon ami, that they are not dangerous. As long as there are two of them I shall never be able to decide between them!

THE FALSE FRIEND.

I.

She was my playmate, and the sound of her glad, childish voice
 Had power to wreath my lip with smiles and bid my heart rejoice,
 And if, perchance, she wept or grieved, my cheek was stained with tears.
 So linked together were our hearts, in childhood's happy years.

II.

She was my friend, the truest one into whose faithful heart
 My dearest hope—my every wish, I feared not to impart;
 She was my earliest, dearest friend, most loved in those sweet hours.
 When hope and happiness smiled near, and strewed my path with flowers.

III.

At length strange words of dark import fell harshly on my ear.
 And base suspicions seemed to haunt the friends I held most dear.
 Some who had loved and trusted me now grew estranged and cold.
 And round my pathway seemed to hang some mystery untold.

IV.

As yet I heeded not their frown, with stern unyielding pride,
 With bitter scorn and fierce disdain, I strove the wound to hide,
 Though *some* were false, and though the world contained deceit and guile,
 Yet one kind friend's unfading truth, still made the desert smile.

V.

But who shall paint the deep despair, that seized my sinking heart,
 When that dark veil of mystery at length was rent apart,
 When *she* whom I had fondly loved, and thought too pure for earth,
 Was proved to be the heartless one, who gave each slander birth.

VI.

With candour ever on her lips, she blushed not to defame,
 And in the kindest terms she cast aspersions on my name.
 And the base falsehood, with the truth, so nicely did she blend,
 That many doubted and despised her unsuspecting friend.

VII.

I cannot *hate* that faithless friend, she whom I loved so long,
 And yet how deeply did she wound, how basely did she wrong,
 And the sad memory fills mine eye and rends my heart with pain.
 That as I trusted that false friend, I *ne'er* can trust again.

M.

ENTHUSIASM.

There is not in the whole arsenal of defamation, a weapon more potent, more fatal, than opprobrious epithets. They often fall with an irresistibly crushing effect on the cause, the party, the individual, against whom they are directed. Moore has very happily expressed this idea, as applied to political existence.

Rebellion, foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame.

The poison of these opprobrious arrows is all the more deadly, because like strychnine over the nervous system, it diffuses itself over the reputation of its victims, without leaving any other trace than the destruction which it produces.

A distinct, specific charge may be met and rejected; but a vague and indefinite accusation insinuated, rather than distinctly made, in an abusive epithet, is as impressive and as irresistibly noxious as a contagious atmosphere.

More especially is this the case in a period of excitement. Without going back to the past we have only to look around us now, for the saddest and most palpable evidence, how unfair and dangerous is the "argument of epithet," or rather from epithet, which, if it fall in with the popular feeling, no logic can refute, no ingenuity evade, no eloquence resist.

Names, once consecrated to noble and excellent qualities, are often applied by those who cannot or will not appreciate those qualities, to their dangerous perversions. It is thus, that evangelical, which properly belongs to men and principles, most nearly in accord with the blessed gospel, often designates, in the mouths of the worldly and latitudinarian, visionary and fanatical. The same class of sneerers employ, as an abusive epithet, Methodism, which originally indicated that systematic ardour of piety, which charac-

terized the followers of Wesley and Whitfield, and spread its life-giving savour over many Episcopalian divines.

In like manner, enthusiasm has been perverted from its primary meaning of inspiration, God in the soul, to signify that state of the mental atmosphere in which the light of reason is beclouded and obscured by the fumes of the imagination. The very sound of the word enthusiasm curls with scorn the lips of many who hide their cold selfishness and want of sympathy with every thing disinterested, under the proud names of reason and philosophy.

We wish not only to vindicate the claim of this term to be employed in a good sense, but to show by reasoning and the citation of examples, that in every department of human effort, a certain exaltation of the imagination is necessary to great achievements.

It is well known that the heathen priests and priestesses, who professed to give oracular responses, pretended to indicate by distorted countenances and quivering limbs the ingress and inspiration of the deities, and that this real or imaginary indwelling of the god, was from two Greek words called *enthusiasm*. Ancient skeptics regarded this as mere imposture, just as modern skeptics are prone to consider all ardent, professedly disinterested effort for benevolent purposes as ostentatious hypocrisy. As the ancient doubters were generally right, so we are compelled to admit that the suspicions of the modern are but too often well-founded. Yet he knows little of human nature, who will not believe that even those ancient enthusiasts were often self-deceived, and still less, if he cannot reconcile the unconscious mixture of a base alloy with the fine gold of true philanthropy.

Indeed it will not be hard to prove that a certain amount of self-deception is an absolutely necessary stimulant to nerve the human soul and the human arm, for levelling those mountainous difficulties which lie in the path of every great enterprise.

God has made this a world, not only of utility, but of beauty, has caused it to abound, not only in fruits but in flowers. Were the face of nature deprived of those beauteous hues, lent it by reflected light and a refracting atmosphere, it would become a dreary waste, it "would wear a universal shade." These hues make us not only endure it as our allotted, but love and enjoy it as our delightful residence. What the light and the atmosphere do for the landscape, the imagination does for our prospects in life. Viewed by the light of reason, which although clear as the sun, is cold as the moon, they often appear gloomy and forbidding. While the mental eye is gazing along the dreary track, the heart sinks and the hand is unnerved in despair. But when imagination pours its bright and warm beams over the scene, it is at once invested with new life and beauty, while hope and energy revive. We must not believe the voluptuous poet, at least in the sense which he evidently attaches to the couplet,

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."

This "show," "fleeting" though it may be, was "given" for nobler purposes, than mere "illusion"—for enabling man to bear the load of life, and to cheer him amid its toils and cares.

This useful, this benign "illusion," is no less necessary in the humblest than in the loftiest occupations, to the peasant in his cot, than to the prince in his palace. Could the peasant foresee, in all their reality, the hardship and misery that await him, he would too often shrink, like a coward, from the battle of life, and prematurely abandon his allotted station. Imagination, in him an almost unsuspected "faculty divine," gilds his future with an abundance of common physical and social enjoyments, such as he loves but seldom realizes, or, perchance, it kindles in his simple soul the hope of earthly wealth or grandeur, or better still, of a more than earthly crown, a more than earthly happiness, which last, if he seek them aright, will never prove an "illusion."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

if imagination does not fill it with bright anticipations of a greatness and glory in most cases never to be actually attained. Can any one believe that Alexander would have traversed the sands of Africa and the steppes of central Asia, had he clearly foreseen his drunken death at Babylon, and the severance of the mighty empire which he had won for his posterity, into numerous and discordant fragments? It was enthusiasm which bore him exultingly through those scenes of hardship and carnage, and which shed over them the light of coming renown. Could Napoleon have seen through the distance, looming up at the end of his career, "the vulture and the rock," would he have left his native isle to brave the terrors of the guillotine and the dangers of the battle-field? Even in the period of his unpromoted youth, when fortune seemed to frown on him, his imagination was filled with gorgeous visions of oriental conquests and glory, which prevented the storm-clouds of despair from settling down upon his soul, before promotion gave scope to his great powers. He was, indeed, a man of wonderful calculation, of acute discrimination, of the highest practical ability; yet he could no more have moved onward in his brilliant career without enthusiasm, than a vessel could reach its destination without the steam or gale that gives it motion.

Imagination, instead of being as many so-called practical men suppose, a merely superfluous or even dangerous faculty, is as necessary as any other to the complete whole of the human intellect and character. It fills the heart with hope, cheers the drooping spirits, and carries us onward over difficulties which, to the eye of reason, seem insuperable. It contributes to enjoyment in the course, and brings us triumphantly to the goal. Possessed in a high degree, and yet balanced by a sound judgment, it constitutes the great distinction between men capable of great undertakings, and those phlegmatic and desponding spirits who shrink back from every "high emprise."

Uncontrolled by reason, it may raise

our aspirations to tasks above our powers, and dangerous to the world as illustrated in the case of the mythological Phaeton; but the same mythology gives us a Prometheus, who stole from heaven fire, the very soul of the useful arts, and truth, palpable to our own eyes, a Morse who has taught us how to send that same fire in benignant currents along the electric wires of commerce.

We now proceed to compare some historical characters, who, living about the same periods, rose or sank, were useful or comparatively useless, glorious or comparatively obscure, as they possessed or lacked that electricity of soul which gives origin to enthusiasm.

During the century before Christ, nearly two thousand years ago, there lived in great intimacy two Roman youths, well-endowed by nature and by fortune. Not satisfied with the instruction which the best Roman masters could give, they together completed their education at Athens, then still the literary centre of the ancient world, although long since shorn of all political greatness. Together they frequented the schools of the philosophers; but in accordance, perhaps, with their natural tastes, they imbibed entirely different principles in regard to public affairs. The one embraced the doctrines of that Academic sect, which, indeed, doubted and discussed too much, yet was not unfriendly to the active duties of the orator and patriot. These doctrines coincided perfectly with the temper and views of one who pursued forensic and senatorial, literary and philosophic occupations, with an ardour, an industry, a genius and a success never surpassed. His zealous patriotism, which once saved his country from a dangerous conspiracy, was yet doomed to see that country's liberty go down under the overwhelming corruption of the time, and the onset of a man like Caesar, whose will and firmness, if not genius, were mightier than his own. The palm in eloquence, in prose composition, in philosophy, in all which departments he was *facile princeps* among his compatriots, did not save him from envy, from banishment, from deep sorrow over the fallen liberty of his country; nay it was

the fatal gift of eloquence which caused Anthony to murder him, and expose his severed hands and head on the rostrum, the scene of his triumphs. These misfortunes then, as well as his glorious success, must be traced to that enthusiasm which, with untiring industry, sought *aliquid immensum infinitumque* for himself and his dear republic. Yet without an imagination, that always gilded his "steep and strong" path with the halo of immediate and posthumous renown, he would never have won the summit, nor handed down to posterity his imperishable models of composition. Neither could he, deprived of this, have enjoyed the same degree of happiness; for strenuous effort in pursuit of laudable and stimulating objects, will mix no small portion of sweet with the bitterest cup which a good man may be called on to drain. This was more especially the case with Cicero, whose mental activity and thirst for employment were so great, that in spite of a great tendency to sea-sickness, he studied and wrote constantly even on his voyages, and in a year or two of compulsory leisure, after the downfall of the republic, consoled himself by writing moral and philosophical treatises which, of themselves, entitle him to immortality.

Atticus, Cicero's bosom-friend, adopted the principles of Epicurus, who, himself temperate, taught that pleasure is the chief good, and is best secured by shunning the cares and responsibilities of life, in imitation of the Gods who lived apart, undisturbed by the sorrows, the crimes and the strifes of mankind.

We cannot certainly tell whether he was led to embrace this theory, by the natural bent of his mind, or by witnessing an anarchy and corruption which none but the most sanguine patriots could see without despair. He kept entirely aloof from political controversy, which was raging around him, and interfered only to relieve his friends of both parties with an impartial generosity that did him honour. He was equally the friend of Pompey, of Caesar, of Brutus, of Antony, and of Augustus, commanding the respect and affection of persons inflamed by the most deadly hostility to each other.

We cannot refuse our admiration to this kindness,—almost expansive enough to be called philanthropy; nor to the literary zeal, directed specially to Greek, by which he won his name of Atticus. Yet, after all, we must doubt whether he fulfilled his destiny, discharged his duty to his suffering country, or even attained the happiness which would have been his in a more active life. We cannot help suspecting that his neglect of public duties weighed heavily on his Roman conscience, which must have been peculiarly sensitive on that point, and disturbed the repose which was, at best, a sort of lethargy. He knew that no true Roman ever despaired of the republic, or surrendered to either foreign or domestic enemies.

He left no impress on his age, and is known only from his friendship and correspondence with the great orator, whom, perchance, with the same stimulus of enthusiasm, he might have equalled.

Nearly fifteen hundred years after Cicero and Atticus, there lived two brothers in the same Italy, the birth-place of so many great men, and the theatre of so many great actions, although now trampled on by foreign and domestic tyrants.

Rome had passed away, and a new order of things had arisen. The heart of Europe was then stirred with a mighty impulse towards maritime discovery. The brothers mentioned were citizens of Genoa, then a strong maritime power. They had both learned the theory of nautical science, and the practice of nautical art, as far as they had been carried at that time. They were both equally experienced, hardy, brave, energetic, and endued with the spirit of command; in fine, both were equally fitted to shine in their profession. But the younger possessed one quality, the Promethean fire of a perennial enthusiasm, not vouchsafed to his senior and teacher, Bartholomew. In his delightful biography, Irving tells us, that he had "an ardent and enthusiastic imagination," and that "he was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind," that, "with all the sallying ar-

dour of his imagination, his ultimate success has been admirably characterized as a conquest of reflection."

He had conceived that, to make an equilibrium of land on the surface of the globe, there must be a large body of hitherto undiscovered land to the West. In sailing West, however, he expected only to find an extension to the East of China, to which he gave Marco Polo's name of Cathay. This land his fancy painted in all the beauty, splendour, and fertility associated with Hindostan and other regions imperfectly known, and dimly conceived of in that quarter. So strongly did this idea possess his mind, that he came to consider it as a certain truth, which it was his destiny to demonstrate to the world. He sought, in various courts in Europe, the means of realizing what was usually considered his dream. At length womanly compassion and piety, rather than queenly judgment, granted him the men and ships for trying the grand experiment.

Bartholomew, although he aided his brother in solicitation, would have despaired long before Queen Isabella's patronage was secured, had not the fated discoverer continued to "hope against hope." "Hope sprang eternal in his breast," as he pursued his dark and trackless way over the Western Atlantic. It died out in the hearts of his followers, who mutinied and insisted on turning back. Hardly could he prevail on them to continue their course one day more,—a day the most eventful, perhaps, in the secular history of mankind. What deed of Alexander can compare with his discovery? The Macedonian made his way through blood, rapine, and desolation to the banks of the Indus, where, as the tale goes, he sat down to weep, because there were no more worlds to conquer. Yet, had his geography and his career extended a little further, he would have found, not only Hindostan, one of the finest countries of the globe, but the very Cathay which Columbus sought. Lured on by the splendid vision of that bright land, the Genoese navigator won a bloodless victory over nature, and "gave a new world," not only to "Castile and

Leon," as recorded in his epitaph, but to civilization and Christianity. That new world was the gift of unconquerable enthusiasm. Of that enthusiasm the talents of Bartholomew Columbus were highly useful instruments, but without it, were utterly powerless to perform the great achievement.

But the power of enthusiasm in exalting the character to the firmness and energy necessary for great action, can be shown more clearly by the contrast between no two individuals, than between Erasmus and Luther. Erasmus had many brilliant qualities—wit, genius, learning, taste; he loved truth; had a certain degree of boldness in attacking error; lashed, with the scourge of his ridicule, the abominations of Monks, and did not spare the vices of kings. Alluding to monarchs who, amid the horrors of war, indulge in frivolous dissipation, he exclaimed, "*O gens Bruti jamdiu extincta. O, cæcum aut obtusum Jovis Fulmen.*" Such conduct and language indicated a readiness to lead the van of political and religious reformation, a task for which his talents, acquirements, and reputation eminently fitted him.

But this was reserved for one in whom duty triumphed over every other motive,—who saw the light of victory shining on every path, along which conscience seemed to lead him, and whose iron nerves shrank from no danger. Such was not Erasmus, who, hating tyranny and superstition, yet was disgusted with the violence and alarmed by the danger involved in a thorough reform, and wanted decision to strike bold and effective blows at existing abuses. His cautious timidity at last led him even to defend the church whose corruptions he had once exposed,—and thus he came into direct collision with the Saxon reformer, at whose side he should have fought the great battle of truth and freedom.

Luther was not so acute, nor were his wit, genius, and learning equal; neither did he possess that elegance and fascination which made Erasmus the delight of nobles and princes. But the monk of Erfurt had what was far above them all,—that electric spark of enthu-

siasm, which not only fired his soul, but produced that social to which Europe had been long, and which was essential to its rification. This alone overcame natural conservatism, and made the Imperial ban and the Papal

He may have been coarse, impatient of opposition; but ties must be forgotten in the ism with which he defended Worms, and thus set the Protestant example of bold yet prudent. A century later, Gustavus Adolphus on the field of Lutzen, defended the doctrines of Luther, and earned reputation for brilliant but his blood was stirred by drums and thundering cannon. The shock of the charge with which he had been long familiar, and, above all, the sympathy of a gallant and brave host.

But it was in the quiet solitary chamber, with nothing to distract but the ardent love of truth with which God had inspired Luther decided to meet the difficulties of the nature and extent of which he did not clearly foresee, but which from the past, seemed likely to be the stake. Under all circumstances without this dauntless enthusiasm there must have been an extraordinary man; with it, he was the most powerful of his age, and, under God, one of the foremost benefactors of his race.

Let us turn now to our friends and contemplate for a moment the lives of two men who figured in the great rebellion. One of them was possessed of genius, prodigious talents, elegant person, manners, and accomplishments, was the very soul of the movement, and enlightened liberality. He needed no need of reform in Church and State, and at first advocated it with discretion, firmness and moderation. But soon came in which he had to contend between the faithless Charles and the Parliament, which armed the nation in defence of national rights. He was not a royalist party, not because he disapproved the king's conduct, but

saw clearly and greatly dreaded the palpable evils of rebellion, without the buoyant hope entertained by others, that they would result in established freedom. Pining for peace, a word ever on his lips, he soon became careless and weary of life, and eagerly sought death on the battle-field. Thus fell Lord Falkland, as Clarendon says, "that incomparable young man, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the oldest rarely attained to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency." Yet it is evident from his eulogist's account, that he halted between the two great principles and parties, and adopted neither with the full consent of his heart. He was a man of singular excellence, and "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and Truth's." Yet he wanted that political ardour and decision, tempered by prudence, which is essential to eminent usefulness in critical emergencies.

At one time in close intimacy with Falkland, there figured another, and very different character, on the political theatre of that period. Incomparably inferior in learning and accomplishments, he was a plain country gentleman, wealthy indeed, and well educated, but pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way, without seeking *éclat* or distinction. Known in his immediate neighbourhood, as a man of excellence, of inflexible probity, and of public spirit, he had no national reputation, until he stepped forward to test, at his own expense, the legality of an unconstitutional tax. It was then seen that, under this calm exterior, he cherished an enthusiasm for rational liberty, which knew no fear and regarded no difficulty. By his admirable tact, self-control, and knowledge of men, he rose to the acknowledged leadership of the House of Commons, then a body of almost unequalled ability. Clarendon is forced to say "he was indeed a very wise man, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew."

He was foremost of those who drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, to compel a perfidious king to the observance of his promises and oaths. Alas! for England, Hampden, too, fell early in battle; he had exposed himself, not in recklessness and despair, but with the wise forecast of an heroic leader, anxious to restore, by his own daring, the sinking spirits of his followers, at first overmatched by the royalists. The nation mourned, while the king exulted in his death. Had he hesitated, had he joined either party with half a heart, his countrymen might have wept over him as they did over Falkland; but they would never have lamented him as the only pilot who could have steered the ship unharmed through the breakers and tempests of civil strife, as the true-hearted patriot, whose spotless name and example will ever guide and animate all true lovers of freedom.

Passing over another century, let us compare the course of two other individuals, who also lived in Great Britain.

The one was the son of a prime minister, who did not indeed leave a stainless reputation, but who, on the whole, governed the country ably and successfully. His son, without his strong practical sense, had far more genius, and had cultivated his literary taste far more, and more successfully. With these advantages of talent, culture, and social position, there might have been anticipated for him a most brilliant career in letters and statesmanship. Yet what has Horace Walpole done or written that is useful or glorious to himself or to his kind? He has handed down the name of a laborious trifler, a hunter after curiosities in literature and virtu; who, even down to old age, amuses us in the most idiomatic and easy English, with chit-chat and scandal.

The cotemporary, although nine years younger, with whom we shall compare him, was John Howard, at whose name, in such a connection, the lip of the fastidious aristocrat would doubtless have curled in scorn. There are, we thank God, few who can sympathize with the sneer. We remember well the pain, al-

most loathing, with which we listened to slighting mention of Howard in the speech of a young man, highly intellectual, but unfortunately skeptical. We thought in an evil omen, which has been so far verified by his obscurity.

Howard is, indeed, one of the noblest names of England, and John Howard was a man of property; but it was from neither name nor property that his character derived its lustre. The son of an upholsterer is, confessedly, "the noblest of the Howards." Not content with making his own tenants comfortable and happy, he spent thirty thousand pounds, and travelled fifty or sixty thousand miles in visiting the sick, and the prisoner, and, with a courage superior even to Luther's,—for Howard both decided and acted without the stimulus of public display,—he studied the plague in its direst forms, and, by word and pen, roused the attention of all Europe to the condition of gaols and hospitals. He fell in the Crimea, not in arms before Sebastopol, but on the battle-field of mercy—the victim of disease, contracted in nursing the sick. The only epitaph which he desired was, "Christ is my hope." The statue, which he refused in life, now stands in St. Paul's, and we doubt not the Russians themselves would be proud to see another in the Kremlin. He has a still nobler monument in the eulogies of Edmund Burke and John Foster, who, antipodes in most things, perfectly agreed in their admiration of Howard. After a most eloquent contrast between the travels of the philanthropist and those of the merely curious, the orator says, "His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner."

In his "Essay on Decision of Character," Foster cites him as the noblest example of that virtue. "The habitual passion of his mind," says he, "was a

pitch of excitement and impulsion, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one, when swollen to a torrent." Speaking of his visiting Rome without giving himself leisure to examine its antiquities and works of art, he concludes. "It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work, with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle speculators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

"His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness, as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the tedious length of labour and enterprize by which he was to reach it. So conspicuous was it before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every moment and every day was an approximation. As this method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and, as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Providence."

Yet, even this praise from such men is not equal to that best and universal tribute paid to his character in the fact that, wherever throughout Christendom men unite for humane purposes, the most appropriate name which they can assume is that of a *Howard Association*.

One more contrast and we are done—There were living in England at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, two men strongly opposed in character. Both clergymen, they were in almost every respect totally dissimilar—The one engaged in the clerical profession by necessity, not choice was fond of amusement, brilliant, and thoroughly

educated. Sidney Smith was the delight of every company, and one of the first writers of his age. None can fail to enjoy his overflowing humour, his vigorous, racy, trenchant English, and to admire the singular acuteness of that mental scalpel with which he separated sophistry from logic, truth from error.

He loved justice, and was a man of active benevolence. God forbid that we should say he was no Christian. He professed to be one, and he was certainly no hypocrite. But he made no pretension to that ardent and aggressive piety which he contemptuously styled *evangelical*. He pronounced William Wilberforce, who was a Christian, seven times refined in the furnace of temptation, and what he called his *Clapham sect*, more dangerous to the church of England than the Roman Catholic. He earnestly deprecated as well as ridiculed missionary effort in Hindostan, because, as he conceived, it jeopardized British ascendancy in that region. Zealously and efficiently advocating whatever he deemed right measures, he never was in any sense a religious enthusiast. Loving and beloved by his friends, he always promoted sound morality, being a prominent leader in many of the social and political reforms of the day, as he boasts in the preface to his *Miscellanies*. But that piety which changes the heart and sends a man forth in the earnest pursuit of spiritual good to his fellow-creatures, was a stranger alike to his heart and to his theory. Of course it was not his master-passion, the enthusiasm which filled his nature and nerved all his efforts.

Far otherwise was it with a "consecrated cobbler," at whose plans to convert the Hindoos, Smith directed the keenest shafts of his powerful ridicule. This man was indeed very poor, and earned precarious bread by honest industry.

"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth." He had never seen Eton, nor Westminster, nor Oxford. He had neither genius nor wit, nor, in its ordinary sense, imagination—no peculiar talent except for the acquisition of language. But his were an indomitable purpose, a persevering energy of will, a capacity for

labour which supplied the place of Smith's bright parts and golden opportunities.

At home he applied himself with unremitting diligence to the Classical and Hebrew languages. But he was not to stop there :

"His heart was pregnant with celestial fire."

Unsupported and even ridiculed by friends, scoffed at and denounced by enemies, he was, in England, the absolute originator of Eastern missions. "Silver and gold had he none;" "but such as he had," all his powers of body and mind, he gave to the enterprize which God, as he believed, had enjoined. In vain did heathen darkness hang like a pall over the Indian peninsula; the taper of his faith, bright and quenchless, carried him dauntless through the gloom. In vain did the Indo-English Government frown upon his plans and deny him a foothold on its territory. His true dignity and heaven-born patience could neither be confounded nor exhausted by opposition.

He saw before him an immense multitude ignorant of the way of life, and heard ever-ringing in his ears: "Preach the gospel to every creature."

He translated the Scriptures into some twenty of the dialects of Hindostan. Even in a literary point of view, this was a great work; but, viewed in a religious aspect, its importance is incalculable. "The book of books" made known to twenty tribes before ignorant of it, and sunk in an abyss of degradation! "Those who sat in darkness saw great light;" and "it was light from heaven" which never, in reality, as in the words of the poet, "leads astray." Who can tell how many poor Hindoos may derive instruction, consolation, nay salvation itself from William Carey's translations?

Not content with doing this himself, he smoothed the path of others by compiling the first good grammars and dictionaries of several of these dialects, and especially of Sanscrit, the parent of them all. Within eight years after he entered India, obscure and almost proscribed, he was selected by the accomplished governor-general, the Marquis Wellesley, as professor of Bengali and Sanscrit, in the

government College of Fort William, at Calcutta. Beginning almost without the necessary books, he filled this chair with distinguished ability for 30 years. Amid these engrossing occupations, he found time to become one of the first of oriental botanists and naturalists.

What did the vaunting Edinburgh reviewer do to be compared with these grand results? Time fails us to speak of those great discoverers in science and art, whose guiding-star has been enthusiasm through the dark hours, preceding brilliant success. In imagination's own domain too, how many painters, sculptors, architects and poets have, amid their wearing toils, fed on this ambrosial aliment? Listen to Milton speaking of his blind eyes:

"What supports me, dost thou ask,
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them
overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to
side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better
guide.

Again in a still finer strain.

I feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,"

And

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all
her powers
Irradiate.

The enthusiasm of patriotism, of genius and piety enabled him to "sing darkling" that song which glowed with the light of immortality.

But enthusiasm is not merely a stimulus to great, but cheers and encourages us amid those little things which mainly constitute the sum of human life. If it served only to form great orators, statesmen, discoverers and philanthropists, it might indirectly promote our interests, but could not influence our conduct. Yet it would certainly touch our sympathy, and increase our enjoyment. The enthusiasm of great men, whether in word or

action, stirs the cold and phlegmatic hearts of us, the common herd of mortals, like exercise and warmth, when they put in motion the current of life in some cold and benumbed limb. This kindling of the noble impulses by the electric touch of great eloquence or great deeds, is one of

"The purest pleasures mortal times afford."

It is sometimes felt in the highest degree by those least capable of imitating what they admire.

Yet is it not in this indirect manner only that enthusiasm affects those who stray

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life."

It often forms the consolation amid his toils and sufferings of the humblest artisan. Who can tell what day-dreams fill his mind as he plies his daily task under the weight of which he might otherwise sink? They may never be realized in actual fruition, yet they are a food as essential to mental as bread is to bodily health. The mechanist dreams that he will enrich himself by some discovery in machinery. This gives a new spring to his industry, and when it does not lead to success, as it often does, and is regulated by prudence, keeps him from evil and fills his mind with real enjoyment. In like manner the industry of the lawyer, the merchant, the physician, the farmer, is sustained by hopes of wealth or comfort, or luxury, often never attained. Yet they are realized in enjoyment as much, frequently more, than by their actual possessors.

In nothing is enthusiasm more appropriate, more needful, more delightful than in works of love and charity. Like a novelist or poet, it invests them with an attraction invisible to the cold eye of reason. We know that a sense of duty causes many an act of charity, carries many a kind heart into the disgusting abodes of vicious poverty. It is fit that duty should be a leader of supreme authority; but it neither disdains nor is denied powerful aids. The divine saying; "It is more blessed to give than to

receive," is often verified even in this world. The Christian who relieves and educates the orphan is cheered by the hope that the object of his kindness may one day bless and enlighten the world. He sees the promise of health, happiness and talent in the returning bloom upon his cheek, and the bright glance of his intelligent eye. When he visits the abodes of filth and wretchedness, he turns from all that is disgusting in the scene to watch the faint sparks of good feeling and principle which he imagines may be blown into a cheerful flame. Did he always look on things just as they are, human energy and charity would sink exhausted.

Even in cases where this earthly illusion is utterly excluded, there is still an enthusiasm which looks beyond this changing scene to the sure rewards of a bright hereafter. We are sometimes told that the spectacles of woe, of disease, of excessive suffering which they behold, haunt the dreams and disturb the repose of those "ministering angels" who afford relief. This may be so in

some instances; but, on the other hand, no earthly pleasure can equal the sense of duty done, of misery alleviated, the humble hope of following him "who went about doing good." Relying on his merit alone, they may yet trust that every cup of water given in his name shall be in them a "well of waterspringing up into everlasting life," that the same divine alchemy will convert every crust of bread given to the starving into food meet for these "celestial bodies" with which they shall one day be "clothed upon." There may be those among us whose forms are bent and faces wrinkled with age, and who yet spend the last remaining strength of their decrepid limbs in finding and relieving the wretched; such may look forward to the time when they shall be radiant with immortal beauty, and strung with immortal vigour. Such a belief, coupled with a due sense of their unworthiness, is no delusion, but a true enthusiasm, a heaven-descended solace for all engaged from right motives in the great work of benevolence.



SONNETS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

Here, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit down!
 And view the beauteous prospect spread below,
 Around, above us; in the noonday-glow
 How calm the landscape rests! 'yon distant Town,
 Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a crown
 Of rustic honour; the soft silvery flow
 Of the clear stream beyond it, and the show
 Of endless wooded Heights, circling the brown
 Autumnal fields alive with billowy grain;
 Say! hast thou ever gazed on aught more fair
 In Europe, or the Orient?—what domain,
 (From India to the sunny slopes of Spain)
 Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the Air,
 Bless'd with an ampler charm, a more benignant reign?

II.

The rainbows of the Heaven are not more rare,
 More various and more beautiful to view,
 Than these rich forest rainbows dipped in dew

Of morn and evening, glimmering on the Air
 From wooded dell and mountain summit fair;
 O! Autumn! wondrous Painter! every hue
 Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through
 With essence of divinity; how bare
 Beside *thy* colouring the poor shows of Art
 Though Art were thrice inspired; in dreams alone
 (The loftiest dreams wherein the soul takes part.)
 Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire Throne
 Of Heaven, hath such unearthly Brightness shone
 To flush, and thrill the visionary Heart!

Sept. 24th, 1858, *Burk's Garden, Tazewell Co., Va.*

MEMENTOS FROM A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

Ancient traditions state that the primitive inhabitants of Greece lived in caves, and often contended with the beasts of the field for coarse and even baneful food. At length they united under daring chiefs and *human* wars commenced—violent passions were kindled, the strong crushed the weak and bloodshed and vengeance ensued. Inachus brought into Greece an Egyptian colony, this founded an Empire and civilized the country. Three centuries after, Cecrops, Cadmus and Danaus arrived with new colonies: Cecrops settled in Attica, Cadmus in Bæotia and Danaus in Argolis, and the arts and industry were extended beyond the Peloponnesus.

The most ancient epoch of Athenian history, is the reign of Cecrops . . . The Greeks worshipped unknown Deities and offered up the blood of human victims. Cecrops abolished these human rites and instituted oblations of the fruits of the earth. He also ordered human burial, and that at funerals the memory of the virtuous should be honoured and that of the wicked stigmatised. To him is attributed the establishment of the tribunal of the Areopagus, which gave the first ideas of civil justice to the Greeks. After his death, the Athenians decreed him divine honours and the Constellation of Aquarius was consecrated to him.

Zopyrus the bosom friend of Darius Hystaspes, was a Persian and the son of Megabyzus the conqueror of Thrace. One day as Darius was eating a pomegranate, he was asked, what good he would wish to multiply as often as that fruit had seeds. "Such friends as Zopyrus," he replied. While Darius was besieging Babylon—Zopyrus cut off his nose and ears and covered himself with wounds and went to Babylon, where he pretended to seek a refuge and made the inhabitants believe that he had been thus maimed and cruelly treated by Darius and was bitterly incensed against him; by this means he succeeded in obtaining the command of a corps of soldiers, and having the gates of the city in his power, opened them to Darius, who loaded him with caresses and gifts. He said that he would rather have lost a hundred Babylons than that Zopyrus should have undergone such sufferings.

Dieneces a Spartan warrior being informed before the battle of Thermopylæ that the army of Xerxes was so numerous that its arrows would darken the sun. "So much the better (said he) for then we shall fight in the shade."

Arsames was one of the ministers of Artaxerxes King of Persia, and so remarkable for his wisdom and goodness, that he was universally respected and beloved.

Demades was an Athenian, whose first employment was that of a common sailor. He afterwards changing his vocation and becoming an Orator, he gave rise to the proverb—"From the oar to the Rostrum," which is used to express the advancement of one who gains unexpected promotion. Demades never wrote his discourses and frequently when an unforeseen affair came before the Assembly, would speak when Demosthenes would not open his lips. He was eloquent and witty, but avaricious and intemperate.

DUMAS' METHOD OF COMPOSING.

FROM "LE MONTE-CRISTO."

M. Alexandre Dumas is one of the most amusing writers of the present age. His vanity, his wit, his gasconades, and eccentricities of every possible description, furnish endless entertainment to his countrymen, and indeed no inconsiderable part of Europe. This inventive genius is now employed in editing a weekly journal of his own, which, with a vanity particularly characteristic of the man, he styles "Le Monte Cristo"—after his well known work of the same name. It is certainly one of the most amusing periodicals in the world—and no small part of this interest is derived from the all-embracing and all-revealing egotism of the editor, or rather author. M. Dumas very calmly takes for granted that the topic of most interest to France and the whole world, is beyond any question M. Alexandre Dumas and what concerns that gentleman. His life, his opinions, his sayings, his adventures—his habits, his prejudices, his partialities, his dislikes—all are narrated and described by M. Dumas with unflagging gusto, and the most admirable minuteness. Does M. Dumas go to Brussels? He tells how the king received him—where she slept—whom he visited—what he said, and what others said to him in reply. Does he visit London? He narrates his reception there—tells how a china merchant sold him some articles at cost, refusing to make any profit from so great a man as M. Dumas—how the Times spoke of him, and what he wrote back to the "Thunderer." Does some Parisian author die? M. Dumas writes his biography, dating their first meeting "on the day of Henry III." etc—Henry III. being his first great play. His journal is an endless narration on the one single theme—Dumas, Dumas, Dumas! No description of this gigantic egotism could possibly convey an adequate idea of its extent. The writer's vanity, and joyous conceit are absolutely indescribable.

M. Dumas has many good qualities however. He is brave, generous, and

magnanimous. The vices of his life and writings are those of a man who for a quarter of a century has lived alone, without the mollifying influences of a home and family ties, in the most dissipated circles of Parisian society, pursuing the career of a man of the world, and fighting his way against a thousand rivals. Many incidents of his life speak well of the man—we may instance the letter which he wrote some time since to the manager of the *Théâtre Français*, demanding that an actress who had that morning assailed Victor Hugo in a public journal should be at once dismissed from her part in a play of his own to be acted that night. "No person shall perform in any drama of mine," wrote Dumas, "who attacks my friends when in poverty and exile." As the Emperor hates Hugo more bitterly perhaps than any man in Europe, this published letter was not without magnanimity. M. Dumas is, beyond any question, a very great favourite with his brother authors whom he frequently assists and defends, and seems wholly free from envy and ill nature. Among his warmest friends is the poet Lamartine.

But our business now is with M. Dumas, the man of vanity and wit. We shall present a complete *feuilleton* from the "Monte Cristo," which, like many others, has greatly amused us. It is addressed to his "dear readers," and describes with the most self-complacent and delightfully conceited egotism, the method of composing of the great romancer, and his son Alexandre. The ostensible subject of the paper, as will be seen, is a new drama of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, but as usual M. Alexandre Dumas the Elder, is not neglected. In the translation, the eccentric and thoroughly *French* division of the paragraphs or sentences is purposely preserved. If the article is not found both delightfully absurd and highly amusing, we shall be greatly mistaken in our calculations.

I.

PARIS, 21 Jan., 1858.

We will talk a while—shall we not, my dear readers? of something which naturally interests me more than you, but for you also, is not entirely without interest.

We will chat about the representation on Saturday the 16th of January at the *Gymnase*.

The first question generally asked me by indiscreet strangers is:

“How much do you write in your son’s pieces?”

I will answer you, my dear readers, as if *you* were indiscreet strangers, and asked the question.

I have absolutely no part in them.

More than that, whenever, at any general rehearsal (and I never know anything about Alexandre’s pieces until the general rehearsal) I have made a suggestion to Alexandre, I must do him the justice to say my advice has never been followed.

One day I complained of this:

“Why don’t you speak to me about your pieces when you plan them, or read them to me when you have finished them?”

“For a very simple reason,” he replied, “not only our mode of writing is different, but the art of 1850 bears no resemblance to the art of 1828. I have great confidence in your dramatic skill—your criticism would instil doubt into me, and influence me in the plan I wish to follow. I should not be you, and should no longer be myself. It is better that I should appear before the public with all my faults—but also with all my good qualities.”

And I was forced to acknowledge that on this point, as upon every question of supreme good sense, and exact reasoning, Alexandre was perfectly in the right.

And the proof, as you see clearly, my dear readers, lies in the fact that he succeeds wonderfully without my counsels. Moreover, we both gain by it. His work is more characteristic of himself; and I, who never see his plays before the general rehearsal, sometimes not even before

the first representation, my pleasure is all the greater.

In fact, our dramatic style is not only different, but also the art of 1850 is, as he very judiciously declared, entirely dissimilar to that of 1828.

Has there been progress? I can tell you.

Has there been movement, change? Yes.

Others will analyze my pieces, as Alexandre’s, my dear readers:

Let me tell you how I wrote my drama and how he writes his.

Let us premise:

That we start from a different point.

My temperament inclines me to depict the passions—his to paint customs.

I found myself impelled toward eccentricity and ideality.

He found himself impelled toward generalities, and actual truth.

I borrowed most from Shakspeare.

He borrowed most from Molière.

He was right—the two styles are different.

The pupils are more or less strong.

Each of the Masters is sublime.

II.

Now how did I proceed; or rather how did my mind, or my imagination proceed without my knowledge?

I closed my eye in order not to see material world—I sought in my dream or in my memory, almost always a catastrophe.

The catastrophe being found, my play was finished.

You observe, to return to that which I stated in the preceding paragraph, catastrophe is that which is most important in the eyes of Shakspeare, is least in the eyes of Molière.

All Shakspeare’s dramas have a catastrophe, moral or the reverse, it matters little to him, but always human and terrible.

For example, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Jew of Venice*, *Roméo* and *Richard II.*

Except *Tartuffe*, none of Molière’s pieces has a catastrophe.

Thus, as I said, having more natural affinity with Shakspeare than with all others, I sought first my catastrophe; then to this catastrophe I attached four acts.

That explains why many of my fifth acts are single scenes.

These are my best works—*Henry III.*, *Antony*, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*.

As to my mode of composition, it was wholly in my brain.

The piece was built up like an edifice, and completed in its whole details in my mind.

I did not sit down to my work until it was, in a measure, finished.

Would you like two instances—the one taken from romance, the other from the drama?

Let us commence with the example from romance.

After the success of the *Mousquetaires*, I resolved to contribute to the journal which had published it, that is, the *Siècle*, *Vingt ans Après*.

The *Siècle* hesitated—it was afraid of sequels. Sequels in fact are rarely happy.

M. Pierrée referred me to Desnoyers.

Was it in spring or in autumn? I do not remember. I only remember that it was during the fine days.

Desnoyers lived in the *rue Navarrin*, at the Hotel Botherel.

I found him, after dinner, strolling in the garden.

I related to him, as we walked together, the eight volumes of *Vingt ans Après*, from the first word to the last—and he was so much struck with the plan that he hastened—he, the man so difficult to move, on the very same evening to the *Siècle*—and the next day sent to me Pierrée's consent.

When I announced in the "*Mousquetaire*"* *Les Mohicans*, not a word of it was written. I announced thirty-two volumes.

The *Mohicans* will be in neither thirty-one, nor thirty-three volumes.

It will be in thirty-two.

It was because the thirty-two volumes of the *Mohicans*, were entirely composed

in my mind, as the eight volumes of *Vingt ans Après* had been.

Let us come now to an example taken from the drama.

I was a long time composing *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*. A little vaudeville of Brunswick, rejected in 1832 or '33 gave me the idea.

Mademoiselle de Belle Isle was not really finished until five or six years afterwards.

The day when the scene of *the Sequin* was found, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* was finished. It was the only scene which was wanted, and it arrested the piece for more than a year, not condescending to suggest itself.

That scene having once arrived, and the piece consequently finished and well understood in my brain, I went to the *Théâtre Français* to ask a reading.

It was on Saturday, the day of the administration committee.

The session had adjourned, but the artists were still in the hall.

I entered, and addressing myself to the director:

"My dear Videt," I said, "I come to ask for a reading."

"Well, and for what?"

"For a comedy in five acts."

"On what day do you wish to read it?"

"Next Saturday."

"Saturday? Impossible—that is the day of the meeting of the committee. What say you to Monday?"

"Monday let it be then."

"Then you are ready?"

"I shall be."

"I mean that I suppose your piece is written?"

"There is not yet a single word of it on paper."

"And you will read Monday!"

"Yes."

"Oh! that's a good joke!"

"You do not believe me?"

"Jester!"

"Listen—will you agree to one thing?"

"What is that?"

"All the members of the Reading

* This was M. Dumas' former journal—preceding the "*Monte Cristo*."

Committee are here, since they are the same as the Administration Committee, may I read you *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*?"

"Then your piece is called *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*?"

"Yes."

"You understand his proposition, ladies and gentlemen," said Videl.

"Perfectly," replied the members of the committee.

"Do you wish to hear Dumas' piece which is not yet written?"

"Certainly."

"Well, said I, sit down."

They smiled: I took my place before the mantelpiece, in the centre of the circle; and if I did not read in the true acceptance of the word, I at least repeated *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* from beginning to end.

The narration being over—

"Well gentlemen!" said Videll, wiping away a tear:

"I do not see what prevents us from voting," said *Mademoiselle Mars*.

"Let us vote," said Firmin.

"Let us vote," repeated Jeffroy.

"They voted—*Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* was received unanimously without a word of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* having been written.

If I had been struck with apoplexy upon leaving the committee, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* accepted, but not written, would never have been acted.

III.

Alexandre's plan is very different.

He seeks for, and adopts a style—

Or rather a type encounters him and takes him.

This title is the embryo of the piece.

In the *Dame aux Camelias*, it is called Margaret Gauthier—in *Diane de Lys* it is the lady with the pearls—in the *Demi-Monde* it is Susanne D'Ange—in *L'Argente* it is Jean Giraud—in the *Fils Naturel* it is Jacques Vignot.

This type is not ideal, but material. It either has existed or now exists.

The four last types drawn by Alexandre might have been, and I may even say, were present at the first representation, and saluted themselves as if they were passing before a mirror.

Around this type, moral or immoral, elegant or ridiculous, he groups other types; secondary, but living, animated like the principal one.

These types are a circle traced by the compass of intellect in the society in which we live.

All that is within the circle is taken, like fish in a net.

Some slip through the meshes—but these are only the minnows.

This first point found, Alexandre commences with the scene which seems to him most comical or interesting, the rest will follow.

And it does follow.

But here is the struggle.

A struggle, terrible, incessant, interminable—which absorbs his days, his nights, his intellect, his health—not only his spiritual, but also his material life.

Like the caterpillar which becomes a butterfly, the chrysalis betrays the sufferings of its transformation by nervous throbs.

Ten times he draws a long breath, and thinks he has finished.

Ten times he sees that his work is incomplete, and recommences.

He remodels entire acts, and changes their places.

He omits characters which he at first thought indispensable to the plot. He inserts new ones which he had considered useless—others of which he had never even thought.

You who have seen the *Fils Naturel*,—can you imagine that M. Fessard could have been anything but a notary?

"No."

"Well, for my part, I have known him as an actor.

"Why from being an actor has he become a notary?

Ah! *parbleu!* in order to give you that magnificent scene of the adoption of the child—the most purely comic scene perhaps of the modern drama.

He would change the profession of his character for much less than that.

If the manager did not snatch the MS. from Alexandre's hands, he would work all his life on the same play.

And this is easily explained—not having found everything at first, there always remains something still for him to find.

I have seen around Alexander's desk—I say around, because there was no more room on top, as many as seven manuscripts of the same comedy.

He was writing the eighth.

He seeks to the very last moment. At the last rehearsal he seeks still. In the evening, when the curtain is about to rise, he seeks what may be added to the first act. After the first act is performed, what he may add to the second. After the second, what he may add to the third; and so on.

Finally when the curtain falls,—when he is called out—when we have embraced—he falls, overcome. His strength fails him at the moment when he has nothing more to seek.

IV.

Now let us examine the difference which exists between the art of 1828, and that of 1857.

It has often been asked, whence arose in 1828 that hatred between ancient and modern literature.

This hatred does not naturally exist.

There are periods of strife in art, but it is not in the ordinary succession of days and years.

It is when two unknown arts meet, which are, so to speak, foreign to each other.

It is when German music conflicts with the Italian.

When Gluck and Piccini have met face to face.

It was the art of the North against that of the South.

The *langue d'Oc* and the *langue d'Oïl*.

The French musicians looked upon this great contest of the Gluckists, and Piccinists, as a child in swaddling clothes waits to see what language it shall speak.

It had some reason.

But in 1828 the struggle was between fellow countrymen. It was simply a civil war.

Whence came this hostility between what were called the *Classics* and *Romantics*?

We think we have discovered the secret.

It proceeded from the purely military reign of Bonaparte.

In fact from 1796 to 1815, that is in nineteen years, Bonaparte was obliged to levy for his armies from ten to twelve millions of men, who were turned from the career which they would have chosen to become soldiers, captains, generals, marshals of France and kings.

Of these ten or twelve millions of men, three or four million remained stretched beneath the orange trees of Italy—on the sands of Egypt—amid the sierras of Spain—on the snows of Russia.

A whole generation had disappeared in the train of the warlike meteor.

When we came, society was, in a measure, divided by an immense chasm, the work of bullets and grape shot. On both sides of the *barraca*, as the Mexicans say, were grey-headed men, and half-grown children.

In the chasm were the dead, the ten or twelve poets who would have served as a link between the art of André Chenier and Millevoie, and that of Hugo and Lamartine.

The only ones who served as intermediate links were the consumptives, whom the weakness of their constitution had preserved from the epaulet, or the tomb.

Casimir Delavigne, Soumet, Guiraud.

Therefore there is no gradation between the authors of *Germanicus*, of *Sylla*, of *Agamemnon*, of *Omasis*, and us.

Two colours clearly defined—two banners entirely distinct—two camps directly opposed.

No concession possible:—concession would have been regarded as treason.

Thence came *Henri III.*, and *Antony*—thence *Hernani* and *Marion de l'Orme*—thence the *Mareschale D'Ancre* and *Chatterton*.

The same state of things existed in painting.

Gérard, Gros, Le Thier, Picot, on the one side :

Delacroix, Sigalon, Decamps, Boulanger on the other.

The first spoke always of antiquity.

The others always of the *renaissance*.

These who had no longer the paintings of Timanthes, Apelles, and Zeuxis as models, imitated what remained of antiquity—the statues.

The others, who had beneath their eyes the master pieces of Leonardo De Vinci, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Vandyke, and of Velasquez, extolled colouring and shape.

Well, permit me to say—we replied to the men who made painted statues, by trying to make written Leonard De Vinci, Titians, Veroneses, Vandykes, and Velasquez.

Never did the axiom *Ut pictura poesis* receive a more perfect verification than at this epoch.

Antony, with his black surtout, his chamois pantaloons, his white cravat was an exception.

But an exception which proved the rule.

Under this modern costume, beat the heart of a man of the middle age.

We were young—we had the future before us—we conquered.

There was nothing astonishing in that—we had as allies old age and death.

These struck while we wrote.

By degrees, society was changed. Hugo alone remained faithful to the velvet doublets and the brocade mantles.

I was less severe. I wrote *Teresa*, *Richard D'Arlington*, *Angèle*, *Kean*.

But, as you observe, always describing passions.

Manners, customs, the epoch, were only the frame.

The passions were the picture.

Soulié was doing at the same time the same thing.

The two great disenchanters of an epoch came in their turn.

Alfred de Musset and de Balzac.

Alfred de Musset produced the *Caprice*, the *Chandelier*, *Louison*.

Balzac produced *Vautrin*, the *Marâtre*, *Mercadet*.

They are between Alexandre and myself—these transition men who were wanting in 1828, between the Armaults, the Le Merciers, the de Jouys, and us.

Alexandre starts from the *Dame aux Camélias*, which is of the class of *Angèle*—he passes to *L'Argent*, which is of the class of *Mercadet*—then he arrives at the *Fils Naturel*, which, after the twenty-seven years, is the counterpart of *Antony*, and which is as successful in realism as *Antony* was in idealism.

VI.

Now laying aside all paternal tenderness, the *Fils Naturel* is a beautiful work, and indicates great progress not only in art generally, but also in the talent of the author. The piece as a piece, is faultlessly executed—and never have dramatic logic and deduction gone farther.

But what I consider especially happy, is the comic part—it is comic not only in words and detail, but also in its arrangement.

The piece being by Alexandre, I say that it is one of the best comedies in point of costume which have been written for twenty years.

If it were not by Alexandre, I should say that it was the best.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Written after a moonlight ramble over the scene of the action of July 25th, 1814, Canada West, one mile from Niagara.

Love bends above in robes of blue ;
The radiant Queen of Night goes forth
Glancing her smiles upon the dew ;
And the wind breathing from the North
Sighs through the wood, like passing ghost,
And wafts light echoes o'er the tomb,
Where the turf shrouds with greenest bloom
The bravest of a Warrior Host !

In other days, yon fatal hill
Glittered with arms and waved with plumes,
And the sad sunlight on their steel
Flashed its last splendour—Even's glooms
Rang with the bugle's martial breath
That called the brave to deeds of Death !
There the dismal cry of slaughter
Broke on midnight' slumberous hour ;
And the earth drank blood like water :
There the quick musket's deadly flash
And loud Artillery's throats of flame
Hurled their fierce tempest on the lines
Of charging foemen : 'neath that shower
Of Death the bristling onset shines :
On it rolls with a sullen tone
Like rushing billows ; and the clash
Of bayonets answers to the groan
Of parting life's convulsion.

There deeds of deathless praise proclaim
How rolled war's tide when Ripley's name
Swelled the wild shout of Victory :
And dauntless Miller and McNeil
Led foremost to the strife of steel
The flower of Northern chivalry.

There Scott, to Glory's self allied,
Quelled the fierce foe's advancing pride,
And from his brow the laurel tore
Dyed oft and deep in Gallic gore.

But these unhallowed scenes are past—
The peasant's slumbers, the wild blast
Alone may break them ;
And those proud bannered hosts are gone
Where the loud tempest's charging tone
No more shall wake them !

Time has hurried on his way
And swept each vestige from the plain,
Save what the stranger views to-day,
The oak trees shattered by the rain

Of shell and shot: the glance around
 Marks, at each turn, the grass-grown mound
 That shrines a hero's ashes;
 Peace to the brave! around their stone
 Shall Freedom twine her laurel wreath,
 And when with moss of years o'ergrown,
 Fame shall applaud their glorious death
 Long as Niagara dashes!

VIATOR.

Editor's Table.

The subject of Female Education has been discussed very freely in this magazine, but we do not recollect that any writer upon it, either in the Messenger or elsewhere, has yet advanced the views presented by our correspondent whose letter we subjoin. He is certainly entitled to the credit of originality, however the reader may dissent from his propositions. We have a certain suspicion that he has touched the true cause of the domestic troubles of Mr. Dickens, and the hint would be sufficient to elicit some comments thereupon, were we not unwilling to detain the reader from the perusal of so racy a communication. We therefore introduce it without farther preliminary—

Mr. Thos. Teetotal Teetotum's proposal for reform in the present system of Female Education.

It has long been my intention to astonish the public with a series of severe essays upon the present system of female education.

This system I know to be a decided failure, for the reasons I shall now proceed to lay before the public. I have been a sufferer, sir,—so have Messrs. Dickens, Bulwer & Co.—from incompatibility of tastes in a wife. I was always fond of sociability; of the wine table; of a game of cards, or billiards; of my pipe; of horse racing; in a word, of all those innocent amusements which characterize the man of taste. I was never a ladies' man, because I never found ladies at all companionable. How

I came to address one is still a mystery to me. I was induced to drive a mum, demure little thing—a cousin of mine—one evening in a buggy. We had been thrown together a great deal in our lives; for when deprived of the society of my friends, I found myself often compelled to take to hers.

On these occasions she would invariably set herself up to lecture me on what she was pleased to term my dissipation, which amounted to nothing more nor less than the enjoyment, in the society of friends, of the sports mentioned above. Strange that she who scarce opened her mouth in the company of strangers, would talk, when she got upon this subject, as if her tongue were oiled. I would invariably stop these lectures by kissing her heartily in the mouth and spinning out of the room. But we took that buggy drive—I must have been intoxicated—I am certain I was,—she became Mrs. T. T. Teetotum. “The course of true love never did run smooth.” Of the truth of this remark I am not a competent judge, but I know that married life never can run smooth where there is no love at all, and where the man and woman have *different tastes*. This last consideration is what I wish to get at. Give a couple the same tastes and the love will follow. Let the rising generation of females be so educated that they make good companions, and consequently good wives, for the rising generation of males. Let girls be taught to smoke, drink, swear, and play all the games that we men are fond of, and there will be

fewer divorces than at present. No doubt my own case is a common one in this age and country, and many a broken-hearted man will recognize his own situation in the following account.

The coldest winter nights I am expelled pipe and all from the parlor, and if I smoke at all it must be in the most uncomfortable room in the house. Oh, that my wife were a slave to the pipe! Then would I not be expelled from the parlor, nor have disagreeable remarks made about my breath.

One night after having attended a supper with my friends, I came home, and had a fight—my wife had no reason to complain—with my *own* reflection in a looking-glass. I smashed the glass with my cane, and she complained of it.

When I come home at one o'clock at night, and, on account of the darkness, am unable to find the key hole, she accuses me of being drunk and keeping late hours.

She makes war upon my pets. On one occasion Flora, my favorite pointer, entered the house, followed by a troop of admirers close at her heels, snapping and snarling at each other in the most diverting manner. One of these, a long waisted, yellow dog, with cropped ears, a perpendicular stump tail, and large, muddy feet, so far forgot himself as to seize his rival, a thick-set, blear-eyed bull terrier by the neck, and the two had a furious fight in the parlor, in which all the troop joined, tearing the carpet and scratching the furniture, but altogether affording me high amusement, from my position on the piano. My sport was put an end to by the entrance of my wife at the head of a regiment armed with broom-sticks, expelling the pack ignominiously from the premises.

How shall I express my regrets at the dissimilarity in our taste as regards dogs.

Not satisfied with attacking my canine friends, she makes war upon my human ones. She calls them vulgar, because they put their feet in the chairs, spit on the carpet, swear, and go to bed with their boots on. For such trifling causes has she, alas! taken a prejudice against those I love.

And now, sir, have I become almost a broken-hearted man, and all from this false system of female education, which has instilled into my wife tastes so different from my own.

In this age of progress, of cable laying,

of woman's rights, of spirit rapping, of abolitionism, in this age that has produced a Greeley and a Barnum, a Hudson and a Field, and oceanic fire-works in New York, let us form a party, and with iron lungs proclaim "Man's Rights and Woman's Reform."

Allow me, sir, to sign myself,

Your ob't and humble serv't,

THOS. TEETOTAL TEETOTUM,

F. G. & G. P., &c., &c.

That is to say, fond of grog and given to poker and other things.

There are many who will be glad to learn that Mr. Charles Campbell of Petersburg, proposes to publish at an early day, a new and enlarged Edition of his "History of Virginia." In announcing this fact, it is not necessary that we should say a word as to the value of the work or of the eminent qualifications of Mr. Campbell as a historian. These are well known. But we may express our gratification that the admirable outline of our Virginian story which was drawn for us with so much strength and fidelity by this gentleman some years ago, has been filled up since, and made to assume proportions more acceptable. In avoiding a redundancy of style and illustration, Mr. Campbell's original draft was somewhat hard and cold; he has only done justice to himself and to his subject in giving more of warmth and colour to the narrative, by the introduction of new material gathered from the stores of his wide and laborious research. We trust that Mr. Campbell will be abundantly encouraged to bring out his new volume in a form worthy of its merits, and we would appeal to all our readers who feel a proper interest in the matter, to write at once to Mr. Campbell at Petersburg, Va., and give him their names as subscribers. The author desires to be apprised by private letter, in advance, of the name and post-office of every gentleman who wishes to obtain a copy of the work, which will be sold by subscription. Let the members of the Historical Society of Virginia, and all literary men within and without the State, forward their subscriptions to Mr. Campbell immediately. The price of the new volume will be \$2 50.

The departure of Mr. G. P. R. James for his new abode in Venice was so sudden a thing, that no opportunity was afforded his many friends in our city of meeting him, as they had wished, at the festive board. An invitation for a Farewell Dinner was indeed extended him, but his numerous and pressing engagements, preparatory to leaving, compelled him to decline it. A few gentlemen, uniting in a desire to present him with some testimonial of their regard, caused a handsome piece of silver to be prepared and handed to him, with these inscriptions;—on one side "Old Dominion Julep Bowl," on the reverse

To G. P. R. JAMES,
From a few of his friends in Virginia.

May their names,
Familiar to his ears as household words,
Be in this flowing cup freshly remembered.

At an informal social meeting on the occasion of the presentation, the following lines were read, and they are here printed in accordance with the wishes of the parties. In giving them, the Editor of the Messenger feebly expresses his feelings in parting with a most amiable gentleman whose literary friendship he has for several years most highly valued.

Good bye! they say the time is up—
The "solitary horseman" leaves us,
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"
Though much indeed the parting grieves us;
We'd like to hear the glasses clink
Around a board where none were tipsy,
And with a hearty greeting drink
This toast—The Author of the Gipsy!

The maidens fair of many a clime
Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,
The Ariosto of his time,
Romancist of the Middle Ages:
In fiction's realm a shining star,
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors)
Who would not call our G. P. R.—
"H. B. M. C."—a Man of Letters?

But not with us his pen avails
To win our hearts—this English scion,
Though there are not so many tales
To every roaring British Lion—

For he has yet a prouder claim
To praise, than dukes and lords inherit,
Or wealth can give or lettered fame—
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman, whose sense of right
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,
He loves, and loves with all his might,
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Garter:

This last embraces much, 'tis best
To comprehend just what is stated—
For *Honi Soit*—you know the rest
And need not have the French translated.

O! empty bauble of renown,
So quickly lost and won so dearly,
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,
We love him for his virtues merely:
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,
Then call him George Prince Regent James,
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge
Its living greatness and its glory—
In Peace admired, and "on the edge
Of battle" terrible in story:
A little isle, its cliffs it rears
'Gainst winds and waves in wrath united,
And nobly for a thousand years
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,
Like sunrise, o'er the angry water,
And here is fed, an altar-flame,
By Britain's democratic daughter—
From land to land a kindred fire.
Beneath the billow now is burning,
O may it thrill the magic wire
With only love, and love returning!

But since we cannot meet again
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,
Old friend! this measure take and drain
A brimming health to us in going:
And far beneath Italia's sky,
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,
Bring out the bowl when you are dry,
And pledge us by the Adriatic!

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

Richmond, Va., 20 Sept., 1858.

We learn, with great satisfaction, that Messrs. Rudd and Carleton, of New York City, will shortly publish in book form, the charming story of "Vernon Grove, or Hearts as They Are," which it was our good fortune to bring out originally in the pages of the Messenger. We but echo the universal opinion of our readers, when we say that "Vernon Grove" deserves to rank with the very best novels which belong to the current literature of the United States and England. Without attempting to startle the reader with extraordinary incidents, the fair authoress has constructed a story of remarkable interest, and thrown around it the graces of a pure and flowing style which runs easily from eloquent description into animated dialogue. Nor has she failed in the individualization of character, by far the most difficult part of the novelist's

office, and especially so when, as in Vernon Grove, the chief personage is withdrawn from the world that surrounds us, and made to move within a narrow circuit of his own. The character of Richard Vernon is a masterly delineation, and the change wrought upon his strong nature by the calamity of blindness is developed in the most natural touches. In Sybil Gray, we have one of the sweetest and holiest portraiture of fiction—"a perfect woman nobly planned"—to have drawn whom would entitle any writer to the possession of genius. We do not hesitate to predict for our Messenger novel a wide range throughout the country, winning for its authoress fame and sympathy with all who have hearts to feel and the taste to admire what only true emotion and genuine talent could have produced.

Notices of New Works.

A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY. *Compiled and Arranged by* CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We cannot too highly extol the liberality of the publishers who have issued this sumptuous volume, in giving to the best thoughts in the English language the finest dress that the art of printing can furnish. The book is just what it should be in point of typographic and bibliopegic excellence, the text is bold and correct, the binding tasteful and serviceable. Nor can we fail to acknowledge that the poetic materials of which it has been made up, have been on the whole judiciously chosen. Exception may be taken by some to the classification, inasmuch as many pieces included under the title of "Poems of Nature," might come as appropriately under the title of "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," and *vice versa*, but we may be content to allow the compiler to arrange his selections as he pleases, when he supplies an alphabetical Index of authors, by means of which we may turn readily to anything we wish to find. Acknowledging Mr. Dana's scholarly taste and wide

acquaintance with polite literature, we cannot help entering a complaint against certain sins of choice and omission which should have been avoided. In the department of "Comedy" we own that it seems inexcusable not to have given a single specimen of the humorous versification of "Tom Ingoldsby," the Rev. Mr. Barham, while several of Thackeray's comicalities, which he would not care to preserve, are paraded in full. And we can hardly suppose that the popular judgment would approve the bald nonsense of "What Mr. Robinson thinks" more highly than the capital rhyming of the Sonneteer of the *Boston Post*, who is not honoured with a place in the volume. With regard to American poets, we think Mr. Dana has not been strictly just or fair. The "Babie Bell" of Aldrich should certainly have been assigned a page, as one of the most exquisite expressions of melodious sorrow which the country has produced. As for the poets of the South, to whom we may fairly lay claim by birth or residence, they have but small recognition at Mr. Dana's hands. Mrs. Caroline Gilman has but one poem in the collection, and this by no means the best of her many tender and

thoughtful effusions. Philip Pendleton Cooke is treated with no more consideration, and the sweet singer, "Amelia," "whose heart-strings were a lute," fares in the same way. Albert Pike of Arkansas, the author of "Hymn to the Gods" which Blackwood's Magazine had the honour of bringing before the world, and George D. Prentice of Kentucky, whose happy lyrics, so full of delicate beauty, will live long after his political pasquinades have been forgotten, are not permitted to appear in the work at all. But what shall be said of the exclusion of William Gilmore Simms, at once the most voluminous and versatile of our Southern writers of poetry, whose claims to the laurel have been long ago acknowledged by the highest British authority? Could not the space have been afforded for one of his stirring "Songs of the South," or a single passage from his longer and more lofty musings, wherein he runs so nearly parallel with Wordsworth whom Mr. Dana so much admires? Why exclude Simms whom thousands know for a poet, and honour George William Curtis who is utterly without claim to be ranked with the children of song? Ah, Mr. Dana, we fear there is some narrow prejudice here, quite unworthy of the scholar and the citizen of the Literary Republic. And since we are writing of a South Carolina bard, let us ask why should not a corner have been allotted to a Sonnet of Paul Hayne? Is he too young to be classed with the Poets? Then why admit Robert Lytton to that shining company? The last mentioned writer has certainly won his bays, but we claim for Hayne also the right to wear them.

We have felt it our duty to say thus much in dispraise of one of the most beautiful and acceptable volumes ever issued from the American press. *Malgré* the defects in its compilation, it is a treasure for the household, and should be placed in every family library in the land. As new editions of the work will be constantly demanded hereafter, let us say to the publishers that the alphabetical list of Poets is very loosely and carelessly arranged. Bowles should come before Bowring in strict alphabetical order, Brooks before Browning, Byrd before Byron, Derzhavin before De Vere, Grant before Gray, and so on, down to the letter W, whose occupants are very much out of place, Whittier coming after Woodworth, and Wolfe not appearing by half a page where he belongs. These are trivial errors, it is true, but in a volume so imposing and costly they deserve correction. We may add, too, that the poet Praed is incorrectly cited as *William Mackworth Praed*, both in the Index and on page 440. His first name was Winthrop.

TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE. *Single and Married.* TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Esq. Fourth Edition. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street, 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This little volume approves itself at first sight to our gracious reception, by its comely appearance, its excellent typography being set off by a red border around each page—which, with clear, white paper, presents Mr. Timothy Titcomb to us as a gentleman who at least pays a proper attention to externals. Upon becoming better acquainted with him, through the wholesome and entertaining conversations he holds with the young public in these letters, we do not hesitate to commend him cordially to our own visiting circle as a man of good sense and good manners, whose suggestions, if acted upon, will greatly benefit the "rising generation." It is true that Mr. Titcomb's Letters contain little that has not been enforced already by writers on ethics of the past or present time. The authors of "Guesses at Truth" and "Companions of My Solitude," have impressed upon the youth of England much of the best advice that Mr. Titcomb offers to "Young America," but the latter writer is none the less entitled to the credit of having conveyed sound instruction in a lively and pleasing style, altogether free from affectation and cant. We cannot have too many counsellors for the young, so that they only make truth attractive, and we are therefore disposed to be thankful for this new work on an old subject, rather than captious at its possible want of originality.

The volume, like Gaul in the Commentaries of Cæsar, is divided into three parts, of which the first, reversing the maxim of *place aux dames*, is devoted to "Letters to Young Men," the second to "Letters to Young Women" (we like this, for some of our literary Sir Piercie Shaftons would have said "*Young Ladies*") and the third to both these classes after they have been made one, under the title of "Letters to Young Married People." We shall give a passage from each of these three divisions, by way of letting our readers have an idea of Mr. Timothy Titcomb's moral teachings. Passing over much sensible and well-timed warning to Young Men, which they must read in the work itself, we beg to tender our acknowledgments to the author for this independent recognition of the manliness of Beards.

"I should be unjust to the age were I to omit the mention of a special point of 'physical culture,' which has been long neglected. You find as you come into man's estate that hair has a tendency to grow upon your face. It is the mark by which

God meant that man and woman should be distinguished from each other in the crowd. That hair was placed there in infinite wisdom, but your fathers have been cutting it off from their chins in small crops from thirty to fifty years, thus impugning nature's policy, wasting precious time, drawing a great deal of good blood, creating a great deal of bad, and trying to erase from their faces the difference that was intended to be maintained between them and those of women. If you are a man and have a beard, wear it. You know it was made to wear. It is enough to make a man with a decent complement of information and a common degree of sensibility (and a handsome beard) deny his kind, to see these smooth-faced men around the streets, and actually showing themselves in female society? Let us have one generation of beards."

The following strikes us as hitting seasonably a prevailing foible among the Young Women of the United States. It is from the chapter on the "Proper Use of Language."

"And now that I am upon this subject of talk, it will be well to say all I have to say upon it. It is a very common thing for young women to indulge in hyperbole. A pretty dress is very apt to be 'perfectly splendid'; a disagreeable person is too often 'perfectly hateful'; a party in which the company enjoyed themselves somehow becomes transmuted into the 'most delightful thing ever seen.' A young man of respectable parts and manly bearing is very often 'such a magnificent fellow!' The adjective 'perfect,' that stands so much alone as never to have the privilege of help from comparatives and superlatives, is sadly over-worked, in company with several others of the intense and extravagant order. The result is, that by the use of such language as this, your opinion soon becomes valueless."

Our last extract is from the letter on the "Special Duties of the Wife," and it embodies about as much profitable correction as we have seen in the same space this many a day. Let it be read and pondered by every young woman who has recently entered upon the interesting estate of matrimony.

"Young wife, I talked to your husband in my last letter, and I now address you. I told him that you have a claim on his time and society. There are qualifications of this claim which concern you particularly, and so I speak to you about them. Your husband labours all day—every day—and during the waking hours, between the conclusion of his labour at night and its

commencement in the morning, he must have recreation of some kind; and here comes in your duty.

"If you do not make his home pleasant, so that the fulfilment of his duty to you shall be a sweet pleasure to him, you cannot hope for much of his company. What his nature craves it will have—must have. He cannot be a slave all the time—a slave to his work by day and a slave to you by night. He must have hours of freedom; and happy are you if, of his own choice, he takes the enjoyment you offer in the place of anything which the outside world has to give. I suppose there are few men, who, when their work is over, and their supper eaten, do not have a desire to go down town 'to meet a man' or visit 'the post-office.' There is a natural desire in every heart to have, every day, an hour of social freedom—a few minutes, at least, of walk in the open air, and contact with the minds of other men. This is entirely a natural and necessary thing; and you should encourage rather than seek to prevent it, unless your husband is inclined to visit bad places, and associate with bad companions.

"Precisely here is a dangerous point for both husband and wife. The wife has been alone during the day, and thinks that her husband ought to spend the whole evening with her. The husband has been confined to his labour, and longs for an hour of freedom, in whatever direction his feet may choose to wander. Perhaps wife thinks he has no business to wander at all, and that his custom is to wander too widely and too long. She complains, and becomes exacting. She cannot bear to have her husband out of her sight for a moment, after he quits his work. Now, if there be anything in all this world that will make a husband hate his wife, it is a constant attempt on her part to monopolize all his leisure time and all his society, to curtail his freedom, and a tendency to be forever fretting his ears with the statement that 'she is nothing, of course,' that he 'does not care anything about her,' and that he dislikes his home. Treatment like this will just as certainly rouse all the perverseness of a man's nature as a spark will ignite gunpowder. Injustice and inconsiderateness will not go down, especially when administered by a man's companion. He knows that he loves his home, and that he needs and has a right to a certain amount of his time, away from home; and if he be treated as if he possessed no such necessity and right, he will soon learn to be all that his wife represents him to be. I tell you that a man wants very careful handling. You must remember that he can owe no duty to you which does not involve a duty from you. You have the charge of the home, and if you expect him to spend a portion, or all of his evening in it, you

must make it attractive. If you expect a man, as a matter of duty, to give any considerable amount of time to your society, daily, through a long series of years, you are to see that that society is worth something to him. Where are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?

"But let us take up this question separately. How shall a wife make her home pleasant and her society attractive? This is a short question, but a full answer would make a book. I can only take a few points. In the first place, she should never indulge in fault-finding. If a man has learned to expect that he will invariably be found fault with by his wife on his return home, and that the burden of her words will be complaint, he has absolutely no pleasure to anticipate and none to enjoy. There is but one alternative for a husband in such a case—either to steel himself against complaints, or be harrowed up by them, and made snappish and waspish. They never produce a good effect under any circumstances whatever. There should always be a pleasant word and look ready for him who returns from the toils of the day, wearied with earning the necessaries for the family. If a pretty pair of slippers lie before the fire ready for his feet, so much the better.

"Then, again, the desire to be pleasing in person should never leave a wife for a day. The husband who comes home at night and finds his wife dressed to receive him—dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant to his eye—cannot, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains-taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms which first attracted him, and keep intact the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy.

"I have seen things managed very differently from this. I have known an undressed head of 'horrid hair' worn all day long, because nobody but the husband would see it. I have seen breakfast dresses with sugar plantations on them of very respectable size, and most disagreeable stickiness. In short, I have seen slatterns, whose kiss would not tempt the hungriest hermit that ever forswore women and was sorry for it. I have seen them with neither collar nor zone, with a person which did not possess a single charm to a husband with his eyes open, and in his right mind. This is all wrong, young wife, for there is no being in this world for whom it is so much for your interest to dress as for your husband. Your happiness depends much on your retaining not only the esteem of your husband, but his admiration. He should see no greater neatness, and no more taste in material and fitness,

in any woman's dress, than in yours; and there is no individual in the world before whom you should always appear with more thorough tidiness of person than your husband. If you are careless in this particular, you absolutely throw away some of the strongest and most charming influences which you possess. What is true of your person is also true of your house. If your house be disorderly, if dust cover the table, and invite the critical finger to write your proper title, if the furniture looks as if it were tossed into a room from a cart, if your table-cloth have a more intimate acquaintance with gravy than with soap, and from cellar to garret there be no order, do you blame a husband for not wanting to sit down and spend his evening with you? I should blame him, of course, on general principles, but, as all men are not so sensible as I am, I should charitably entertain all proper excuses.

"Still again, have you anything to talk about—anything better than scandal—with which to interest and refresh his weary mind? I believe in the interchange of caresses, as I have told you before, but kisses are only the spice of life. You cannot always sit on your husband's knee, for in the first place, it would tire him, and in the second place, he would get sick of it. You should be one with your husband, but never in the shape of a parasite. He should be able to see growth in your soul independent of him; and whenever he truly feels that he has received from you a stimulus to progress and to goodness, you have refreshed him, and made a great advance into his heart.

"He should see that you really have strong desire to make him happy, and retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration, and his affection. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences, that there is one heart that never misconstrues him, that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances, and that in all weariness of body and so there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of rhythm by shine or shower. A husband who has such a wife as this, has little temptation to spend much time away from home. He cannot stay away long at a time. He may 'meet a man,' but they will not long detain him from his wife. He may go to 'the post-office,' but he will not call upon the friend's wife on the way. He can do better. The great danger is that he will love his home too well—that he will neither be willing to have you

visit your aunts and cousins, nor, without a groan, accept an invitation to tea at your neighbour's."

—
LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The appearance in the world of letters of a daughter of "Barry Cornwall" is an event that could not fail of making a sensation among literary people. More than this, her claim, modestly set forth, to the honours of song, challenges a comparison of her verses with those of her father which would be damaging to a poetess of less unquestionable merit than Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor. We have rarely read youthful poems of greater promise than these, and perhaps their greatest excellence consists in the fact that they are quite unlike the paternal model. The gifted daughter, who some twenty or more years ago was daintily addressed by her father as "Golden-Tressed Adelaide," and thus ensured for immortality, seems to have been but little affected intellectually by the study of his poetical compositions, for no greater contrast could possibly be presented than exists between the energetic and sometimes almost riotous lyrics of "Barry Cornwall" and the sweet and delicate musings of her own nature. A quiet tenderness pervades these poems—they breathe a spirit of pleasing melancholy and suggest an exquisite sensibility, at the same time that they indicate a taste for richness of imagery and diction, and a love of the graceful peculiarly feminine. In the songs and dramatic sketches of her father, the language is always simple and frequently prosaic, and a classic severity distinguishes the longer efforts of his muse. In one thing father and daughter resemble each other, their recognition of the social ills that afflict England. In the following stanzas from "The Cradle Song of the Poor" the woman's aspirations for a better day speak out with a pathos that is hardly less touching, though not expressed in such words of dire anguish, as that of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children."

"Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain:
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy nother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

"I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless;
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

• • • • •

"I am wasted, dear, with hunger
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his Heaven
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary."

The lines which follow have been extensively copied by the newspaper press of the country and will be familiar to many of our readers, but we reprint them as a happy sermon on the subject of Duty.

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

"One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

"One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

"Do not look at Life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

"Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care."

We can find space for but one other specimen of Miss Proctor's poetry—a plaintive song which has more completeness than many others of these "Legends and Lyrics." The reader should recite it

aloud to catch its full meaning and effect.
It is entitled

HUSH.

"‘I can scarcely hear,’ she murmured,
‘For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear the sound at last.’
‘It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves.’

"‘Listen! there are voices talking,’
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
‘It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are
dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun.’

"Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes, she cried,
‘Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride.’
‘It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the
thicket
As they saw the reapers pass.’

"Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!"

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.
With Original Memoir. Illustrated by
F. R. Pickersgill, R. A., John Tenniel,
Birket Foster, Felix Darley, Jasper Crop-
sey, P. Duggan, Percival Skelton, and A.
M. Madot. New York: J. S. Redfield,
34 Beekman Street. [From G. M. West,
145 Main Street.

Luxury in book-making can go no farther than it has been carried by Mr. Redfield in this really superb volume. We have copied its title page in full, in order to set before our readers the names of the gifted artists who have worked together so harmoniously and with such distinguished success to illustrate the weird fancies of the author of the "Raven," the poet of grandeur and gloom. A wonderful desolation, at once sweet and mournful, pervades these pictures which seem to be the

very visions of the poet's fancy; the melancholy surges beat upon the loneliest of shores; the moon shines with a ghostly light upon terrace and lawn; the elements dash furiously against the doomed "City of the Sea;" the Coliseum stands before us, a crumbling ruin, yet more wasted by the hand of time than it appears in old Rome; the weary and despairing student sinks under the shadow of the bird of evil—all these look to us more like creations of the overheated brain, as Poe himself might have seen them in his mind's eye, than like mere counterfeits of nature and art done by the pencil and the burin. Lengthened criticisms might be written upon these designs, and the "Art Journal" will probably discuss them as belonging to the best efforts of contemporary art, but while we would gladly leave to more competent judgments the task of deciding upon their merits respectively, we may be permitted to award to Birket Foster, in his illustrations of the lines "To One in Paradise," the palm of excellence.

We are sorry to see so magnificent a book as this disfigured by errors of the press. In the Lecture on the Poetic Principle the name of Edward Coates Pinkney is printed Edward Coote Pinkney, and the poem of "Annabel Lee" is improperly rendered in two of the stanzas. We speak upon the best authority, for the poem is before us in the handwriting of the author. One of the changes is unimportant, but the other mars the metrical structure of the whole lyric. Observe; on page 43 we have

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by
night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

Here in the last line we have a foot too much in the measure—an entire dactyl—"Chilling and"—being in excess. In Poe's MS. the stanza runs thus

"The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me:—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud, *chil-
ling*
And killing my Annabel Lee."

We could have wished to see this tender ballad accurately given for once in this volume, since nine times out of ten it has heretofore been printed with the metrical error we have pointed out.

We need not stop here to pass in review

the wonderful poems of Poe, nor is this the place to speak at length of the Memoir contained in this volume, which gives a rather harsh estimate of his character, but how could truth be uttered in charity of the wayward genius?

This splendid edition of Poe's poetical works has been sent to us through Mr. G. M. West of this city, of whom we may here take occasion to say that he has recently removed his book store to No. 145 Main Street, where a large and varied assortment of books in law and general literature may be found.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES from the adoption of the Articles of Confederation to the Close of Jackson's Administration. By WILLIAM ARCHER COCKE. In two Volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

This goodly volume embraces half of an imposing work from the pen of a native and resident of Virginia. It evinces great research and pains-taking labour, and will be received as a valuable addition to our political literature. Mr. Cocke has evidently bestowed more attention upon the matter than the manner of his History, for the style of this volume cannot be called elegant, and at times it is not altogether clear. In a grave work on Constitutional history, however, trivial defects of composition may be pardoned, if the service of recording the progress of events has been faithfully performed, and it might be captious to hold an author to a very strict account for matters of minor importance who has shown himself capable of taking large views of matters of paramount interest. In justice to Mr. Cocke we ought to say, upon his authority, that certain grammatical errors in the opening chapters of this volume are attributable to careless proof-reading, and will be corrected in the second edition.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. In Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, D. D. Redfield, 34 Beekman Street, New York. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

There is no more delicate question that can be suggested for discussion than that of a new rendering of the Holy Bible. The version of King James is so hallowed by the associations of the past and so en-

deared to the memories of all living Christians through the teachings of infancy, that the slightest tampering with the text would seem to many as little less than sacrilege, while others, whose philological learning enables them to perceive verbal improprieties in the translation, would hesitate to favour a revision, lest unwarrantable liberties unsettling the ancient faith, should be taken by the revisors. Mr. Trench approaches the subject in a spirit of the truest reverence. His opinion is, that a revision must come, but that the time has not arrived for it. He then proceeds to show wherein the New Testament deviates from a faithful transcript of the original, and his comments are full of interest for the Christian and the Scholar. So learned and so pious a writer as Mr. Trench could not fail of treating this difficult matter with judgment and ability.

We continue to receive through Mr. James Woodhouse, the Richmond Agent of Leonard Scott & Co., of New York City, the English Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine. All these publications maintain their ancient reputation, and Blackwood, thanks to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is perhaps more entertaining than ever. We want words to express the delight that has been afforded us by the novel of "What Will He Do With It," which is now drawing to its close in this periodical. We wish it might be drawn out monthly as long as Old Ebony shall stand its ground. As the end of the year approaches, it is a good time for us to remind the public of the great advantages held out by Leonard Scott & Co, to all who desire to get these excellent British publications. The whole are offered to American subscribers at Ten Dollars a year.

"Davenport Dunn, A Man of our Day," is another of Lever's charming novels from the press of Peterson of Philadelphia. It is printed, we are sorry to say, in very small type and will not therefore be read by many who value their eyesight. Why does not Peterson bring out a Complete Edition of the works of Lever, uniform in style with the library volumes of Dickens published by him last year? It would be a great public service, and we cannot doubt that it would be rewarded by a large sale of the series. Everybody enjoys the writings of Harry Lorrequer, but there is no good reason why this enjoyment should be marred by the abominable manner in which they are brought out. "Davenport Dunn" is for sale by G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

ELECTRON; or, THE PRANKS OF THE MODERN PUCK: A Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By WM. C. RICHARDS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

There are some good lines in this collection of telegraphic poems, but the author does not seem to be very highly charged, at the moment of writing, with the electricity of genius, and his impulses are sometimes as faint as those of the unfortunate electricians who are vainly trying to shock each other at Trinity and Valentia Bays. The book has evidently been gotten up to catch a temporary popular enthusiasm and yet there is but little vulgar *ad captandum* in its contents. The author writes like a gentleman, perhaps like one of that "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" in times gone by, but ease and even a certain degree of elegance, may be exhibited without a spark of poetic fire, and we think if Mr. Richards had not established a reputation as a poet by "striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound" before the appearance of "Electron," this would not give it to him. The Appletons have exhibited their usual good taste in the dainty externals of the book, and when we accomplish a poem, we shall ask them to publish it.

FROM NEW YORK TO DELHI, By way of Rio Janeiro, Australia and China. By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This is really a most interesting and valuable book. The author made a tour through India just before the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny, and his opportunities were excellent for observing the manners and customs of the people. He has recorded his impressions in a simple style of unadorned narrative which bears the strongest inherent evidence of truthfulness. Mr. Minturn draws a sad picture of the native Hindoos—perhaps his account of their character is the least hopeful one we have seen—and pays a high tribute to the East India Company, which, he seems to think, has administered the affairs of the Anglo-Indian Empire with equal justice and moderation. As the opinion of a sensible and unprejudiced man, perhaps better qualified than most writers on India, to judge in the matter, this acknowledgment will be duly appreciated by John Company Bahadoor who, now that he has departed his official life, seems to have no friends. Besides the new and acceptable information concern-

ing India contained in Mr. Minturn's volume, there are several chapters devoted to Australia and China that may be read with profit. The book is well printed and reaches the dimensions of 484 pages.

"The Arts of Beauty," by Lola Montez, from the press of Dick and Fitzgerald, for which we are indebted to Mr. G. M. West, is a catchpenny publication by a woman who has contrived to lose her own beauty of person in a premature old age, and who has not the beauty of the soul to compensate for its decay. We turn with something of disgust from her paints and powders, her lotions and lavatories, recommended to her own sex, and withhold the thanks she expects from us for her "Hints to Gentlemen on the Art of Fascinating." Lola may teach "how a beautiful bosom may be obtained," but her lessons, if followed out to their natural results, will deprave the heart of the gentlest and purest of her sisters. Let the "Arts of Beauty," with all its recipes and prescriptions be thrown aside as something insulting to our women.

"King Richard the Second" and "King Richard the Third," are the titles to two handsome little volumes from the press of the Harpers, which we have received from Mr. A. Morris. They belong to the series of juvenile histories which Mr. Jacob Abbott has been engaged for some years in writing, and they will be heartily welcomed by the young folks for whom they are designed.

It gives us very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of the *Alabama Educational Journal*, "a Magazine of Education, Science and General Literature, for School and Home," which must accomplish much good in raising the standard of literary and scientific culture in a sister State. It is published at Montgomery, Alabama, under the management of Noah K. Davis, Esq., the Resident Editor, who is assisted by a corps of gentlemen in various parts of the State, among whom we recognise some of the most learned and valuable citizens of the whole South. This *Educational Journal* deserves a generous encouragement from the friends of learning everywhere, inasmuch as it rises above the claims of a private enterprise in seeking to effect objects of a high public importance. The price of subscription is but One Dollar a year in advance.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1858.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

If this painful recollection,
If this deep and dark dejection
Which surrounds me with its shade,—
If these visions and these trances
And this mocking fiend, which dances
Round me and will not be laid,—
If this gloom which knows no brightening,
And this weight which feels no lightening,
Whatsoe'er the effort made,—
If this woe that fills me wholly,
And this pang which thrills me solely,
Evermore without remedy,—
Be as certain evidences
To the soul as the senses,
Look on me as crushed indeed.

What I *had* been had I met thee
In such mood as to forget thee;
Had I found thee past my reach;
Had the feelings which inspired us,
And the eager love which fired us,
Found no vent in act nor speech—
It is useless now to fancy:
Not that more than necromancy,
More than Magian e'er could teach,
In the will which never faltered,
And the pride before unaltered,
Can destroy that past of fear,
Can restore me what is taken,
Nor the better past awaken,
Nor dispel the darkness here.

Woe is me! my memory traces
All the dearly-pleasant places
Which so well I used to know—
Blue-topped hills and greenest meadows,—
Trees that dropped refreshing shadows

On expectant shrubs below,—
 Ponds into whose tiny billows
 Drooped the branches of the willows—
 Willows waving to and fro—
 Swept the willow branches weary,—
 Swayed the willow branches dreary,—
 Brooks, whose waters chafed the rocks,—
 Rolling plains, where rabbits pattered,
 Fearlessly, among the scattered,
 Bell-attending herds and flocks,—

Copses, where the song-birds mating
 Flung, with voices undulating,
 Curves of music on the air,—
 Sand-cliffs, where the skimming swallow
 Built her habitation hollow,
 Mining for her callow care,—
 Southern breezes, kindly blowing,—
 Rivulets forever flowing,
 Through a landscape green and fair,
 Where I mused, at morn and even,
 On a love which then was heaven,—
 Shrubby hollows, decked with trees ;
 These my memory brings before me,
 But she never may restore me
 What I lost along with these.

Memory now my fiercest curse is ;
 Now to joy succeed reverses
 Darkling, where no daylight beams :
 Gone, the hopes which one time filled me,—
 Gone, the joys which one time thrilled me,—
 Gone, the power of happy dreams,—
 Gone, the pleasant hills and hollows,—
 Gone, the skimming of the swallows,—
 Gone, the willows by the streams.—
 Gone, the brooks—no darkness dumber,—
 Gone, the deep-blue skies of summer,—
 Gone, the singing of the birds,—
 Gone, the pond, with surface glassy,—
 Gone, the meadows rolling, grassy,—
 Gone, the bell-obeying herds,—

Gone, forever !—but remaining,
 Undeterred by this complaining,
 Undiminished in its force,
 Generated by thine error,
 Clothed with curses, draped with terror,
 Misery, but not remorse.
 Thou, the cause, thou will not share it ;
 I, alone and crushed, must bear it,—
 I, at best, a brenting corse,—
 I, whose heart so throbbed with pleasure,
 At thy voice's perfect measure—
 Thine the falsehood, mine the pain :—

Ah, couldst thou behold mine anguish,
Though I still might moan and languish,
Wouldst thou ever smile again?

Vain the thought, than day-dreams vainer!
Were it thus could I be gainer?

Thou to suffer couldst not aid,
Though the gloom were on thy spirit,
Such thy ruthless actions merit,
Hades-deeper in its shade.
No more smiles the eye might number
On this brow so sad and sombre,
On these features still as stone,
On this visage wan and faded,
On this face by sorrow shaded,
That no smile would light thine own;
Joy would not return to cheer me,
Wert thou chained, in torture, near me,
Vexing me with bitter moan;

These long locks, Medusan, horrid,
Falling on this pallid forehead,
Would not soften at thy sighs;
Nor to see thee bound in sadness,
Bring once more the light of gladness
To these dim, cavernous eyes.
Live! but never let me see thee,
Now thy bosom's chilly Lethè—
(Would such waters *here* could rise!)
Now the Lethè of aversion,
Flowing from thine own desertion,
Folds thee in its waters chill;
Though I suffer past all sorrow,
Not from thee I choose to borrow
Strength to bear extreme of ill.

Childless, husbandless and friendless,
Thus entangled in an endless
Web of woes I may not tear—
Web, with warp of crushed emotion,
Web, with woof of spurned devotion,
Coloured with the hues of care—
Woes around and sorrow o'er me,
Flames behind and clouds before me,
I await what must become;
Though I drink in this sad trial,
All the bitter of the vial,
Though the outer sense be numb,
Neither aid nor pity craving,
Life no longer worth the saving,
This my voice, henceforth, is dumb.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FR

THOMAS LUDWELL LEE TO R. H. LEE.

Williamsburg, April 13th, 1776.

I have to thank you for two letters which have come to hand since I wrote you last. Nothing very important has happened this way lately. The last accounts from Carolina mention that Clinton has landed on an Island in Cape Fear with about 600 men, where he is chiefly employed in teaching his soldiers the street firing. General Moore watches his motions with an army of 300. Gen. Howe, in a letter I received yesterday from Halifax, N. Carolina, speaking of the Convention which now sits there, says "they have raised three new regiments and are contemplating one more. They lose all thought of expense in their ardour to promote the common cause;" and farther, "Independence seems to be *the word*; I know not a dissenting voice." The last certain intelligence of the Continental fleet left them in Charlestown, South Carolina. An express was sent to Hopkins there, from North Carolina, to inform him how sure a prey G. Martin, Clinton, and all the immense naval and military stores at Cape Fear would be to him, if he moved with his fleet to that place. This event has since been constantly expected with great impatience.

Gen. Lee has held up to the Council of Safety at Newbern a noble object of naval enterprise at Norfolk, and has urged them to propose the affair to Hopkins, if he comes that way; with this additional inducement, that should it be imprudent to return to sea on account of the number of British ships of war which may be expected on the American Coast, he can, by a battery erected on an Island, at the mouth of the river leading up to Norfolk, make for himself a safe harbour against the Navy of G. Britain. The Committee have returned the General an answer that they think the matter of great importance, and would inform the Admiral.

Gen. Lee thinks, as I do, that the American cause would be greatly served by your attendance in Convention, which

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and we had a discharge of Artillery and small arms. You have also a set of resolves offered by Col. M. Smith, but the first, which were proposed the second day by the President,—for the debate lasted two days,—were preferred. These he had formed from the resolves and preambles of the first day badly put together. Col. Mason came to town yesterday after the arrival of the Post; I showed him your letter, and he thinks with me that your presence here is of the last consequence. He designs I believe to tell you so by letter to-day. All your friends agree in this opinion. Col. Nelson is on his way to Congress, which removes the objection respecting a quorum of Delegates. To form a plan of just and equal government would not perhaps be so very difficult: but to preserve it from being marred with a thousand impertinences; from being in the end a jumble of discordant, unintelligible parts, will demand the protecting hand of a master.

I cannot recollect with precision the quantity of lead which we have received from the mines, though I think it about ten tons. The works are now carried on by the public on a larger scale, and no doubt is entertained here, that a full supply for the Continent may be had from thence, by increasing the number of hands. In my next you shall have a more accurate account.

The fast was observed with all due solemnity yesterday. The Delegates met at the Capitol, and went in procession to hear a sermon preached, by the appointment of Convention. Adieu, my dear brother, give my love to Loudoun, and let us have the satisfaction to see you assisting in the great work of this Convention.

—
June 1st, 1776.

You will find in this a paper containing some resolves, &c., of a Committee of our whole Convention, respecting the base and unworthy proceedings of the Maryland Convention. These were, when reported to the House, to use the old

phrase, agreed to by an almost unanimous consent, notwithstanding the hearty opposition of a certain junto, who never fail to erect themselves against any measure of sense and spirit. The history of this business is already so much known to you, that the paper will need no illustration.

I enclosed you by last post a copy of our declaration of rights nearly as it came through Committee. It has since been reported to the Convention, and we have ever since been stumbling at the threshold. In short, we find such difficulty in laying the foundation stone, that I very much fear for that Temple to Liberty which was proposed to be erected thereon. But laying aside figure, I will tell you plainly that a certain set of Aristocrats,—for we have such monsters here,—finding that their execrable system cannot be reared on such foundations, have to this time kept us at Bay on the first line, which declares all men to be born equally free and independent. A number of absurd or unmeaning alterations have been proposed. The words as they stand are approved by a very great majority, yet by a thousand masterly fetches and stratagems the business has been so delayed that the first clause stands yet unassented to by the Convention. The truth is we are quite overpowered by manoeuvre, and heartily wish the Congress would send us *another* General Lee from the Northward.

A letter from our friend, the General, was read yesterday morning in the Committee of Safety, dated Halifax. He was on the point of setting off for Newbern, the place most central to Virginia, Wilmington and South Carolina, whichever the meteor of Clinton might call him to. He perseveres in the opinion, that Virginia and not Carolina is their immediate object. The intelligence our Generals have received of the Enemy make them 300 strong. Though this seems not quite certain.

You will see by the Virginia Gazette, which I enclose, that Dunmore has procured for himself, a much more comfortable situation on Gwinn's Island than he possessed at Norfolk, whence the

apprehension of some fire rafts which were preparing to be sent down amidst his fleet obliged him to flee.

—

Belview, Sept. 9th, 1777.

I rejoice heartily with you at those many pretty little military events which have contributed in no small degree to give a handsome polish to the American sword. Nothing is wanted now but those 'sixes' the letter writer from Prussia speaks of; and these I hope will soon be thrown by the surrounding of Burgoyne, and the discomfiture of Howe. I really think the Col. of the Queen's own regiment, and Governor of Fort William in North Britain, is in woful plight. If he fights as much like a Mountebank as he writes, we might certainly trust him, in all confidence, to the management of General Stark's Militia.

Mr. Boyd, the Lawyer, was here the other day:—he called at Stratford, and understood there that Mr. Lee and the family at Chantilly were well. Mr. Parker returned from Zane's some time ago; but the salt pans are not yet come down: the man who undertook to contrive them to navigation having hitherto failed in his contract. Mr. Parker, like a bad paymaster, has paid him the consideration beforehand.

—

WM. AYLETT TO R. H. LEE.

KING WILLIAM, VA., April 20th, 1776.

The information you gave me of the arrival of an additional quantity of powder since my departure, gave great pleasure to all who heard it, for I received your letter at the election. The people of this County almost unanimously cry aloud for Independence. They are now sensible that nothing but arms and munitions are wanted, or can be wanted under providence, to secure them from Tyranny and Oppression. * * * The account of the vessel taken by Barron, with despatches for Governor Eden from the ministry, with their contents, I presume you will meet with in the Publick Papers before this reaches you.

COL. RICHARD PARKER TO R. H. LEE.

RICHMOND, April 27th, 1776.

A tender came last week to Hobbs' Hole and took a New England man, loaded with grain and flour, from the wharf. An alarm was given, and the militia of Essex and Richmond pursued them in vessels; they retook the Prize and brought her back. The tender escaped the pursuit within three miles of Urbanna. A negro fellow, belonging to Walker, who was skipper of his boat, was killed, & no other damage done to our men.

—

Dec. 5th, 1776.—My son Major Parker, will deliver you this, I expect, on way to New York to join his Regiment. He has till this time, ever since the banding the 2d Regiment, been afflicted with a tedious and most dangerous illness. I have no doubt of your shewing him every civility in your power, and I have as little doubt of his evincing every manner of respect for you and regard for his country.

I should not have missed writing you, by every Post, but the distance was from the Rider, the close attention have paid to the salt works, and the want of the Rider, who refused to set on a day sooner than he used to do before the alteration of the Post day, by which all our letters lose a Post, add to which my not being able to give you full satisfaction with respect to the works, have hitherto kept me from it. I can now with pleasure inform you that I have finished one, as I think in a very complete manner, and a fortnight's work will put the other in the same state. However this must be deferred until the spring of the year. I have not the least doubt but that they will answer expectations. The whole works occupy more than three acres of ground, and are so secured from the tides, and every other accident, that I am convinced there is nothing to fear on that score. Not being acquainted with work of the kind, I was greatly deceived in my expectation of getting it completed in a short time. However, it would have

been done much sooner could I have got my timber in time. In near five months, during which time I have been engaged about it, I have not been with my family twelve days. So great a desire had I to accomplish so necessary a work, which I conceive will bring great advantages to the State. None of the other works, except one of Hobday's, are in any forwardness. Indeed, I have heard the other directors have done nothing at all, and two of them in Assembly are raising clamors against the measure, declaring it impossible to make salt by evaporation. These are Simpson and Wills. I am inclined to believe 'tis because they are unable to execute these works, either from ignorance or too great attention to their own affairs. I am convinced that had my works been erected where Simpson's ought to be, I could make at least 16,000 bushels of salt annually. In a day or two, I shall set off to Williamsburg, and am in hopes shall be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Assembly, that much may be expected from works well executed.

COL. RICHARD PARKER, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

Bethlehem. Oct. 18th, 1777.

Dear Sir,—I heartily congratulate you, on the success of our arms, to the Northward. The Puissant Burgoyne is now satisfied his power was not so extensive as he at first imagined. Our arms hitherto have not been so fortunate in this quarter, but I make no doubt, the campaign will end fortunately. The loss of the battle at Brandywine, and the unsuccessful attempt at Germantown, have not depressed the spirits of our men in the least; but they are now much more confident of success than ever, and wish for nothing more than to be led to action. I, as was the fate of many others, received a wound at Germantown, though not very dangerous, in the leg. The bone is a little fractured; the ball lodged, but is since extracted. My only anxiety is, that I shall be laid up in the most active part of the campaign and not share the dangers and honour with the rest of my coun-

trymen. From your friendship I have risen to a Post that I am exceedingly happy in. I hope I have not forfeited that good opinion you first appeared to entertain of me. The only return I can make you, is still to deserve well of my country, and hope still to continue your friendship, which I value much.

R. PARKER, Junior.

March 12th, 1779. The letter you mentioned to have sent before has never come to hand. I suppose it was sent to Westmoreland since I came from home. I wish I had got it that I might have complied with your request. I find even amongst Deane's greatest admirers there is a falling off, and could I have got those papers you allude to, I doubt not it would have had a good effect, especially as his greatest Patron is in a fair way of coming into disgrace. * * *

I have as you requested, animadverted on the rescinding the 2 articles of the Treaty; it comes out in Dixon's Paper. He could not print this week, the piece signed "Common Sense," and Purdie could only publish that. I have no doubt but you will soon see your enemies brought down very low, or rather totally defeated; they cannot much longer delude the public, I think. I find the Printers have been very attentive to publish every scurrilous paper against your family and congress, and very seldom can be prevailed upon to print any thing on the other side. However, whilst I am in town, I will take care to have it altered. I shall stay till the last of April. We have no interesting news except what you must be informed of, that of the Enemy being possessed of Georgia. The South Carolinians are under great apprehensions and press for assistance.

March 26th, 1779. I mentioned to you, in one of my former letters, (for I have written by every Post,) that I had not got yours enclosing the Papers written against Deane, nor have they yet come to hand. However, he is very low in the

opinion of all here. I find it hardly possible to get any paper of consequence published here. The Printers have advertised they will not publish any controversial pieces but for a very high price. * * *

I enclose you the Bill for the general diffusion of knowledge. They are just printed, and very few of our acts of last session are yet printed. * * *

I imagine it will not be displeasing to you to know that the famous case of *Taff vs. Yerby* is this day determined in favour of my client, and that I am to have £5000 for my trouble. Let Col. Frank know it; I am sure he will be pleased.

—
Williamsburg, April 8th, 1779.

I am greatly afraid the *Convention* troops, being stationed in this Commonwealth, will be of dangerous consequence to the State. Our citizens want virtue; they are constantly inviting the Officers to their houses, a considerable distance from their Barracks, and they are treated with the utmost deference and respect. Nay, they are permitted to go to Petersburg and Richmond to races and Balls, Harvey has even given some of them a passport to go down to Hampton without the knowledge of the Executive, and Officers of the line and in the Artillery are suffered to go through the country making their observations. I was told by a gentleman since I came down last, that some of the officers who had a passport to go down for the Specie sent for the Troops, were very attentive in this town, viewing all the streets and parts of the town. This surely is very imprudent. I wish from my soul they were removed, for our people have full little virtue already, and I am sure keeping company with those officers will make them have less. Their Porter, their cheese, their wine and their Finery, which I understand they have plenty of, will compleatly destroy all the little virtue the James River people have left.*

—
Oct. 23d, 1779. I cannot yet procure a paper with Dr. Lee's Letter for you. Mr.

Page promises to bring one on Monday, when it shall be sent. This day, and not before, your appeal came to hand. I shall carry it to-morrow to the Attorney and consult with him about it, and if possible have it tried this Court. You judged right; the Enemies of your family are very fond of spreading the news of Dr. Lee's disgraceful dismissal by Congress. His defence will soon be out, and then I hope their mouths will be effectually stopped.

—
FROM SAMUEL WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

Harewood, Dec. 23d, 1776.

Mr. Nourse who will deliver you this, is a worthy neighbour of mine, and who you will find worth making an acquaintance with; for, although an Englishman, you may be assured there is not a man in this country more attached to the American cause than himself. He brings a letter to Congress the purport of which is to acquaint your body that hearing of the unhappy situation of our Army, that the Militia (what can be spared of them) are disposed to give their assistance, provided it meets with the approbation of Congress, and they, during the time they stay in service, put on an equal footing with the Regulars as to pay, &c. The people in general are not able to equip themselves at this season of the year, therefore we shall expect some money—to be punctually accounted for—paid for this purpose. The time we think of engaging for is till the last of March. I think if a scheme of this sort was adopted for the Southern Colonies, it might answer two good purposes; the first that they would be infinitely serviceable on any emergency; the second, that they would serve to keep the Tory party in the middle Colonies in order.

—
FROM COL. JOHN AUG. WASHINGTON TO R. H. LEE.

Liberty Hall, 15th April, 1776.

I am now to acknowledge yours by Post

* Vastly civil, this,—in our brave Colonel.

of the 24th March, which contained a confirmation of what had been before rumoured about, that Boston was in our possession which I am very glad to hear, as at any rate the driving the British Army from a place, that they had been in possession of for nearly two years, and had rendered as strong as the nature of its situation would admit of, must necessarily give the powers of Europe an high opinion of our spirit, strength and military abilities. What these vanquished troops may do next I know not, but am apprehensive that they will throughout the colony, do every injury that they can, to all such towns and houses as are within reach of the cannon of their ships. As to their land forces, even if they are augmented to the full number that administration expect, I do not see, (provided America keeps firmly united) any great thing that they can do. All the injury, however, they can do they will, for instead of any prospect of accommodation such as America could or would consent to, it is plain to me that Great Britain would crush us to atoms if she were able, and if this is the case, I do not see what it is we should hesitate about. I own, I could wish to hear, that it was determined to set them at defiance, and declare for a free trade, which in all probability might engage the Powers of Europe to push for part of our trade; this might be productive of a quarrel, and furnish the British fleet with better employment than blocking up our harbours. I am really afraid that an entire stoppage of trade will be felt more severely than is generally imagined; and whilst there is no trade I apprehend we can sink none of the paper emitted. Query? Whether the credit of the paper may not be affected by it.
* * *

My house standing within point blank cannon shot of the shipping, I thought it advisable to remove my family and most valuable effects. We are now living in the house where Mr. Ballentine formerly kept store, just below Nourse's Ferry—(Baptized Liberty Hall.)

Liberty Hall, 22d April, 1776.

I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 8th April enclosing a direction for the making of salt. You may rely on it that I will recommend the carrying it into execution as far as I can. That it is an article the want of which will be more severely felt, at least in many parts of this country, before any other, admits of no doubt. * * *

You mention that you have opened the ports to all the world but enemies, but that you are apprehensive this will not do without our promising our aid to any such power as should get involved in a war with Great Britain from attempting to trade with us. I am clearly of opinion that unless we declare openly for Independency there is no chance for foreign aid; but if that and a solemn declaration that we would not trade at any rate with Great Britain for some certain time, would answer the end, in my poor opinion it would be better than engaging our aid in any other way, as that would seem like forming alliances and connections, which we should be better without, for then their trade might make it our interest, unless our circumstances absolutely required it.

All officers under the Crown are certainly uncommissioned, and that we can no longer do without some fixed form of government, is certain. That we have done as well as we have under our present no-form is astonishing I believe to every reflecting mind, and really not be accounted for but by Providence. I am happy in hearing from you, that we may expect a well digested form of Government to be sent to our next Convention; for true it is, that our convention stands in need of advice, at least in matters of such great importance, and I really fear that this will want more than the last.

—
Williamsburg, 11th May, 1776.

The first day the house met, they determined to go into a committee of the whole to take under consideration the state of the Colony on Friday 10th, but the day preceding a matter came on, re-

lating to the removing out of Norfolk and Princess Ann Counties all the male negroes above 13, and also such white persons as were open enemies or neutrals, and all the stocks except a bare present subsistence for our friends in those counties. This business will employ the greater part of this day. I have no doubt but it will be carried for the removal, and it is necessary it should be finished and the proper orders given, before Generals Lee and Howe set off for North Carolina, where the service seems to call for them; having received a letter from the committee there that 8 transports had arrived with troops at Wilmington, supposed about 2000, and that the rest of the transports to the number of 40 in the whole might be expected shortly. The General has ordered one Battalion to Carolina, and the Convention has ordered upwards of 1000 minute men to hold themselves in readiness to receive the General's Orders if he should want them there. I hardly think that the grand question will come on before Tuesday next, as this day will be chiefly taken up with the Norfolk business, and on Monday the house is generally thin. When it does there will be much altercation, but I believe no danger but that we shall determine upon taking up Government, but whether they may be so explicit as I could wish in their Instructions to our Delegates I cannot determine, but hope there is no great danger.

—

Williamsburg, 18th May, 1776.

I have the pleasure to enclose you a resolve of our Convention upon the subject of taking up Government, and an instruction to our Delegates in Congress to declare the United Colonies free and independent States. It is not so full as some would have wished it, but I hope may answer the purpose. What gave me pleasure was, that the resolve was made by a very full house and without a dissenting voice. * * *

Generals Lee and Howe left this place on Monday last for Carolina; no news of

them yet, nor have we any certainty what number of troops are arrived there.

A resolve passed some days past, for removing the Inhabitants of Princess Ann and Norfolk, both friends and Enemies, except such as are immediately under the protection of our troops. This has been since altered and now stands, that all inimical persons, among whom neutrals are considered, and all male slaves of military age whether belonging to friends or Enemies, be removed. A committee is appointed to consider of the best methods, and point out the proper places for making salt, also they are to have under their consideration the proper plan for making Salt Petre and Gun Powder. I hope the great business of forming a well regulated Government will go on well, as I think there will be no great difference of opinion among our best speakers, Henry, Mason, Mercer, Dandridge, Smith, and I am apt to think the President will concur with them in sentiment. The Resolve with regard to Government, &c., was entirely his.

—

Bushfield, 23d April, 1777.

I am sorry to hear that our numbers are so few. The reports since the date of your letter say, that we are 10,000 strong and the roads lined with raw recruits. I wish I could credit the report, but must own till I see it under the hand of some friend that I know, I shall look on the report to be of a piece with most other common reports. It is also said here, that the Enemy were embarking in pretty large numbers, their destination not certainly known, but supposed for Chesapeake Bay, and that their landing would be on the Eastern Shore. We have from or six French trading vessels in Rappahannock; one of them carries 500 Hhds. Their cargoes so far are Salt, Rum, Sugar, and Molasses, (which indeed was the principal part) and were valuable. Their dry goods I think, are mean in quality and they have the art of selling high. The small pox is so dispersed through the different parts of this country, that it is unsafe for those who have not had it to go

abroad, or to see company at their own house, unless it is their neighbours. For this reason I think of sending my wife and children over to Maryland to be Inoculated;—Our Court not having adopted Inoculation.

—

Bushfield, 26th May, 1778.

On my return from Berkeley two days past, I had the pleasure to receive your favor of the 4th inst., for which you have my thanks, and I rejoice with you and all the friends of America in the happy change that must take place in our contest with Great Britain from the Alliance with France. I make no doubt but that it will be followed by Alliances with other Powers in Europe, who will I hope take us by the hand upon the same noble generous principles that France has done, and our Independence finally established. It is happy for us, as our Enemies are wicked, that they are at the same time very foolish. Did you ever meet with so much insolence and folly as is contained in Lord North's motion? Independence—strengthening their army, and conquering or to conciliate. Throughout he is strongly against Independence. It is evident from his own words, that he has no hopes of conquering. To conciliate then must be all that he could propose from his motion, and the step to promote this, was to vest the Commissioners with Powers to pardon, generally or specially, a people who had committed no offence and that he plainly owns he cannot conquer; and to appoint Governors by their authority to Independent States which must always remain so, it being confessed by himself that we are unconquerable. No doubt he proposes to create by the means of these artful and designing commissioners, dissensions amongst us, but surely he might have reflected, that they would not be permitted to land but at the nearest place to Congress, and would be escorted there by such a guard as would not suffer them to converse with any persons even on the road, and if their proposals were rejected by Congress, that they must return immediately on board

their ships, and if they landed after, they would be considered and treated as Enemies. So that I apprehend, they would have very little opportunity of poisoning the minds of the people. * * *

General Lee set out from Mr. Nourse's in Berkeley, last Thursday fortnight for the Camp; but he was then unable to walk from a fit of the gout which he was getting the better of.

I have not heard particularly what our assembly are about; but it is said it will be a short session, unless Col. Mason, who is not yet got down, should carve out more business for them than they have yet thought of. The revision of the Laws, I hear, is to be postponed. I have heard that it is under contemplation, the raising some Cavalry and Infantry, but am uninformed as to the number or scheme.

—

Mt. Clear, 20th June, 1778.

Our Assembly has passed an act for raising 2000 Volunteers to serve till the first of January next. They have held out every encouragement, such as high bounty, clothing and an exemption from future drafts for 12 months after their discharge, to induce the people to engage in the service. This county had the appointment of a Captain and Ensign: Captain Chilton is appointed to the first, and Mr. Geo. Garner, Ensign. They are both good men, and as likely to engage Volunteers, as any that could have been appointed, but I do assure you, My Dear Friend, that there is a most uncommon backwardness towards the service among the people. Whether it proceeds from the fear of the Small Pox, and those other dangerous disorders they are told prevail in the Camp, or whether it is from disaffection to the cause, I cannot determine, but in all probability partly to all three. I know the danger of the Small Pox and camp fever is more alarming to many, than any danger they apprehend from the arms of the Enemy; and I fear we have amongst us some designing dangerous characters, who misrepresent to ignorant, uninformed people, the situation of our affairs and the nature of the contest,

making them believe that it was produced by the wantonness of the Gentlemen, and that the poor are very little, if any, interested. Either from advice or from bad principles in themselves, they certainly are conducting themselves in a very licentious manner.

—

Bushfield, 28th July, 1778.

We are in high expectation of some good news from the north. The hurry the French Admiral seemed to be in from your last favor to me, induces a belief that he will attack the English fleet as soon as he comes up with them, and we hope with good effect. There is one circumstance that is a little alarming, the one published by order of Congress, that a British fleet stronger than the French was expected over. If they should arrive, it would be a fatal blow upon our friends the French. However, it will at any rate hurry them to the immediate execution of any enterprise they may think themselves capable of carrying through against the Enemies Fleet. I am apprehensive that the British fleet may be so drawn up as to be considerably aided by Batteries at New York and the Islands adjacent; however this is mere conjecture, for I am not acquainted with the situation, depth of water, &c. It is reported with us that the Continental Ar-

my are ordered to attack New York, and that the militia for fifty miles around are ordered to their aid. It would give me pleasure to hear where our army is, their supposed strength, and that of the Enemy. Now that our affairs seem drawing nigh to a happy conclusion, I am if possible more anxious than I ever was. Formerly I had many serious thoughts about the safety of our Army, now I am all impatience to hear of some decisive stroke, that may at once finish the great and important business we have been engaged in to our honour, and the happiness of a great country.

—

RALEIGH COLSTON TO R. H. LEE.

Cape François, Aug. 20th, 1781.

It affords me real pleasure to be informed a few days ago, by a gentleman from Virginia, that you were again elected a member of Congress from that State. A post which your worst Enemies must acknowledge you most eminently qualified to fill. I rejoice most heartily at this additional proof of the discernment and confidence of your countrymen, not only as being sensible of your consequence, in the great National Council, but as it serves as a triumph over those who are envious of your abilities and unshaken fidelity.



THE LILY A CONFIDANTE.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Lily! lady of the garden!
Let me press my lips to thine!—
Love *must* tell its story, Lily,
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
Thee, and yonder wordless flute,—
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is
Hist! was that a roseleaf fell?—
Look! the Rose is listening, Lily,
And the Rose may tell.

Lily-browed, and Lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me;
Lovely? yes, if being lovely
Is resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the "*teens*"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo;
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily,
Like her sister Lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou would'st wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Honest truth, the subtlest art,—
Lips that feign, and love that flatters,
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dew-drop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth!
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by;
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh,

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee,
Of her heart the sinless whole,—
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

UNPUBLISHED MSS. FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.*

BY MOTLEY WARE, ESQ.

I.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

His Withered Flowers.

Hilf himmel! how, in gazing on this withered bunch of flowers, is the heart moved within me; as on hearing again the merrily-sounding cattle-bells of my youth, a voice comes to me, surging from the far-distant Alps of childhood! It is not a bunch of flowers alone I hold in my hand, but a whole infinity, a vast loud-echoing sea of thought, immeasurable and tender—not roses and pinks and jessamines only, but a beauteous panorama of fairest memories!

Ah heaven! how well I remember the morning and the scene when they were given into my unworthy hands by the bright-haired maiden who blushed at her own daring in softly presenting, with a gentle reluctance, her cheek to my salute! What Idyllic joys come rushing around me at the memories of that day, and all there met together. The butterflies and gay, circling birds, revelled upon their joyous wings in the All-Temple, which the Father gave to them as to

man: the grass was very green and soft; the echoes of sweet-sounding heart-words played around and filled the soft summer air. The vehicle, which, on fast-turning wheels, was to bear him who now writes away, stood near, and the horses pawed the ground, while flying words and kisses circled and swarmed that happy, sorrowful, parting hour!

These flowers were given then to him; they were so bright and beautiful, all covered with the sparkling dew, and no thorns grew upon them. They were given to him as a memory, he thought; and their fragrance seemed softly to invade and bathe the nostrils, and to penetrate into the heart, and to fill the very high-reaching air which dropped above him, and gently caressed his heart with its entrancing and soft splendour! He loved always young bright flowers so dearly! so dearly that, did not tyrannical custom forbid, he would ever go with such dear infants of the garden at his button-hole, so that his thoughts, in the vast, bellowing ocean of humanity might ever and anon sink like morning larks to their nests in the lowly grass, where the sun-rays of life would not dazzle and

* These papers, originally prepared by a constant contributor to this magazine for a publication which has ceased to exist, are now collected and arranged by him in one series as likely to afford some amusement to all who are familiar with the writers imitated.

confound him, while he looked on, and drank in the beauty of, these bright-hued garden and meadow children!

She who gave into his unworthy hands those beautiful, now withered, flowers, was one of those gentle stars which, rising and glimmering in the morning of existence, were ever present with the rest to him, and hanging far up in the azure heaven of memory, went with him, like the waters of his native river, wherever his life-stream flowed!

Thus, they are not dead flowers alone to him; but living, magical flowers, which conjure up, like the sights seen in childhood, now seen again, all the far, long, dead past. They lie there on his book-case next to the statues, among many memorials of the Idyllic hours of his tender boyhood—among drawings, gift-volumes, and book-marks, worked long ago in many-coloured silk, by fingers which now touch his with a sort of wonder at his face and voice, availing to bring back long-past, unmarried, girlish days, so deeply-buried now! The flowers lie there beside these recollections of the Past, and are a part of it. Some leaves have fallen; withered they long ago, and dried up, and fell crumbling down. He will not have them brushed away, however. Ah heaven, no! Although they lie there like dry leaves upon a tomb, burying with the dead the thick-scattered scenes and fancies of the former time, yet also they revive those times in brightness and fair joy! So let them lie—they shall not be removed.

No—no! as that cannot be brushed away which this flower-bunch here brings to me: the beautiful bright day and the faces which, while he flowed away with the merrily-running stream, still rose clear in his heart! For like a westward-moving star, that heart, “lifted above the ground with cheerful thoughts,” still hovered over them and will wherever they go!

His Castle by the Sea.

The merest little picture, nothing more!—and yet beloved and good reader, there is no line of the said picture which does not embrace some memory of a gay,

joyous time—ah, long ago!—when Hans Paul, and the heart of him, was moved with many gentle and fair dreams of happiness, which raised themselves from out that dream, then living, being acted all around him, in his heart!

The merest little picture—a pencil-drawing of an old ruin by the waters, and the ivy on it! Ah himmel! how his breast warms at thought of those merry, boyish days, when, winter though it were, Idyllic joys constantly alternated, and made beautiful all the snow-clad forest and the landscape, and the coldness of the frosty winter air!

Many were chased gaily into the soft, white snow, in the times of the happy things which here would fain relate themselves. It was happy to go and gather misletoe and other fruits of the beauteous All-Father, vouchsafed to the laughing winter time! It was happy to listen to the many gay ballads, many times sung, that music might delight the already full hearts of the joy-giving damsels and the youths who then sojourned together. It was very happy to play at the many merry games a-nights—most happy for those little hearts to feel themselves enslaved, for ever, then!

Ah, picture, what a gay-sounding, innocent child-revel hast thou brought back to me!—how echoes all the stillness of my midnight chamber with those Idyllic joys—alas! gone for ever now. Sad, much-loved picture!

II.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From “Still Later Day Pamphlets.”

* * * * *

We are in a bad way, my friends. The age is sick—well nigh sick unto death: already in mortal throes as of soon-coming dissolution, and inevitable annihilation: what Dryasdust calls extinction! Let us pause here a moment if such power be left us, and institute a few reflections as to what this vast diabolic confusion, as of Pandemonium let loose,

really signifies to the day and generation.

Nothing good. Alas! the days of good things and great earnest souls come no more back for ever. The Cromwells and Francias are dead and buried—gone, my friends—passed long ago to other, we trust better, existence. No hope of such now—else why come they not? In heaven's name, exists there no single abuse to be torn down and trampled upon by such souls? Is all this universe what it should be—or is the Pandemonium spoken of but now let loose upon us for our sins? That we want the *best man*—König called of old time—seems evident. That such König come to us, let us in the midst of despair, still pray and hope!

Sick is this England—named angel-land by sham-hating angels of the former ages—all going to wreck, and knowing nothing of its forlorn decay. Decay, not so much, my brethren, in material strength—what Hesperus Fiddlestring calls “revenues of government”—as in those greater strengths, sound human souls, earnest to do their proper work. Decaying, mark me, in greater things. All human Belief this many a year has gone to pieces in the vast loud-sounding storm-bellow of Inanity and Folly. Belief is dead. Earnestness, the offspring, dead also. Men's minds are full of chimeras—they know not what to hold to. The great Intelligences hide their eyes, sweep far away on sorrowful wings, leave phantom rulers to play out their sham-parts, vouchsafing no word of comfort to the pilot, doubling the cape of storms!

* * * * *

Most sick of all is the vast mudpython called America. There can we discern naught but horrible inventions of the Enemy of Souls—called Sathanas—hated of all true souls. Our American cousins have long ceased to believe in aught it behooves all men to believe; given up are they long ago to their own devices—bound hand and foot by the Devil and his satellites. What Earnestness is discernible there? What great human soul has ever shone on that benighted continent? A certain sort of earnestness they

do possess—in digging ditches, building railways, binding the North and South together with their telegraphs: but what great earnest König has yet spoken or written there? Most sick are they—unsettled in brain, doubtful of the very ground beneath them! Of late, too, many things have tended still more to unsettle men's minds there:—they have their “Spiritual Rappings,” their “mediums,” moving of tables—not to mention the thousand other prodigies of children yet of tender years personating the highest-raised characters of the hero in Literature, our Shakespeare—a life-study to the Keans and stately Kembles, strong-headed men: now made a *play* of by miraculous babes!

* * * * *

Most of all is the age unsettled there in America by their “Rappings” and “Spiritual philosophy,” and “mediums”—by the thousand inventions of the Soul-Enemy attacking the weak and doubtful on the weak side—certain of victory! “Rappings,” “mediums!”—what confusion, hell-born, redolent of the nether place, is here, my friends! Are we not all mad together, or has the earth gone, half of it, crazy: as the Scotch say, *daft*? Here is what seems to me a worse evil than platform peroration, even though Hesperus Fiddlestring be the orator! He runs them “distracted” on *small* things compared with this new philosophy which spreads insanity wherein life and death are at issue! Moving of tables, intermeddling of disembodied spirits in human matters—the devil incarnate with horns and tail, and welcomed!

My friends, I feel I am going mad:—lived I in the Western world some commodious well-regulated “asylum” would long since have received me!

* * * * *

I return for a space to this “Spiritualism.” John Smith dead and gone, we think might be left at rest:—a good well-digesting clothes-horse in his time, not remarkable for earnestness of any sort beyond dinner earnestness, or caring for much beyond his night-cap and slippers: why should he now, when night-cap and

slippers avail him nothing, return to this world? A highly "respectable" man who kept his gig and flitted about for a time between chaos and old night: why should he return in a form debarred for ever from "respectability" and the use of "gigs" of any sort? One would think that incompetent Smith might lie in peace with his friends, the worms. Not so, says the new philosophers. Give us a "medium?"—say the *philosophes*, straightway shall you hear the former being, known here for a space as Smith, discourse of his whereabouts, and all the wonders of the other place!

Thus, my friends, is it plain that among our American cousins the enemy already wanders to and fro in the land—not seeking whom to devour, but devouring the many thousands who seek him to be devoured! Awful is the sight, full of wonderful speculations is the chaotic madness, folly run crazy, of these men and women there across the water. The fiend has taken them under his protection—in due time will give his account of them.

* * * * *

Thus are all minds unsettled—enfeebled. Men in this year of grace, for the most part believe in nothing. Science with her telegraphs and electric guns has aided—prescience has perfected the delusion! Mesmerism and clairvoyance of old had their time—licensed of Satan: to-day the Evil One has attacked defenceless humanity on the weaker side! Already he has destroyed many—those not dead are very sick. The age is sick—very sick, nigh unto death, with little hope of regaining health, my friends. Remote unknown is the great Soul waiting the appointed time!

—
MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

From "Jeames's Diary in America."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD:

Travelink in the sweet of my onored master, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Esquire, I have vued with a kontemplative and fillosophic I, my dere sir, the length and

breddth of the kontinent of Haymerica; and now, when the long meditashun is over, and the tower ended, I have sit down to thro upon paper sum of my travelink impreshuns for your colems.

What struck us fust in Haymerica was the buty of the feemales—which was far more distangy (if I am a juge of such matters) in their General Baring than the most fascinatink and overwhelminkly butiful hangels of the West End of London. I must say I felt at fust a very grate kontempt for the assershun of varus riters on Haymerica, that the feemale sex there wud equal in hellegance and hatractiveness the chauming dauters of our hellevated harystockracy; but travelink himproves a man, and affords an opportunity to correct those mistaken coshunns which are takn up by sta-at-homers. I now konfess, greasefully and hopenly, that the Haymerican women go ahead of us. I see on Broadway a milinery lady who is my umble hopinion was more distangy, more commy fo in manors and costoom and captiveeating hackomplishmense than ever Lady Harabella Haugustine Tufto (dauter of our friend General Tufto, K.C.B.,) erself—and this is sayink much (she beink the son of buty in the Brittish metropoliss.)

Enough for the feemales—bless their arts, I ham halways hegstravagint when I tuch on the subjie; this is my agscuse for the length of my parrygraf—my only agscuse; the subjie incenseably dru me fourth.

I was much pleased with Brodway, though, of course, in my long and frequent travelink, I ave scene other promynades more distangy, and hofferink greater hatracktions; for hinstance, the bullyvart Italian, and the Boddy Blone at Parry, and the Rigin street, London. I was dalited, however, with Birnum's museem and the kuriosities there to be seen—the petrefid orse and other wurx of hatraction. I spose Birnum will be Prsidant 1 of these das: as he in fac diserves from his patriotic cervices to his kountrymen (and wimmen.) He's a goud man—and has my respectful feelink of hencuragement and happlause:—fur his maganimite in givink me a free

tickit to his museem (puffawmance in the evenink, no hadditional charge) he is hereby presented with my thanse, and my cinsere wishes for his futur well-doin, and kontinued success; I shall not soon forgit—or as my onored friend Bulwig igspresses hit “loose from grateful memory,” his onorable and libberal conduc to so umble a member of the British press, as myself.

It would be imposable for me to speke at length of the 1000 objics of virtue and hellegance I was regailed with in Nu Yauk; but must be hallowed to men-shun my visit to the newspapers. I observe the editurs generally are a most jovial set of fellers, and hevery way equal to the London redakters. I was an editur miself for a time, while my onored master Mr. Titmarsh was on his Easter tower—hediting, they sed, with grate hellegance, the Hathaneem:—that ighly respectubul diurnal weakly. I observe the suckilation went up to an benormus height when I rit the heady toryals which was a ighly gratifyink suckumstance to me; I ave not been regular headytur of any papr sense—but have been spoke of hoften as Redakter ong chafe of the *TIMES* of London (wich konfidentially speking is sadli in want of horiginal talent.) The boffer has not been pubkly maid me; but in kase such is the hinten-shun of the propriytors, I hereby volingtarily hannounce that under no suckumstances can I assume that posishun; the “*Times*” does not reflek my centimense, and I ave hever dissaproved of its sneerink tone to Haymerica. I kould not kon-sighenshusly hassume the response ability.

To return to my travelink himpressions:—a wurd very much liked by my onored master’s friend, Msieu Dumah, who has rit lately, I perceive, his travelink himpressions in Californya:—a mos deliteful re liable book I have no uthly doubt. My own feelink in travelink is ruther to henjoy than hobserve, owever, and I have injoyed much in this deliteful kountry. In Washington I listened very hattentively to the stupendous busts of helloquence comink from the lipse of the honubble members, and mus sa they

are much superior to the ouse of com-mings. Mr. Drizily is our honly hor-ator now, and yet a forgitful komunity takes the reign from his ands. The conduc of nashuns is truli wonduffle and filze me with hastonishment and konjec-tur as to what it is komink to finale.

I was much pleased with the coloured popilation, and find my Suthern frends much slandered, and the subjec of unjust oblique and reproche. They is happi, if I can juge, and in Virginya and elsewher seems to live on the fat and korn cakes of the Land. Havink always konsidered the fust thing necessari to man, to be a shirt, a logink, and a supper—hor more filosophialy speking, material support—and findink this afforded the culured class, I was irresistubble driv to the konclusion that they could not komplain, igspecially as grate nos. of white cityzens havink no property was long kep from votink. In a word, I kon-cur on this subjec with my friends Pro-don and Lewy Blank—to oom please turn, and igsamin.

But I ham ritink two much. I can honly sa that my visit to Haymerica has been one of the pleasantes times I ave ad. I ave ad my idears hexpanded, my feelinx changed, and himpressions—those lasting himpressions wich haffect the conduc always—produced on me and my hintellect.

Again pardon my astily ritten part-graf, and believe me with

Grate regawd, your frend,

JEAMES D’ILLYPLOOSH.

POSCRIP:—I hobserve the spelink this hepistle is at times deafective, wich please hattribute to my aste and urry preparink to leave your hosptable shuar. I do not think you will find many instances of this deafect; for my abilit to youniformly hobserve the rules of grammer and spellink. I do not happeen to prove of those hauthors who, throwed o their genus, and biddink defiance to the cannons of kriterion and good tast, follow their hown idears, and hadopt the moad of hettymology most hagreeable to therself. I ham in my sentimense conservative, not reddikle.

P. POSCRIP:—My onored master, Mr—

Titmarsh, Esquire, is not responsible for the vues here took of Haymerica. They is invarubbly hattributable, alone hattributable to your frend and servnt,

JEAMES D'ILLYPLOOSH.

IV.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"Imaginations de ma vie."

VILLERS-COTTERET, 21 Octobre.

Here I am at last, my dear friend, and I am determined to keep you advised of my movements, while I am seeking in a temporary rustication, some alleviation of the severe affliction which it has lately been my fortune, or rather ill-fortune, to endure—an alleviation which I feel I require, to support in future the burden of my life.

What was this affliction?

I will tell you.

For you live very much out of the world, and I really fear, are ignorant even of my—yes my—productions.

Thus it was then.

My series of volumes, of which the "Three Mousquetaires" was the first, were lately brought to an untimely end. Above all, I was compelled to kill my good and brave friend, Porthos—that generous and noble heart which had for six years accompanied me everywhere, dwelling as a living man in my memory and heart:—whom I loved, petted, cherished, yes fairly idolized!

For do not imagine that the creations of the intellect are not also creations of the heart!

In Porthos I had lived and breathed—he was my favorite creation!

I, who have written three hundred volumes and twenty-five plays: who have made a greater sensation in my time than many generals and statesmen: been fêted more than many princes: delighted the world with more great realities of the mind than any living or dead writer;—I, surfeited with fiction, with history, with the drama, with travelling impressions, with nursery books:—I lived again in

Porthos, tenderly parading him with his bold broad brow, his honest regard, his martial feather, and his clanging sword and spur, as one walks arm-in-arm with some great man whom one is proud to call his friend.

Porthos was dead, after so many scenes of glory and joy, leaving no equivalent behind him for the future—Porthos, who had so long been the chief of battles, whose name was a host in itself, whose rallying cry assembled around him all that was powerful and mighty: Porthos was dead!—he who had been so long a time my friend, my companion, my pride—I should never see him more!

And this is why the humble individual who now addresses you dates his letter from Villers Cotterêt—that beautiful little village which lies like a jewel in the depths of its leafy forest, modulating its many murmurs to the bubbling of a crystal streamlet, and reposing quietly afar from the great world which whirls along so near it—at Paris, understand me.

Come hither with me in thought. It was here that I was born and bred.

Born and bred! Do you know what that means? It means that the happiest hours of my youth glided by in these golden vistas:—that youth, so like a frail and careless bark, which proudly dashes from its cutwater the foam of emerald seas. It means that my whole heart turns ever hither, in my misfortunes, in my success. It means that all again receive me with open arms, and that the very trees know me as of old!

Did not they bow towards each other as I passed, murmuring, "You know him then? tis he!"

Thus the trees, the grass, know me. The very flowers that sparkle in these much-loved fields sighed gently, "It is he!"—and the waves of the brooklet, flowing with a subdued murmur over rocks matted with saxifrages, murmured among the gleams of sunlight, "It is he! it is he!"

Thus it is a holiday of the heart for me, to visit Villers-Cotterêt—thus the moments I can steal away from my arduous and incessant labors are so many oases in the desert of my life—that life

which, like a waning forest-tree, is waked into joy no more in the yellowing fall, by the murmuring of imprisoned winds, by the fluttering pinions and gay carolling of birds!

My heart went forward to the place; my memories came flooding backwards from the past as I approached: those thousand memories knocked gently at the door of my poor heart! No, no! I can write no more now—nothing!

* * * * *

22 Octobre.

What shall I write on this fair and beautiful day? Shall I dress myself in pompous phrases of poetry, and tell how blue the sky is, how white the floating clouds?

No, that is not, to-day, my task, nor my manner. That manner shall suit the subject on which I am engaged; my thought, different from my ordinary thought, shall have a new and unique setting; my style shall sparkle in a different moulding, as the diamond in its jet:—that diamond, be it pure or but paste, to which Time, the incorruptible lapidary, will affix its genuine value.

No, I will not describe—I will detail. And this is why I am about to narrate the triumph of yesterday week, and the adventures that followed it.

No sooner had I appeared in the streets than every one gathered round me: all who had known me of old, those kind, good friends!—and those younger, but equally true friends, who having dipped into the pages of the “Mousquetaires,” were naturally eager to be now introduced to the author.

So that my advance was a triumph: for along the stream with its bubbling waves, its mossy banks, its log bridge overgrown with creepers, they accompanied me:—the concourse, ever swelling like a torrent which gurgles in the hills in quiet, but, seeking the valley and the lowland, sweeps on with gathered waters. Thus was I met; and that torrent of well beloved faces encircled me with its welcomes, its gratulations, and its words of love and friendship, as the brawling wave bears up and supports upon its bosom the

bark of which it is proud—the bark which reflects on the waters the outline of itself and throws into shadow the tallest and haughtiest waves.

This welcome was most dear to me—and to you, O friends! my heart would open itself, and say, “Come, take your rightful place in me—me whom the busy and toil and triumph of life have left pure and unsullied—pure, because I throng again with delight at the sight of your much loved faces,—unsullied, because of value as of old the unbought homage of your love!”

But amid this concourse there arose, as the wild briar rises in spring, as the golden rod in the autumn, a form, a face which recalled to me, more vividly than all else, the joys and delights of the Elysian period called youth. The wild briar no more glads the heart, the golden rod no more towers above the fern, the Mocquet rose to me. He was the friend of my boyish days—the companion of my spring existence, the forgotten instructor who had turned my youthful steps and directed my youthful eyes toward the happiness and delight of the happiest and most delightful of all arts—the art of revery. Figure to yourself a tall form scathed by snow and wind, a huge, rugged arm, a sun-browned face, a stooping shoulder: and add to these the long ribs managed as the city dandy manages his whalebone cane, and Mocquet is before you.

He spoke, and exchanged a friendly grasp of the hand: then the long rows of trees whispered above me, alive with winds and birds—sensations, thoughts—the perfume of youth and pleasure wrapped around me like a golden cloud—and ere I knew it the crowd, with Mocquet in their midst, had passed away, and all around me in the quiet garden of youth, the roses murmured, “It is he!—it is he!”

* * * * *

24 Octobre.

When I penned the last sentence of my last letter, my dear friend, a thousand feelings overcame me: for the joy, the

bliss, the perfume of boyhood and delight, subdued my thought.

That is why I did not then proceed to relate to you the hunting Idyl, which I alone have invented, inasmuch as Theocritus never spoke of such.

On yesterday week I penned the following letter:

"To Mocquet —

"Your friend has returned to you—that is to say, to boyhood, to carelessness, to delight. He has brought with him the heart of bygone days—that is to say, the heart which once hung upon your accents, placed implicit faith in all your words, yielded in all things to your golden teachings. What that heart now asks is to return once more to the past: for which reason, look for me to-morrow morning, armed with my gun and fishing rod. *Au revoir.*"

Behold me now, mounted on a beautiful white mule, with a black saddle studded with brass nails, housings of red cloth, and silver stirrups, whose pleasant jingle enlivened the agreeable road along which I took my way. Panurge, as my friend has named his mule, from his great admiration of Master François Rabelais, was a celebrated racer—a racer, you comprehend, though a mule! and these accoutrements were his gala day bravery.

Often had I seen Panurge, with his long, mottled ears, similar to the hare's, his small, slender legs, similar to the deer's, and his sleek, white coat, as soft and glossy as velvet, moving like a fantastic spirit on the crowded course, gambolling like a kitten, leaping like a playful spaniel, and distancing without effort all competitors!

And this was why Panurge, on this occasion, was proud and restive: he knew—that wicked Panurge!—that his friend of old days bestrode him; and this was why he shook, as with internal laughter, at sight of my fowling piece and long fishing rod, and at my exhortations to him to remember who was mounted on his back.

We came thus to the abode of Mocquet—Mocquet the huntsman—Mocquet the

philosopher and *savant*. Let me describe this unique dwelling briefly.

(*Suite proch. num.*)

—

V.

MOTLEY WARE.

Author of "Pen and Ink Sketches."

DAY-DREAMS.

Great men, fond of epigram, have often confounded literal philosophers by the assertion that nothing is impossible—to the determined spirit, nothing wholly desperate, unachievable. The maxim is not so extravagant as the mathematical philosophers have declared—that race of mud frogs who, if we can believe the late Mr. Poe, hold as one of their cardinal points of faith that x plus y is unequivocally, naturally, and under all circumstances, equal to z . I do not hold with them that the epigram is merely an epigram where truth is sacrificed to sound; but still there are many exceptions to its universal truth. Thus I am convinced that one cannot day-dream in town; that this is a veritable impossibility—an impossibility of the true blood, the *sangre azula*, the unmistakable breed! There are many pleasures, it is true, in town existence not to be despised. One keeps up with the world more easily there: the great world, which ever flows on, gladdening the eye with its bright ripples and most musical diapason—its mysterious music, discoursing of the past and coming years—its thunder-surges gilded by the sunlight of the noon-tide and the dawn. Then you live *faster* in town—get more out of life, so to speak—feel the heart beat more strongly and rapidly, pressed as it is to the great throbbing, engine-like bosom of humanity. All this is true; but still there are very serious drawbacks to a town existence. You cannot think there as you can in the quiet woods; above all, you cannot dream. There are no day-dreams for the poor city dweller. To enter that fair, smiling domain of the imagination, which the author of the "Reveries" has explored so successfully—or rather, as I should prefer to say, the domain of *memory*—it is abso-

lutely necessary to go deep into the country.

So, leaving behind me every thought of business, I have come here into the bright autumn woods to dream; and, if I write at all, to let my idle pen trace, if it please, the most ridiculous fancies—what the *world* would call ridiculous, be it well understood! To-night, seated idly before the smouldering logs, which simmer and crackle, and send wandering sparks up the broad chimney, I experience a calm pleasure, returning as I do to the fair Past. I dream with blank eyes, and wistful smiles, and fingers on my closed lids, and am scarcely conscious of that which happens round me.

—Dear, dear form! I am like a boy again, for that fair presence comes to bless me! Most fond eyes! you smile so tenderly upon me! small, soft hands, your magical pressure is so real round my neck! I almost feel the bright curls rub against my brow caressingly, and the warm cheek laid on my bosom! She was not a woman—only a girl, as I was but a boy, and we simply loved each other; but very fondly—so fondly that the memory of those happy times now soothes and softens me. Everything connected with them is transformed too, and assumes a value not its own, separate from the association. I cannot hear the little songs she sung—how the child-like voice sings in my memory still! but the very sunlight of the dear smile, and subdued grace of the tender lips, come to me again plainly; and the perfume of locust blossoms, and of a thousand flowers combined with those scenes and her I loved, flood my heart with delicious, tranquil, smiling happiness.

The other day I found in an old pocket—what do you imagine? a kiss-verse! a kiss-verse received from her in the old time; and it made me dream long. I recalled distinctly the occasion on which I had received it, before she had given her heart to me to keep: how she had struggled for it, and pretended not to wish me to have it, and at last abandoned in despair—well acted—the attempt to force it from my grasp. How I dreamed over

that little scrap of paper! for her small hand touched it—dear little hand!

How beautiful she was! bright, bright face! what end to the desire of so dear a head! Her hair was chestnut, eyes brown—but clear as stars! and her whole expression quiet and subdued, if deeply joyful—a joy which displayed itself often in low, unconscious, and, ah, what musical laughter! She was twilight, incarnate, or rather, a clear, balmy night. Had I sought for some appropriate music to address to her, I should have chosen that lovely serenade of Donizetti, commencing,

“O summer night,
So softly bright!”

—words and music well adapted to convey the poor faint idea they avail to, of the dear form. You must have heard more than once that delightful melody floating on the airs of night beneath some fair lady's lattice, flooding the trees, and grassy lawn, and the soft evening, dying in the west, with its wild, syren-isle-like magic. If such be the fact, then you may be able partially to comprehend my meaning when I say that the mere presence of the cherished heart I write of infused into my very soul a calm delight such as a poor mortal might experience if some angel passed by him in his sleep, playing a divine harmony on a heavenly harp, and fanning him with the blessed airs from his long snowy wings.

Dear, dear memory! not all the ills that flesh is heir to shall ever tear you from my heart; your mission is to soften me, and fill my mind, tossed feverishly on the world-ocean, with mild pleasure. Like something pure and soft and quiet—but very merry and light-hearted—that little laughing moonbeam, dearer to me than all glittering sunbeams which have sought to dazzle me, shines on me now!

Here in the quiet autumn night, with the cheerful light of the gay wood fire upon me, all the hidden crypts of memory are illuminated, and the little figure shines so brightly! Dear eyes, bright cheeks, sweet lips!—how can I see them in the fettering town? I cannot. But

here in the quiet country the dream is almost a reality; I almost feel the head upon my shoulder!

ON AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Pinewood fronts towards the south, and those who know it well, as I do, say that all is southern there and full of sunny warmth—hearts, faces, eyes! Year after year the great breezes go over it musically, telling rhythmic tales of distant lands, and all the passing years delight to dower it, and its happy faces, with a gorgeous wealth of golden sunsets—fading in the west, and dying sorrowfully. you would say, at being thus obliged to shine no more upon the bright domain, the dulcet fields, and shadowy forest nooks, and velvet lawn of Pinewood, loved so long, dwelt on with so much unalloyed delight in other years. That I love it and its faces is scarcely strange: the very idea of it floods my heart with pleasure; because the days passed there, most happy days, with no shadow anywhere upon them! come back to me, and all the beautiful Past, like a delicious perfume of youth and innocence and love, embraces me, and leads me, looking kindly in my face, to those other long-gone days—the happy days of childhood!

Observe how my poor style breaks into awkward metaphor, but half-expressed, and anything but *illustrative*, as all metaphors should be, of the meaning. But thought which is genuine ever thus leaves itself half expressed; and

“If the sense is hard
To alien ears, I did not speak to these.”

Those alien ears are dreadful critics! I meant to say that here at Pinewood, the past time rises incarnate for me like one of those bright stars which lit my youth—like a fair maiden with long, glossy curls, and sparkling, laughing eyes, and rose-red parted lips, most soft and tender; and little hands that clasp my own, and lead me back from the bright present to the brighter days of old. The little hand has a giant's power over me; the tender, laughing eyes, and small face turned up to my own, are irresistible. The lips

utter words which sink into my heart. Those lips say clearly, in low, childlike tones, “Come back with us where we were so happy, leaving for a time your struggling with the world! Don't be *busy* all the time! Indeed, it is not good for you! Be idle some, and live with us again as you used to! We were so happy here in the old homestead; and you know this was only one of the places where we were very happy—me and you—in the dear old times. You were in love then, you know! You needn't laugh, and say ‘pshaw!’ and turn away. I do believe you are blushing! Poor Pen! But don't blush: don't be ashamed of it, or of her! You will not be ashamed of me, now, will you? It is not disagreeable for you to feel my hand in yours, is it? or to feel my eyes fixed on yours, and to know I am at your side? Tender Pen! I didn't think you would be ashamed of me, or her, or anything that happened at old Pinewood, or in other places where we two, Pen—you and me—were very happy in the nice old times!”

“Ashamed?” Could you dream it? “Disagreeable!” How imagine such a thing! Your voice is far too tender, your little hand too soft, your parted lips too lovely, beautiful, long-cherished spirit of the Past, for me to turn from you. Turn from you! Rather to you—rather run to you, with open arms, and eager eyes, and happy, laughing lips, to clasp once more in the fond arms, to the true breast, the little, laughing maiden who thus—taking to herself the semblance of my buried love—beguiles me so completely from the present time to leap with me, joined in one close embrace, into the sunlit waters, clear and fresh, which never more, I feared, would cool my fevered life. Never, no never! while this poor “machine is to him” what it is!

This is what the past time says to me at Pinewood. And not alone it comes! Alone never, but surrounded with a thousand country sounds, and lights, and objects, which by deathless association are a part of it. Last night I heard the negroes singing at their gay “corn-shucking;” and as the rude African refrain came floating from the distant barn, my

whole country boyhood came to me again; and, like a magical harmony, that rough strain raised up again all that long-buried youth, the memory of which is now so dear to me. Nothing, it is true, could be ruder.

"John came down the hollow!"

was the chorus, I believe; but what was unmistakable was the well known intonation, which the negroes never change from generation to generation. In fact, nothing could be more like what it was in my childhood: no stage tradition of the manner in which King Richard started from his dream in Shakespeare's time, and so still rigidly preserved, could be more perfectly despotic than the African habitudes of singing. There it was, as in the old days, as full of weird, uncouth harmony as ever—never to be blotted out, as that cannot be which it brought to me so plainly while I listened. Another sound came to me but a moment since—the tinkle of the bells of cattle; the cattle slowly wending homewards, just as they did when Gray, stretched in the churchyard, listened to their lowings, here in the golden autumn sunset. Beautiful, uncouth songs! rich music of the simple and monotonous bells! magical autumn sunset! All to me bring back the past time, now so dimly seen, but rising ever and anon like a great sunlight mountain in the rear—a glory and a joy!

Well, well! let the great sunset flood the trees for me, and slowly waning surge away in crimson waves across the forests! What cannot merge away are all those happy days at Pinewood here, at dear old Sunnyslope, and farther still at Redbud, where my boyhood, like a roseate dream, went onward, and waned slowly, swallowed in the sea of years. Bright Past! O gracious and serene image, blessing me with tender looks, you, you, are all my own! The midnight twilight lies now on the world, and the chirp of birds mingles with the rustling leaves that shade the sunset from these idle lines. You cannot, Past time, leave like the rich light—for you are all my own, my own for ever!

TEMPORIS ACTI VOCES.

In my last idle letter written in the red beautiful autumn evening, I told you what the spirit of the Past said to me—that tender and fair "maiden with long glossy curls; and sparkling, laughing eyes; and rose-red, parting lips, most soft and tender; and little hands that clasp my own, and lead me back from the bright present to the brighter days of old." To-night by the good log fire, while stillness holds her throne in the dim-lighted room, methinks, like Hamlet, I see "in my mind's eye" that little spirit once again! even that I feel the tender arms around my neck, and the low child-voice whisper in my ear—words of remonstrance, but also of deep love and comfort. Listen:

"Come, come, old Pen!" the still lips whisper, and a musical low laughter, like a magical undertone, accompanies the words, "come, come! let us talk a little, please, as we were wont before you grew to be a 'business man,' and began to feel some scorn for me—poor little me! It was not well to feel that scorn towards me, Pen; for you know I am small and weak and very quiet, covered with the leaves fallen on me, like another babe in the woods, and borne down with the great weight of years. But on reflection I acquit you of that charge, and do not believe you ever scorned me, only forgot me, worried by so many things to think of. Then my two enemies,—for even I have enemies,—the Present and the Future, were powerful attractions; and what wonder you should listen to them? Well, listen still; but do not let them win your heart from me—your little friend, who tried her best to make you happy in her humble way, and even now, I see plainly by your smiling, does not sue in vain for a few tender thoughts. Love me, Pen—you will not regret it: for I love you very much, indeed I do, and weep and laugh with you in all your sorrows and delights. Come! let me rest my hand upon your brow and talk to you. We've known each other long, and friends may speak without reserve. I have watched you, dear Pen, and seen

you when you little thought of me, in all the days of your worldly pilgrimage. I have been with you in court, when those cruel men seemed to take pleasure in worrying and annoying you, until you learned to oppose them with their own weapons; and when your bow and spear had been triumphant and made captives, I have looked on your flushed brow unseen by you. But ah! poor Pen, in that loud hurly-burly of so many 'learned friends,' your opponents always the 'learned' ones! I have felt inexpressible pain to find you had forgotten me. True, I am not worthy, many persons would say, to hold your heart, in preference to those stern delights of conflict and glad triumph; but no! *you* would not say so, nor indeed think it. Look at me, Pen: am I not fairer than those stern companions, Battle and Victory? Do you find the same love light in their eyes? Do they not give to you hard, mailed hands, because you force them to extend those hands, and do I not in place of such give you soft, loving hands that clasp your own joyfully, with deepest fondness and affection? Have you found in those angry brows and hostile eyes anything quite as soft as mine? Never, poor Pen! and I have found you turn to me ever for relief, as a rude soldier rests his head on some fond loving bosom, there to slumber peacefully, forgetting all the alarms of war, the shouting, the 'eloquent burats,' and triumphs! Never have you quite forgotten me; a blessing on you for it!

"And I have peeped over your shoulder, Pen, when you have traced those sketches which filled up pleasantly so many idle hours, in which you placed your heart so often on the page. I like those sketches very much, especially where, abandoning all thought of 'shining,' you allowed your pen to interpret in its own way, without any art or premeditation, the vagaries of thought. For you are not 'strong,' poor Pen, or 'brilliant.' I never felt it necessary to flatter you by saying that to you. No word of yours will ever shape the destinies of the world, or any part in it, I fear. Still there was another kind of merit in your

idle lines, the merit of sincerity, and earnestness, and true expression—all trick thrown to the winds—of real feelings! You remember when you wrote about the poor poet in his garret;—very idle pages, full of 'childishness,' and unworthy of the attention of stern men for a single moment! Still those pages pleased me, and I now value them far more than those other doings of your pen, which kind friends of yours have praised and thought so well of. And do you know why I value them? Because they are the pure offspring of your brighter hours, when the garish world, with all its bustle and turmoil, and hard reality, passed from you, and putting aside with gentle hands the messengers of profit and ambition, and success in life, you came with glad feet to see me in my bright domain of sun and shadow-land! You came! and with you airy forms of little children with bright eyes and tender lips, in whose soft smiles you found such solace for your weary spirit and heart. Always love children, Pen! and strive to be like them. It is only shallow souls who do not see in them the primal light of heaven,—something of its great purity, and joy, and beauty. Grow like them, Pen! a greater than myself has told you it will be well for you—best of all for you!

And not alone in your bright days have I been near you, cheering you, and holding up your drooping head—in those dark days, too, now a quiet recollection for you, shrined in your heart of hearts, to make you purer, and give power to you, to keep yourself unspotted from the trials and temptations of the world. Let me not now remind you of those days that wore away like dreadful dreams, leaving the sweat of agony, the dews of delirium almost on your brow. They came and went, the visitation of beneficent Providence, which does all things for the best. Do not pass often into that dark land of shadows, for the heart bears only a certain weight: but still do not lose from memory the lesson!

"Ah! tender Pen! how many happy days full of the great sunlight, and of hope and joy, have we two seen together,

to balance those hours of agony. Dwell rather on those days with quiet joy; days when with all your faults you were very dearly loved, grand consolation in the great surging tempests of this life! and cherished by noble hearts, full of true greatness and sincerity and eminent truth. Be thankful for those days and the love of those fond hearts, which I your little friend gave to you, as a never-fading joy to you, a treasure which all the world cannot wrest from your heart! Shakspeare—one of my greatest friends, for see this beautiful diamond circlet on my brow! he bound it there for ever!—Shakspeare has told you how the bloody boar of Gloucester exclaimed on that last night when I tormented him with dreams:

‘I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me!’

So live that when you come to die, there may be many hearts to love you, many to pity you. Be a true gentleman in all things, Pen, if your poor heart will not permit you to be what is grander still, a Christian, a gentleman in all things! not a thing made up of shreds, and patches, talking always of its ‘blood,’ and ‘family,’ and what its ancestors have done for it, as if that blood, and ancestry, and family gave it the right to rest in supine sloth, and turn to vice by a prescriptive right. No! rather be simply true and honest, with a gentle spirit in your bosom, ‘Tis not to scorn the noble-hearted men and women of your lineage, to strive to rise up to their level, and to honour them, and show their ghosts that hover over you in the viewless realms of space, that you are not unworthy of them.

“And now, Pen,” the low cheerful voice goes on with clear silvery laughter full of hope and joy, “now that I rise to leave you, taking away from your brow the hand laid on it, and my own from your shoulder, and my hair that has fallen about them, from your cheeks and eyes; now that I go to give comfort to so many other hearts, whose friend I am

as I am yours, a last word about the Present and the Future—serfs of mine who labour for me still, like gay streams that, passing through so many summer landscapes, fall into the waiting sea. I do not let the bright billows of the Present sing for you a mere idle song; but strive to catch the mysterious meaning of their undertone, and wresting from them their rich secret, shrine it in your heart! The golden year is ever with you. Do not sigh:

‘But we grow old, ah! when shall
men’s good

Be each man’s rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year:

but rather in place of spending fruitless hours in sighing thus, believe

‘That unto him who works, and feels he
works,
This same grand year is ever at the door!’

So shape the bright Present, that the Future digging it up may find a priceless image to take pattern by; and then when I in turn inherit that Future and this Present, I shall take them to my bosom, without fear of thorns, as you may!

“Farewell: the autumn dies for you and all, carrying another year away to winter-land, where the North winds will blow the dry leaves together for his bed, wherein he’ll die! Do not regret him; do not sigh wearily because all those bright forms and faces faded for you into heavy mist; because those tender words and looks have flown away like birds whose brilliant plumage wanes as they take the sky with outstretched wings and perish, swallowed up by the far-reaching azure. Those looks and words were very dear to you, and shall not wholly die; the birds so flying off, and ‘fluting their wild carol,’ shall return, or at least I will bring them back to you, and you shall gaze into their eyes and smoothe their plumes, and so caressing them, find a new beauty in them, not seen there before. The long taper wings of angels, ruffling their brilliant plumage,

shall scarce be more fair! And so with blessings, Pen, I go from you—but your friend always to the end of time!”

It faded out, the little tender music, and silence held her throne again in the dim-lighted room.

A FAREWELL.

Well, so these happy days at Pinewood have passed onward; fair faces, graceful forms—but not more graceful than the forms of old!—have given their bright attraction to the time; and all those scenes, the pleasant walks, the autumn trees, the sunny mornings, now belong to the little laughing one who last night whispered in my ear such hopeful words—the little laughing spirit of the Past! I do not complain that to-morrow I again sail forth into the sea of active life, where all is struggling; where we must strike such good honest blows upon each other's crests; where the strongest takes the prize. It is but just; and happy is that man who in his life-battle meets only with such open foes. What true man would complain of having such, or of the necessity of joining in that battle? Friend, do not repine, or shrink from your plain duty. Life is not an idle, sweet do-nothing—a *dolce far niente*, as in fairy-land—but a real, earnest thing, which you must take your part in, and fall, or go on triumphant in your course in! The *segreto par esser felice*, is not to be on banks of violets and dream away the hours given you to be improved by the all-wise Providence which watches over all. No! were this world a fairy-land of roses, and gay sunlight and perfume, instead of the “God's fact,” which it is, that might be so: but it is far other, friend! It is a place to struggle in, a theatre for duty, an arena upon which the true earnest man enters, armed and ready for the conflict, that hand-to-hand, mortal conflict, which no one need flatter himself he can or should avoid: the conflict against inimical forces, stubborn breasts, against falsehood and all the doers of injustice, against

“The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes!”

Those unworthy are the dominant numbers; the true men are not in the majority; rather do the untrue, false, and foul, well in the world. Against them, let us go forth in arms, and without mercy put the poniard underneath their gorgets, till the red blood spouts forth, and the obscene carcass lies a jest for men and gods; let us battle with them *à l'outrance*, and so overcome them, or fall before them! This is our duty, brother, not to dream in the calm autumn always, however proper it may be to come and gather new strength here in the quiet sunsets.

“I hold it good, good things should pass,” and I do not complain that I am now about to go from the pleasant faces and dear scenes which have so often made me happy—those of Pinewood. Let the rich sunset stream away, heaving aloft its golden-canvassed ships and flocks of birds to the bright, undiscovered land beyond; let the fair mornings strew their frost jewels on the grass, and gild the laughing streams; let the far-echoing gun and baying hound and merry huntsman's bugle, fill the crimson woods with jubilant sound; I do not repine at that. I have drunk the delicious draught of autumn to the bottom, and now can gaze without regret upon the red clusters of bright grapes carved in the goblet's side without regret: without wishing that the cup were once more filled for me with the rich wine of pleasure. The sweet song of *Violet* is very lovely, but very bad philosophy. Why should the soul be filled with

“Tears from the depth of some divine despair,

In gazing on the happy autumn fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more!”

Those days are gone: they shall come back no more for ever, and though I do not quarrel with day-dreaming over them—how could I consistently?—still I deny that any one has the right, unless indeed those days were very sorrowful, to weep over them. No friend! this is not true philosophy. Forget your days of anguish, but dwell as long and as serenely as you may upon the joyous days. Each in its place: business and pleasure: active life

and dreaming:—that is the last word which the unworthy writer, over whose vagaries you, no doubt, have laughed, says to you!

The day dies slowly, and the whole fair Virginia landscape slowly veils itself. The sunsets of my Blue-Ridge-dominated land have made me love them all, and never one comes to me, but is a pure pleasure. I have seen them bounding like a red-striped tiger over the blue mountains, or slowly sink like a great monarch's blood-dyed banner through the upright spears of ta-

pering pine trees, in the mountain and the lowland; both are beautiful to me. They speak to me of happy days passed long ago, of evening sounds, the cattle-bells, and cries of wild geese flying South, and boys and maidens coming home with laughter: this is what sunset talks to me about everywhere. Beautiful colours, magical sounds!

The reality and the memory are enough: I can go back now happy and content. And so, dear Pinewood, I am gone from you!

THE THREE GRAVES.

BY R. STOCKETT MATHEWS.

There's a little, green grave on the churchyard's far slope—

A sad little grave, on the side of the hill—

Where an exquisite form, of beatified HOPE,

Seems instinct with life that is holy and still—

The morn's blushing quiet—and eventide's close,

With sunshine, and shadow, and dewy repose,

Bathe the consecrate turf with a beauty serene—

As though angels were waiting there—sleeping unseen.

There's a grave close at hand, but no symbol of woe

On its flower-crowned bosom appealingly lies—

Where TRUTH—mute in prayer—gleameth warm with the glow

Of the light that is shut from the earth by the skies—

And fresh IMMORTELLS, in their saints' robes of white—

And low-trailing LILIES—sweet “plants of the light—”

Seem prophecies Spring's showery pity bath given,

Of love that blooms pure and perennial in Heaven.

Another! ah! weep where the broken shaft tells—

Of manhood gone down in its chivalrous pride—

Did his fate miss the music of tender FAREWELLS?

Did he fall with no ministering help by his side?

How genial the thought that has wrought on the base

Of the vine-enwreathed column sweet CHARITY'S face.

As she ponders the record of deeds nobly done,

While her hands weave the laurels those actions have won.

Three graves lie abreast—in the eve's golden haze,

And groups of pale flowers watch over their rest—

No legends lament the brief flow of their days—

They sleep in the city whose silence is blest!

Lo! CHARITY'S veil lies unfurled at her feet,

FAITH points where the BRIDE and the BRIDEGROOM shall meet—

While HOPE—on the little green grave seems to say

That the child's dream of life has grown luminous day.

BALTIMORE, Sept., 1858.

GI DEADWOOD; OR PARTIAL.

An Original, Muscular, Pedantic Novel.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

PREFACE.

Let's be honest for once. The writer of this work can afford to tell the truth. It is this: One writes novels now-a-days as one orders his gloves—by the dozen, and as a matter of course. The mental labour is trifling. One must not fail; therefore one must be odd, and that's easy enough. You have before you all the elements of fact and fiction; combine them in some new way—the thing is done; you are a successful author, and all the more so for being slightly *incog*. *Par exemple*, a compound of algebra and love, with a little Sanscrit, would be sure to take. In a treatise which my amanuensis is now engaged upon, entitled "Novels, and the Polite Art of Novel-ing," this idea is elaborated.

The forthcoming work was constructed thus: *Imprimis*—I collected a couple of dozen of unusual anecdotes, chiefly French. My purpose was to have intermixed these with the plot, and so much of classical knowledge as I could remember or obtain out of some two or three classical lexicons and dictionaries of quotations.

A word about plot. Plot is a humbug, or if not, it is well for you to contend that it is, because the reverse has for some decades past been universally believed. My plot is a mere tray of wicker-work, the interstices of which are not large enough to see through; but the tray serves to display the fancy ware of my various learning.

Another word about language. Language in a novel should be a little peculiar. All foreign languages inserted here and there do very well; but even your English had best be a little *outré*. A moment's reflection will show you that a horse can be called a quadruped, and Bukephalus (you see I spell it with a "k") will be suggested to you. Extend this moment of reflection to two moments,

and you will be enabled to express the most ordinary fact in very striking language indeed.

In conclusion, let me say that I lost the paper containing my couple of dozen of anecdotes, and have been dining too freely of late to express myself very unusually. My novel is therefore defective and partial. Otherwise it is very fine.

*Numero 45 bis, Rue de la Chaussée
D'Antin, 10th October, 1858.*

CHAPTER I.

The Heroic Age was built exclusively upon muscle; so also the Age of Chivalry; and muscle will continue to tell through all coming time. Anatomists have not dissected the brain as carefully as have the poets, and more particularly the novelists. Every hero has a muscular mind as well as a muscular body, but still regards his body as peculiarly himself. He is not conceited because he can solve the most abstract problems of science of whatsoever sort, but if he can knock a bull down with his naked fist, he feels proud. Napoleon, in the presence of Murat, lifted 2,400 kilogrammes of snuff with the muscles of his ear, and thought more of the feat than he did of the bridge at Lodi.

At boarding-school we learn the Greek alphabet and how to play shinny; we also obtain vague notions about horse-flesh; a boarding-school is therefore a good point of departure for a novel. Neither Homer nor Hafiz ever went to boarding-school; hence they were not prepared to write popular novels, suitable for Misses and largish boys.

Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, was the most celebrated boarding-school in all Connecticut. But, apart from the interest that attaches to it in consequence of this novel, it was not remarkable, except as the temporary residence of a fellow of the name of Dickens—a milksop, who

knew nothing about boxing. I am told he has written many books, but as none of them contain a Greek quotation, I have cut them.

I arrived at Dotheboys in an afternoon of the tawny Autumn. Feeling very badly about the stomach, I went out to see the boys play shinny, and there I found Gi Deadwood. A sublimer mass of youthful muscle mine eyes never beheld. Imagine the head of Antinous affixed to the body of Tom Iyer—you have a vigorous, beautiful and exact conception of my hero.

He was just turned of sixteen, stood six feet two in his socks, (they were of the finest quality,) measured forty-nine inches in the clear around the chest, and weighed one hundred and ninety-two pounds nett. His genius was no less terrible than his strength; indeed his brain, particularly the cerebellum and the cortical portion of the left lobe of the cerebrum, was all muscle. The Admirable Crichton and Abelard, both combined, were the merest circumstance to him. He took all the prizes in the school with weary reluctance, and fourteen of the best boys in the establishment were considered scarcely a match for him in any game. His wind was remarkably superior, as was his fondness for Greek, and his aptitude for the great game of Ten-Pins. Julius Cæsar and Alkibiades (mark the "k") ought to have known him. He was every inch a gentleman, else I should never have mentioned him.

Profoundly sick at the stomach I gazed at the game of shinny. Presently some of the boys gathered around me, as the Argive priests were wont to gather round a new sacrifice. Amongst the number was a stout brute, whose nick-name was Fatty Clack. He made fun of me. Up comes Gi Deadwood, and, learning my name, asked if I were related to the C'Astors of Pollux Place. Being answered in the affirmative, he said to Fatty Clack, in tone that Pericles would have envied, "let him alone."

The undaunted brute persisted in jeering me. Gi said not a word, but his manly and mighty jaw protruded in wrath as he caught Fatty Clack by the seat of

his breeches and threw him over a fence, breaking both of his legs. Deadwood regarded the writhing wretch a moment with a Jove-like sneer, and, muttering the single word *κωωω*, walked away as if nothing had happened. So Sathan strode athwart the burning marl of Hell. From that hour I was safe in school, and became Gi's devoted boot-lick, Boswell and historian.

En passant, I must not forget to say something about myself. My name is already before you—C'Astor. My business in this world has been obsequiously to follow Deadwood, to worship him, and to chronicle his life, much of the more Hellenic and Equestrian portions of which I am sadly compelled to omit. For Gi was a consummate jockey, and ran horses from Long Island to Metairie. Also, he played Ten-Pins, as I have stated; but of this more hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

Gi and myself went to Princeton to college. Here he became more muscular and more thoughtful, reading Euripides continually, and abstaining from society, lest his great strength should excite the envy of some Southern student, and compel him to kill him with a flip of the forefinger to keep from being shot or stabbed.

"*La jeunesse est le temps des illusions*," but Deadwood avoided the sex as the Spartans avoided honesty. He kept a pair of \$500 trotters, and a saddle horse, named Thersites, because of his viciousness. We shall hear of this ~~time~~ again. He also perfected himself in Ten-Pins. Here I may as well tell his prowess in this respect.

From the age of eighteen to the day of his death he never failed to make a Ten-Strike, except when he played for a certain number, no more and no less. By Hephaestus! he was a supreme artist in Ten-Pins. How divine this game is! Was it known to the Athenians? I have not time to consult Anthon or Lempriere.

His great strength compelled him to use the largest balls, even when playing

"Cocked-Hat." "Ponies" he disdained. "Twisters" he rarely indulged in; but sent his ball with the force of a catapult, and the certainty of an arrow from R. Hood's bow, straight to the left quarter of the Centre-Pin, and *never* left any dead wood on the alley. This was the beauty and glory of his game; had he left even a Pin, I verily believe his mighty heart would have burst with shame. There is perhaps a line in Iphigenia, in Tauris, which would fit in here as a conclusion to these remarks about Ten-Pins, but I cannot recall it.

Towards the close of his senior year, Gi, by way of amusement, threw a fair share of the muscular force of his intellect into the subject of politics. The conclusion was such as might have been expected of one who intuitively knew more than Machiavelli, Grotius, Puffendorf, Azuni, and De Rayneval combined. He pursued the study during an entire week, and on the Saturday night embodied his conclusions in an article which shook the Republic, precipitated the Mexican war, and gave rise to the Republican party. It is not generally known, but it is susceptible of indisputable proof, that Mr. Seward's policy has been guided exclusively by the tenets laid down in this remarkable article. Deadwood washed his hands of politics, and never alluded to what he had done. He cared for horses, not for the tinkling cymbals of popular applause.

By a singular coincidence, we were graduated at the same time. The night after commencement, the students got into a terrible shindy with the rowdies of Jugtown. I unfortunately happened to be there, and was on the point of being beaten to death, when suddenly a giant's hand caught me by the nap of the neck and tossed me ten feet high upon top of a neighbouring wagon of hay. Deadwood did it; who else, but the slave of Delilah, could have done it? Immediately a ring was formed. Gi and the flower of the rowdy flock—a fellow I think of the name of Poole—were to decide the battle. As from my eminence I gazed upon the combatants, I thought of the *αγαμέμνων* Agamemnon and some

beefy Trojan whose name is not important.

I have said that Deadwood was a gentleman. Coeur de Lion did not disdain to give the miller blow for blow with the fist, but Gi would not soil his hands. Taught by a Gaul, named Mons. Charles, to box with his feet, he kicked Poole senseless in two seconds. A roar of exultation, like the *πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*, ascended to the star-bossed concave of the great shield of Night from the mouths of the students, and the next day we left college.

CHAPTER III.

Deadwood lived not far from Northampton, in Massachusetts, upon a magnificent estate of 216 acres, 6 rods, and 4 perches. The place was known as Pelides Tower—was enriched with a stately mansion, a copy in miniature of the Temple of Wingless Victory, and contained in its ample park a small fallow deer, an ancient eagle, and a hyena. Mrs. Deadwood, Gi's mother, inhabited the mansion. She was a middle-aged lady, rather Juno-like in aspect, and must have been beautifully muscular in youth. She passed her time in reading Sophocles and the Greek Testament, with Bornemann's annotations, and in knitting socks of coarse green yarn for the poor.

Speaking of knitting, I have often thought what a treat it would be to the Hellenic women, of the time of Solon and Lycurgus, to witness some of our modern Yankee improvements in this regard. I would cheerfully give \$87,000 if I could take Penelope through the establishment of Lawrence, Stone & Co. *Mehercle!* how the old lady would open her fine ancient classic optics, and exclaim in the best Greek, with perhaps a somewhat nasal twang, "*προσφιλις μου!* I wish Mr. Ulysses this could see." But alas! this ideal Investigating Committee is as impracticable as that of the late Congress was useless.

Gi inhabited a wing of Pelides Tower, the rooms of which were filled with

ancient arms and armor, a few weapons of the Turks, Moors, Javanese, and Sikhs, and an enormous duck-gun he had made for himself at Birmingham, a gun of such weight that few men could lift it. During the first week after our arrival, Gi amused himself by capping verses out of Homer with his mother, and by smoking the strongest possible tobacco out of a pipe but little smaller than the principal crater of Popocatepetl. By the way, did it ever strike you, *ma chère* reader, that the towering intellectual eminence of the citizens of Athens was mainly attributable to the fact that they never used tobacco in any form? I have not consulted Aristotle on this point, but I am convinced that he would confirm the opinion which I am happy to share with that considerable physician, Dr. Dixon, of the "*Scalpel*."

During the second week, Gi commenced, and did not stop until he had finished a Ten-Pin Alley, 800 feet long. It was modelled after the Cecropian edifice of Erechtheus, and the alley proper was made of planished steel, furnished by Messrs. Bogardus & Hoppin, of N. Y. The balls, those for his own use weighing 196 lbs. 6 oz. each, were cast in the renowned foundry of the Emperor of Russia, at Tobolsk—were of solid Siberian malachite, and enchased with fac-similes of the awful friezes of the Parthenon. Gi had some fine bowling, and would have remained happy but for the arrival of certain guests. The gates of the Temple of Janus were thrown open, never to be closed again.

CHAPTER IV.

These guests were Gi's uncle, Mr. Draymanne and his daughter Isbille, an old college friend of the name of Woodsterre, and a young lady, Miss Ceilinga Bolybub. A word just here, to the youthful scribbler, about names. There is great danger in names. A writer is but too apt to betray his origin by the selection of vulgar names, as for example: Tom Jones, Dombey, Twist, *et id omne genus*. Bul-

wer is a good guide in this matter. Among his decent people have fancy names. To avoid mistakes, therefore, consult him in the books of the Peerage. Never make use of the City Directories.

Draymanne was a remarkable man. What Staunton, Morphy, Loewenthal, Paulsen and Harwitz are to Chess; what Draco was to Laws; Louis Quatorze to Etiquette; Brummel and D'Orsay to Dress, and Milo to the lifting and carrying of Bulls, Draymanne was to Twente to deck Poker. He was, beyond all comparison, the best player in the world. The muscles of his mouth, and indeed his whole face, like those of the arms of the fanatical Fakeers of Travancore, were dead, or rather they were trained to be at his command and to resume life after the game was over. In addition to this terrible advantage which this singular faculty gave him, he had learned to detect, with unerring precision, his opponent's hand, by the manner in which his (the opponent's) eye-lashes arranged themselves under the excitement of concealed emotion. Hence he could not be beaten by anybody. I could tell a startling anecdote of his performance one night on a Mississippi steamboat, while playing his favorite game with the notorious Andrew Jackson. But I haven't the time.

His daughter, Isbille, was a pretty little thing—one of those gentle women who remind one of quail early in the season. I leave it to the physiologists to explain how such a daughter could be the progeny of such a father. Genteel novelists cannot stoop so low.

Woodsterre was beautifully French—a Parisian soul lodged in a Connecticut body, but *blasé* up to the very hub. It was easy to see that he fancied Isbille; it was not hard to see that, *cæteris paribus*, she *must* prefer such a man as Woodsterre to any other specimen of the *genus homo*. But more anon.

Miss Ceilinga Bolybub was a superb bit of woman flesh as ever wore a bonnet or mounted a side-saddle. Such eyes! like the rolling *Ægean* on a star-lit night. Such hair, such skin, such points everywhere! blooded to the fetlock! She had

muscle and mettle worthy of Gi himself. She alone could roll with him the Parthenonic balls of malachite adown the gleaming surface of the Erechthean Ten-Pin Alley.

Readers whose mental vision needs the assistance of the Brazilian Pebble Spectacles, will anticipate my story by imagining a *grand passion* as immediately following the introduction of Deadwood to the Bolybub. *Pas de tout*. Gi certainly was struck with her splendid parts. But he regarded her from the Equine point of view, as a worthy match to his fierce steed, Thersites, and would, no doubt, have gloried in driving them tandem "on a shell." And he was too familiar with the Theogonics of Hesiod and the Blind Bard not to remember that *les grandes dames* of Olympus were too Xantippean for serious mortal uses. Not Hera, not Parthene, but Hebe, the gentle; and Dia, the chaste, were to his taste—except for flirtation.

So Pelides Tower was full and gay. Gi hired a horse-racer and faro-banker of the name of Ten Broeck, to superintend the stables and play Draw Bluff with his uncle. Woodsterre and Isbille whiled away the passion-flowered hours in the orangery or on the lawn, toying with the spotted doe. The Bolybub he took to himself, rode with her, played Ten-Pins with her, shot tom-tits and worried the hyena with her, leaving me to the tender mercies of old Mrs. Deadwood, who (I must do her the justice to say it) proved so attractive a woman that I should inevitably have become Gi's father-in-law, if it had not been for an unfortunate difference of opinion between the venerable dame and myself about Greek Particles, and the proper method of narrowing the heels of stockings.

Thus the Summer hours flew away like smoke from a 20 cent cigar, or like the ships that bore Hannibal and Hanno from Carthage. All was *pax nobiscum*. But Hell opened its ponderous and infernal jaws one evening about 16 minutes past 5 o'clock, according to my repeater, (a present from old Mrs. D.,) and the Devil came riding up, on horseback, in

the shape of a Scotchman of the name of Pruce.

Pruce was engaged to Isbille Draymanne! Pruce was one of those groveling creatures called merchants, and I candidly believe did not know Alpha from Omega. But he had been a merchant to good purpose. From infancy he intuitively understood "*los mandamientos de los Teatinos*," and by devoting himself to the sale of his national herring and the bleaching of linen, never for a moment forgetting the sum and substance of the Theatine Decalogue, viz: "*Todo para mi, y nada para vos*," he had at the age of fifty amassed some \$100,000 or so. Yet he was an ill-favoured beast.

In youth, we like fast and fiery horses. In middle age, we prefer a serviceable animal, one, nevertheless, that requires the curb. In the decline of life, we are content with snaffles, and a gentle, easy-going thing. So with respect to matrimony: and hence the desire of Pruce for the ambling, tender-mouthed, little Isbille. Draymanne *pere* overlooked the discrepancy of age. I suspect the true secret of the affiancing was this: Pruce was the best Twenty-Deck Poker player Draymanne had ever met. What an invaluable son-in-law!

Woodsterre gave way to the successful one; he even treated him politely. His words were as the honey of Hymettus, but under all their sweetness lurked venom—the asp in Cleopatra's flower-basket. Isbille, indeed, looked wild, but had not will enough of her own to fly the track. The Bolybub raged. She planned a way to break Pruce's neck in a steeple chace. But the plot failed. Thersites stumbled with Gi and came near hurting him. Then, it is believed, the Bolybub, who was a promising Acolyte of the Free Love Church, took Pruce out of his bed one midnight and tried to drown him in a fish-barrel which was set under a spout at an angle of Pelides Tower to catch the rain-water. The facts were never known. Pruce was certainly found near the barrel in a state of asphyxia and very wet. He said he was a somnambulist. But this was coming it too strong. There were nods among the

servants. Pruce's man, McFriday, looked solemn. Everybody else kept dark, particularly the maternal Deadwood. Gi said nothing, smoked horribly, gave Thersites *bhang* to drink, and when he (the horse) was thoroughly intoxicated, mounted him, and, taking the Bolybub, nothing loath, behind him, rode like a whirlwind straight to the top of Mt. Holyoke, and stayed there till dark.

CHAPTER V.

Matters were progressing so hand-gallop, and even faster, with Gi and the luscious Bolybub, that I, at last, began to fear *scan mag*. Hate, not like Jonah's Gourd, but like some more sluggish vegetable, the Ground-nut for example, or the Baobab, was slowly growing up between Woodsterre and Pruce. Other things and folks were pretty much *in statu quo*. I packed my sole-leather trunk, with the bolting-cloth cover, and made my *congé*.

Deadwood's Fate, it seemed, was but waiting for me to leave. Forty-eight hours after my departure, Woodsterre eloped with Isbille. The truants wrote back to *pater familias* Draymanne, and he forgave them. Not so Pruce. He opened not his lips, but went his way with the cold poison of revenge coiling fast around his rocky heart. Even so a malarious fog from the Campagne entwines itself about the Seven-hilled City of the Wolf-Suckling. He and his man, McFriday, disappeared from Bridgeport, Conn., and it was supposed they had gone to Frazer's river.

Several months afterwards, being low in funds, I returned to Pelides Tower. There I found the Fate mentioned above. It was in the shape which all mundane wielders of the scissors wear, that of a young woman. Ficklea Whiskundone was a lovely *puella*, some score of years in age, intensely pious and haughty. The Bolybub was at Saratoga; the Whiskundone was the *affiancé* of Deadwood. But the Whiskundone, lovely as she was, lacked muscles. Those of her body were flaccid, those of her mind, though high-

strung, were attenuated, something like the E string of a Stradivarius. In a tilt with so well-developed a specimen as the Bolybub, especially for such a prize as the Deadwood, I saw at once which way the thumbs of the audience would go. Certainly not for the Whiskundone.

Events soon proved that I had not consulted the prophetic entrails of those little birds of conjecture, which will obtrude themselves into the minds of everybody who sees an engaged couple.

Gi and his Ficklea went to New York. About the same time, the Bolybub returned from Saratoga. Woe! Woe! But the horses of the Chariot of the Sun cannot be stopped; neither can the evil coursers which drag the victim of self-indulgence to his Doom be stayed. Gi, whose iron and enormous gastric apparatus had always demanded and sustained torrents of all sorts of Fire-water, happened to dine at Delmonico's with a Member of Congress from Arkansas. Gi got tight. Not ungenteelly tight; that was impossible. The M. C., from Arkansas, went whistling up Broadway, cool as the ramrod of his own revolver, (Colt's).

Smitten with judicial madness, Gi took his Ficklea that night to a Fancy Ball at Mrs. Potiphar McFlimsey's, on, of course, the Fifth Avenue. The Bolybub was there in all the maddening exuberance of her super-Aphroditean charms. The Lamia met her prey. I saw Gi's powerful eye rise under the swift wings of Lust and Wine, as the Prince of Darkness rose out of the Pit when Sin had unlatched the Jarring Door! He made some excuse to Ficklea, left her in my charge, and was gone.

Ficklea was pious, and I had a corn on my toe. We did not dance. An hour passed—to me a weary hour, for I wanted some Truffles and a little Rhenish.

Heated, we went into the garden, where that ancient Nun, the Moon, smiled down piteous rebukes upon human frivolity, and where the Night-Wind blew a cooling tune into our aching ears. We had reached a green tub in which was planted a tree sacred to Apollo, and one worthy of the grove at Daphne, when, suddenly,

Ficklea gave a low but heart-rending scream.

She had detected Gi in the act of kissing the Bolybub! The poor thing, too weak of muscle to withstand the shock, sank under it. The next day she met Gi. The engagement was broken off; she forgave him and took to the regular *phthisis pulmonalis*, or consumption. And Gi, great and muscular as he was, sank too. He fled to foreign parts, and I after him, and abandoning himself to drink, became a Devil Incarnate. Adamantine as his constitution was, it could not withstand that Hercules of stimulants, Holland Gin.

In the mountains not far from Timbuctoo, we met Woodsterre and his lovely bride. The presence of his fair cousin and his college mate seemed to soothe Gi, who was evidently sinking under Gin and a most cancerous Remorse. But, one evening, we missed Woodsterre. Midnight came, and he returned not. In the morning we found him lying on his back at the foot of a cliff, and his entire brains lying on one side of his head. No fall could have produced such a result. Foul murder had been done. Clue to the murderer there was none. Why paint the agony of his stricken and youthful wife?

CHAPTER VI.

I doubt if the Swift-Footed One, when he sat sullen and dumb in his tent, mourned the loss of his Briseis half so much as Gi sympathized with his bereaved kinswoman. Like Vidocq, he sought out the clue; like a sleuth-hound, he followed up the scent. It led him to New York. In a mock-auction store in Chatham street he caught sight of McFriday, and stealing behind him, left him not until in a den of the Five Points he found the murderer, Puce.

Puce acknowledged the crime. He had tracked his rival, step by step, as he went on his bridal tour. Not until he reached the mountains near Timbuctoo, did a suitable opportunity for consummating

his revenge occur. Meeting Woodsterre out at night, he at once grappled with him. In their deadly wrestle, both fell over the cliff, and reached the ground unharmed, Puce on top. Desirous of killing the young man without leaving the mark of knife or pistol, or the print of fingers on his throat, he felt about until he found a blow-pipe which a German geological student had accidentally left at the foot of the cliff, and inserting this into the left ear, he blew his entire brains out of the right ear.

Gi's purpose was to have delivered the murderer into the hands of justice, but excited beyond all self-control by the recital of the horrid particulars of the deed, he burst forth with so thundering an oath of execration that Puce died instantly of the concussion. McFriday went raving mad. And Gi took to harder drink than ever.

Ficklea Whiskundone was not yet dead of consumption. Like a withered *fleur de lys* she lay in bed. She sent for Gi, and they had a most affecting and protracted interview in her bed-chamber. Poor fellow! it but served to fix the Undying Worm in his Conscience. He returned to the desolate Tower of Pelides. His learned, good, stocking-knitting mother, had for some time ceased to wander on the banks of the Styx, had paid her *obolus* of ferry money, and had been safely landed by Charon in the Elysian Fields, (not those of Hoboken). Utterly wretched, he took to hard riding as well as hard drinking. One day, in attempting to jump the cars as they came down from Brattleboro', (Thersites had frequently performed the feat, taking the train in his stride,) the horse stumbled, was knocked down with a broken neck, and, falling on his rider, dislocated his backbone, thereby paralyzing the lower part of his body forever!

Gi was borne to his chamber in time to hear of the release from pain of her whom he had so cruelly wronged. Many weeks he lay upon his back, enduring the tortures of the damned, without a murmur. A change came over his fierce spirit. He repented of the deeds done in the body, sought peace and found it.

Knowing that Death was at hand, he sent for Howlril, the brother of the ill-starred Ficklea, and sought his forgiveness. Howlril was of the Castilian hue and temper. He came, cursed Deadwood, and spat in his face!

That mighty hollow muscle, the heart of the Paralytic, collapsed with a passion of such awful force that each turgid blood-vessel stood out like the gnarled roots of a century-old oak. But he turned the other cheek. With one hand he caught the wretch who had spat upon him; with the other he wrenched in twain the iron post of his bed. Then he spoke calmly, entreatingly:

"You see how easily I could slay you. But I only ask, once more, your forgiveness. Will you not give it me?"

And he released him. The little fiend sneered at him, and went forth the room without opening his lips.

Gi closed his eyes.

"God be merciful to him and to me."

They were his last words.

He lies buried not far from the Alley he loved so well. His vast Balls of Enchased Malachite lie with him there. Thither, when the bleak Autumn is in its bitterest mood, repairs, at midnight, the proudest Beauty of the Republic, the

wife of the wealthiest merchant in the *lignum-vitæ* trade in the City of Business Palaces, frantically to weep and violently to hurl down the costliest exotics on his grave.

That Beauty is the wretched Bolybub!

L'ENVOY.

In the body of this work I have neglected to deliver many oracular opinions, Sibylline leaves, as it were, on the topics of the day. I forgot to detail my Hero's exploits in the Montezuman Land and in the Crimea. I particularly regret not having given his ideas regarding Fortification and Military Strategy, and my own views of Religion and Turnips. But, having inaugurated the Hippo-Hellenic, Graeco-Tenpinnic, Muscular-Pedantic style of Novel, and having an engagement to dine this evening at sharp 8, at the *Trois Freres Provençaux*, with my friend Malakoff, formerly Pellissier, I suppose I may as well lay down the pen, (Bagley's gold, with platinum point.)
Vale omnes! sed non semper.

THE END.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Between the sunken Sun, and the new Moon,
I stood in fields through which a clear brook ran
With scarce perceptible motion, not a span
Of its smooth surface trembled to the tune
Of sunset zephyrs; "O! delicious boon!"
I cried, "of quiet!—wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm as in the soul of man
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud Noon
With dewy Evening's soft and sacred lull:
Happy the Heart that keeps *its* twilight hour,
Which—in the depths of perfect peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,
Thoughts that ascend—like Angels beautiful—
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

THE BROKEN GERANIUM.

A REMINISCENCE OF VIRGINIA.

We had a flower-garden—my friend Leonora and myself, and it was very beautiful; I cannot tell you how beautiful. We had the loveliest roses, the sweetest geraniums, the most captivating verbenas—heart's-ease, cape jessamine, fuschias, heliotropes—in short, whatever was lovely, sweet and pure; in such a glorious profusion that their luxuriant blooms were woven together with all the cunning of Arachne's fabled web. Leonora's mother had assigned us the plot on account of its peculiarly favourable position for the growth and highest development of plants, sloping northward and westward, cut off, perhaps, too much from the morning sun by the rear wall of the old mansion, but yet when watered by silver dews and gentle rains, and kindled into fecundity by the warm breath of the air and the golden sunlight, a garden of whose blooms a king might have been proud; yea, and a queen also, if, at the hazard of shaming her jewels, she had dared venture there.

This garden was, in verity, our Paradise. We visited it in the morning, at noon, and in the pale twilight, cherishing the frail, restraining the too luxurious, and in dry seasons carrying fresh water from the wells to moisten the parched lips of the sweet sufferers. Leonora had a peculiarly happy gift with flowers: I believe it was born with her, for surely no instruction could give that felicitous touch and intuitive sense of what each flower needed, which were characteristic of her ministries. She made her leaf-cups wherein she bore away the noxious insects that annoyed the flowers—bore them away in love, too kind in heart ruthlessly to kill any creature that God has made—with delicate fingers she trailed the festooning vines up the lattice or upon the wall, and, as an angel-warder over holy children, kept watch and ward, as far as possible, against any adverse contingencies, or melancholy casualties.

Oh! sweet to my mind is the memory

of that garden. Sweet are the recollections of the delightful talks we had over it, discussions of its state, misfortunes, (for it had such now and then, as we shall see) and prospects; wondering much if the roses would ever bloom; if the verbenas would spread too much and overshadow the more modest flowers; if the seeds sown in names would come up properly, and forming a hundred other like conjectures. What splendid bouquets Leonora gathered from those circular beds! And oh! with what adroitness she used to weave them of flowers and leaves, until they stood completed a perfect realization of her own bright, beautiful fancies: artistic creations of her own soul!

Among all our flowers there was one which deserved to be called, "our favourite." It was a rose-geranium, which a sweet, invalid girl had given me, to be kept as a memorial of her when the flowers of her youth should know her beauty and excellence no longer. When her white fingers placed it in my hands one beautiful morning, it was small; but under Leonora's kind care it soon flourished apace, and cheered us with its beauty and sweetness. Ere the first frost fell on the leaves and meadows, she took it from its bed and transferred it to a sheltered niche in the large library, where all winter long ministered to and guarded by her watchful love, it spread its leaves wider and higher, until they rested their soft cheeks against the smooth window-panes. When spring came again and the crocus unfolded its sweetness and the snow-drop and the violet gleamed in the woods and gardens, she planted it again in its summer clime where the heart's ease might comfort and the regal rose encourage, all through the hours of dejection that come alike upon flowers and mortals in the circles of life.

Ah! an hour was coming when none of its kindred could comfort—when neither wind, nor sun, nor dew, nor even

Leonora's love could avail anything for the life of our pet rose-geranium.

Early in the morning we discovered it, but alas! too late, lying upon the bed where so long it had flourished in beauty, a broken fragment, dissevered at the ground. There were no traces of the ravager visible—no foot-prints, nor finger-marks—the other flowers were all inviolate—but our pet was forever destroyed.

It was a gift from Alice Gray, and she was daily drawing nearer to the unseen world. It was a bitter disappointment to us both—a disappointment which no one can appreciate in its fulness unless they, too, have received a gift from a dear friend just on the grave's verge, and watched it with a long year's care and love, only to hold it in their hands—dead.

It was dead. Dead! there is something terrible in that word even when applied to a flower. Dead! Ask the bleeding heart by the grave of that word! Ask the gay child with its hoop and song; the Preacher in his surplice, the bride at the altar! Dead! the sound is the most terrible of all knells.

The word was ringing in my heart and brain when a messenger came bearing a note, snowy-white, but sealed with black, from the mother of her who gave me the geranium. *Sweet Alice was dead.*

"At what hour did she die?" I asked of the messenger. "Last night, just before morning," was his reply.

"Is it not strange," I said afterward to Leonora, "that in the same night, perhaps in the same hour, the geranium was broken?"

"Who can tell," she answered me, "the connection between her spirit and that flower? The Soul is a mystery, and all beauty is one." We cannot conjecture how our flower was destroyed, whether gently or violently. It may be its unknown principle of life departed as sweetly as the soul of Alice Gray."

"How did she die?" I asked.

In the quiet night, just before dawn, they say, she was lying white as marble on her couch, not asleep, but with closed lids as though dreaming or wrapped in pleasant reverie. They thought her bet-

ter, and the physician held out hopes of a temporary recovery. The lamp burned low in a distant corner of the room, and the nurse sat alone, shading her eyes with her hands, half-tempted to sleep. Without all was still: the holy calmness of a mid-summer night when the moon is full. Suddenly the pale dreamer arose upright on her couch.

"Did you not hear it, Jane?"

The half-slumbering nurse sprang up in alarm. "Hear what, darling?"

"A church-bell tolling. I heard it plainly. Listen! I hear it again!"

The terrified woman peered in the direction indicated by the girl.

"Do you not hear it now?" And she caught her by the arm and drew her close to herself.

"There it sounds, slowly, solemnly, I can count each stroke. It is tolling for a funeral."

Then she said in a subdued voice, as though addressing her own inner spirit, "Can it be for me?"

She sank down upon her couch. Her head drooped low between her white, sculpturesque arms, now emaciated by disease; her golden hair covered them with a cloud of glory. She spoke calmly in a sweet, low voice:

"You can sit down now, Jane. If I need you again, I will call."

Alas! she never did call. In the sweet morning, when the robin came to her window to sing his song, came her friends to ask how she passed the night. She had indeed passed the night, and passed the glory of ineffable day, and bathed her pure soul in the radiance of another world. They found her placid in death—a sweet, calm smile upon her lovely face—the lids closed gently over her eyes, and her head still encircled by her white arms, covered with the glory of her golden hair.

Two days after, when the warm earth held in her bosom the beautiful tabernacle wherein dwelt the far more beautiful soul of Alice Gray, I, being comparatively a stranger in the lovely green valley of Old Virginia, asked of Leonora a simple narrative of the history of the young girl whose death we still deplored;

not suspecting for one moment the humble, yet painful drama in which she, in her physical weakness and woman's mightiness, bore the prominent part.

This is the unobtrusive history of that true heart as I received it from the eloquent lips of Leonora. And I would for your sake, oh, my reader, that those same lips might send it glowing to your heart, that you might know how the humble life of a wronged girl is revenged in the full soul, and thrilling words of one of her own sex.

Alice Gray was an only child. From childhood, having no playmates at home, her constant companion was a Henry Browne, whose father, a man of wealth and influence, dwelt in the large old house, whose tall chimneys are visible from the front windows of Mr. Gray's mansion. There are no other houses to be seen for miles; and from the line where their lands meet, far away in every direction, run their large, fertile fields. "A fine stroke of policy it would be," said Mr. Browne to himself one day, "if my only child, Henry, could win Alice Gray; for then you perceive"—with a hearty rub of the hands—"all these far-stretching acres would belong to the house of Browne."

Truly, circumstances favoured greatly Mr. Browne's darling plan. Alice without a playmate, found one suited to her age and taste in the boy, Henry, and besides, both, according to a wise plan of his father's, studied under the same teachers. Uniformity of pursuit, and their segregated state, alone were sufficient to bind them closely in friendship, and moreover, there was in the two that contrast of taste and disposition which always in children, especially where there is an opposition of sex, acts as an attraction to make hearts cohere. Together in the spring they hunted the earliest wild flowers in the woods: in summer wove garlands under the trees, or watched the little fledglings fluttering in the nests, or essaying flight from the boughs: in autumn strolled over the hills or through the woods to gather the large chesnuts whose burrs the yesternight frost opened, or stood hand in

hand, gazing at the mist-veiled mountains or listening to the merry songs of the huskers at work in the fields. And in winter they sat by the blazing log-fire and told each other fairy tales and tasked their weak imaginations in a cheerful rivalry.

Thus their childhoods passed, and unconsciously they loved each other. By no words had it been said, but each took it for granted; just as the little brother may not say a word concerning his love to his little toddling sister, and yet all the time love her with a love deeper than death. There was need of a revelation to show them that they loved, and moreover that their love surpassed the simple affection which often passes under that name; and that revelation came.

One cold morning in early winter, when a slight crust of ice was on the ground, word was brought to Alice that Henry Browne, by the fall of his horse on the ice, had shattered his arm, and received other injuries of a deeply serious nature. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had just before driven to the neighbouring town on business, and there was no one to prevent Alice from executing her resolution to walk over to Mr. Browne's and ascertain for herself the nature and extent of her friend's injuries. The servants were unanimously of the opinion that "Miss Alice must hab her own way," and offered but a trifling resistance. Wrapping herself in a cloak, forth she went, delicate girl as she was, along the slippery road, buffeted and chilled by the rude, cold winds that ever and anon drifted masses of snow in her face. Yet she was undaunted. On she went until she reached the house, and saw for herself the shattered arm and the cuts over the forehead, that left no room for doubt concerning the truth of the reports she had heard. At the sight her childish nature lost its control, and as she stooped to kiss Henry's pale forehead, a flood of tears broke from her eyes and ran down upon his face.

The revelation was made. The children (for they were such) knew for the first time that they loved more deeply than children generally do, and the

knowledge sent smiles over Henry's fine face. Mr. Browne and his wife saw not in vain; and beneath these idle tears of children, discerned afar the realization of their oft-discussed project.

The winter passed slowly away. And when the spring came with her birds and flowers, Henry was strong enough to walk out with Alice to these old nooks in the woods, where they knew the earliest wild flowers grew. And there, on the first of their spring-day excursions, he told his love, and encircling each other with their arms, upon a mossy throne of rocks, they vowed eternal constancy and fidelity then and forever.

We ought not to despise the loves of children. "The child is father of the man," and the loves of childhood swell and expand in after years with the mature fruit of the vine, whose pure juice is the most glorious intoxication which the human heart feels upon earth. And I hope to show here that, on one side, this love, pledged by two children in the shade of the woods, was more enduring than life.

Years passed on, and Henry's disposition, always adventurous, began to inflame with a desire for daring exploits for something to break up the old monotony of his country life. His blood boiled with a passion for heroic achievement, and every wild, thrilling story that could be found in newspapers or history, was read again and again with morbid avidity. His old passion for horsemanship and hunting grew effete, became almost distasteful, and home with its endearments, nay, even Alice's love, weighed little in the balance against this dominant passion.

Finally, wearied out by a fruitless resistance, his father and mother consented to his project to join a party of gentlemen about to embark for California. Sorrowfully they bade him adieu—their only son and hope—but they consoled their hearts with his oft-repeated promise, that after he had distinguished himself and satisfied his desire for honour, he would return, marry his dear Alice, and settle down to live upon the ancestral acres.

It was in the sweet spring-time that he rode over to say, "Farewell" to the girl whose life was bound up in his—whose faithful heart beat only for his happiness. Day, like a sweet, majestic song played to the lyre of angels, had died in "long, sequacious notes" over delicious, sunset-piled scenery, and tender twilight, as if a tear wrought by the melancholy of the strain in Nature's eyes, glimmered over the long stretches of the greening landscape. He lingered in the parlour long, as if loth to start on an errand that woke the slumberous energies of passion, though his horse pawed restively under the large locust; he mounted at last, but yet curbed his horse's ardour, and compelled him to walk along the smooth road where erst he struck fire from his noisy feet. What aileth him? Who can tell? But can it be that along the face of night move the solemn shadows of the Future—the long procession of coming days of sin and nights of disquiet, terminated with a sable hearse and a small, fresh grave? I know not. But if the Future be fixed, an occult Alp-land—and man alone be progressive, why may not glimpses of her awful front be disclosed through a cloud-rift, or a long shadow at times smite the face of him "who farther from the East must travel," attended by visions of Heaven and phantoms of terror from Hades?

Alice sat in the long porch, watching the gathering shades upon the distant mountain. The book, with which she had beguiled her fancy, lay by her side; her head rested on her hand, as in statues I have seen, and the delicately lashed lids shut in the yearning sweetness of her meek eyes. She was dreaming, but sleep folded no pinion over her senses. Oh! Poets, tell me what it is when a maiden dreams, for I turn with eagerness from the painful memories of the night-dreams of my fancy to the conception of a sweet maiden's dream, painless, blessed? I know she felt no pain, for her face was as placid as a seraph's in that dim twilight.

But she started. The gate was swung open and swift as a bird's flight Henry

Browne spurred his horse along the broad avenue, under the drooping boughs of the old trees. She sprang to meet him.

"You are late," she said, "very late—my heart was sick waiting for you."

"But it is better late than never, darling. I was delayed by the innumerable preparations for my departure in the morning."

"Must you go, indeed. I have been hoping so fondly that you would yet stay. Why, to-night as I sat looking at the sunset, I dreamed that you would stay, and live at your old home, and we would be so happy. But what am I saying! You long to be a distinguished man, whose name shall shine as a star in the chronicles of your race, and I would die to make you so. Come, sit down and let us have a good talk this last night."

"That's sensible, Alice. I will not stay in California long—only a few years, and when I return we will always live together. And after Fame, that will fill up the complement of heaven or earth."

His tone was gay, but artificial, and it wrung secret tears from her eyes. Could it be that he would be false—that his heart was as hollow as his words seemed to indicate! But she cast the thought from her. Her love was too steadfast and pure to harbour a doubt.

The night deepened, and taking his arm they walked down the avenue towards the gate. The hour of parting was come, and her woman's heart was taxed to its utmost tension. They arrived at the small gate through which they had so often passed in the glorious child-days that were no more. She paused and pointed her white finger toward a gleaming star in the west. Her tone was like one inspired to rule.

"Promise me that every night you will look at that star and think of me and the memories of our love!"

He stooped to her brow and spoke his answer by a kiss. Just then a brilliant meteor flashed athwart the sky.

"See," she said, breaking away from his clasp, "there is Fame, oh! Henry—better be that star that is hidden to all save the philosopher's glass than such

a winged splendour across the eyes of the world, ending in black night."

The appeal was in vain. He drew her to his heart—his voice softened, and she saw large tears glisten in the moonlight.

"You wrong me, darling. In the presence of all these glorious hosts of worlds, I vow eternal love to you."

She clung to him, her face drenched with tears of joy. He pressed a burning kiss to her lips, and in a moment was in the saddle, and spurring like the wind along the homeward road. She watched him until he disappeared from sight in the dusk of the night and the shades of the trees, and then returned to her home.

What was it she heard as she closed the gate? Was it an illusion of fancy? To the last day of her death she affirmed that she heard the village bell toll a long, sad knell for a departed soul.

The year passed away, and another May night, the anniversary of that of which I have spoken, and its exact counterpart, hung like a holy prayer of angels over our old world. The stars that looked upon the earth that night saw no longer a beautiful being, reverie-wrapt, sitting in the shade of the old porch. Alice was indeed there, but she was not the Alice Gray of a year ago. Deeper sadness was upon her face, and a mute melancholy in her eyes, as she gazed long and ardently upon a blushing star that hung in the west.

"He will not see it any more," she said, "it shines sweetly over his grave in a distant land."

Yet there was no sorrow nor repining in her words or tones. She kissed the rod of divine chastisement, and loved on.

Does love ever die? This is my answer. Does the soul ever find a grave?

One year before he had sworn eternal love to her, and now he was dead—that was her tender wail. They wrote his father that he had made one of a party who, upon deeply important business, had undertaken to pass through the territory of a hostile Indian tribe—and death to all save one or two, was the consequence. He fell bravely fighting against an overwhelming host of savages, and his pocket-book, containing some

letters from Alice, and a lock of her hair, was transmitted as the last relic of Henry Browne.

After the first burst of grief was spent, she became very calm—no murmur escaped her—but it was plain to all that her health was fast failing. When she walked up the aisle of the church on Sundays, all the people looked with pity on her pale face, and feeble form; all loved her with a deep love, for none could help it, but love never yet restrained a soul from leaving earth. She joined with her sweet voice in the psalm and responses, and many a voice in the congregation was silent, that her pathetic, penitential words might be heard.

Death is a great Artist. In his workshop Mortality is touched into glory like unto that which shines in the face of a saint. How can we doubt that that which is corruptible shall be made incorruptible and meet to stand in Heaven, when we see a lovely girl wrought into the perfect beauty of Death?

Oh! radiantly beautiful was Alice Gray when I first saw her, two years ago, riding out with her father to catch the fresh breeze of morning on the upland. I had heard of her loveliness, but was unprepared for that morning's vision. Her golden hair was brushed in bandeaux over her temples, disclosing the fulness of her white brow; her hat with its dark plumes was as a back-ground to her clear features, white as pearl, save on each cheek a glow of rose, reminding me of the gray sky of dawn blushing with tints of purple. All day my brain was haunted by her image, as a sweet poem haunts one, or as the deep eyes and mournful face of an Evangeline I saw last summer, have ever haunted me since.

It was through Leonora that I made her acquaintance some days after. One glorious autumn night I walked through the woods to carry her a promised book: it was just when the leaves, fully changed upon the boughs, were falling before the melancholy winds with such soft rustle and soothing music. It beguiled my fancy to gather the most gorgeous and weave them into a fantastic garland, just

as when a boy I used to gather the dry, gorgeous leaves from books and weave them into bouquets of fancy in my brain. The shades of evening approached, and the chilly air fell down from the sky as I entered the large parlour, rich with the crimson light of a grand Virginia fire, before which Alice was sitting.

She welcomed me with a sweet smile, and rising, extended her white hand.

"It grew so late I scarcely expected you would keep your promise. But I am so glad you are come."

I gave her the garland of leaves. "Autumn presents them as her tribute to the queen of her domain," I said silently.

"Autumn is both wise and kind," she replied. Let me read you her moral. Youth flourishes in green beauty—sorrow comes like frost, and as life, shaken by the chill winds of affliction—warm winds in truth they are, they only seem cold—casts its foliage of hopes, the colours grew brilliant and varied, and cover a poor, cold heart with a shroud dipped in rainbows.

"She has sent many oak leaves, I see. The oak is the brave heart that defies the tempest; though its leaves fall, it lives on hale and strong; the lightning may smite its cheek, and the snows pile against its trunk, yet when Spring comes it will bud and put forth leaves again."

The book I bore her was Tennyson's Poems, which she had never seen. She desired me to read some of the poems aloud.

"Shall they be gay or mournful?" I asked.

"Both," she answered; "but mournful songs befit my spirit and the season."

I selected what to me appears the most wildly mournful poem in the language, "Mariana in the Moated Grange." It touched her to tears—sweet tears from a pure heart, tears such as Tennyson sings of as coming from memory of happy days that are no more. Was there nothing in the situation of Mariana akin to hers? Ah! yes, but she knew it not, else might she have made that terrible wail:

"Then she said, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God! that I were dead!'"

Why must a glorious belief be torn from the heart of a maiden just setting her feet on the dreary death-land? Alice had found consolation in the death of him she fondly loved, by an assurance that he died faithful to his first love. We shall see!

A gentleman, one of the number with whom Henry Brown went out, returned to his friends in Virginia. He had parted from Henry immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco and thenceforward lost sight of him for a long season. He knew nothing of his location or business, in fact had almost forgotten his existence in the whirl of a new and active life, until the day previous to his departure from San Francisco.

He met him in the street, and although but little more than one year had elapsed since they parted, found him so altered as almost to elude recognition. The merry, companionable friend—the life of the party on shipboard, the bravest, lightest-hearted of them all, was now transformed into a dashing, reckless man of the world, on whom the last night's revelry showed itself painfully. Twelve months had completely wrecked him; but he was not *dead*.

He gave yet other information; *he was married*. "To whom?" it was eagerly inquired. A splendid, haughty city belle, whose wit and recklessness, wealth and beauty drove from his mind all thoughts of his first love, and brought him in a few months a *dying* suitor and adorer at her feet. She was pleased with the fine, open chivalry of his character,—fascinated with his noble face and intelligent expression, and determined in her love by his stories of his father's large estate in far away Virginia, which by inheritance would soon be his. The nuptials followed before the year was out, and with his splendid, hollow-hearted bride he wedded a perpetual misery that craved oblivion in sin.

Ah! that letter and that lock of hair.

It was all plain then. False love led to falsehood in all respects, and a lying letter was easily written to cloak perjury.

The intelligence spread, like wild fire, through the valley, and was discussed in every family circle. In such circumstances, it was impossible to keep Alice in doubt save for a time. Notwithstanding the care of her parents and the silence of her friends, she discovered it just as the first air of Spring came to her window, and her familiar robins sang to her from the trees.

Her friends thought the knowledge would kill her. It did no such thing. They err who think a woman a mere straw, tossed about in the gales of uncontrollable feeling: indeed they do. She has a strength as immutable as the hills, and especially when her heart is wronged does this strength bear her soul up on the wings of eagles. To Alice the knowledge was as water poured out: she made no murmur, uttered no words of reproach; her health did not even show its effect; she was as calm and lovely and fragile as before. She talked to her mother of Henry's perfidy with a clear, tearless eye, and an unfaltering voice; none would have suspected her to be so complete an heroine. She hoped he might be happy; she forgave him that he had wronged her—that was all.

Still her strength failed in the same ratio as before. Summer came, but she grew daily weaker. One sweet day in June, Leonora and I went to see her. The air was clear and fresh, and her health seemed for the time much improved; she was buoyant in spirits even to gayety. Her lily cheeks were interspersed with roses, as in Northern regions Kane saw poppies growing by the banks of rivers of ice, encircled by bergs and plains of eternal snow; and her eyes had a brightness that was painful as the harbinger of a sure and speedy death. We walked out in the garden, where in childhood she had spent so many happy hours, to the spot where was growing a beautiful geranium—her pet all through the last winter and the previous summer, and to her a memento of Henry. She

needed no memorial of him then, and he deserved none. She turned to me :

"I know certainly that I cannot live long, and I wish you to have this geranium. It may be you will prize the gift for my sake."

Her tones were so sad that I could scarce restrain the tears that rushed to my eyes. I thanked her for the gift, and promised to treasure it as my life.

To Leonora she said :

"You will help him watch it for my sake. And if Henry should ever return after I am gone, give him a cluster of leaves, and say they were my dying gift—a memorial of past love, a sign of forgiveness."

Then turning to me with a sweet smile :

"How can spirits better minister to the living than through beauty. You taught me to know with poor Keats that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.' If I can, I will talk to my friends in the swells of grasses stranded on the Summer air, in the odour of flowers, or the light whispers of the leaves when their edges meet. Our Saviour loved the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. You have helped me to find a wondrous beauty in them; and hereafter, when you hear the zephyr kissing the leaves of my geranium, or this robin, whose music we love, greets you in the morn, think that I am near you, enjoying the infinite beauty of our God's creation, which you can never fully feel until you, too, have put off mortality."

Death to her mind had no terrors. Long time she would sit and tell me in glowing language her visions of Heaven, and her anticipations of its glories. A living faith supported her as her feet approached the tomb. All her life was a beautiful tapestry, woven upon "Love to Christ," and through the whole, like a delicate, all-enduring thread of gold, ran her pure, holy love for Henry Browne.

Why linger longer on this sad theme? Glorious is woman's love! Oh! richer he than all the monarchs of India who can worthily win and wear it! Henry Browne was unworthy of such supernal devotion as filled the heart of her to whom he had pledged a holy troth be-

fore God and His angels. Falsely in his case rings the old song :

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But oh! believe it not."

Better had he died, slain by the tom hawk of the savage, than to live perjured before God, men, and his own soul. Did he ever truly love the sweet Alice? Who can tell? She thought so, and lavished on him all the stores of her rich virtue; lived with his image in her heart, cherished more holily than ever was that large-eyed Madonna, and died, no doubt thinking of him, and blending his name in prayer with that of her Saviour.

"And now," said Leonora, "you know the rest. Henry Browne and his wife will soon be here. So, at least, he has written. Before he comes, if you are willing, we will smooth her grave, and plant sweet flowers over it; through whose fresh lips her words of love and memory may cut his false heart like swords in battle. You must take him there with you some morning, and while he stands by her grave, tell him Alice Gray's last words; give him a cluster of geranium leaves and say for me, 'Woman's love is love forevermore.'"

One pleasant morning in August Henry Browne and myself were riding through the smiling valley towards the church and graveyard on the hill, consecrated forevermore to me by the grave of Alice Gray. I said nothing to him of my errand, and he suspected nothing. He was that day the most miserable man that has ever rode a horse by my side,—his old friends regarded him with aversion; his father, without hope in his own son, was cold and formal, and he could not find in his haughty, irascible wife any consolation for the pains of conscience or the neglect of friends.

The road wound around the graveyard wall, and when we reached the gate of entrance, I checked my horse.

"Would you like to walk through the graveyard, Mr. Browne?"

"Not this morning," he replied quick-

ly, "it is getting warm and we had better get home."

"We will have time enough. Doubtless there are some graves of old friends here, which you would like to see again. There is one grave that I wish to see, maybe for the last time, and you had better come."

By this time I had tied my horse, and was at his side. He had no excuse for refusing longer, and submitted with a gloomy grace.

There was the grave right before us—green and garnitured with the flowers of Leonora's planting. At the head of the sleeper a marble lamb crouched on a sward of snowy lilies, and below were cut the few words:

Our Daughter Alice.

We paused a little, and neither spoke. Oh! that grave was eloquent; though dead, the sweet girl spoke to us that morning—to me in the flowers, to him in fearful memories. I dared not raise my eyes to his face for some time, and my heart failed me as I thought of my errand. "He is wretched enough," I said to myself, "let him alone." But I thought of the pale beauty that I saw fade in patience—and all for him—of Leonora's charge, and courage came back to my heart.

"She was a lovely girl. Oh! her life was a glorious poem, drawn out in a mournful cadence with a long, swelling note of beauty, sinking, rising, dying in an echo over the hills of the spirit-land, for an end. One day, awhile before she died, she was in the garden and gave me a geranium, bidding me keep it holily for her sake, and charging me to gather a

cluster of leaves and present them—a memorial of past love, a sign of forgiveness—unto you when you should come. Here"—I put my hand in my breast and drew from thence the sweet green leaves—"is her dying gift to Henry Browne."

He took them and pressed them to his lips.

"God knows," he said in a tone of despair, "I have sinned deeply against you, my first, my only love, Alice Gray. And now my punishment is greater than I can bear. May Heaven forgive me!"

"She has forgiven you, and God may," I said, "for she loves you still. Be assured, though we may neglect and deride it, a woman's love is love forevermore."

He strode from the graveyard, mounted his horse, and in silence we rode away.

Ah! I am far away from the grave of Alice Gray. The howling winds of Winter chase the Summer to her death over the blue hills. The flowers I planted over that grave have faded; the leaves of the maples pile in dun splendour upon the rose that covers her: the snow—no less white than her own soul—will lie there in the cold days of Winter. But I ween, where the white-ephoded angels have harps and sweet songs that sound like many waters, ascend around the Mount Zion where the Lamb dwells, she, a pure lily of the valley, resting on the bosom of her Saviour, turneth her sweet eyes, not where snows pile and winds sweep over a quiet country grave, but where a great white throne is reared, and an ineffable glory dwells.

THE TWO SUMMERS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

There is a golden season in our year
Between October's hale, and lusty cheer,
And the hoar frosts of Winter's empire drear,

II.

Which like a fairy flood of mystic tides
Whereon divine Tranquillity abides,
The Kingdom of the sovereign Months divides :

III.

Then, Autumn's wailing winds their requiems cease,
'Ere Winter's sturdier storms have gained release,
And earth, and heaven alike are bright with peace.

IV.

O! Heart! thou hast thy golden season too!
A blissful interlude of birds, and dew,
Of balmy gates, and skies of deepest blue!

V.

That *second Summer* when life's work is done,
The harvest hoarded, and the autumn sun
Gleams on the fruitful fields our toil hath won,

VI.

Which, also, like a fair mysterious tide
Whereon calm Thoughts like ships at anchor ride,
Doth the wide Kingdom of our years divide.

VII.

This passed, what more of life's rude path remains
Winds through unlighted vales, and dismal plains,
The home of chilling Blights, or fevered Pains.

VIII.

Pray then, ye favoured few along whose ways
Life's Indian Summer pours its mellow rays,
That ye may die 'ere dawn the Evil Days;

IX.

Sink on that Season's kind, and genial breast,
While still your sun shines cloudless in the West,
The elect of God whom Life, and Death have blessed!

THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

SEVENTH LETTER.

Mozis and Mayan. A revelashun. A fight. Mozis Arrested. Horrid times. Things clear off. Second vissit to the Pressydint.

DEAR BILLY:

I cum hoam fum a vissitin uv the Pressydint in high sperrits. The squirtin wine had got into my hed, which it felt like a hous-raisin was a goin on somewhere, or rather like the publick mind ware roustid apun a impawtunt subjick of genrul intris. Thar apearid to be a good eel uv ixsiteumt, and I had a inlarged vue, as it twuz fum sum mounting eminents. Oans he poked off to one plais or anuther, levin me to entur my bodin hous aloan but puffickly cuntentid and rezined. The fust thing I heard it were little ole Melloo a skratshin on his fiddil and a makin uv prehabs the sicknest andorrowblis souns in the wirl. He can't play no fiddil. The neckst thing I dun, I run against Mayan in the dark—snatcht her rite up, carrid her in my room, shet the dough, and lockt it, detummined to diskooover the reesin she spoke Inglish sumtiems and then agin Iritch sumtiems, or dy in the atemp. She ware sollid, Billy, is a wannut stump, wayin, I jedged, a hundud and fotty poun nect, but she warnt nuthin but a shuck boalstur to me, feelin is I did. Mo rover, it ar a noan fac that a man, mo ptickly ef he ar yung, kin toat mo gal, mo ptickly ef she ar yung and pritty, then uv enny uther substunts uv nater, whether uv the anemil, vedjetubble, or minrul kingdum; and I candlely bleeve that eavin a pur uv muels kin haul fo to one, by wate, uv gearls to enny uther kine uv truck.

I hadin sean Mayan to speak to her fer I dunno when. So I set her down on a cheer, lit my lamp, set down myself, and lookt at her and sed nuthin. I diddent knew what too say. I had dun dun the thing almost befo I knowd it, thout knowin how I cum to do it, and had nearly forgot what I dun it fer, igzackly. She lookt at me mad is fier.

"Is it outin yo centsis ye ar?" she sais.

I shet my mouth hard.

"I do be thinkin its murther ye ar arfther."

I sais not a sillybul.

She jumpt at the dough like litenin, but I ketcht her, took the key out and pnt it in my pocket. She fit desprit, but I hilt her, and finely set her back in the cheer agin, while she set thar pail is flour pantin fer breth, and lookin at me with her black eyes like sheed burn me cleen up. I set puffickly still and diddent bat my eye wunst. Then she give up. She took to cryin like I don't warnt to sea noboddy cry agin. I drord my cheer up and took her han; she thode me off like I'd been a mockersin snaik and cryd mo then uvver. I tried it agin; she thode me off agin feerser then the fust time, and kep on a cryin. I getherd a pipe, filled it with that good Linchbug tobarker, and petendid to smoak. But I ware skeerd. I ware feard sheed kill herself, she cryd so. I begged her, I sais:

"Mayan, fer the Lord's snik don't cry so. I don't mean you no harm. I'd die ten thousin deths befo I'd hert a har uv yo hed."

But that maid her wuss. So thar we set,—she a cryin and I a trimblin. You may depen I wrepentid what I had dun. I got up and opined the dough, onlockt it, and spred it wide opin. She stopt in a minnit. She got up to go out, still a sobbin, but makin no noise. I put my han on her shoalder verry gently, and sais:

"Pleas don't go, Mayan."

She didin pull mighty hard, so I jes led her back eesy, and set her down agin, and she commenst a cryin but not like befo—peard like it come mo softer to her. I hitched up my cheer clost to her,

tryin to taik her han, but she pulld it away, slowly tho'. Arfter while, she lookt up at me, her buteful black eyes full uv tears, and sais mighty sorrerful and wreprorchful, she sais :

"Mistur Addums, you ortint to do me soe."

"'Thar now, thar now !" I sais, jumpin spang outin my cheer ; "thar now ! I ketched you. By gravy !" I sais, "that's no Irish talk, and you aint no Irish nuther. Now you got to up and tell me evvry single bit about yoself. Yu've bin a possumin long anuf, and you shant go a step tel you tell me. You sertny shell not."

She lookt at me like sheed look me throo. Then she smiled a littil bit uv a smile, but her eyes still full of tears, and sais sollum is possybil :

"Then shet the dough."

I shet it, quick.

"Lock it," she sais.

I lockt it. I ware comin back to taik my seat, when she sais in the saim sorrerful vois :

"Hadint you better blow out the lite ? Some uv the gentilmen might wanter cum into sea you."

"Well !" thinks I, "this beets the beet." But I blode out the lite and sais nuthin.

When she made me to go with her to the back winder, whar the moon was a shinin over the houstops, and thar we set down, and she tole me everything. I shill tell you awl about it sum these dais. Shees a wrispectable girl, Billy, hily ejukatid, and uv good parrintedge—a reel lady, in fac. Her father is a kine uv preecher, which they calls in Iland a Q-rate ; gittin monsus po pay, sumthin like a sirkit rider, which he's a gentilman nuvvertheless. She ware a high-sperritid gearl, which rund away becos her father marrid her step-muther and she coodint git along with her. When she cum to this kuntry, she took to talkin like the rest uv the charmber makes, and took to doin uv hous wurk, becos she sed it ware the ferst thing that come to hand, and, arfter tryin it, she liked it becos it kep her helthy and in good sperrits. Her farther have sent her munny to come

hoam wrepeetidly, but she wont come, on a count uv her step-muther. She staid in Knew Yawk a ear, then come heer, whar she's bin goin on 2 ears. This ar a meer outlyin uv the fax uv the case, Billy, but it's the plane truth, and nuthin elts. What a pictcher uv the sersiety uv the grate sittu uv Washington. A white gearl, a pritty gearl, a reel lady, with fotty times the cents uv the women that hize her, watin on evvry Tom, Dick, and Harry ! It's two bad, two bad intily ! and ortent to be so no longer. I ixpec thars menny anuther po gearl jis like Mayan is, and she sais so two.

We had a long, long, hapy talk thar by the winder. I declar, Billy, I nuvver felt so sosherbil and sattisfide in my life. She seamed to plais so much confidents in me, like I wus her bruther, or kussen, or sumthin. It tetched me to the co. A cloc strikd 2 befo we partid, and then I didn want her to go, but she sed she must. I giv her my lamp, she lit it, tole me not to say nuthin to noboddy bout what she had tole me, tole me good nite, and when she got part way up the steps, stopt, and smilin doun at me tole me good nite agin. Oh Billy, Billy, hunny ar wirmwood cumpard to the speach uv wimmin sumtimes. Gudness nose ! it doo apear to make a feller's hart melt in his bress.

I didn sleep nun that nite ; I didn eavin ondress. I jis laid on the bed thinkin, thinkin, in a sort uv trants, and shood uv hav laid thar fur uvver, ef, a bout the braker day, Mr. Argruff, he had-inter cum in. His face ware gassly and evil beyond amost ennything. He dropt intoo a cheer and bowd his hed upon the tabil and giv a grone—sich a grone ! it friz the blud in my verry vanes. Then he looks up, like he diddent no whar he ware, and begins to cuss hisself orful, orful, and call hisself fool, fool, fool, lik he wisht he cood tar his hart out and destroy hisself with his own langwidge. I jumpst offin the bed and run to him and begd him to tell me what the motter wus. He give a start saim is ef heed bin shot. Billy, he ware drunk. His breth had that ar green, pizenus odor uv a man.

which drinks a heep and constunt. He thought he ware in his oan room, and when he foun whar he wuz, and seen me good, he new me, he begins a cryin, and *sich* cryin—Mayan's warnt nuthin to it. It ar a turrabil thing fer to sea a man cry is he dun. It mighty nigh killed me, cos I has a high apinyun uv Mr. Argruff.

When he got over his fit, at least the wust uv it, he let me know all bout it. Betwixt his intrusion uv his wremarks with fust a cryin and then a cussin uv himself, I cood barly make out whut he sed, ixcept it twuz this: That he were in love with a yung lady, which I shant call her name, and had coted her, and she had kickt him, and he goes and gits drunk, and the fust thing he node he had dun gone and seed her farther, and tole him how he loved his dawter and awl about it. Did you uvver heer uv sich a thing, Billy? It ware enuf to make him cuss hisself, and mo too. When he cum to tell about it, I thought heed a gone distracktid with shaim he ware so mad with hisself.

I cumfuted him the bess I cood, which it ware rather po cumfut, tride to maik him lay down in my bed, but he wooden let me, so I tuk him two his oan room, ondrest him, put him to bed, and left him.

My hart ware hevvy is led, thinkin how the bess pepil in Washingtun seamd to be a flicktid with sum dredful habbet or anuther, and how retchid a life the happist uv um leeds, when I come away frum the hous whar Mr. Argruff bodid. I felt like I wantid to git away frum thar and git hoam whar thar wuz sum quiat and pees, and whar pepil, ef they aint smart, is sertny natchrul and contentid.

When I cum to the Mintzpi Hous, and had ect my breckfuss, Miss Saluda Trungil and her little sister got arfter me, pleggin me most to deth. Fust they tole mo my sweetart, Miz Hanscum, (which she nuver wuz no sweetart uv mine a tall,) had dun rund away with a feller, and gone posably to the devvel. And I diddent keer ef she had. Then they kept a makin me tell bout my vissit to the Pressydint, and the mo I tole how

kinely the Pressydint treatid me and how much I wus pleased and all, the mo they lafft and lafft, untel I thought nar one uv um had good sense. No wonder they lafft; for ef you bleeve me, Billy, I hadint sean no Pressydint a tall, and the hous which I thought it ware the privit resedints uv the Minnistur uv Bengall wuz, what they call a Forrer Banc. Forrer is sumtimes called Farrow and sumtimes Fareo, and it ar a gaim uv cards, playd out uv a kind uv Scedlitt's Pouder box, and a hole passel uv roun pieces uv ivry; but Forrer as the rightist way to per-nounts it. I has sence sean the gaim plaid a sevril number uv times, but kin-not understand it igzackly.

It ware a long tiem befo I cood fairly bleeve that Oans he wood fool me so about the Pressydint, and I don't think now he wood uv hav dun it ef that ar little yaller fiddlin tacky uv a Melloo hadint a put him up to it. I wisht I may be consoun! ef when I foun out he had a prinserpul hand in it, ef I didin hav a good mine to war him out against the groun. But, in pint uv size, he aint no mo to me then a huckilberry in a wagon, and I nuver yit fit a runt and nuver intens to.

Well, I lef the Mintzpi Hous mad is the verry devvel and distrest in the bargain. It taint so mighty plesint to find peepil keep constunt makin fun uv you and deseevin uv you, which shows the meenniss uv sitty folks, which has sense anuf to tend too thar oan bizniss ef they got enny.

I had dun waitid and waited about that ar skeam uv mine, and spent munny untel it warnt no use in waitin no longer, and I coodin bar to wait a minnit mo. So I goes to my trunc, gits it out, wraps it up keerfully, and goes and shows it to a man apintid to atend to them things. He tole me it warnt wuth a dam. But I sean throo that. He jis wantid to git me to sell it to him fer nuthin, then he cood maik a everlastin forchin out'n it. So I goes to anuther—thar's hunduds uv um in Washingtun, Billy. He sais the saim the fust man sed. So I goes to anuther, and anuther, and anuther, untel I wus broke down with fateeg and dissypint-

mint at the meanniss and jellersy uv mankine. One feller did offer to taik and put it thro, ef I'd giv him thurty dollers. I'd a giv ennything, but when I come to igsamine my munny puss I foun I didn hav five dollers in the wirl. This shockt me, cos I knewd I owde fer bode and a good menny uther things. The feller offud to taik whut munny I had, but I tole him no, I ware blees to keep that, and a gread to giv him a writment, a bond, sined with my oan naim. He lafft at me and tole me I wuz a fool. I jis took that thing, wrapt it up agin in my hankerchif, went hoam, put it keerfully back in my trunc, and cum back and giv that feller the prittiest top-dressin a man uvver had. I masht his pleggid nose flat to his roscully fais, and bungd his eyes that bad that I boun he doant sea fer six munths. He hollerd murder and the patrollers cum and collard me and car-rid me befo a majestrant, and I shood uv hav bin ritin to you in jail, ef Oans and Melloo hadint cum and giv bond and scurety I'd behave myself for a year. They let me go, but I didn keer whut becum uv me. I sean the hole wirl ware turned aginst me, and when I cum to ask sum eluks which I had lent munny to, I coodin git a sent, and what to do I didn kno. In the eavnin Oans and Melloo tole me Mr. Argruff ware ded, havin blode his brains out with a pistul, and that that ar fello which I had beet fer callin uv me a fool had challindged me to fite him a dewil, intendin to hav my blud. But it warnt so. Mr. Argruff, disgustid at hissself, had packt his trunc and gone hoam wharuvver that wuz, leavin uv a note advisin uv evvryboddy in Washing-tun to do the saim, cos he sais the devil had done took persesshun uv the sitty, havin uv a bill uv sale fer it in his britchis pockit. And as fer that ar feller, I nuvver heerd no mo frum him, sertin.

But my sperrits wuz cleen gone, and whotuvver wood a becum uv me that nite, the Lord only knows, ef it hadinter bin for Mayan, which her recul naim ain't Mayan a bit, but Noahrer Glennun, a verry pritty naim I'm sho, and a better or mo likely and smarter

gearl nuvver drord the breth uv life. I coodin stay in the poller uv the Mintzpi Hous, cos all the ladies had got mad with one anuther bout a feller, which I shant call his naime, which wuz a cuttin uv his rusties with all the married ladies, and cos anuther man, a membr uv Kongiss, which ware a bodin thar, had bin ketched a kissin anuther man's wife in the passige. Then agin, I ware feerd the man whut keep the tavvun (the Mintzpi) wood ass me for the munny I ode him. And in the hous whar I had my room, things wuz orful bad also, cos I ode munny thar too, and ole Swom-plans wuz drunk and rarrin around like thunder and wus, cos he and anuther Kongissmun had had a quarl. And the Dutchmun and his wife, which had them babis in the wroom abuv me, had goned away; likewise the wrailrode man; and Melloo and Oans, they'd gone off; and things wuz dark and desertid tel I farly thought the nex thing Gabrill wood blo his hon and tiem. shood be no mo. And I wure feered to go on the streat, becos the rowdis and Plug-Uglis, which hed bin behavin bad all the time sense I set foot in the sitty, had dun broke loose and wuz a shootin and a stabbin and a murd-rin and a knockin doun and a draggin out evvrybody that cum along, white or blac, rich or po, or ennything.

But Noahrer she cum to my room and we had anuther nice, long, confedenshal talk, like we had the nite befo. She ar sich a good gearl, Billy, and torks sich good English, and, altho she knows I aint so mighty smart, pears to rispeckt and look up to me so. A man kin no mo help trustin his senkritis to a gearl like that than a man kin keep frum warmin hissself by a fier when hees colde. I tole her about my skeam, who I wuz, whar I cum frum, my parrunts, my little planta-shun, niggers, hosses, craps, and all. She gimme a heep uv good advies bout trustin too much to peepil, and we all in-joyed one nuther's cumpany tel it wuz mighty nigh 2 o'clock in the mornin agin. Nuvver shill I forgit them two nites to the longist day I live, and shill alwais be thankful on acount uv wimmin kind in this worl for the saik of Noahrer,

fer ef it hadinter bin fer her, I dunno whethur I shood a bin liftin uv a pen now, Billy. Tell Delawar Sinker to sell evvry bit uv the corn and wheet; I kin posbly spar and send me the munny drectly, becos jest is soon is I kin pay off whut I owe, I'm a gointer to maik that gearl a fust rate present, ef sheel taik it, which I'm afeerd she wont, seein how high-sperrited she ar.

Nex day things took a turn. Things peered to clear off, like arfter a long spell uv wrain, when Cat Tail ar a risin tremendous, thretnin to sweep evvrything off'n the lo grounds. Noboddy didnt dun me fer no munny, and over at the Mintzpi peepil peared to hav maid frens, mighty quick I thought, and afars seamed to be workin well all around. Miss Saludy Trungil and her littil sister didn't giv themselves no grate greef about a losin uv Mr. Argruff, but went strait ahead, ketchin mo bows, printsply ole men goin to the yung one, and a ball-hedid gentilmun, with gole spectickles, goin for Miss Saludy. They didnt plegg me no mo about going to sea the Pressydint at the Forrer Banc, but peared to be pritty mutch wropt up in thar oan afars. The bewtiful littil gearl frum Indanner, she torkt to me sum, and so did them two pritty marid ladis I tole you uv. I felt heap better. Oans, he cum up and apollygized fer foolin uv me at the Forrer Banc. I tole him that senst he had delivered me out'n the strong arms uv the Lor and the Jestis uv the Pees, I had dun forgiv him long ago. Then he sais:

"To maik up fer my bad conduct, I'll taik you to-night to sea the Pressydint in fac."

I tole him he coodin fool me no mo; but he sais:

"Thar's a Levvee to night, and I'll taik you thar, and you can sea not only the Pressydint and Miss Lain, but all most distinguished folks in the kuntry."

It ware a long time befo he and young ladis helpin uv him could perswade me he warnt a joakin, but finely I kunloodid to go, and my hoaps uv my skeam wrevived imeditly. As fer secin uv the Pressydint and Miss Lain, whar evvry boddy wuz, I didnt keer so

mighty much about it, but I detummined in my oan mine too evale myself uv the okashin to git my projick farly befo the oanly man in the Yuneyun which wuz likely to doo it jestis—vizz: the Pressydint. This heer Miss Lain, Billy, her naim are Miss Haryit Lain, and she ar the gneiss (that's the properist way to spell it, Oans says. In fac, Billy, yuve notist a gradjul impuvemint in my spellin, which are owin to the fack that Oans and Melloo has been kine enuf to devoat a good eel uv atenshun to me on this pint,) she ar the gniess uv the Pressydint.

Well, cum nite, we-all, that is all the ladies at the Mintzpi, Oans and Mello and me, got reddy. I wantid to taik Mayan, or ruther Noahrer, along, but she said no. Miss Saludy she wantid I and Oans to go long with her and her par in a hac, but Oans sed weed better wolk. Melloo he went with his sweet-arts, which is both the littil Trungil and the pritty littil gal frum Indanner, noboddy noes which.

Me and Oans wolked on and wolked on, way up the Avnew, and hax and carridgis rattlin by us and carryin peepil to the Levvee, untel we past Willud's tarun and the Trezry bildin, a powful manshun, fenst in with pillars in the frunt, whar all the munny uv the Guvnurmint ar put in the seller, which I wisht to goodniss I had about a hundud and fo dollus uv it jest about this tiem, and then we wuz clost to the Igzeckutiv Manshin, as the Pressydint's hous ar calld.

Goin along Oans he sais to me, sais he,

"Mozis, a feller goin to the Levvee fer the ferst tiem are genrully cunsidderubly imbarist. I faintid the ferst tiem I went thar, and Melloo, bein uv a timmid man, took to his bed for 3 weaks arfterwuds."

S'I, "Dont ef you plees talk that ar way; you skeer me to deth."

S'e, "Not a tall. I wantid pepar your mine. The way fer a feller to doo, ar jest to act igzactly at his ees, maik himself puffickly at hoam, cos the hous dont blong to the Pressydint, but to the peepil of the Yunitid Staits, which givs it to him, chargin uv him no wrent, and you bein one uv the peepil uv the Yunitid

Staits, uv coas it blongs to you much as to ennyboddy elts. You ar jest is good is ennyboddy, end you must act a kordin."

I tole him I ware much ableeged to him fer tellin uv me, ptickly that part about the hous blongin to me, and which tharfo I shood feel intily and puffickly at hoam.

We went on, passin by a heap uv hax and things, goin thoo a iun gate, long a kervd pavemint whar thar wuz mo hax strung out in a lien and mo a comin constant, untel we got to the White Hous, which ar another naim for the Igzeckutiv Manshin. It have a imments big poche in frunt uv it, like the poche uv a Kote Hous, with verry tall pillows, and, kuyus enuf, the hax and carridgis drives right spang into this poche, and one half uv it havin no flo at all but a gravly rode runnin rite thoo it, and the uther half bein paved with rock, and hisetid abuv the groun that you has to go up a few steps to git to it.

Uv the glowry and the splendor, the menny peepil and the bar-armd and bar-neckt ladies I seen inside, wurd, Billy, kin giv you no idee, not the leest. I ruther think it beets the Forrer Banc and the Ixchain both put together. A white sarvunt, look to me like a Presbyteyun preechur, took our hats and big coats soon's we got in, giv us a brass check fer um like they givs fer your trunc on the wrailrode, and jobbed them in a hole, which they had about a thousun holes made thar for the puppus.

Me and Oans then smoothed our hars and pepard to git interjuist to the Pressydint. I nuver felt mo nachrul in my life, and wuz rezolootly rezolvid to hav my skeam atentid to that verry nite. In order to git to the Pressydint you has to go throo about twenty diffrent rooms, all openin into one another, all uv a diffrent culler, blue and red and green and white, and full uv the most magniffysent fernicher, gilt mostly with gold, and shinin under the gas light tel it farly addles your brane. The peepil thats goin to be interjuist to the Pressydint forms in a line, two and two, like mustirin, and, arm in arm, goes on frum one room to another untel at last they git to the one whar the

ole man stands up and shakes hands with evvry boddy. Oans ketcht me by the arm, and we went on and on and on mighty slow, peepil, bar-neckt ladis printsply, befo us, and peepil behind us, and the ferst thing I know, thar wuz the Pressydint—a powful, hevvy-bilt, tall, ole, grey-hedid man, with a white cuvat, his hed twistid one side, and his eye ruther cockt. Oans ware interjuist ferst, and then a man what stood thar fer the ixpress purpus, grabbed me by the elbow, assed me my naim, I tole him Mozis Adduma, and he sais "Mister Mozis Addums, Mister Pressydint; Mister Pressydint, Mister Mozis Addums," and the Pressydint shook me, ruther keerlessly I thought, by the hand, and moved it, kinder pushin me off frum him. But I ware bent apun seein uv him about that thing, so I sais in a verry klectid and oddibul vois, so is to show peepil like I ware used to bein thar, and felt at hoam in my oan hous—I sais, "Kin I sea you a minnit, Mr. Cannun? Jes step this way, ef you pleas."

He jukt his hand away, and begins a shakin hands with sumboddy behine me, pretendin like he diddint heer me, which I knowd he did, cos thar wuz a genrul movemint all around, like sumthin had hapind. I muss say I cunsidud this as bein desididly bad mannurs. He may be a verry grate man, but I and uther peepil hires him by the ear to tend to our bizness, and twuz is littil as he cood do to treet a boddy wrispecktfully.

Enny way I had to leeve him. Lookin roun fer Oans, I coodin sea him, and I sais, "Whar's Oans?" and noboddy ansered, and another man ketcht me by the elbo agin, and interjuistsis me to Miss Lain, the gneiss uv the ole Pressydint. She ware a splendid lookin lady, drest in black (Oans tole me, arterwuds, she wuz in monin fer Mr. Lecompting) and havin uv her arms and shoalders bar, and havin, I swar, uv the finist skin I uvver see, white is sattin. I warnt discumbobberated nun, but wremembrin I wuz in my oan hous, sais:

"Good eavin, Miss Haryit, I'm glad to see you lookin so well this eavnin. Tollibul nise cumpny you got heer this eavnin. Ruther warm fer the timer year."

She made me a low curchy, and she sais to me:

"I thanky, Sir," she sais, "I'm only tollibul this eavnin," and then she wuz goin to say sumthin mo but wuz took with a fit uv coffin behine her fan, and stopt.

S'I, "You got mighty pritty har, Miss Haryit. You remines me a good eel uv my cussin Betsy Flatback, only she's a dark-skinned gearl, and you aint got no bumps on your forrud, nar a one, is fer is I kin see."

I thought I heern a kine uv tittrin and gigglin a goin on all aroun me, which I reckon I did heer it, and which I has no doubt wuz on acount uv po Oans, which jest at that minnit kecht me and hauled me away, rite throo the crowd, which apeard to be a cunsiderbul disturbd, is well is myself, fer his saik. I nuver did sea sich a fais as po Oans had. Lookt like it ware goin to bust plum opin, it ware so red and so full uv blood. He cum is nigh havin uv a apperplecksy and cunvulshins is enny man I uvver see to miss it. He coodin speak a wurd, but hauled me along arfter him, way out uv the crowd. I a thinkin he wuz goin hoam, cos he wuz turribly sick at his stummuck. But he carrid me to the eend uv a long passige, whar thar wuz a big glass hous, full uv trees, and the minnit he got thar, he laid down among the tubbs whar the trees wuz plantid in, and rolld over and over like he wuz a gointer die evry secund. I war goin fer a doctur, but he woodin let me. And he made the kuyusist soun, like laffin, and when I sea his fais, it lookt like he ware laffin, but fit to kill hisself with it.

S'I "Mr. Oans, you laffin, aint you?"

But his jaw ware lockt, and he rolld over and shuffld aroun the tubbs wuss then ever. I knowd he ware in agny, but it sounded so much like laffin I ware bleest to ask him agin:

"But *aint* you laffin, Mr. Oans?"

It ware a long tiem befo he cood wrepley, and when he did, he fetcht breth so hard it ware misery to heer him. He sais:

"Oh! Lord. no. I'm not a laffin. I've

got a apperplectic fitt. My famly is subjeck to um, and when they has um, noboddy skeersly kin bleeve they aint laffin."

And he laid thar pantin, like a houn arfter a long chaise. I reckon it wuz nigh onto a nour befo he sufshintly rekuverd to git up and go back whar the cumpny wuz. I bresht his clothes, which they wuz full uv dirt whar he had rolld on the flo uv the glass hous, and we went back. But, po feller! he hickupt and gobbled fer breth and his eyes run water so, that evvrybody kep a lookin at me and him saim like we wuz a cupple uv wild anemils, makin it verry onplesant to be thar. So when we cum acrost Miss Saludy Trungil and sum uther folks frum the Mintzpi Hous, which they seamed to hav heerd how bad off Oans he wuz, and he tole Miss Saludy he ware so week he cood barly stand, she offerd him a seet in her carridge, and we giv our chex and got our hats and coats, put um on, and cum back, most uv the uther Mintzpi folks folrin behine us in thar hax. I warnt sorry to leav the seen uv so mutch splendor, becos the cheef objick uv my vissit, that is, seein uv the Pressydint about my skeam, ware knockt on the hed. Comin back Oans ware took so bad agin with his cunvulshins, he ware foast to leen his hed on Miss Saludy's shoalder, and cried and lafft and gobbled thar like a chile. She ware mighty good to him, and took him rite into the poller uv the Mintzpi; and thar I left him and her and Melloo, and neerly all the rest uv um, bein ankshus myself to git over to my wroom, becos I felt rather badly.

I hadin hardly got down the steps uv the Mintzpi, befo I heerd the most orful laffin in the wirl in the poller. And thar wuz po Oans, neerly ded with a fitt uv apperplecksy. I doo think sitty folks is the most unfeelin uv humin beans.

Tell um to fix up evvrything at hoam, fer I'm a cummin the minnit I pay my dets. I aint goin to stay in this durn plais no longer.

Yose truly,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.*

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

No country can boast of a richer collection of ballads than Scotland, and no editor for these ballads could be found more accomplished than Professor Aytoun. He has sent forth two beautiful volumes, which range with *Percy's Reliques*, which for completeness and accuracy leave little to be desired, which must henceforth be regarded as the standard edition of the Scottish Ballads, and which we commend as a model to any among ourselves who may think of doing like service to the English Ballads. A good editor of poetry is indeed one of the rarest of birds, as those who have paid any attention to certain recent issues must know to their cost. Sometimes the editor is an enthusiastic admirer of his author, and in this case he is generally void of sense as well as of any pretension to industry; he edits in the style of a showman. Sometimes he is wonderfully erudite, and in this case he is generally incapable of getting beyond verbal criticism; he edits on the principle of the miser, that a pin a day is a groat a year, and that if he takes care of the half-pence the pounds will take care of themselves. Sometimes he is but a laborious blockhead, and this is the most insufferable of all; he does not understand the difference between jest and earnest, fact and fiction. Almost all the editors we allude to mean well and do their best to serve their authors, but the appearance of one edition after another of the same poets and the same dramatists proves how unsatisfactory is each previous one, and how exceedingly rare is that assemblage of qualities required in a poetical editor—ample knowledge combined with depth of thought, imagination restrained by common sense, and the power of being far more than the editor of other men's work united with the will to forget oneself and to remain entirely in the background. Perhaps this last is the rarest of all combinations. Why should a

man who is capable of producing a book of his own, content himself with the more humble labour of furbishing up other men's productions? The result is nearly worthless, unless there is some sort of equality, some appearance of companionship and brotherhood between the poet and his editor; but the chances are that only those will undertake the responsibility of editing poetry who are fit for nothing else, who could not write two passable couplets of their own, who could not assume to be the poet's friend, but who, perchance, might lay claim to the dignity of being the poet's lacquey, the poet's parasite, or the poet's flea.

Here we are reminded of one great merit in Professor Aytoun's labour. He has both in *Bon Gaultier* and in *Firmilian*, shown how cleverly he can seize the peculiarities of any style, and imitate them so that the parody shall pass for a genuine work. He has also proved in a more serious vein that he has a special aptitude for ballad writing, and that the style comes to him as naturally as whisky to a Highlander. It might, therefore, have been expected that he would be tempted to exercise his skill upon these ballads—where a verse is wanting to supply one, where it is feeble to strengthen it, where it is coarse to refine it away. On the contrary, these are sins which may be laid to the charge of almost every editor but Professor Aytoun, and if he errs at all it is in the opposite direction. In an introduction which, if somewhat rambling, is full of good sense and interesting matter, he has stated the principle on which alone the restoration of works of art is possible. There are architects who restore cathedrals by replacing the mouldering pillars and arches with new ones, in which they attempt to work out what they imagine must have been the original design of the builder. There are artists who restore pictures by painting over the faded colours in

* *The Ballads of Scotland*: Edited by William Edmonstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. 2 vols. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood & Sons.

the vain hope of reproducing the vivid tones of the original master. There are editors—and, by the way, old Bishop Percy was among the number, the most respectable of the fraternity—who restore poems by corrupting them, by adding here and altering there. Against such restorations an editor ought to set his face; the only allowable restoration is the removal of modern additions; and if Professor Aytoun is chargeable with a fault, it is in being too much of a purist, too anxious to get at the original version in all its rudeness, too intolerant of later and improved editions. Here, for example, in his edition of “Annie Laurie:”—

“Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa’s the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And ne’er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay down my head and die.

“She’s backit like a peacock,
She’s breastet like a swan,
She’s jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span;
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay down my head and die.”

Now, we do not think that we are affected by modern partialities when we say that the later version, which will be found in every song-book, is superior to the above both in word and thought. There is something surely very prosaic in the expressions of the first of these stanzas, and the images suggested by the second are nothing less than ludicrous. If it was necessary to preserve the original words, the common version might have been appended. One cannot point, however, to many instances of the same kind. In nine cases out of ten, Aytoun’s purism is thoroughly justifiable; and a good example of it will be found in the ballad of “Child Morrice,” which, as given by Bishop Percy, is full of modern interpolations. If we quote a few verses the reader will very soon perceive the difference between the ring of the old ballad and the modern addition to it:—

“Gil Morice was an Erlic’s son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was na for his parentage,
Or for his meikle pride;
But it was for a lady gay
That lived on Carron side.

“Gil Morice sate in the gay green wood;
He whistled, and he sang,—
Oh! what means a’ thir folk coming?
My mother tarries lang!

“His hair was like the threads of gold
Drawn frae Minerva’s loom;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a perfume.

“His brow was like the mountain snaw
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses glow,
His e’en like azure stream.

“This boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And like the mavis on the bush
He gart the valleys ring.”

The last three stanzas must be at once felt to have no affinity with the preceding ones. There is nothing of the reality of ballad poetry about them; they remind one more of the fictitious sentiment and false imagery of the poets who belong to the end of the 17th and beginning of 18th centuries. Here the knife is necessary, and Professor Aytoun has used it without mercy.

Here we have a great number of ballads; in the volumes of Professor Aytoun there are about 130. Overlooking fragments, these are all the valuable remains of Scottish ballad poetry that have been saved from oblivion. They are the work of many authors, and yet they are so much alike in style and treatment that to all appearance they might have been the work of one. Just as one Act of Parliament is like another, and ordinary observers cannot detect any individuality in the style of each, so the differences between one ballad and another are apparent only after minute study, and most careful students if asked to describe these differences might not unnaturally give an answer like that of St. Augustin to the question, what is time? If you ask me, I cannot tell you; but if you do not ask me, I know very well what it is. It is not the differences between one

ballad and another that strike a reader now-a-days; it is the similarities. We meet with the same phrases, the same metre, the same refrains the same sentiments, the same art. And this similarity exists not merely between ballad and ballad in the same language, but also between the ballads of one language and those of another. Perhaps English readers are better acquainted through the medium of translation with the ballads of Spain than with those of any other country; and the affinity of the Spanish to the English and the Scottish ballads must be very evident. A broad survey of this species of composition proves that it was a craft of common origin among almost all the European nations. From such a fact it is that those larger deductions are derived which interest the literary historian; but the student of any particular collection of ballads is more interested in detecting those differences which indicate individual authorship. Unfortunately, there is nothing but internal evidences to go upon, and nothing can be more deceptive. In one instance, at least, Professor Aytoun fancies that in two different ballads he can detect the same authorship, but the similarity is not appreciable by the ordinary reader. We look in vain for the egotism of the composer. In ballads of the most opposite character we meet with the self-same touches. If the hero receives a letter he laughs a loud laugh when he reads the first line; his eye fills with tears when he reads the second; and he is utterly unable to read the third. If the hero dies his lady-love is certain to kiss his mouth with kisses three, and then to lie dead by his side; the one is buried in the chancel, the other is buried in the choir; out of her grave grows a bonnie red rose, out of his a sweet brier (rhyming with choir,) and the two plants intertwine their branches. When the page boy is sent on an errand he swims as he comes to the broken bridge, he runs when he comes to the grass, and when he comes to the castle he leaps the wall with the greatest ease. When the lover comes to the bower of his lady "he tirls at the pin." When the old

father hears of their love-making, "an angry man was he." When the lady is disappointed in her love, she says in all bitterness,—

"There sall nae wash come on my face;
There sall nae kame come in my hair;
There sall neither coal nor candle light
Be seen within my bower mair."

In this squalid state she always lives for seven years, at the end of which time she beholds the ghost of her lover, who has been very restless in his grave, and who comes to her shivering with the rain upon his hair and the dew upon his face to redeem his pledge. These are conventional phrases, like those of our modern poets, who always begin with a description of the setting sun, which is not exactly setting, but is dying bathed in his blood, or is being drowned like the Duke of Clarence in the blushing wine, or is retiring from view like a king wrapt in purple robes, or is yawning so that we see into his great red mouth; and most readers never got beyond this mannerism, which gives to all the ballads a similarity of tint.

In spite of this similarity, which to some may appear monotonous, if not ludicrous, there is not one ballad which does not rise above its mannerism and does not exhibit the truest feeling and the keenest insight. The strange thing is that, notwithstanding all the tricks which belong to the style, there is scarcely a superfluous line in any one of the ballads. It would be almost impossible to abridge one without robbing it of some important member. The fault of the ballads is in rather the opposite direction; they appear to be too curt, too elliptical, and it is supposed that the chasms which are left in the narrative, and must now be supplied by the imagination of the reader, must in the days of the minstrels have been more or less filled up with interpolations of extemporized prose narrative, and it is in these interpolations, which are now lost, that the egotism of the minstrel must have been chiefly manifested. Recitation must of necessity be redundant. All audiences are more or less stupid, and

require a certain time for the facts which are placed before them to be distinctly apprehended. A statement which might occupy a single line must be expanded into a stanza when the composer has to do not with readers but with hearers. In the Scottish ballads, on the contrary, there is very little of such expansion, although there is a good deal of repetition. This characteristic will best be seen in an example, and we select "Helen of Kirkconnell," partly as showing how perfectly the ballad-maker attaining his object in a single line, refused to expand it into a couplet, but contented himself with a simple repetition which makes it all the more pathetic; and partly as showing with peculiar vividness the difference between the old style and our modern poetry. The story is, that a lady of the name of Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell, was beloved by two gentlemen, one of whom was regarded with favour; that the despised lover, seeing his more fortunate rival with the lady near the church-yard of Kirkconnell, levelled his carabine at him; that Helen threw herself before her lover, received the bullet in her bosom, and died on the spot; and that a desperate combat ensued between the two men, in which the murderer was cut to pieces. The ballad is as follows:—

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt
And died to succour me!

"Oh, think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!

There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell lee—

"I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma'

I hacked him in pieces sma'

For her sake that died for me.

"Oh, Helen fair beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee.

"Oh, that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

"Oh, Helen fair! oh, Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish my grave were growing green;
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me."

This is one of the most touching of the Scottish ballads. For genuine pathos it is entitled to take rank after "Oh waly, waly, up the bank," the most affecting of them all. Now, it so happens that it is perhaps of all the ballads the one that has been most often imitated, and Professor Aytoun, in his lectures on poetry, which he delivered in London some five years ago, suggested that, in order fully to appreciate it, we should compare it with the attempts of the more modern poets. The poet who comes nearest to the spirit of the original is Tennyson, in that ballad of "Oriana" which must be familiar to every reader. The attempt of a more ambitious poet—namely, Wordsworth, is less known, and the unapproachable simplicity of the old ballad will, perhaps, be evident if we quote a few verses from the modern rendering:—

"Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The youth, her chosen lover.

which it excites is wholesome. And in the Scottish ballads there is, perhaps, more of this human feeling than in the ballads of any other nation. They are by no means bloodthirsty ballads. They are of all ballads the most advanced in feeling, the most modern in tone; and it is because they represent a higher morality and a view of life that is more in accordance with our present notions that they are cherished by our Scottish

friends with an interest more intense than the old ballads of other countries are capable of exciting. Professor Aytoun says that quotations from these ancient lays more readily occur to him than lines from Horace or any of the classic authors. There are not many out of the circle of professed antiquaries who could, in other countries, speak in similar terms of the ballads which belong to their respective languages.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

BY J. A. TURNER.

Sunshine on the mountain-top,
 Sunshine on the trees,
 Sunshine o'er the meadow bright,
 Sunshine o'er the seas.

Sunshine o'er the pearly brook,
 Sunshine with the birds,
 Sunshine on the cotton blooms,
 Sunshine with the herds.

Sunshine in the children's hearts,
 Sunshine with the slaves,
 Sunshine where the lambkins play,
 Sunshine o'er the waves.

Why not sunshine in my heart,
 Why for me but shade,
 Why this shadow o'er my brow,
 Why so, silly maid?

But my lover comes again:—
 Truant lover, fie!
 Sunshine now has made my heart
 Bright as Summer sky.

MY THREE PIPES.

"Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine,

• • • • •

The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, "

Charles Lamb.

I.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

I am a great smoker. I am fond of dreaming. But, good my reader, do not misconceive me. It is not the weird and strange imaginations of the sleeper that I enjoy—those vagaries of the unchained fancy revelling in the unexplored, unreal fields of slumber—the domain of Drowsy-land. These have their charm, and often gild the real world to which we awake with bright light. But I refer to *day dreams*. It is to this amusement that I am so partial:—and a powerful *open sesame* to the enchanted world of reverie, is found in what methinks the philosopher should dub, "the poor man's friend"—my pipe.

If you doubt the virtues of the pipe read Elia—Elia still charming, always fascinating; whether his quaint pen discourses of *roast-pig* or *Hester*; on the *inconvenience of being hanged*, or of the *old familiar faces*—Elia, ever "bright and young" whatever years roll on, or seas divide the reader from the India House and him who has made it immortal. See the fond lingering regret which he expresses when he finds that he must leave the brave "tobacco boys," sharing no longer in the "joys" of the mild weed. Lamb's testimony goes far to show that all poetic and imaginative natures take to "Virginia," as our ancestors were accustomed to call the magical plant—but other witnesses are not wanting. The good Robert Hall, the prince of divines, could be convinced by the arguments against tobacco, but "could not give up his pipe"—the brave Sir Walter Raleigh, to go farther back, perceived at once the virtues of the weed, and stole many hours from the lordly game of statesmanship, to smoke his pipe in private:—to-

day, the brilliant author of "*What will he do with it?*" dedicates a page to the high praises of the occupation of the smoker. But why should I take the trouble to establish the position, that everywhere, amid all classes of humanity—above all, with the higher class of minds—the pipe is the prime friend and consolation of mankind? Give me your voices, O my brother smokers from a thousand hills and valleys—speak from the mountain top, and from the lowland—in the country and the town—from shady porticoes beneath the trellised vine, and from the garret of the student, dreaming of posterity amid the rush and roar of cities!—your gentle voices, friends and brethren of the mystery! Then shall the outside world be told that there is something better than to wear one's self away with schemes and toils to win the "bright rewards" of the world's worldlings;—something more philosophical than passing idle hours in the foolish chatter of "our best society"—something which wealth cannot purchase, or fame excel—the mild pleasure of the smoker. Friend, has the world passed you by indifferently? Smoke! Has your sweetheart jilted you, and married your rival? Smoke! Has your speculation failed, or your book been transferred to the trunk-maker—does the present look black, and the future squally? Smoke! Smoke! It will console you in the dark days, as on bright mornings like the present, it will give you dreams!

I have said above that smoking is essentially the favourite enjoyment of "the higher class of minds." It is pleasing to think so—I am fond of smoking. But then it is a pleasure to the lower class of minds—that is displeasing: for a similar reason. Let us say, however, worthy brethren of the weed, that the finer influences of the plant are known only to

the connoisseur—we are the great body of the connoisseurs, of course. Therefore, where the tyro in the art, or he of the depraved taste for rank excitement, only burns his palate—as the inebriate swallows fiery gin—we the more thoughtful devotees, serenely yield ourselves to the influence of the slow-rising cloud of snowy smoke;—even as the amateur of wines sips tranquilly the purple vintage of the Rhine. The fairy spell steals imperceptibly through every vein—the world disappears—we enter, calm and happy, the great universe of fanciful imaginings—the past revives in all its tender sadness, or the future dawns, all light and joy, and peace:—we are dreaming!

As smokers differ, one from another, so also do pipes. There is a philosophy of pipes. It is not trivial. The shape and style which you employ has often much to do with the character of your reveries. Not seldom, your true lover of the weed makes lengthy journeys by the aid of his silent companion. Without moving from his elbow chair, he voyages to distant lands—he is, may it please your worship, “your picked man of countries,” who has never stirred from home.

Pipes are many. A great authority has said that they may be generally divided into two classes—good pipes and bad pipes. But this classification is not sufficiently definite. Let me add, in a foot-note as it were, and by way of humble commentary to my author, that there exist or have existed:

- I. The Corn-cob pipe, (Virginian.)
- II. Powhatan pipe, (Southside.)
- III. Meerschaum, (German.)
- IV. Narghilè, (Persian.)
- V. Hookah, (Hindoo.)
- VI. Chibouque, (Turkish.)
- VII. Calumet, (N. A. Indian.)
- VIII. Yard of Clay, (English.)
- IX. Stone pipe, (Aborigines.)
- X. Dhudeen, (Irish.)
- XI. China, figured, (Dutch.)
- XII. Common Clay, (Cosmopolite.)

So many, and so different one from another, are the tribes of the pipe! Each has its votaries. The Persian sits with crossed legs on his mat, and smooths se-

renely his long snowy beard with a jewelled hand; and sucking the white smoke of his Shiraz through the perfumed water of the Narghilè, dreams silently of Paradise, the prophet, and the houria. The German wraps his ruddy countenance in a great cloud of “government” tobacco, wreathing upward from a bowl of “Sea Foam” of the Baltic shore. The Irish labourer tugs hard at his short black dhudeen, clutched between the teeth. The Indian lies beneath the shadow of some mighty tree, and smokes his calumet. The Virginian puts his feet upon the mantle-piece, or the railing of the portico, and draws his inspiration from the red bowl of the Powhatan, or better still, the grimy recess of the corn-cob.

As for myself—the writer of this learned disquisition on a subject of such serious importance and deep interest—I have three pipes. They come under none of the above heads, and I reserve a description of them that I may surprise the reader, and induce him not to lay down the page containing these my lucubrations, until he has discovered my secret—that is to say, given me his attention to the end.

I travel a good deal with my pipes. They are never absent when I want them—I have only to select the quarter of the world I wish to visit—the carpet of the Arabian Nights unrolls itself, and the Genius whispers, “Come, my Lord, I await.”

I light the one lying nearest to my hand. It is of an anomalous oriental appearance:—the bowl is dark—the stem of some Eastern wood—the mouth-piece of ebony.

The smoke rises slowly—this present America disappears:—we are on the way!

—

II.

MY FIRST PIPE.

Ah! that is well. So this is the bazaar of Alexandria. We are thus in Egypt and that is the sunlight of the Nile! Most worshipful Mufti, with the long

heard, and voluminous head-cover—pleased to inform a barbarian of the West if that tower is the Phœnix? And Pompey's Pillar—is any interesting object visible?—and the pyramids? I have frequently heard of the pyramids—you will remember the obelisk of Napoleon, that forty centuries looking down, at the time he passed the summits of these pleasing monuments of architecture.

Mufti passes on, evidently unacquainted with the tongue in which I address this sacred priesthood. I turn to the bazaar. Excellent! This is the Arabian Nights "in little" as Lord Hamlet Silks and pearls from Samarcandah—gold from Ophir, supposed to be from California by irreverent Western barbarians.

The very sight of tamarinds puts me in mind of Tamerlane:—and the bazaar there recalls Ghengis Khan. It must have been an imposing set, of gentlemen of the "extreme East" when they came with silken banners waving the bright burning skies, to take possession of their neighbours' property. My dear sir!—you there, sitting cross-legged, with such dignified gravity, behind your counter, and smiling so benignly, do you really enjoy this sort of thing? You are doubtless employed often in the selling of the fine lands from which the goods are brought—you, like my friend, travel much, on the wings of your pipe-smoke—but, after all, is it not a life to sit there thus forever, never moving, dozing and smoking? You will see our shopmen in America. They are much more lively—they seldom leave their counters. And then Broadway, my dear sir! Let me take you, in any odd way, by the button of your turban and argue the question with you! The Andrian owl is actually dreaming!

I am not aware of my presence. I'll say no more words upon him, but will pass on through the bazaar. What an air of grandeur and glory! What a display of jewels! what splendid fabrics!

And here we are at the slave market. A number of young ladies are exhibited—but, I find two strange circumstances in their appearance, differ-

ing considerably from what I had been led to expect, and somewhat interesting. They are not in that piteous state, outraging modesty and nature, which the Greek girl exhibits; and they do not seem sad. They are gaily dressed, and appear to enjoy themselves. Why not? They will perhaps exchange a life of obscurity, toil, and want, for a position of elegance and luxury. By so doing, according to the social views of the orient, they incur no stain. Many wives are permitted—it is customary. So, I find my pity for the young ladies thus offered for sale decrease considerably. They follow me with their eyes. They think from my flowered dressing gown, and smoking cap of figured silk, which I have accidentally omitted to take off in coming, that I am a grand seigneur. They smile and beckon, and their ruby lips ask me to become their purchaser. The little Georgian there, particularly—the one with the deep, dark melting eyes, and pouting cherry lips—this little dame, especially, makes strong advances. "'Tis only a pinch of piasters, my Lord," she seems to say; "am I not worth it?" You are, my dear madam, or mademoiselle!—you are upon my honour! But then consider the serious objection! Consider what a flutter my beloved Mary Ann, to whom I shall be married soon, would be in! Think of the expression of that dear creature's countenance when I presented you to her, smiling, as my oriental acquisition—calling on my Mary Ann to admire your beauty, and congratulate me on my good fortune in securing you, to wait upon her. I very much fear, my dear young lady, that your large, tender, dove-like eyes would make my Mary Ann jealous, and would some day suffer from the nails of your mistress. She would be jealous—she would complain to her papa—her brother, who is a dreadfully ferocious looking officer in the Tallapoosa volunteers, would suggest to my mind the alternative of your dismissal, or a dish of coffee, garnished *à la pistolet*—there would, I fear, be a serious row in the family. It would create scandal—and if you, my dear, were acquainted with the awful nature of that

terrible infliction called gossip, you would appreciate my objection. After all, perhaps I had better keep my piasters in my purse:—farewell. So I stroll on.

The sunlight is magical. Alexandria is it? I think it is Cairo or Damascus! What a world of fountains—of shady courts, surrounded with palms, and “eastern flowers large:” how languid are the moments, treading lightly, as if on a path of flowers! My senses lapse away into a dreamy reverie—visions of Paradise and houri angels visit my imagination: I am walking with the Princess Paribanou, and yonder the vizier of good Haroun Alraschid comes, to summon me, for high and responsible consultation, into the perfumed and gorgeous depths of the great palace of the King—the splendid pavilion of the Caliphat.

— Rat! tat!

I start, and almost let my pipe fall from my hand.

“Does Mr. Jobson live here sir?”

A small boy plunges a shaggy head into my apartment and grins at me in triumph. I am possessed with sudden ferocity—I grasp, I look around for some object to hurl at the individual in question. I see close at hand a volume of “Sunny Memories,” by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. I seize it: but suddenly relent. It is too heavy. My passion cools. I gaze at the shag of hair with mild patience, and assuming an expression of dignity and injured feeling reply:

“My young friend, Mr. Jobson inhabits the opposite apartment.”

My door closes, and I re-light my extinguished pipe, whose fairy spirit—you will admire the poetical paraphrase—has fled, during this colloquy. But the attempt to revive my dream is vain. The East refuses to embrace me any more to-day. The palms no longer wave—the fountains are merely painted water—the mufti has gone to his parsonage—the shopman of the bazaar, is hidden by a cloud of smoke. Even the Georgian girl has gone to dinner—the East refuses itself to the neophyte again—it has fled. So I lay down my pipe brought to me, so so many leagues—from Alexandria in Egypt—brought by the most delightful

and pleasant of all friends and travellers—I lay down the talisman of the East; and light:—

—

II.

MY SECOND PIPE.

It is somewhat curious. I received it from a friend who carried a pair of American eyes to the galleries and celebrated spots of Europe, and wrote down his experiences. But the immortal gods were adverse—the omens were most inauspicious. In a single hour the envious “tongue of flame” swept off the record of those pleasant things which he had seen “Across the Atlantic.” My pipe remains, no less, to prove to him that once he tarried near the Bernese Oberland, and gazed upon the snowy peaks, flushed with red sunset, of the towering Mont Blanc.

So I light my pipe, and winding along the tortuous descent, enter the “land of lands.” I go smoking through all the smiling fields of Piedmont into Italy.

I have always liked Italy. I know many agreeable persons who have resided there from time to time. Some of these persons have inscribed their names upon the long and lasting scroll of history and live forever. There was Beatrice. She is dead now. I do not mean the Beatrice of the Cenci stock who carved her name, in never-mouldering letters on the chilly heights of piteous, terrible romance, which is yet history: who looks over her shoulder at you there to-day, from beneath the white head-covering, with the awful yearning eyes, as on the night before her execution when the brush of Guido placed her features upon canvass. *My Beatrice*—the one I knew and loved—was Dante’s. You know her too,—is it not so, my reader? You have seen her smile upon the worn and pallid face of him, the Florentine, who went down into hell, and came back with blanched locks, never to smile again. O tragedy too deep for tears! O mighty life, swept by a wrack of thunder-cloud! O spirit, burning with the scorn which

spoke in County Ugolino's horrible curses—O tender heart, that murmured in the ears of the world the sweet and touching story—the *romanza*, full of passionate anguish and regret, of Francesca da Rimini and her lover! My Beatrice watched this life of a great, a sublime genius:—she smiled upon him, as only women smile:—linked to his fame, her name has triumphed over oblivion—conquered death!

So we pass through the sweet and pleasant fields; and a hundred objects greet us. A hundred personages whom we know are smiling upon us. We pass beneath the balconies where ladies fair are gathered in a hundred dazzling groups—or where a single maiden looks forth on the yellow moon of Italy. Hush! her lips open! What does she murmur in that musical undertone? "Ah Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" And there upon the garden wall!—stealthily listening, blushing with the secret of his love! Take care, *mon prince*! You will fall if you trust to that slender bough!—to say nothing of the danger you must run in entering the garden of your enemy, which is doubtless "posted" against you, my lord Romeo, especially! The boy does not heed me! He is actually jumping down into the forbidden ground! Ah! but the balcony is high—you can't approach your sweetheart! Love laughs at me, from behind an orange tree where he is shooting with a double shaft at youth and maiden. The boy takes from his pocket a slight silken ladder. In an instant it is clinging to the wall—he ascends—and soon two happy hearts are beating with one pulse, pressed closely to each other—trembling lips have met in the long lingering lovers' kiss! So, let the tender kiss be unespied. Fate tramps toward them:—it is

"Love and beauty walking hand in hand
The downward road to death."

The tomb will open soon—the lovers will again rest side by side. So we pass.

We pass through the length and breadth of Italy: we see the Hanging

Tower, the Campanile, the Duomo—all the splendid sights of Rome, and Carnival! The Borgias rule again, full of lust and blood—the sire Boiardo rings the village bells at finding what he sought, the name of his hero. The hosts of Pisa and of Florence marshal on the plains, and Luria is smiling as he listens to the warning of his faithful Husain. All the gloom and glory of a beautiful land is plain before us as we pass: as dreamily we pass through the bright southern fields—

"By unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi:—"

The hearts of men and women have beat wildly here, even from the moment when the twins were suckled by the wolf. The iron brood of old revelled in passionate emotions, and their posterity obeyed the bias of their ancestors. It is tragedy and comedy, blood and laughter, which dwells here as of right. The lazzarone is basking in the sun—the priest is wringing from the dying miser what he clings to desperately, and will not relinquish until "dread damnation" is held over him as the alternative. The prince and cardinal roll by in gilded chariots; the deformed beggar runs beside them, praying piteously an alms. The brigand lurks in the catacombs—the Contadina trips along in her red petticoat, and listens, smiling, to the youth who whispers love. The play goes on—the gay sun shines above; music and laughter and jest and revelry reign on the soil of the Cæsars.

It is an idle land that we have entered, good my reader:—we bask in a sunshine which is never darkened by a cloud. The orange blossoms fill the air with perfume—the grapes are blushing on a thousand hills—the soul of the grape, you would say, is dancing in the veins of these men and women who care for nought but their *dolce far niente*, and dance and laugh and sleep in the sunlight.

It is surely a lovely land—but is it the best? Is it good to do nothing but laugh and dance? Is it well for a na-

tion to revere Rossini, as the Americans revere their Washington? The reply is given by the land we look on—the priest-ridden home of superstition and slavery. Let us leave it with pity, nor long for its sunny skies. Better the gloom of eternal winter than the sunshine which enervates the soul!

My pipe is out. I gaze at it idly. I have said it was curious. The hook-shaped horn of a chamois, black and shining as ebony—there is the bowl. The delicate hoof of the animal carved down, and polished—with the hair so arranged as to represent the original—and a hole in the small black ornament for the mouth-piece—there is my pipe. And this horn which I clasp, once crowned the forehead of the wildest inhabitant of the Alps! This hoof once leaped from ledge to ledge of the far, chill summits of the snow-clad mountains! In the distant land of America, I lounge in an easy chair, and—

—Rat! tat! tat! again—

“Who is there?”

My door slowly opens—a group of gods and goddesses in plaster enter: beneath them is a human head which offers my *Eccellenza*, Venus, Mars, or Minerva at a bargain. At other times I would refuse—my familiarity with the heathen deities has bred contempt for them. But to-day I am amiable—I have been to Italy. I greet the full-bearded owner of the gods and goddesses, and commence beating him down in price. At last he departs—he has taken with the most obvious satisfaction exactly one-fourth of his first demand. I am the owner of Ceres and a vestal Virgin of the finest and richest bronze plaster. I place them upon my mantle-piece to be admired by all. They are draped in antique style—when the looms of Manchester had not made the price of woven stuffs so low, and ladies seem to have dressed, with an eye to economy, in the very least clothing possible. But the tunics, after all, fall gracefully—a cynical philosopher might say they were more natural than hoops.

I hang up my chamois pipe on the virgin's vestal torch; and drawing my

dress-gown around me, lean back in my easy chair. I am lazy to-day; the sunlight of Italy or the East must have enervated me. I had that case of *Jones vs. Smith* to study; but it will scarcely come out to-day. On the whole, I think I'll not open *Smith and Jones* this morning. I believe I will smoke.

Ah! my neglected friend! You there behind the base of the statue of Ceres! The third of my graces—“black but comely!” Is it possible that you have been forgotten? My conscience will not permit such injustice. I will take another short journey to-day before dinner. So:—with an idle movement I light:

IV.

MY THIRD PIPE.

The old world is dead. The newest tracts of the new world dawn upon us; the far west. We are on the plains of New Mexico—the great prairie lands of America. It is a pleasant place—the fort here—is it not? But then it has some drawbacks, has it not, Commandant? For I see that you are Commandant by your fine uniform, and the respect with which the sentinel salutes you.

We are tolerably far off from the United States, I think—a little to the west of sundown. That range in the distance must be the famous Sierra Nevada; handsome, but—if I may be permitted to hazard the remark—chilly. It is, doubtless, admired by the grizzly bear—a gentleman whose acquaintance I have still the pleasure of making. Do you enjoy yourself out here? I should imagine that the loss of a daily mail train, and the consequent absence of newspapers would slightly disarrange your views upon general intelligence. Not to have at one's command these thrillingly interesting, mildly courteous, and uniformly reliable vehicles of the world's progress, seems to me a misfortune of the first class. And then, my dear sir, consider what you lose in not possessing the current literature of the day—the “new books.” You would find

from the newspapers that the volumes in question are such as the world has never produced before. It is a remarkable fact—but I assure you it may be relied upon—that the authors of these productions have placed themselves, at a single bound, in the front rank of American literature. General Washington Irving still ranks as Commander-in-chief, but he is considered something of an old foggy—and the gentlemen who have bounded to “the front rank,” one and all, look forward to his early resignation, when they all expect to be generalissimo. The works of these geniuses can scarcely penetrate here to your distant camp. You do not want to read them? They are stupid? They bore you! You prefer Washington Irving? Why, my dear sir! *really* now, my dear sir! But argument is useless. I see you even smile in a sardonic way as you glance at the newspapers sticking from my pocket.—Lies do you say? Upon my soul!—but I can only pity your prejudiced views. Let us not argue. Doubtless these views are the result of your lengthy absence from the haunts of an elegant and refined civilization.

Still there is something here to console one. It is a splendid country—vast, mysterious, boundless almost in its range of beautiful flowering prairies, sleeping like a sea of roses in the balmy sunlight. I see upon the wide and lovely landscape nothing but a few antelopes—and in the distance the delicate, snowy rim of smiling mountains. Place a few Indians upon their spirited horses, in the foreground, grouped in picturesque beauty, and the sweet tableau would want nothing.

—You’d rather not have them in the foreground? And the mountains I admire so, are terrible wastes of snow, where you have often been compelled to live upon horse-flesh? The picturesque Indians—a set of bloody devils; and the “tableau” anything but “sweet” to those who are toiling over the great flowery desert, fainting for a drop of water, and but slenderly consoled by thinking that their death-bed will be one of roses? My dear Commandant, you take the common,

material, and unpoetic view of life—you are not alive to the delights of the imagination. Consider what a noble figure a Comanche is, upon his splendid wild horse of the plains—whirling into the air and catching his long spear again, in joy of heart—and thrilling with the sweet and noble thought of freedom and nobility of soul!—He is after your scalp, do you say, with that slow curl of the upturned ends of your huge moustache toward your eyes?—he’s a rascally thief who has his eye on your horses and cows? Such is the hard and unimaginative view you take of life!

Grog?—Thank you. It will refresh me after my journey. Your health my dear Commandant—and what do you think of Mr. Cushing’s speech at the fair—his views upon the appropriation, the annexation of Mexico? Ah! I forget, you have not seen it. The politicians are cutting out work for you, you perceive. At Washington they talk a little—pull a few wires,—and like a company of wooden soldiers in the hands of a child, you gentlemen of the epaulette march and countermarch in the most approved style. In old days the legions used to make their emperor, Cæsar, and lord of all. Now it is changed unless you can manage to cut somebody to pieces, and give us something to hurrah about. To hurrah occasionally, is a necessity of the national existence. Just set off some morning, my dear Commandant;—march to Mexico, South America, or the Feejee Islands—proclaim the Republic of America’s right thereunto—and occupy. We shall have a fine hurrah, and you’ll be President.

So the hours glide by in the far, wild region of the west—that mighty west, which ever stretches onward, holding arms of welcome to the crowded people of the worn out world of Europe. Here nature has put forth her strength, and moulded all in vast, gigantic outline. The prairies roll away forever—mighty rivers rush through thousands of miles, seeking, along the bases of the snow-clad mountains, over plain and through valley, the far distant sea—great herds of buffalo range freely in the wide expanse—

and over all droops a serene heaven, bathing hill and vale, prairie and mountain side, in the rich sunlight of the virgin clime. The zest of life is nowhere felt so keenly as here. To breathe the pure air is in itself happiness. Here, teeming millions shall yet find a home; and the Anglo-Saxon banner will unfurl its shining folds—its folds inscribed with the sign of the Cross. The eagles of the Republic shall revisit their native airs, and brood with outstretched wings above the Garden of the World!

And thou, brave Commandant, watching here at the lonely post, away from the rushing east and fruitful west,—the nation shall not suffer your memory to sink into oblivion. In after days, if other reward come not, the historian of our land shall tell of your faithful services. You shall rank with those who have done well for the Republic—who have guarded our wide border from the cruel savage—given to woman and child a safe passage through the prairie to their distant home—worthily done the worthy work which heaven appointed you to perform. Not a deed of yours, Commandant, shall be lost—not a brave action disappear from memory. Our children's children shall hang over the

chronicle—and read the strange and moving record with beating hearts, and say, "This man was truly brave and faithful. He did his duty. He bore the banner of the great Republic. With the men of old he sleeps—with the worthy sleeps. Honour to the brave!"

The wild prairies fade away, and I hold in my hand with smiles and musings, my old cherry-stemmed, curiously fashioned Mexican pipe. The bowl is a woman's head, with a Spanish coiffure—a string of pearls around the throat,—the character of the head is Aztec. It was given me by a brave soldier—a gentle, noble heart—he had brought it from the prairies of New Mexico.

And so my idle musing ends. If I have dreamed too much of other lands, my pipes must bear the blame. From Alexandria in Egypt, by the Alps to the new lands of the west, I have come on the white cloud, wafted onward. As the cloud melts to air, I sink back tranquilly into the real place and world around me; and do not complain. I salute the mufti—smile my farewell to Beatrice—I tell the Commandant good-bye. I open the pages of *Jones vs. Smith*. My day-dreams are over.

THE RICH POOR MAN.

I see the rich roll by
 In their chariots fine and gay;
 And I am here in my garret
 Dreaming the hours away!

Do you think I envy the rich
 In their chariots gay and fine—
 That I long to share their splendour,
 And drink of their flowing wine?

I am far too rich to covet
 A boon so poor and small—
 I sit in my garret and smile,
 I am wealthier far than them all!

I live with the men of old,
 And talk with the kings of song:
 It is better than simpering yonder:—
 Do you think I am wrong?

Notices of New Works.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. and other Poems. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 97 Main Street.

It is an invariable thing that when a poet of established popularity comes before the public with a new volume, the question of his claim to genius is re-opened, and the critics commence *de novo* to discuss his merits and demerits. Childe Harold did not settle Byron's fame with the reviewers of his day, for upon the appearance of Don Juan they began to dispute about his lordship's poetical greatness as if he had never written a line. That Mr. Longfellow is a popular writer of verse, that, indeed, he is the most popular of all the singers that move the world's great heart at the present time, is a fact that will hardly be questioned by anybody. His lyrics have been translated into all languages, and have been set to music by the composers in many lands. There was nothing that more delighted the soul of tender little Thomas Moore than the circumstance of Lalla Rookh's having been rendered into Persian, and he was fond of reciting the lively stanzas of his friend Luttrell in allusion to it—

I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.

If Mr. Longfellow derive an equal satisfaction from the wide range that his poems have taken, he must be, despite the unfavourable criticism of the McGrawlers of literature, one of the happiest of men. For while in England he enjoys an acceptance with the people which belongs not to any of their own poets, he is as well known to the continent as Oehlenschläger or Freiligrath. This extended popularity it is which causes his title to original power to be challenged whenever he puts forth another effort in song. The world is ever jealous of great men, and envious mediocrity, while it cannot ignore the universal favour which sometimes waits upon the productions of genius, is reluctant to acknowledge the possession of the celestial vision and the divine faculty. Accordingly the "Courtship of Miles Standish" has excited a very lively controversy in literary circles, and has brought up once more the issue tried again and again upon the appearance of "Evangeline," and the "Golden

Legend," and "Hiawatha"—Is Mr. Longfellow a poet at all? Is he anything more than an ingenious maker of verses? Are we not all wrong in supposing that he has ever spoken to the bosoms of men, and has not his song been addressed only to their ears? Before proceeding to examine the volume which has given rise to such interrogation and controversy, let us proceed to submit an estimate of the poet, such as a careful study of his previous writings has enabled us to form.

If to discern and point out an occult beauty in familiar things—to perceive hidden relations in nature and art with the sensibilities of the race, and make them apparent to us all in language at once the most simple and the most musical—to detect, here and there, in the by-ways of history a flower of sentiment which has bloomed in secret, and make its purity and fragrance known to the world—to present virtue and religion to us set off with new charms borrowed from his own imagination—if to do these things constitute any claim to be considered a great poet, then do we regard Mr. Longfellow's fame as assured. For in all that he has written, let the subject of his verse be drawn from what age or clime it may, whether from monkish tradition or Indian story, he has been true to the high demands of his vocation, and stood as the interpreter of the Good, the Beautiful and the True in the past, in the soul of man, in the face of nature, and in the domain of art, to the hearts of his readers. Mr. Longfellow has often been compared with Tennyson, and a recent English critic, in a paragraph of flippant depreciation of America, has arraigned him as only a feeble imitator of the Tennysonian model. But a more unjust accusation could not have been made. In some respects, indeed, the two laureates are alike. A quiet, thoughtful melancholy pervades the poems of both. Each of them has enwreathed legendary lore with poetic garlands, each sings of love and ambition and sorrow and longings for the world beyond the grave. But in their modes of expression and in their manner of treatment no two writers could be more different. Mr. Tennyson rejoices to idealise the shadowy and the sombre in the world around us and in man himself; with him nothing is so dainty sweet as melancholy, and the music of his song is mournful and wild in accord with the feeling which inspires it. A certain vagueness belongs to it all, we derive no definite ideas from his poetry, to be moved by it we must

experience conditions of consciousness responsive to the poet's own dreamy emotions. It is the strongest possible proof of the essential difference between Tennyson and Longfellow, that while many have challenged the genius of the former because of his indistinctness, as many have denied to the latter great powers because of the clearness and simplicity which belong to the enunciation of his thoughts. In all of Longfellow's poems, the shortest not less than the most elaborate, there is a well-defined purpose; these embody a story, those sing a moral. If our sensibilities are touched immediately by the verse, if it awakens memories of what we have all felt in childhood, if it brings back rapidly the "long, long thoughts of youth," if, indeed, the very language is such that we feel as if we may have employed it ourselves to convey the self-same idea—this, so far from implying a lack of original capacity, but the more satisfactorily establishes it, to our own perception. Upon the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, Mr. Longfellow is, indeed, but a mere versifier; upon the principle that what proves nothing is worth nothing, Mr. Tennyson is but a cloudy rhapsodist. Yet is each undeniably a true child of genius. The sphere of Tennyson is dream-land, where his inspiration sings itself to ethereal melodies; the sphere of Longfellow is the round world we inhabit, with its velvet lawns and boundless prairies, its harvest moons and glowing sunsets, its crystal rivers and weltering oceans; yes, and its classic story and immemorial traditions, wherein the music of humanity prolongs its sad, sweet, jubilant, pensive, tender strain from generation to generation.

Such being our estimate of Mr. Longfellow, we confess we opened the volume now before us with pleasant anticipations. To declare that we were disappointed in it, involves no disparagement of the principal poem, which is after all a success, though not the poetic illustration of Colonial Times in Massachusetts, which we had expected. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is rather a study than a grand historical painting; a little cabinet picture, as it were, of the Plymouth settlement, not a great tapestry, rich and sombre, wherein are woven all the threads which entered into the warp and woof of the early history of the Puritans in America. It is as if Mr. Weir had directed all his powers to a single group on the deck of the Speedwell, instead of giving us the magnificent work of art of the Embarkation. But the study is skil-

fully wrought out. It has the tone and atmosphere of the ocean-girt forest, on whose borders the smoke rose from the rude cottages of the Pilgrims; it is full of quiet touches of nature and pathetic suggestions of human feeling, and it is pervaded by that quaint simplicity which belongs to the Flemish painters, and which is so necessary to give the true expression to the Puritan story. We might perhaps stop to cry out against the English hexameter, which even Mr. Longfellow cannot induce us to like, but the verse is only the framing to the picture, and though we may wish it were other than it is, we should be wrong in permitting it to prevent our enjoyment of what it surrounds. That is but a low view of poetry which judges of the outward merely, and leaves the inward and essential unacknowledged and unappreciated.

The episode of Miles Standish's life, which Mr. Longfellow has selected for poetic delineation, is his unsuccessful vicarious courtship of Priscilla, the maiden whom he desired to instal in the chamber of his heart made vacant by the death of the beautiful Rose, the first to die of all who came in the May Flower. The stalwart Captain deposes his friend, John Alden, to whisper the soft petition in the maiden's ear. John Alden discharges his mission unwillingly (for he loves Priscilla himself) but with fervour—

The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which he sang another's love
Interpreted his own—

and receives for Miles, *militis*, a dismissal, for himself a tender encouragement. John Alden is somewhat disconcerted. He will not deal falsely with his friend and declare his own passion. He goes to Standish and tells him all. There is a row of course; and hard words. John Alden determines to go back to England in the May Flower. Plymouth is no place for him. But Priscilla is down on the beach as the boat puts off for the ship, and a glance of her eye changes his purpose. He returns to the village, when news is received that Miles Standish has been killed by the Indians. So John and Priscilla get married, and as the ceremony is performing, in comes the Puritan Captain to bestow his bluff blessing on the couple.

Very beautiful, indeed, is the close of the poem, and it is the only quotation we can present to our readers—

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates,
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him

Gleaned like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
 One with the sanction of earth, and one with the blessing of heaven,
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride in the doorway,
 Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning,
 Touched with Autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
 There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the garden of Eden,
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
 Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
 Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
 Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
 Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
 Brought out his snow-white steed, obeying the hand of its master,
 Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
 Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
 Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but re-assured by the others,
 Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
 "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
 Pleasantly murmured the brook as they crossed the ford in the forest,
 Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
 Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
 Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
 Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
 Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
 Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
 So, through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

It would be no difficult matter for us to pick out prosaic lines from the "Courtship of Miles Standish," to cite impossible spondees and distressing dactyls, to detect even an absurdity here and there, such as the pen of John Alden shouting the name of Priscilla; but should we do this, fairness would demand that all the finest gems of the poem be also brought forward, and our limits will not allow of such particular criticism. Dismissing the hexameters therefore, and directing our atten-

tion for a moment to the smaller poems in the volume, which the author modestly calls: "Birds of Passage," let us say of them that they seem to us exquisite, indeed, with the exception of "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," nearly perfect. Nothing in English poetry strikes on our ear more musically than "Sandalphon;" "The Two Angels" is as tender and as holy as a psalm; in "The Rope-Walk," which we once read aloud to Thackeray, who expressed his delight, there is the true re-

cognition of the poetic element in common objects which is the mark of genius; but "Haunted Houses" pleases us most of all, and we quote it, in taking leave of the volume, with the expression of our thanks to the author, and the single remark that, it is enough in itself to win for him lasting fame:

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro,

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at the fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

HISTORY OF FRIEDERICH THE SECOND, Called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Perhaps since Macaulay's History of England, no book has been looked for with more eager expectation than this. That Mr. Carlyle, in his worship of heroes, should come upon the image of Frederick in the Valhalla of history with something of reverence, was natural enough, but that he should have been impelled to write the life of a man, the unmilitary side of whose character was so open to ridicule, does indeed surprise us. For the heroes of Mr. Carlyle are to him no Unveracities—no Mannikins, but great, strong men throughout, without petty weaknesses, or follies, as he would say, in the small. Yet how comes it that Mr. Carlyle selects the flatterer of Voltaire, the writer of bad French poetry as the subject of his eulogy? The fact of itself created in advance a desire to see the history, upon examining which, the cautious reader will observe that it is less a record of events than a sermon preached upon them, and that Mr. Carlyle has chosen the rise of the kingdom of Prussia as a theme for the inculcation of his peculiar philosophy. Yet the volumes are not without the highest dramatic interest, and they betray the same power of description which was shown by the author in his striking work on the French Revolution. The time has gone by for any remarks on the extraordinary style of this author. Every day, he becomes more and more extravagant and bizarre, and in the history of Frederick, his mannerisms exceed all previous extravaganzas. We must accept the style as a fact, protest against its imitation by shallow admirers, laugh at its drolleries, and admit that, after all, it is capable of effects in the hands of its master more vivid and powerful, perhaps, than are produced by any other writer of English at the present day.

The greater portion of the first two volumes of this history, now on our table, is devoted to the affairs of Prussia before Frederick, and to one who is not familiar with the author, or with the events detailed, will be extremely difficult of comprehension, as well as very tedious. We do not say that undue importance has been attached to some of Frederick's predecessors, but we do not hesitate to declare that they become tiresome exceedingly, even in the picturesque and brilliant pages of Mr. Carlyle. Of the hero, not a great deal is yet told us, but the portrait of him, as he was last seen upon this earth of ours, as he stands in the immortal bronze of Rauch beneath the linden trees of Berlin, and as he remains in the memo-

ry of all who have traced his career in other volumes, is drawn by our author, in the very first chapter of his work, with such characteristic spirit, that we beg to introduce it as a specimen of his recent literary labours.

"About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friederich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors;) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil,) but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day & Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but still more coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the

air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur.*’*) Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice ‘the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,’ says witty Dr. Moore.† ‘He speaks a great deal,’ continues the Doctor; ‘yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.’

This may be taken, we think, as a true crayon of Carlyle—no one else could possibly have drawn it, yet it is the indisputable, unmistakable Frederick whom we have, most of us, had in our mind’s eye, only that nobody else has struck him out so palpably, not Macaulay with his fine artistic talent like Velasquez, not even the sculptor who has been already mentioned. But if the individuality of Carlyle is seen in the above, how much more intensely does it appear in the following characterization of the Eighteenth Century with which Frederick had wholly to do—

“One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no history and can have little or none. A century so opulent in accumulated falsities—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital—opu-

lent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, how extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who is a reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

“To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men’s view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one, needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence, with at least one worthy act—setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt: gone at length utterly insolvent, without real money of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any further: what could the poor Century do, but at length admit, ‘Well, it is so. I am a swindler-century, and have long been, having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favored of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one good action?’ Which the poor Century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

“For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid, frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe—lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean;

* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28me (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

† Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London 1779), ii. 246.

black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad—there was, to men, a voice audible—voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say, ‘Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe: and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God!’ This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal in our poor Eighteenth Century, and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the Historian ever since.

“Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers—Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or salable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked innuity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them—a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness—are delineated for us. ‘And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers,’ cries the reader. Yes, reader, truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment; and alas! in large sections of the practical world, (what we specially mean by *it*,) still continues flourishing all around us. To forget it quite, is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and ‘Histories,’ worthy only of forgetting? Well, so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it can not be disengaged from our Hero and his operations; approximately so much and no more. Let that be our bargain in regard to it.”

Of Frederick William, the father of him surnamed the Great, we have a likeness quite as strong as the one already given of his son, and even more in detail. We cannot help laughing at the old gentleman any more than Holmes could control his risibles in looking at

The old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,

of the queer octogenarian he has celebrated in verse.

KING FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

“He was not full of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned, stout-built man, of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type: man of short, firm stature; stands (in Pesne’s best Portraits of him) at his

ease, and yet like a tower: most solid; “plumb and rather more,” eyes steadfastly awake, cheeks slightly compressed too, which fling the mouth rather forward, as if asking silently, ‘Any thing astir, then? All right here?’ Face, figure, and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws, nose smallish, inclined to be stumpy, large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life. often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too—eyes ‘naturally with a kind of laugh in them,’ says Pöllnitz, which laugh can blaze out into fearful thunderous rage if you give him provocation—especially if you lie to him, for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face. He fancies he can see in *your* eyes if there is an internal mendacity in you, wherefore you must look at him in speaking: such is his standing order.

“His hair is flaxen, falling into the ash-gray or darker—fine, copious, flowing hair while he wore it natural; but it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style, and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white round wigs; which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz. The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was or clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature, and I learn expressly once that it had a nasal quality in it. His Majesty spoke through the nose, snuffled his speech in an earnest, ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches, conspicuously well built in limbs and body, and delicately finished off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin—a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold; what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

“Nothing could exceed his Majesty’s simplicity of habitudes; but one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and environment. He washed like a very Mussulman five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things to a superstitious extent, which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of

a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture. In his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair, but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction. Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas; he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs—sits, and also thinks and acts after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats—country messes, good roast and boiled—despising the French Cook as an entity without meaning for him. His favourite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed. What could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence; his object, not quality, but quantity. He drank, too, but he did not get drunk; at the Doctor's order he could abstain, and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discoloured by his manner of feeding and digesting. Alas! at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells—a very considerable diameter indeed!

"For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in 'burgher dress,' or unmilitary clothes: 'brown English coat, yellow waistcoat,' and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year, and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719, after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards, (his own Lifeguard Regiment,) in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat, blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins well out of the mud, walked always with a thick bamboo stick in his hand. Steady, not slow of step, with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig, (in his older days,) and face tending to purple, the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp, swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion: it was so that he walked abroad in this earth, and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

"For, in fact, he was dangerous, and would ask in an alarming manner, 'Who are you?' Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungee at the street corner he has been known to hit over the crown, and peremptorily dispatch, 'Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!' That the Applewomen be encouraged to knit

while waiting for custom—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth, very curious to read.

"Dandiacal figures, nay, people looking like Frenchmen, idle, flaunting women even—better for them to be going. 'Who are you?' and if you lied or prevaricated ('*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face then'), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt, clear one to turn away wrath. 'A *Candidatus Theologie*, your Majesty,' answered a handfast, threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner. 'Where from?' 'Berlin, your Majesty.' 'Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set.' 'Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two.' 'Two? which, then?' 'Your Majesty and myself.' Majesty burst into a laugh: the *Candidatus* was got examined by the Consistoriums and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy."

We have exercised our privilege of quotation so freely that we hesitate to draw further on these pages, but the following anecdote *apropos* of Frederick William's fancy for tall grenadiers, is too good to be resisted.

"Bürgermeisters of small towns have been carried off; in one case, 'a rich merchant in Magdeburg,' whom it cost a large sum to get free again. Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in foreign countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them,) will persuade him to desert, to make for the country where soldier-merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colours in no time.

"But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador—tall Herr von Bentenrieder—tallest of diplomatists; whom Fassmann, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in whose Congress of Cambrai times, serenely journeying on, when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes sometime in mending; the tall diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some guard-house of the place, a Prussian officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, 'Who are you?' 'Well,' answered he, smiling, 'I am *Botschaster* (message-bearer) from

his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?" "To the guard-house with us?" whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall, handsome man, this Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guard-house officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him Excellenz!

"Tall Herr von Bentenrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these Guard-house officers; but he naturally spoke of the matter to George I., whose patience, often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendent instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure, he commenced, says Pöllnitz, a system of decisive measures—of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory minatory procedures, to clear Hanover of this nuisance, and to make it cease in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the first rubs Queen Sophie met with in pushing on the Double Marriage, and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of his Britannic Majesty much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm, and, in fact, involved him in considerable practical troubles.

"For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfillment here and there) from all quarters of Germany; a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising everywhere, and raining in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate hobby of his. No riding of one's poor hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, that he knew nothing of these violences and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just King, was sorer than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just King, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact; but it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his

hobby; but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule—contumelious words and procedures, as it were *saxa et fœces*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of tragedy and Farce both at once."

The reader will see from the extracts we have given that Carlyle's History of Friedrich the Second is well worthy of his perusal. It is a work to be read with pleasure either continuously or by snatches as one reads *Pickwick*, but whoever would fully apprehend the author must approach it in the spirit with which the student engages Fearne on Remainers. A thoughtful, careful examination alone will enable him to catch all that Mr. Carlyle means to convey.

VERNON GROVE, or *Hearts as They Are*. A Novel. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The universal commendation which has been bestowed upon this charming story cannot but be exceedingly gratifying to the Editor of the *Messenger* who had the honour of originally bringing it before the public. From all quarters there has come the heartiest praise, and the discriminating criticism of North and South has recognized in the gifted authoress a new and successful claimant for popularity. We have already expressed our views of the work so fully, that nothing remains for us to say, but our readers will perhaps indulge us in reprinting from the *Albion*, a paper whose literary judgment is highly considered everywhere, the following most cordial tribute to its excellence—

"One of the best novels that we have read for a long time past is *Vernon Grove, or, Hearts as They Are*, issued without an author's name on the title-page, by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton. Its merit is at once negative and positive—negative because it is not spasmodic, or mawkish, or immoral, or (hateful word!) exciting—positive because it is a tale of every day modern life, well woven, well written, and presenting the old, old subject under a guise at once original and attractive. It is not altogether new perhaps that the guardian, self-appointed or otherwise, of youth and beauty should become a lover in the end. We have had that before; but in this instance the hero of the story is a man who in the pride of life and intellect has been struck with incurable blindness, and whose imperious will and hard nature become gradually subjugated, by the

gentle graces of the orphan girl whom he had almost unintentionally adopted. By her also, the young, the handsome, the intelligent, the very men who in novels carry all before them, are rejected for the sake of this afflicted and not over-amiable personage. But the emotions and conflicts that take place in his innermost heart, whilst he shrinks under a sense of duty from avowing his feelings, are portrayed with rare delicacy, and no slight knowledge of the infinitely varied promptings of nature. And, though the heroine is a very sweet personage, she is not so unerringly free from human sympathies as to suggest those angelic beings whom one never meets save in print; whilst the minor female characters grouped around her are different altogether in their kind, albeit sketched with equal felicity. On the whole, it gives us sincere pleasure to recommend a work of fiction at once so skilfully constructed and so free from all drawbacks. If it be a novice's début, it is truly one of unusual success. To our excellent contemporary, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, belongs the merit of first offering *Vernon Grove* in parts to the public."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIME, *with other Papers*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

We have here a collection of the fugitive essays of the brilliant author of "Alton Locke," from the pages of the *North British Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals of the day. The volume comprises, besides the article which gives title to it, pleasant and thoughtful papers on such subjects as these: Plays and Puritans; Burns and his School; Hours with the Mystics; Tennyson; Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art; North Devon; Phaeton; Alexandria and her Schools; My Winter Garden; England, from Wolsley to Elizabeth.

In his smaller, as in his more elaborate, compositions Mr. Kingsley is a writer of remarkable vigour and vivacity. The same traits which were observable in "Hypatia" and "Amyas Leigh," may be discerned in his treatment of Raleigh and his analysis of Tennyson—he is as bold and earnest and picturesque in dealing with the Puritans and in depicting the landscapes of North Devon, as he was in representing the voluptuous revelry of Egypt, or in reviving the golden age of Elizabeth. Perhaps there is a tendency towards mysticism in his later writings from which the "Tailor-Poet" was free, and we cannot by any means adopt his opinions on many subjects, but all must

acknowledge his power, and admire the healthfulness which is manifest in his pages. Whatever may be thought of his philosophy, there is nothing morbid in his manner of teaching it. He seems to write from a strong body as well as a full mind, and the subtlest of his reasonings breathes the free air of the open fields. Mr. Kingsley's circle of readers is not perhaps a large one, but in it he is warmly admired, and there are many lovers of literature in the United States who will thank Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for this handsome compilation of his *Essays and Reviews*.

POEMS. By MATILDA. Richmond, Va. Published by A. Morris. 1858.

The readers of the *Messenger* are acquainted with "Matilda" through her contributions to these pages, and she needs therefore no formal introduction to them in her character as a Muse. The present volume contains about one hundred and fifty small poems, the larger number of which are printed for the first time, others having been collected from the columns of the religious journals and literary periodicals of the country. The charm of Matilda's verses lies in their mingled simplicity and tenderness—the heart is touched, while the ear is beguiled by a music "so sweet we know not we are listening to it." She readily apprehends and seizes upon the more obvious poetic features of the natural landscape and the less subtle emotions of the human breast, and these she weaves into a rhythm flowing and tuneful. Her range of illustration is not wide, and she draws little upon history or art, but the chief defect in her poetry is its tendency to dwell on melancholy subjects. The death of friends, the desolation of the household, the sorrows of bereavement, the daisies on the tomb, we have a superabundance, a *trop plein* of such sad topics as these. The disposition to this funereal wail of song is unfavourable to the development of the highest powers of the poet, and we should be glad to hear our sweet songstress pouring out from the freshness of her nature a more joyous note. That she is gifted beyond the majority of those who assume the singing robe and the lyre we think will be generally conceded.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. *Being Notes of a Residence in Russia*. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This is a most mirth-provoking volume

in which by all possible twistifications of language, by a ludicrous legerdemain with the figures of rhetoric, and an abundant coinage of nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, Mr. George Augustus Sala contrives to amuse us through four hundred and fifty pages of narrative and description. It is impossible not to laugh as we proceed with him from Berlin to Cronstadt, from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, and so on through the Muscovite dominion, though sometimes the laugh may be *at* rather than *with* the writer, for while he is inconceivably droll, diverting, diabolical, dramatic and dioramic in general, it cannot be denied that now and then he fails hopelessly of his point and verges upon coarseness. His account of affairs in Russia is striking certainly, and would be impressive, but for the unvarying attempt at fun, and perhaps no one else has given so minute and circumstantial a report of the condition of the lower classes of the Russian Empire. The chapters devoted to the interior furnish a daguerreotype of that dirty, half-civilized and well-caned population. Allowing something for Mr. Sala's prepossessions as an Englishman, we gather enough from his notes to rejoice at the prospect of an amelioration of serfdom by the present Emperor of the Russias. The volume is handsomely gotten up in the usual good style of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and we learn has already met with a large sale.

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It would demand a much closer examination than we have been able to make of the sixty-two biographies which are contained in this volume, to qualify us to pronounce upon its accuracy. All that we can say is, that Mr. Seymour seems to have given a clear and perspicuous summary of the events of each of the lives he has chosen to sketch, and that he writes with sufficient elegance to make his book attractive. There is a want of method in the arrangement of his materials, the biographies are printed neither in chronological nor alphabetical order, nor are they yet arranged with reference to nativities nor classified by pursuits. Elihu Burritt comes very early and Patrick Henry late in the series. Nor is the amount of space allotted to the lives in any correspondence with their respective importance. Much more attention, for instance, is bestowed upon Stephen Girard than upon Henry Clay. This would appear to show that Mr. Seymour had not correctly estimated the moral significance of his subjects.

But we gladly accept his volume as likely to accomplish good results. The title "Self-Made Men" is somewhat indefinite, since every man is, to a greater or less extent, the architect of his own fortunes, but of incentives to methodical study and self-denying practice to the young we cannot have too many, and the purpose of Mr. Seymour's labours commends his work to general approbation.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. EDMUND HORNBY. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blackiston, No. 25 South Sixth Street. [From P. B. Price, 161 Main Street.

We have not read a more agreeable book of travel than this during the last twelve-month. The beauties of the Bosphorus have indeed been described by many tourists, and the imperial City of the Orient is as well known to us in their pages as Paris, but Mrs. Hornby, though she tells us nothing positively new, describes with equal grace and spirit what she saw in Constantinople and its environs. We feel a pleasant confidence in the truthfulness of her observations, and we thank her again and again for not assuming that we are wholly ignorant of the localities she visits and going thereupon into a full historical and topographical account of them. With womanly instincts, she makes notes of whatever appertains to domestic life, and her position, as wife of the British Commissioner, gave her excellent opportunities for becoming familiar with the less apparent characteristics of the people. The time of her residence in Stamboul was just after the terrible struggle in the Crimea had been brought to a close, and she saw many of the officers of the Allied Powers who had been engaged in it. In addition to this, she went herself to Sevastopol and climbed over the blackened ruins of the Redan and Malakoff. Her description of this journey is by no means the least interesting portion of an unpretending but most entertaining volume.

We are indebted to Mr. James Woodhouse for two volumes of "Woodstock," being the latest issue of Ticknor and Fields' beautiful Household Edition of the Waverley Novels which now rapidly draws to its close. The same gentleman has supplied us with Blackwood's Magazine for October which contains many fine articles. "What will He Do with It" is continued with unabated interest, and the 17th part here given is perhaps the most powerful portion of the novel.

DAY DAWN IN AFRICA. By MRS. ANNA M. SCOTT. New York: Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge. 11 Bible House, Astor Place. 1858. [From P. B. Price, 161 Main Street.]

This little book contains a highly interesting account of the progress of the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, Africa, from the pen of a pious and heroic woman who braved the perils of the climate and endured the hardships of exile to carry the gospel into the land of the heathen. The object of it is to enlist a wider public sympathy with the cause of African Missions, and we trust it will have an extensive circulation in our country. If Africa is ever to be raised to an equality with the rest of the world in moral and intellectual character, the work must be the Almighty's, and the missionary society is his chosen agency for its accomplishment.

MIZPAH. *Prayer and Friendship.* LAFAYETTE C. LOOMIS, A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.]

This book is designed as a manual of devotional exercises in the family, and it supplies "Evening Meditations," to be read in connection with certain passages of Scripture, for every day in the year. It is very beautifully printed, and will, no doubt, be acceptable to the religious world.

We have before us Numbers 1 and 2 of the third volume of the *Virginia University Magazine*, a periodical published under the auspices of the Literary Societies of our State University. The contributions, both in prose and verse, are wholly original, and are highly creditable to the youthful authors. In the editorial department we have evidence of taste and talent in the gentlemen who are charged with the conduct of the work, and we may confidently expect that it will prove an important auxiliary in the high educational training which is carried on at the University of Virginia.

Our young friends may consider it an equivocal compliment, but we can say that the "Literary Magazine" is an immense improvement on the "Collegian," which we remember pleasantly (in verification of its motto, *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*) and of whose editors not less than three are now

members of Congress. We heartily welcome them to the guild editorial. May their duties be light and pleasurable, with an abundance of available "copy," and no lack of paying subscribers; may their symposia be always conducted with harmony and moderation and their proof-sheets never fail of proper correction, and may each one of them leave behind him, in the pages of *Maga*, something to cheer those who shall come after him in the collegiate course. We should like to see the *University Literary Magazine* placed upon such a basis of material prosperity, that large prizes might be offered, out of its receipts, for the best poem, the best essay, the best review and the best story, produced annually. If every Alumnus of the University would subscribe to it, this might very readily be done. Two Dollars a year is but a small matter to each individual, yet if all the Alumni of the institution would contribute this sum, not only might be the prizes of which we have spoken be distributed, but the Magazine might establish at the University a printing press of its own, which should also print the catalogues and other official documents, in a much neater style and with greater convenience than those publications are now printed elsewhere.

We have great satisfaction in announcing, as an item of literary intelligence, that Mr. A. Morris of this city will shortly publish a new volume of Poems from the pen of James Barron Hope, who is *par excellence* the living poetical representative of Virginia. This volume will contain what the public are anxious to see, the noble Terminal Ode pronounced by Mr. Hope at the Inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of Washington on the 22nd February last, and afterwards repeated by him to delighted audiences in various parts of the State;—it will also contain the Phi Beta Kappa Poem delivered last summer at William and Mary College, and many minor pieces as yet unpublished. We feel sure that Mr. Hope's volume will be eagerly sought for, and we trust that he will reap a substantial reward from its sales. As a literary man, Mr. Hope is distinguished for catholicity of taste and independence of feeling, and his frequent contributions to the columns of the *South* mark him as a vigorous prose writer. In poetry he has already established a reputation, and we confidently predict that his genius will be more widely recognized as he continues to give publicity to his fervid inspirations.



SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1858.

IS SLAVERY CONSISTENT WITH NATURAL LAW?

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE VIRGINIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, AT PETERSBURG, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1858.

BY JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

Mr. President, and

Gentlemen of the Agricultural Society:

It seems to me eminently proper, to connect with these imposing exhibitions of the trophies of your agricultural skill, a discussion of the whole bearings and relations, jural, moral, social, and economical, of that peculiar industrial system to which we are so largely indebted for the results that have awakened our pride and gratification. No class in the community has so many and such large interests gathered up in the safety and permanence of that system, as the Farmers of the State. The main-wheel and spring of your material prosperity, interwoven with the entire texture of your social life, underlying the very foundations of the public strength and renown, to lay upon it any rash hand would put in peril whatever you value; the security of your property, the peace of your society, the well-being—if not the existence of that dependent race which Providence has committed to your guardianship—the stability of your government, the preservation in your midst of union, liberty, and civilization. By the introduction of elements of such inexpressible magnitude, the politics of our country have been invested with the grandeur and significance which belong to those great struggles upon which depend the

destinies of nations. The mad outbreaks of popular passion, the rapid spread of anarchical opinions, the mournful decay of ancient patriotism, the wide disruption of Christian unity, which have marked the progress, and disclosed the power, purpose and spirit of this agitation, come home to your business and bosoms with impressive emphasis of warning and instruction. No pause in a strife around which cluster all the hopes and fears of freemen, can give any earnest of enduring peace, until the principles of law and order which cover with sustaining sanction all the relations of our society, have obtained their rightful ascendancy over the reason and conscience of the Christian world.

The most instructive chapters in history are those of opinions. The decisive battle-fields of the world, furnish but vulgar and deceptive indices of human progress. Its true eras are marked by transitions of sentiment and opinion. Those invisible moral forces that emanate from the minds of the great thinkers of the race, rule the courses of history. The recent awakening of our Southern mind upon the question of African Slavery, has been followed by a victory of peace, which we trust, will embrace within its beneficent influence generations and empires yet unborn. Such was the strength of anti-

slavery feeling within our own borders, that scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since an Act of Emancipation was almost consummated, under the auspices of our most intelligent and patriotic citizens; a measure which probably all would now admit bore in its womb elements of private distress and public calamity, that must have impressed upon our history through ages of expanding desolation, the lines of fire and blood. But

“Whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.”

Nothing less than an extremity of peril could have induced a general revision of long-standing opinions, intrenched in formidable prejudices, and sanctioned by the most venerable authority. Slavery was explored, for the first time, with the forward and reverted eye of true statesmanship, under all the lights of history—of social and political philosophy—of natural and Divine law. Public sentiment rapidly changed its face. Every year of controversy has encouraged the advocates of “discountenanced truth” by the fresh accessions it has brought to their numbers, whilst no desertions have thinned the enlarging ranks. The celebrated declaration of Mr. Jefferson, that he knew no attribute of the Almighty which would take the side of the master in a contest with his slave, is so far from commanding the assent of the intelligent slaveholders of this generation, that the justice, the humanity, and the policy of the relation as it exists with us, has become the prevailing conviction of our people. Public honours, and gratitude, are the fitting meed of the statesmen, whether living or dead, (and amongst them I recall no names more eminent than those associated with the proudest traditions of this hospitable and patriotic city, Leigh, Gholson, and Brown,) who threw themselves into this imminent and deadly breach, and grappling with an uninformed and unreflecting sentiment, delivered the commonwealth, when in the very jaws of death, from moral, social and political ruin. Permit me to premise some words of explanation as to the meaning and extent

of the subject upon which I have been invited to address this meeting. It presents no question of municipal or international law. It raises no inquiry as to the rightfulness of the means by which slavery was introduced into this continent, nor into the nature of the legal sanctions under which it now exists. There can be no doubt that slavery, for more than a century after it was established in the English colonies, was in entire harmony with the Common Law, as it was expounded by the highest judicial authorities, and with the principles of the Law of Nations, and of Natural Law as laid down in the writings of the most eminent publicists. At the commencement of our Revolution men were living who remembered the Treaty of Utrecht, by which, in the language of Lord Brougham, all the glories of Ramillies and Blenheim were bartered for a larger share in the lucrative commerce of the slave trade. But whatever may be our present opinions upon these subjects, the black race now constitutes an integral part of our community, as much so as the white, and the authority of the State to adjust their mutual relations can in no manner depend upon the method by which either was brought within its jurisdiction. The State in every age must provide a constitution and laws, if it does not find them in existence, adapted to its special wants and circumstances. African Slavery in the United States is consistent with Natural Law, because if all the bonds of public authority were suddenly dissolved, and the community called upon to reconstruct its social and political system, the relations of the two races remaining in other respects unaltered, it would be our right and duty to reduce the negro to subjection. To the phrase Natural Law, I shall attach in this discussion the signification in which it is generally used, and consider it as synonymous with justice; not that imperfect justice which may be discerned by the savage mind, but those ethical rules, or principles of right, which, upon the grounds of their own fitness and propriety, and irrespective of the sanction of Divine authority, commend themselves to the most cultivated human reason.

Slavery we may define, so as to embrace all the elements that properly belong to it, as a condition or relation in which one man is charged with the protection and support of another, and invested with an absolute property in his labour, and such a degree of authority over his person as may be requisite to enforce its enjoyment. It is a form of involuntary restraint, extending to the personal as well as political liberty of the subject. The slave has sometimes, as at one period under the Roman jurisprudence, been reduced to a mere chattel, the power of the master over the person of the slave being as absolute as his property in his labour. This harsh and unnatural feature has never deformed the relation in any Christian country. In the United States the double character of the slave, as a moral person and as a subject of property, has been universally acknowledged, and to a greater or less degree protected, both by public sentiment and by the law of the land. It furnishes a key to the understanding of one of the most celebrated clauses in our Federal Constitution, as all know who are familiar with the luminous exposition, given by Mr. Madison in the *Federalist*, of its origin and meaning. In our own State, amongst other proofs of its recognition, we may point to the privilege conferred upon the master of emancipating his slave, and to the obligation imposed upon him of providing for his support when old, infirm, or insane; to the enactments which punish injuries to the slave, whether from a master or stranger, as offences of the same nature as if inflicted upon a white person, and to the construction placed by our courts upon the general language of criminal statutes, by which the slave, as a person, has been embraced within the range of their protection; to the regulations for the trial of slaves charged with the commission of crime, which, whilst they exact the responsibilities of moral agents, temper the administration of justice with mercy, and to the exemption from labour on the Lord's Day, an exemption which is shown by the provision for the Christian slave of a Jewish master, to have been established as a security for a right of conscience.

Indeed, he scarcely labours under any personal disability, to which we may not find a counterpart, in those which attach to other incompetent classes—the minor, the lunatic, and the married woman. The statement of my subject presupposes the existence of the State. It thus assumes that there are involuntary restraints which may be rightfully imposed upon men, for the State itself is but the sum and expression of innumerable forms of restraint by which the life, liberty, and faculties of individuals are placed under the control of an authority independent of their volition? The truth that the selfishness of human nature, forces upon us the necessity of submitting to the discipline of law, or living in the license of anarchy, is too obvious to have required any argument in its support, in this presence. Until man becomes a law unto himself, society through a political organization must supply his want of self-control. Whether it may establish such a form of restraint, as personal slavery, cannot be determined until the principles upon which its authority should be exercised, have been settled, and the boundaries traced between private right and public power. The authority of the State must be commensurate with the objects for which it was established. Its function is, to reconcile the conflicting rights, and opposing interests, and jarring passions of individuals, so as to secure the general peace and progress. It proceeds upon the postulate, that society is our state of nature, and that men by the primary law of their being, are bound to live and perfect themselves in fellowship with each other. As God does not ordain contradictory and therefore impossible things, men can derive no rights from him which are inconsistent with the duration and perfection of society. The rights of the individual are not such as would belong to him, if he stood upon the earth like Campbell's imaginary "Last Man," amidst unbroken solitude, but such only as when balanced with the equal rights of other men, may be accorded to each, without injury to the rest. The necessities of social existence, then, not in the

rudeness of the savage state, but under those complex and refined forms which have been developed by Christian civilization, constitute a horizon by which the unbounded liberty of nature is spanned and circumscribed.

This is no theory of social absolutism. It does not make society the source of our rights, which therefore might be conferred or withheld at its caprice or discretion, but it does regard the just wants of society, as the measure and practical expression of their extent. It is no reproduction of the exploded error of the ancient statesmen, who inverting the natural relations of the parties, considered the aggrandizement of the State, without reference to the units of which it was composed, as the end of social union. The State was made for man, and not man for the State, but the coöperation of the State is yet so necessary to the perfection of his nature, that his interests require the renunciation of any claim inconsistent with its existence, or its value as an agency of civilization. It invades no province sacred to the individual, because the Divine Being who has rendered government a necessity, has made it a universal blessing, by ordaining a præestablished harmony between the welfare of the individual and the restraints which are requisite to the well-being of society.

Unless there is some fatal flaw in this reasoning, men have no rights which cannot be reconciled with the possession of a restraining power by the State, large enough to embrace every variety of injustice and oppression, for which society may furnish the occasion or the opportunity. The social union brings with it dangers and temptations, as well as blessings and pleasures—and men cannot fulfil the law and purpose of their being, unless the State has authority to protect the community from the tumultuous and outbreking passions of its members, and to protect individuals as far as it can be accomplished without prejudice to the community from the consequences of their own incompetence, improvidence and folly. Such are the natural differences between men in char-

acter and capacity, that without a steady and judicious effort by the State to redress the balance of privilege and opportunity which these inequalities constantly derange, the rich must grow richer, and the poor poorer, until even anarchy would be a relief to the masses, from the suffering and oppression of society. Owing likewise to this variety of condition, and of moral and intellectual endowment, it is impossible to prescribe any stereotype forms admitting of universal application, under which the restraining discipline of law should be exercised. The ends of social union remain the same through all ages, but the means of realizing those ends must be adapted to successive stages of advancement, and change with the varying intelligence and virtue of individuals, and classes, and races, and the local circumstances of different countries. The object being supreme in importance must carry with it as an incident, the right to employ the means which may be requisite to its attainment. The individual must yield property, liberty, life itself when necessary to preserve the life, as it were, of the collective humanity. To these principles, every enlightened government in the world, conforms its practice, protecting men not only from each other, but from themselves, graduating its restraints according to the character of the subject, and multiplying them with the increase of society in wealth, population and refinement. We cannot look into English or American jurisprudence without discovering innumerable forms of restraint upon rights of persons as well as rights of property, as in that absolute subordination of all personal rights to the general welfare, which lies at the foundation of the law for the public defence, the law to punish crimes, and the law to suppress vagrancy: or in those qualified restraints by which the administration of justice between individuals, has been sometimes enforced, as in imprisonment for debt: or in that partial and temporary subjection of one person to the control of another, either for the benefit of the former, or upon grounds of public policy, presented in the law of

parent and child, guardian and ward, master and apprentice, lunatic and committee, husband and wife, officer and soldiers of the army, captain and mariners of the ship. Whether we proceed in search of a general principle, which may ascertain the extent of the public authority by a course of inductive reasoning, or by an observation of the practice of civilized communities, we reach the same conclusion. The State must possess the power of imposing any restraint without regard to its form, which can be shown by an enlarged view of social expediency, or upon an indulgent consideration for human infirmity, to be beneficial to its subject, or necessary to the general well-being.

In the legislation of Congress for the Indian tribes within our territory, and in that of Great Britain for the alien and dependent nations under her jurisdiction, we see how the public authority, as flexible as comprehensive in its grasp, accommodates itself to the weakness and infirmity of races, as well as of individuals. Upon what principles is the British government administered in the East? In 1833, on the application of the East India Company for a renewal of its charter, they were explained and defended by Macaulay in a speech which would have delighted Burke, as much by its practical wisdom, as its glittering rhetoric. An immense society was placed under the almost despotic rule of a few strangers. No securities were provided for liberty or property, which an Englishman would have valued. This system of servitude was vindicated, not on the grounds of abstract propriety, but of its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of those upon whom it was imposed. India, it was urged, constituted a vast exception to all those general rules of political science which might be deduced from the experience of Europe. Her population was disqualified by character and habit, for the rights and privileges of British freemen. In their moral and social amelioration, under British rule, was to be found the best proof of its justice and policy. It was a despotism no doubt, but it was a mild and paternal one; and no form of restraint less stringent could be

substituted with equal advantage to those upon whom it was to operate. It has often occurred to me in reading those fervid declamations upon Southern slavery, with which this great orator has inflamed the sensibilities of the British public, that his lessons of sober and practical statesmanship, from which no English ministry has ever departed, might be turned with irresistible recoil upon their author. Was American slavery introduced by wrong and violence? India was "stripped of her plumed and jewelled turban," by rapine and injustice. Are the relations of England to India, so anomalous that it would be unsafe to accept generalizations drawn from the experience of other communities? History might be interrogated in vain, for a parallel to the condition of our Southern society. Are the Hindoos unfit for liberty? Not more so than the African. Is despotism necessary in India, because it is problematical whether crime could be repressed, or social order preserved under more liberal institutions? The danger of license and anarchy would be far more imminent, from an emancipation of our slaves. If the statesman despairs of making brick without straw in the East, can he expect to find the problem easier in the West? Has the Hindoo improved in arts and morals under the beneficent sway of his British master? In the transformation of the African savage into the Christian slave, the relative advance has been immeasurably greater. The truth is, that the principles which lie at the foundation of all political restraint, may make it the duty of the State under certain circumstances, to establish the relation of personal servitude. All forms of restraint involve the exercise of power over the individual without his consent. All are inconsistent with any theory of natural right which claims for man, a larger measure of liberty than can be reconciled with the peace and progress of the society in which he lives. All operate harshly at times upon individuals. All are reflections upon human nature, and alike wrong in the abstract. Any is right in the concrete, when necessary to the welfare of the community in which it exists, or beneficial to the sub-

ject upon whom it is imposed. If society may establish the institution of private property, involving restrictions by which the majority of mankind are shut out from all access to that great domain which the author of nature has stocked with the means of subsistence for his children, and justify a restraint so comprehensive and onerous, by its tendency to promote civilization; if it may discriminate between classes and individuals, and apportion to some a larger measure of political liberty than it does to others; if it may take away life, liberty or property when demanded by the public good: if, as in various personal relations, it may protect the helpless and incompetent, by placing them under a guardianship proportioned in the term and extent of its authority to the degree and duration of the infirmity; why if a commensurate necessity arises, and the same great ends are to be accomplished, is its claim to impose upon an inferior race the degree of personal restraint which may be requisite to coerce and direct its labour, to be treated as a usurpation? The authority of the State under proper circumstances to establish a system of slavery, is one question; the existence of those circumstances, or the expediency of such legislation is another and entirely distinct question. No doubt a much smaller capacity for self-control, and a much lower degree of intelligence must concur, to justify personal slavery, than would be sufficient to impart validity to other forms of subordination. No doubt the public authority upon this as upon every other subject, may be abused by the selfish passions and interests of men. But once acknowledge the right of society to establish a government of pains and penalties, for the protection of the individual and the promotion of the general welfare, then unless it can be shown that slavery can in no instance be necessary to the well being of the community, or conducive to the happiness of the subject, (a proposition which is inconsistent with the admission of all respectable British and American abolitionists that any plan of emancipation in the Southern States, should be gradual and not immediate;) once make this fundamental con-

cession, and the rightfulness of slavery, like that of every other form of restraint, becomes a question of time, place, men and circumstances.

The people of the United States accepting without much reflection, those expositions of human rights embodied in the infidel philosophy of France, and glowing with that generous enthusiasm to communicate the blessings of liberty which is always inspired by its possession, have been disposed to look with common aversion upon all forms of unequal restraint. Ravished by the divine airs of their own freedom, they have imagined that its strains, like those heard by the spirit in Comus, might create a soul under the ribs of death. Forgetting the ages through whose long night their fathers wrestled for this blessing, they have regarded an equal liberty, as the universal birth-right of humanity. Hence, as they have witnessed nation after nation throwing off its old political bondage, and in the first transports of emotion, "shedding the grateful tears of new-born freedom" over the broken chains of servitude, they have welcomed them into the glorious fellowship of republican States, with plaudit, and sympathy, and benediction. But, alas! the crimes which have been committed in the name of liberty, the social disorder and political convulsion which have attended its progress, if they have not broken the power of its spells over the heart, have dispersed the illusions of our understanding. What has become of France, Italy, Greece, Mexico, Spanish America? that stately fleet of freedom, which when first launched upon the seas of time, with all its bravery on, was "courted by every wind that held it play." A part has been swallowed up in the gulfs of anarchy and despotism—the rest still float above the wave, but with rudder and anchor gone, stripped of every bellying sail and steady-spar, they only serve,

"Like ocean wrecks, to illuminate the storm."

The melancholy experience of both hemispheres has compelled all but the projectors of revolution to acknowledge,

that the forms of liberty are valueless without its spirit, and that an attempt to outstrip the march of Providence, by conferring it on a people unprepared for its enjoyments by habit, tradition, or character, is an indescribable folly—which instead of establishing peace, order, and justice, will be more likely to inaugurate a reign of terror and crime in which civilization itself may perish.

If the justice or fitness of slavery is to be determined, like other forms of involuntary restraint, not by speculative abstractions, but by reference to its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of the community in which it is established, and especially of the people over whom it is imposed, it only remains that we should apply these principles to the question of African Slavery in the United States. I shall not defend it as the only relation between the races, in which the superior can preserve the civilization that renders life dear and valuable. This proposition can indeed be demonstrated by plenary evidence, and it is sufficient by itself to acquit the slaveholder of all guilt in the eye of morals. But if the system could be vindicated upon no higher ground, every generous spirit would grieve over the mournful necessity which rendered the degradation of the black man indispensable to the advancement of the white. Providence has condemned us to no such cruel and unhappy fate. The relation in our society is demanded by the highest and most enduring interests of the slave, as well as the master. It exists and must be preserved for the benefit of both parties. Duty is indeed the tenure of the master's right. Upon him there rests a moral obligation to make such provision for the comfort of the slave, as after proper consideration of the burthens and casualties of the service, can be deemed a fair compensation for his labour; to allow every innocent gratification compatible with the steady, though mild discipline, as necessary to the happiness as the value of the slave; to furnish the means and facilities for religious instruction; and to contribute, as far and fast as a proper regard to the public safety will permit, to his

general elevation and improvement. For oppression or injustice, allow me to say, I have no excuse to offer. I am willing to accept the sentiment of the heathen philosopher, and to regard a man's treatment of his slaves as a test of his virtue. And whenever a slaveholder is found who so far forgets the sentiments of humanity, the feelings of the gentleman, and the principles of the Christian, as to abuse the authority which the law gives him over his slaves, I trust that a righteous and avenging public sentiment will pursue him with the scorn and degradation which attend the husband or father, who by cruel usage makes home intolerable to wife or child.

Personal and political liberty are both requisite to develop the highest style of man. They furnish the amplest opportunities for the exercise of that self-control which is the germ and essence of every virtue, and for that expansive and ameliorating culture by which our whole nature is exalted in the scale of being, and clothed with the grace, dignity and authority, becoming the lords of creation. Whenever the population of a State is homogeneous, although slavery may perform some important functions in quickening the otherwise tardy processes of civilization, it ought to be regarded as a temporary and provisional relation. If there are no radical differences of physical organization or moral character, the barriers between classes are not insurmountable. The discipline of education and liberal institutions, may raise the serf to the level of the baron. Against any artificial circumscription seeking to arrest that tendency to freedom which is the normal state of every society of equals, human nature would constantly rise in rebellion. But where two distinct races are collected upon the same territory, incapable from any cause of fusion or severance, the one being as much superior to the other in strength and intelligence as the man to the child, there the rightful relation between them is that of authority upon the one side, and subordination in some form, upon the other. Equality, personal and political, could not be established without inflicting the

climax of injustice upon the superior, and of cruelty on the inferior race: for if it were possible to preserve such an arrangement, it would wrest the sceptre of dominion from the wisdom and strength of society, and surrender it to its weakness and folly. "Of all rights of man," says Carlyle, "the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be gently and firmly held in the true course, is the indispensablest. Nature has ordained it from the first. Society struggles towards perfection by conforming to and accomplishing it, more and more. If freedom have any meaning, it means enjoyment of this right, in which all other rights are enjoyed. It is a divine right and duty on both sides, and the sum of all social duties between the two." Under the circumstances I have supposed, no intelligent man could hesitate, except as to the form of subordination: nor has entire equality been ever allowed in society where the inferior race constituted an element of any magnitude.

Personal servitude is generally the harshest and most objectionable form of restraint, exposing its subjects to an abuse of power involving greater suffering than any other. But this is not an invariable law, even in a homogeneous society. The most recent researches into the condition of the labouring classes of Europe, the descendants of the emancipated serfs, have satisfied all candid inquirers after truth that a large number have sunk below the level of their ancient slavery, and would be thankful to belong to any master who would furnish them with food, clothing and shelter. But when we are settling the law of a society embracing in its bosom distinct and unequal races, the problem is complicated by elements which create the gravest doubt whether personal liberty will prove a blessing or a curse. It may become a question between the slavery, and the extinction or further deterioration of the inferior race. Thus, if it is difficult to procure the means of subsistence from density of population or other cause, and if the inferior race is incapable of sustaining a competition with the

superior in the industrial pursuits of life, a condition of freedom which would involve such competition, must either terminate in its destruction, or consign it to hopeless degradation. If, under these circumstances, a system of personal servitude gave reasonable assurance of preserving the inferior race, and gradually imparting to it the amelioration of a higher civilization, no Christian statesman could mistake the path of duty. Natural law, illuminated in its decision by History, Philosophy, and Religion, would not only clothe the relation with the sanction of justice, but lend to it the lustre of mercy. It will not, I apprehend, be difficult to show that all these conditions apply to African slavery in the United States. Look at the races which have been brought face to face in unmanageable masses, upon this continent, and it is impossible to mistake their relative position. The one still filling that humble and subordinate place, which as the pictured monuments of Egypt attest, it has occupied since the dawn of history; a race which during the long-revolving cycles of intervening time has founded no empire, built no towered city, invented no art, discovered no truth, bequeathed no everlasting possession to the future, through law-giver, hero, bard, or benefactor of mankind: a race which, though lifted immeasurably above its native barbarism by the refining influence of Christian servitude has yet given no signs of living and self-sustaining culture. The other, a great composite race which has incorporated into its bosom all the vital elements of human progress; which, crowned with the traditions of history and bearing in its hands the most precious trophies of civilization, still rejoices in the overflowing energy, the abounding strength, the unconquerable will which have made it "the heir of all the ages;" and which with aspirations unsatisfied by centuries of toil and achievement, still vexes sea and land with its busy industry, binds coy nature faster in its chains, embellishes life more prodigally with its arts, kindles a wider inspiration from the fountain lights of freedom, follows knowledge

"like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought,"

and pushing its unresting columns still
further into the regions of eldest Night,
in lands more remote than any over
which Roman eagles ever flew, "to the
farthest verge of the green earth," plants
the conquering banner of the Cross,

"Encircling continents and oceans vast,
In one humanity."

It is impossible to believe that the supremacy in which the Caucasian has towered over the African through all the past can be shaken, or that the black man can ever successfully dispute the præminence with his white brother as members of the same community, in the arts and business of life. Could such races be mated with each other? It is unnecessary to refer to Egypt or Central America, where a mongrel population, *monumenta veneris nefandæ*, exhibit the deteriorating influence of a similar fusion. If there were no broad and indelible dividing lines of colour and physical organization to keep the black and white races apart, their respective traditions, extremes of moral and intellectual advancement, and unequal aptitudes, if not capacities for higher civilization, separate them by an impassible gulf. That feeble remnant of our kindred, who, surrounded by hordes of barbarians, yet linger among the deserted seats of West India civilization, may forget the dignity of Anglo-Saxon manhood, in the despair and poverty to which they have been reduced by British injustice; but we, "sprung of earth's first blood," and "foremost in the files of time," who under Providence are masters of our destiny, will never permit the generations of American history to be bound together by links of shame. Is the deportation of the African race practicable? A more extravagant project was never seriously entertained by the human understanding. There are economical considerations alone, which would render it utterly hopeless. The removal of our

black population would create a gap in the industry of the world, which no white emigration could fill. It would bring over the general prosperity of the country a blight and ruin, that would dry up all the sources of revenue on which the success of the measure would depend. Its consequences would not terminate with this continent. The great wheel which moves the commerce and manufactures of the world, would be arrested in its revolutions. General bankruptcy would follow a shock, besides which the accumulated financial crises of centuries would be unfelt. In the recklessness and despair of crime and famine thus induced, the ancient landmarks of empire might be disturbed, and all existing governments shaken to their foundation. No favourable inference can be drawn from the immense emigration, which, like the swell of a mighty sea, is pouring upon our shores. It comes from regions where population is too dense for subsistence, and where a vacant space is closed as soon as it is opened. It is impelled by double influences, neither of which can operate to any extent upon the American slave, want and wretchedness at home, and all material and moral attractions abroad. It is composed of men accustomed at least to personal freedom, and belonging to races endowed with far more energy and intelligence than the African. It is received into a community, whose strength and vitality enable it to absorb and assimilate a much larger foreign element than any of which history has any record. If the black man was able and willing to return to his native land, he must carry with him the habits and feelings of the slave. Can it be supposed that such a living cloud, as the annual increase of our slaves, could discharge its contents into the bosom of any African society, without blighting in the license of their first emancipation from all restraint, whatever promise of civilization it might have held out?

If we must accept the permanent residence of this race upon our soil, as a providential arrangement beyond human control, it only remains to adjust the

form of its subordination. Should it embrace personal, as well as political servitude? Personal slavery surrounds the black man with a protection and salutary control which his own reason and energies are incapable of supplying, and by converting elements of destruction into sources of progress, promotes his physical comfort, his intellectual culture, and his moral amelioration. Emancipation upon the other hand in any form, gradual or immediate, would either destroy the race through a wasting process of poverty, vice, and crime, or sink it into an irrecoverable deep of savage degradation. What Homer has said may be true, that a free man loses half his value the day he becomes a slave; but it is quite as true, that the slave who is converted into a freeman, is more likely to lose the remaining half than to recover what is gone. There are no rational grounds upon which we could anticipate for our slaves, an advancing civilization if they were emancipated, or upon which we could expect them to preserve their contented temper, their material comfort, their industrious habits, and their general morality. The negro has learned much in contact with the white man, but he is yet ignorant of that great art which is the guardian of all acquisition, the art of self-government. The superiority of the white man in skill, energy, foresight, providence, aptitude for improvement, and control over the lower appetites and passions, would give him a decisive and fatal advantage in the pitiless competition of life. The light which history sheds around this problem, is broad and unchanging. Wherever unequal races are brought together, unless reduced by despotism to an indiscriminate servitude, or mingled by a deteriorating and demoralizing fusion, the inferior must choose between slavery and extinction. Upon these principles only can we explain the preservation of the Indian inhabitants of Spanish America, and the destruction of the aboriginal races which have crossed the path of English colonization. All the lower stages of civilization are characterized by an improvidence of

the future and a predominance of the animal nature, which increase the force of temptation, and at the same time diminish the power of resistance. Hence it is, that when an inferior race, animated by the passions of the savage, but destitute of the restraining self-control which is developed by civilization, is brought in contact with a higher form of social existence, where the stimulants and facilities for sensual gratification are multiplied, and the consequences of excess and improvidence are aggravated in fatality, it is mown down by a mortality more terrific than the widest waste of war. Private charity and the influence of Christianity upon individuals may retard the operation of these causes, but destruction is only a question of time. Without a judicious husbandry of the surplus proceeds of labour in the day of prosperity to meet the demands of age, sickness and casualty, poverty alone with the disease, suffering and crime that attend it, would wear out any labouring population. The remnant of the Indian tribes scattered along the lower banks of the St. Lawrence, present an impressive illustration of these simple political truths. They manifest, says Professor Bowen, sufficient industry when the reward of labour is immediate: but surrounded by an abundance of fertile and cleared land, where others would grow rich, they are rapidly perishing from improvidence alone.

Even in England, in periods of manufacturing prosperity, when wages are high, the Chancellor of the Exchequer reckons with as much confidence upon the expenditure by the operatives of their surplus profits, in spirits, tobacco, and other hurtful stimulants, as upon the proceeds of the income tax. And if the working class of England, instead of being constantly recruited from a higher order of society, consisted of an inferior race, the annual losses from intemperance and improvidence would soon carry it off. As population becomes denser, our free blacks are destined to exemplify the same great law. In the free States, where an encroaching tide of white emigration is driving them from one field of industry after an-

other, they already stand, as the statistics of population, disease and crime disclose, upon the narrowest isthmus which can divide life from death. When we remember that the destructive agencies which would be let loose amongst our slaves, by emancipation, are as fatal to morals as to life, and that the natural inequality between the races would be increased by a constant accession of numbers to the white through emigration, it is not extravagant to assert that exterminating massacre would involve a swifter, but scarcely more certain or more cruel death.

If emancipation took place in a tropical region, where climate forbade the competition of white labour, and the exuberance of nature supplied the means of life without the necessity of intelligent and systematic industry, there are other causes which would remove from the slave every safeguard of progress, and render his relapse into barbarism inevitable. Civilization depends upon activity, development, progress. It is measured by our wants and our work. Without indulging in any rash generalizations, we may safely affirm, that where animal life can be sustained without labour, and an enervating climate invites to indolent repose, we cannot expect from that class of society upon whom in every country the cultivation of the soil depends, any industrious emulation. So powerful is the influence of these physical causes over barbarous tribes, that under the torrid zone, as we are informed by Humboldt, where a beneficent hand has profusely scattered the seeds of abundance, indolent and improvident man experiences periodically a want of subsistence which is unfelt in the sterile regions of the North. As men increase in virtue and intelligence, they become more capable of resisting the operation of climate and other natural laws, but some form of slavery has been the only basis upon which civilization has yet rested in any tropical country. If it can be sustained upon any other, it must be by a race endowed with a larger fund of native energy than the African, or quickened by the electric power of a higher

culture than he has ever possessed. His moral and physical conformation predispose him to indolence. *Cælum non animum mutant*, has been the law of his history. Under the *Code Rural* of Hayti, the harshest compulsion has been used to subdue the sloth of barbarism, and to compel the labour of the free black man, but in vain. In the British West Indies, since emancipation, no expedients have proven effectual to conquer this repugnance to exertion. The English historian, Alison, who whatever may be his political sentiments, has no sympathies with slavery, in his last volume, thus describes the result of the experiment. "But disastrous as the results of the change have been to British interests both at home and in the West Indies, they are as nothing to those which have ensued to the negroes themselves, both in their native seats and the Trans-Atlantic Colonies. The fatal gift of premature emancipation has proved as pernicious to a race as it always does to an individual: the boy of seventeen sent out into the world, has continued a boy, and does as other boys do. The diminution of the agricultural exported produce of the islands to less than a half, proves how much their industry has declined. The reduction of the consumption of their British produce and manufactures in a similar proportion, tells unequivocally how much their means of comfort and enjoyment have fallen off. Generally speaking, the incipient civilization of the negro has been arrested by his emancipation: with the cessation of forced labour, the habits which spring from and compensate it, have disappeared, and savage habits and pleasures have resumed their ascendancy over the sable race. The attempts to instruct and civilize them have, for the most part, proved a failure; the *dolce far niente* equally dear to the unlettered savage as to the effeminate European, has resumed its sway; and the emancipated Africans dispersed in the woods, or in cabins erected amidst the ruined plantations, are fast relapsing into the state in which their ancestors were when first torn from their native seats by the rapacity of a Chris-

tian avarice." A melancholy confirmation of this statement is furnished by a fact which I have learned from a reliable private source, that the prevailing crimes of this population have changed from petty larceny to felonies of the highest grades. But if the black race could escape barbarism, or defy those destroying elements of society, poverty and crime, there is a more comprehensive political induction which establishes the justice and expediency of its subjection to servitude. If in any community there is an inferior race which is condemned by permanent and irresistible causes to occupy the condition of a working class, not as independent proprietors of the soil they till, but as labourers for hire, then a system of personal slavery under which the welfare of the slave could be connected with the interest of the master, would be far preferable to the collective servitude of a degraded caste. This proposition supposes the existence, not of an inferior class simply, but an inferior race—which, as such, is condemned by nature to wear the livery of servitude in some form—which can never be quickened or sustained by those animating prospects of wealth, dignity and power which, in a homogeneous community, pour a renovating stream of moral health through every vein and artery of social life—which must earn a scanty and precarious subsistence by a stern, unintermitting and unequal struggle with selfish capital. Can any skepticism resist the conviction that, under such circumstances, a social adjustment which would engage the selfish passions of the superior race to provide for the comfort of the inferior, must be an arrangement of mercy as well as of justice? Upon this question the experience of England is full of instruction. The abolition of slavery upon the continent of Europe gradually converted the original serfs into owners of the soil. In England, it terminated with personal manumission—leaving the villein to work as a labourer for wages, or to farm as a tenant upon lease. What has been the effect of this great social revolution? I do not refer to that saturnalia of poverty, misery, va-

grancy, and crime which immediately followed the disruption of the old feudal bonds, and the adjustment of the new relations of lord and vassal, by the "cold justice of the laws of political economy." What is the present condition of the English labourer? English writers, whose fidelity and accuracy are above suspicion, have almost exhausted the power of language in describing his abject wretchedness and squalid misery. They have distributed their population into the rich, the comfortable, the poor, and the perishing. That "bold peasantry, their country's pride," has almost disappeared. Every improvement in an industrial process which diminishes the amount of human labour, brings with it more or less of suffering to the English operative. Every scarce harvest, every fluctuation in trade, every financial crisis exposes him to beggary or starvation. In the selfish competition between the capitalist and workman, says a distinguished christian philanthropist, "the capitalist, whether farmer, merchant, or manufacturer, plays the game, wins all the high stakes, takes the lion's share of the profits, and throws all the losses, involving pauperism and despair, upon the masses." Nothing can be more hopeless than the condition of the agricultural labourer. All the life of England, says Bowen in his lectures on Political Economy, "is in her commercial and manufacturing classes. Outside of the city walls, we are in the middle ages again. There are the nobles and the serfs, true castes, for nothing short of a miracle can elevate or depress one who is born a member of either." Moral and intellectual culture cannot be connected with physical destitution and suffering. We are not therefore surprised to learn, from a recent British Quarterly, that there is an overwhelming class of outcasts at the bottom of their society whom the present system of popular education does not reach, who are below the influence of religious ordinances, and scarcely operated upon by any wholesome restraint of public opinion. For the relief of this wretchedness an immense pauper system has grown up, as grinding in its exactions upon the rich,

as demoralizing in its bounties to the poor. But even this frightful evil appears insignificant, in comparison with that embittered and widening feud between the classes of society, which has filled the most sanguine friends of human progress with the apprehension, that England's greatest danger may spring from the despair of her own children, the beggars who gaze in idleness and misery at her wealth, the savages who stand by the side of her civilization, and the heathen who have been nursed in the bosom of her Christianity. The intelligent philanthropists of England, place their whole hope of remedy in plans of colonization—plans for substituting coöperative associations for the system of hired service—plans for increasing the number of peasant proprietors, and thus placing labour on a more independent basis—for educating the working class, and for legislation which will facilitate the circulation of capital, and the more equal distribution of property. But if this evil working in the heart of the nation be incurable, if the helotism of the working classes should prove, as it has already been pronounced, irretrievable, I am far from advocating a reduction of the English labourer to slavery. There is no radical distinction of race, between the labourer and the capitalist. The latter owes his superiority, not to nature, but to the vantage ground of opportunity. Nature has implanted a consciousness of equality, so deeply in the bosom of the labourer, that personal slavery would bring with it a sense of degradation he could never endure. Whatever the general destitution and sufferings of his class, an undying hope will ever whisper to the individual that a happy fortune may raise him to comfortable independence, or social consideration. The very thought, that from his loins may spring some stately figure to tread, with dignity the shining eminences of life, is able to alleviate many hours of despondency. But above all, an instinctive love of liberty, such as was felt by the Spartan when he compared it to the sun, the most brilliant, and at the same time, the most useful object in creation, cherished in the

Englishman by the traditions of centuries of struggle in its achievement and defence, cause him to echo the sentiment of his own poet,

"Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,
Freedom, the sun, the sea, the mountains
and the air."

I fully subscribe to an opinion which has been expressed by an accomplished Southern writer, that an attempt to enslave the English labourer would equal, though it could not exceed in folly, an attempt to liberate the American slave—either seriously attempted and with sufficient power to oppose the natural current of events would overwhelm the civilization of the continent in which it occurred in anarchy. But if the English labourer belonged to a different race from his employer; if they were separated by a moral and intellectual disparity such as divides the Southern slave from his master: if instead of the sentiments and traditions of liberty which would make bondage worse than death, he had the gentle, tractable and submissive temper that adapt the African to servitude, who can doubt that a slavery which would insure comfort and kindness, would improve his condition in all its aspects?

None of the circumstances which prevent the application of the general proposition we have been discussing to the English labourer, extend to the American slave—none of the plans which have been suggested for the relief of the former would offer any hope of amelioration to the latter. No man who knows anything of the negro character, can for a moment suppose that the land of the country, could be distributed between them as tenant proprietors. If it was given to them to day, their improvidence would make it the property of the white man to morrow. Indeed the fact to which Mr. Webster called attention, that the products of the slave-holding States are destined mainly, not for immediate consumption, but for purposes of manufacture and commercial exchange, exclude the possibility of an extended system of tenant proprietorship, and render cultivation and disposal by

capital upon a large scale indispensable. The black man if emancipated must work for hire. Would he be better able to hold his own against the capitalist than the English labourer? Would not the misery and degradation of the latter, but faintly foreshadow the doom of the emancipated slave? His days embittered and shortened by privation; cheered by no hope of a brighter future: the burthens of liberty without its privileges; the degradation of bondage without its compensations; "the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain;" his root in the grave, the liberated negro under the influence of moral causes as irresistible as the laws of gravity, would moulder earthward. What is there, may I not ask, in the misery and desolation of this collective servitude, to compensate for the sympathy, kindness, comfort, and protection which so generally solace the suffering, and sweeten the toil, and make tranquil the slumber, and contented the spirits of the slave, whose lot has been cast in the sheltering bosom of a Southern home?

The approximation to equality in numbers, which has been hastily supposed to render emancipation safer than in the West Indies, would give rise to our greatest danger. It will not be long before the unmixed white population of the West Indies will be reduced, by the combined influences of emigration and amalgamation, to a few factors in the sea ports. In the United States, not only would the exodus of either race, or their fusion, be impracticable, but the pride of civilization, which now stoops with alacrity to bind up the wounds of the slave, would spurn the aspiring contact of the free man. The points of sympathy between master and slave may not be as numerous or powerful as we could desire, but between the white and the black man, in any society in which they are recognised as equals, and in which the latter are sufficiently numerous to create apprehension as to the consequences of distrust and aversion, a growing ill-will would deepen into irreconcilable animosity. Look at the isolation in which, notwithstanding their insignificance as a class, the free blacks of the

North now live. "The negro," says De Tocqueville, "is free, but he can share neither the rights, nor the pleasures, nor the labour, nor the affections, nor the altar, nor the tomb of him whose equal he has been declared to be. He meets the white man upon fair terms, neither in life nor in death." What could be expected from a down-trodden race, existing in masses large enough to be formidable, in whose bosoms the law itself nourished a sense of injustice by proclaiming an equality which Nature and society alike denied, with passions unrestrained by any stake in the public peace, or any bonds of attachment to the superior class, but that it should seek in some frenzy of despair, to shake off its doom of misery and degradation? Would not the atrocities which have always distinguished a war of races, be perpetrated on a grander and more appalling scale than the world has ever yet witnessed? The recollections of hereditary feud alone have, in every age, so inflamed the angry passions of our nature as to lend a deeper gloom even to the horrors of war. When the poet describes the master of the lyre, as seeking to rouse the martial ardour of the Grecian conqueror and his attendant nobles, he brings before them the ghosts of their Grecian ancestors that were left unburied on the plains of Troy, who tossing their lighted torches—

"Point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods."

But what would be the ferocity awakened in half-savage bosoms, when embittered memories of long-descended hate towards a superior race, exasperated by the maddening pangs of want, impelled them to seek retribution for centuries of imaginary wrong? Either that precious harvest of civilization which has been slowly ripening under the toils of successive generations of our fathers, and the genial sunshine and refreshing showers of centuries of kindly Providence, would be gathered by the rude sons of spoil, or peace would return after a tragedy of crime and sorrow, with whose burthen of

woe the voice of history would be tremulous through long ages of after time.

The whole reasoning of modern philanthropy upon this subject has been vitiated, by its overlooking those fundamental moral differences between the races, which constitute a far more important element in the political arrangements of society, than relative intellectual power. It is immaterial how these differences have been created. Their existence is certain; and if capable of removal at all, they are yet likely to endure for such an indefinite period, that in the consideration of any practical problem, we must regard them as permanent. The collective superiority of a race can no more exempt it from the obligations of justice and mercy, than the personal superiority of an individual; but where unequal races are compelled to live together, a sober and intelligent estimate of their several aptitudes and capacities must form the basis of their social and political organization. The intellectual weakness of the black man is not so characteristic, as the moral qualities which distinguish him from his white brother. The warmest friends of emancipation, amongst others the late Dr. Channing, have acknowledged that the civilization of the African, must present a different type from that of the Caucasian, and resemble more the development of the East than the West. His nature is made up of the gentler elements. Docile, affectionate, light-hearted, facile to impression, reverential, he is disposed to look without for strength and direction. In the courage that rises with danger, in the energy that would prove a consuming fire to its possessor, if it found no object upon which to spend its strength, in the proud aspiring temper which would render slavery intolerable, he is far inferior to other races. Hence, subordination is as congenial to his moral, as a warm latitude is to his physical nature. Freedom is not "chartered on his manly brow" as on that of the native Indian. Unkindness awakens resentment, but servitude alone carries no sense of degradation fatal to self respect. A civilization like our own could be developed only by a free people;

but under a system of slavery to a superior race, which was ameliorated by the charities of our religion, the African is capable of making indefinite progress. He is not animated by that love of liberty which Bacon quaintly compared to a spark that ever flieth in the face of him who seeketh to trample it under foot. The masses of the old world, under various forms of slavery, have exhibited a standing discontent, and their struggles for freedom have been the flashes of a smothered but deeply hidden fire. The obedience of the African, unless disturbed by some impulse from without, and to which he yields only in a vague hope of obtaining respite from labour, is willing and cheerful. De Tocqueville, in his work on the French Revolution, points out a difference between nations, in what he calls the sublime taste for freedom—some seeking it for its material blessings only, others for its intrinsic attractions; and adds, "that he who seeks freedom for anything else than freedom's self, is made to be a slave." How fallacious must be any political induction which transfers to the African that love of personal liberty, which wells from the heart of our own race in a spring-tide of passionate devotion, the winters of despotism could never chill. The Providence which appointed the Anglo-Saxon to lead the van of human progress fitted him for his mission, by preconfiguring his soul to the influences of freedom. This sentiment is indestructible in his nature. It would survive the degradation of any form or term of bondage. Like the sea shell, when torn from its home in the deep, his heart, through all the ages of slavery, would be vocal with the music of his native liberty.

The strength of that security against oppression which the Southern slave derives from the selfishness of human nature, has never been sufficiently appreciated, for in truth, it has existed in connection with no other form of servitude. With exceptions too slight to deserve remark, in Greece and Rome, in the British and Spanish colonies, it was cheaper to buy slaves than to raise them, to work them to death, than to provide for them

in life. Hence in Rome, the slaves of the public were better cared for than those of the individual. With us, the master has a large and immediate interest, not only in the life, but the health, comfort and improvement of his slave, for they all add to his value and efficiency as a labourer. Southern slavery must therefore be tried upon its own merits, and not by data true or false, collected from other forms of servitude. Arithmetic, Gibbon once said, is the natural enemy of rhetoric, and a single statement will suffice to discredit all the reasoning, and pour contempt upon all the declamation which has confounded our slavery with that of the British West Indies. From the most reliable calculations that can be made, says Carey, in his Essay on the Slave Trade, it appears that for every African imported into the United States, ten are now to be found, such has been the wonderful growth of population; for every three imported into the British West Indies, only one now exists, such has been its frightful decline. But however ample this protection may be to the slave from the oppression of strangers, his own passions it is urged, will lead the master to spurn the restraints of interest. But what security against an abuse of power, has human wisdom ever devised which is likely to operate with such uniform and prevailing force? As Burke said of another social institution, "it makes our weakness subservient to our virtue, and grafts our benevolence, even upon our avarice." All the evidence which is accessible, the statistics of population, of consumption as shown both by imports, and the balance between production and exports, and the testimony of intelligent and candid travellers bear witness to its general efficiency. And it is to be remarked that whilst the slave partakes largely and immediately of his master's prosperity; the reverses which reduce the latter to beggary or starvation, pass almost harmless over his head. In other countries, the pressure of every public calamity falls upon the working classes: but with us the slave is placed in a great measure beyond their reach, by the circumstance that his hire or ownership im-

port a condition of life in which the means of subsistence are enjoyed. From the demoralization of extreme want, so fatal to virtue as well as happiness in other lands, he is thus always saved. It was the benevolent wish of Henry the Fourth of France, that every peasant in his dominions might have a fowl in his pot for Sunday. In every age the patriot has offered a similar prayer for the labouring poor of his country. But it is only in the Southern States of our confederacy, that the sun ever beheld a meal of wholesome and abundant food, the daily reward of the children of toil.

The relation is so far from having any tendency to provoke those angry and resentful feelings which would excite the master to acts of cruelty, that its tendency is directly the reverse.

It was truly said by Legaré, that *parcere subjectis*, was not exclusively a Roman virtue: that it was a law of the heart, the usual attribute of undisputed power; and that there were few men who did not feel the force of that beautiful and touching appeal: "Behold, behold, I am thy servant." It was owing to this principle that when the dependence of the feudal vassal upon his lord was most complete, their mutual attachment, (as we are assured by Gilbert Stewart and other historians of this period,) was strongest, and as the feudal tenure decayed, and the law was interposed between them, the kindness upon one side and the affection and gratitude upon the other disappeared. It is not simply the consciousness of strength which tends to disarm resentment in the bosom of the master. It is the long and intimate association, connected with the feelings of interest awakened in all but the hardest hearts by the cares and responsibilities of guardianship which make the slave an object of friendly regard, and bring him within that circle of kindly sympathies which cluster around the domestic hearth. It is a form of that generous feeling which bound the Highland chieftain to his clan, and which, with greater or less force, depending upon the virtue of the age, attaches to every relation of patriarchal authority. According to Dr. Ar-

nold, (in his tract on the Social condition of the Operative Classes,) the old system of English slavery was far kinder than that now existing in England of hired service. The affection between the master and the villain is shown by the fact that villainage "wore out" by voluntary manumission—a circumstance which never would have happened had the relation been one simply of profit and loss. Shakspeare in his character of old Adam, in "As You Like It," has adverted to the more genial and kindly elements which distinguished this legal service from that for wages. Orlando, in replying to the pressing entreaty of the old servant to go with him, and "do the service of a younger man in all his business and necessities," says—

"Oh good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty—not for meed."

The mutual good will of distinct classes has, in all ages, been dependent upon a well defined subordination. This opinion is confirmed by the testimony of one of the most eloquent writers of New England, in reference to the workings of its social system as they fell under his personal observation. I appeal, says Dana in his *Essay on Law as suited to Man*, "to those who remember the state of our domestic relations, when the old Scriptural terms of master and servant were in use. I do not fear contradiction when I say there was more of mutual good will then than now; more of trust on the one side and fidelity on the other; more of protection and kind care, and more of gratitude and affectionate respect in return; and because each understood well his place, actually more of a certain freedom, tempered by gentleness and by deference. From the very fact that the distinction of classes was more marked, the bond between the individuals constituting these two, was closer. As a general truth, I verily believe that, with the exception of near-blood relationships, and here and there peculiar friendships, the attachment of master and servant was

closer and more enduring than that of almost any other connection in life. The young of this day, under a change of fortune, will hardly live to see the eye of an old, faithful servant fill at their fall; nor will the old domestic be longer housed and warmed by the fireside of his master's child, or be followed by him to the grave. The blessed sup of those good old days has gone down, it may be for ever, and it is very cold." It is through the operation of these kindly sentiments, which it awakens on both sides, that African slavery reconciles the antagonism of classes that has elsewhere reduced the highest statesmanship to the verge of despair, and becomes the great Peace-maker of our society, converting inequalities, which are sources of danger and discord in other lands, into pledges of reciprocal service, and bonds of mutual and intimate friendship.

But a vigilant and restraining public opinion surrounds our slaves with a cumulative security. The master is no chartered libertine. Custom, the greatest of law-givers, places visible metes and bounds upon his authority which few are so hardy as to transcend. Native humanity and Christian principle inscribe their limitations upon the living tables of his heart. A public sentiment, growing in its strength and increasing in its exactions, covers the slave with a protecting shield, far less easily or frequently broken through, than those feeble barriers of law which in our Free States, are interposed between the degraded and outcast black man, and his white brother. Written laws never to be received as accurate exponents of the rights and privileges of a people, are most fallacious when appealed to as a standard, by which to determine the character of a system of slavery; for the wisest and most humane must acknowledge that the introduction of law may so disturb the harmony and good will of any domestic relation, as to breed more mischief than it can possibly cure. It is not simply in reference to the food, clothing, work, holydays, punishments of slaves, that public sentiment exercises its supervision and restraint. It looks to the whole range of their happiness and im-

provement. It is operating with great force in inducing masters to provide more extended facilities for their religious instruction. It has to a large extent terminated that disruption of family ties, which has always constituted the most serious obstacle to the improvement of the slave, and the severest hardship of his lot. A Scotch weaver, William Thompson, who travelled through our Southern States in 1843, on foot, sustaining himself by manual labour, and mixing constantly with our slave population, states in a book which he published on his return home, that the separation of families did not take place here to such an extent as amongst the labouring poor of Scotland. We know that the evil has been diminishing with every succeeding day, and I trust that public sentiment will not leave this most beneficent work half done. The sanctity and integrity of the family union is the germ of all civilization. There is nothing in slavery to make its violation inevitable. It may require some time and sacrifice to accommodate the habits of society to the universal prevalence of a permanent tenure in these relations. But through the agency of public sentiment alone, acting upon buyer and seller, and operating where necessary through combinations of benevolent neighbours, the mischief in its entire dimensions lies within the grasp of remedy.

Slavery is charged with fixing a point in the scale of civilization, beyond which it does not permit the labourer to rise. God, it is argued, has conferred the capacity and imposed the duty of improvement, but man forever denies the opportunity. I admit that the refining, elevating, and liberalizing influences of knowledge can not be imparted to the slave, in an equal degree with his master. But this arises from the fact that he is a labourer, not that he is a slave. It proceeds from a combination of circumstances which human laws could not alter, and which render daily toil the unavoidable portion of the black man. Civilization is a complex result, demanding a multitude of special offices and functions, for whose performance men are fitted, and even reconciled by gradations in intelligence

and culture. However exalting or ennobling might be the knowledge of Newton or Herschell, God in his Providence has denied to the larger part of the human family, the opportunity of obtaining it. The apparent hardship of this arrangement disappears when we reflect that this life is only a school of discipline and probation for another, and that a variety of condition involving distinct spheres of duty, may be the wisest and most merciful provision for each. Every age rises to a higher level of general intelligence, but the mass of men must be satisfied with that prime wisdom, "to know that before us lies in daily life." Whilst I doubt not that,

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the circuit of the suns,"

yet so long as the Divine ordinance, the poor ye have always with you, remains unrepealed—an ordinance without which the fruits of industry would be consumed, and its accumulations cease, the classes of society must be divided by a broad line of disparity in intellectual culture. Emancipation would not relieve the slave from the necessities of daily labour, or furnish the leisure for extended mental cultivation. There might be individual exceptions; but all legislation must take its rule from the general course of human nature, not its accidental departures and variations. It is emancipation and not servitude, which would forever darken and extinguish those prospects of amelioration that now lie imaged in the bright perspective of Christian hope. The slave will partake more and more of the life-giving civilization of the master. As it is, his intimate relations with the superior race, and the unsystematic instruction he receives in the family, have placed him in point of general intelligence above a large portion of the white labourers of Europe. It appears from the most recent statistics, that one half the adult population of England and Wales are unable to write their names. It was of English

labourers, not American slaves, that Gray wrote those touching lines—

“But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er un-
roll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

But it is supposed that our slaves can never be instructed without danger to the public safety, as knowledge, like the admission of light into a subterranean mine, might lead to an explosion. There may be circumstances in which the supreme law of self-preservation will command us to withhold from the slave the degree of information, we would gladly impart. But it is never to be forgotten, that this stern and inexorable necessity will not be created by the system itself. The sin, and the responsibility of its existence will lie at the door of the misjudging philanthropy which has rashly and ignorantly interposed to adjust relations on whose balance hang great issues of liberty and civilization. If the views which have been presented are true, the more his reason was instructed, the clearer would be the slave’s perception of the general equity of the arrangement which fixed his lot. But if knowledge is to introduce him to a literature which will confuse his understanding by its sophistry, whilst it inflames his passions by its appeals, which will exaggerate his rights and magnify his wrongs, then mercy to the slave, as well as justice to society require us to protect him from the folly and crime into which he might be hurried by the madness of moral intoxication. We will not throw open our gates, that the enemies of peace may sow the dragon’s teeth of discord, and leave us to reap a harvest of confusion and rebellion—but when they come to plant love amongst us, to teach apostolic precepts, as elementary morality, and to hold up the standard of Holy Scripture as the rule of conduct, and proof of law, we will give them hospitable welcome.

If I have at all comprehended the elements which should enter into the deter-

mination of this momentous problem of social welfare and public authority, the existence of African Slavery amongst us, furnishes no just occasion for self-reproach ; much less for the presumptuous rebuke of our fellow man. As individuals, we have cause to humble ourselves before God, for the imperfect discharge of our duties in this, and in every other relation of life : but for its justice and morality as an element of our social polity, we may confidently appeal to those future ages, which, when the bedimmed mists of passion and prejudice have vanished, will examine it in the pure light of truth, and pronounce the final sentence of impartial History. Beyond our own borders, there has been no sober and intelligent estimate of its distinctive features ; no just apprehension of the nature, extent and permanence of the disparities between the races, or of the fatal consequences to the slave, of a freedom which would expose him to the unchecked selfishness of a superior civilization ; no conception approaching to the reality of the power which has been exerted by a public sentiment, springing from Christian principle, and sustained by the universal instincts of self-interest, in tempering the severity of its restraints, and impressing upon it the mild character of a patriarchal relation ; no rational anticipation of the improvement of which the negro would be capable under our form of servitude, if those who now nurse the wild and mischievous dream of peaceful emancipation, should lend all their energies to the maintenance of the only social system under which his progressive amelioration appears possible. African slavery is no relic of barbarism to which we cling from the ascendancy of semi-civilized tastes, habits, and principles ; but an adjustment of the social and political relations of the races, consistent with the purest justice, commended by the highest expediency, and sanctioned by a comprehensive and enlightened humanity. It has no doubt been sometimes abused by the base and wicked passions of our fallen nature to purposes of cruelty and wrong ; but where is the school of civilization from which the stern and wholesome discipline of suf-

fering has been banished? or the human landscape not saddened by a dark-flowing stream of sorrow? Its history when fairly written, will be its ample vindication. It has weaned a race of savages from superstition and idolatry, imparted to them a general knowledge of the precepts of the true religion, implanted in their bosoms sentiments of humanity and principles of virtue, developed a taste for the arts and enjoyments of civilized life, given an unknown dignity and elevation to their type of physical, moral and intellectual man, and for the two centuries during which this humanizing process has taken place, made for their subsistence and comfort, a more bountiful provision, than was ever before enjoyed in any age or country of the world by a labouring class. If tried by the test which we apply to other institutions, the whole sum of its results, there is no agency of civilization which has accomplished so much in the same time, for the happiness and advancement of our race.

I am fully persuaded, Mr. President, that the preservation of our peace and union, our property and liberty depend upon the triumph of these opinions over the delusion and ignorance which have obscured and perplexed the public judgment upon this question of slavery. I believe that they indicate the only tenable line of argument along which we can defend our rights or character. So long as men regard all forms of slavery as sinful, they will be conducted to the conclusion that any aid or comfort to them, is likewise sinful, by a logical necessity, which their passions or interests can only resist for a time. The conviction that justice is the highest expediency for the statesman, the first duty of the Christian, and should be the supreme law of the State, will sooner or later establish its supremacy over all combinations of parties and interests. So long as our fellow-citizens of the North look upon this relation as barbarous and corrupting, they must and ought to desire and seek its extinction, as a great vice and crime. Every year will deepen their sympathy with the slave, suffering under unjust bonds, and inflame their resentful indignation

towards the master who holds his odious property with unrelaxing grasp. Mutual self-respect is the only term of association upon which either individuals or societies can or ought to live together. How long could our Union endure, if it was to be preserved by submission to a fixed policy of injustice, and acquiescence under an accumulating burthen of reproach? We are willing to give much for Union. We will give territory for it; the broad acres we have already surrendered would make an empire. We will give blood for it; we have shed it freely upon every field of our country's danger and renown. We will give love for it; the confiding, the forgiving, the overflowing love of brothers and freemen. But much as we value it, we will not purchase it at the price of liberty or character. A union of suspicion, aversion, injustice, in which we would be banned not blessed, outlawed not protected, whether by faction under the forms of law or revolution over them I care not, has no charms for me. The Union I love, is that which our fathers formed; a Union which, when it took its place upon the majestic theatre of history, consecrated by the benedictions of patriots and freemen, and covered all over with images of fame, was a fellowship of equal and fraternal States; a Union which was established not only as a bond of strength, but as a pledge of justice and a sacrament of affection; a Union which was intended like the arch of the heavens to embrace within the span of its beneficent influence all interests and sections and to rest oppressively or unequally upon none; a Union in which the North and the South—"like the double celled heart, at every full stroke," beat the pulses of a common liberty and a common glory. Mr. Madison has recorded a beautiful incident, which occurring as the members of the Federal Convention, were attaching their signatures to the Constitution, forms a fitting and significant close to its proceedings. Dr. Franklin pointing to the painting of a sun which hung behind the speaker's chair, and adverting to a difficulty which is said to exist in discriminating between the picture of a rising

and a setting sun, remarked that during the progress of their deliberations, he had often looked at this painting and been doubtful as to its character, but that he now saw clearly it was a rising sun. When the fancy of Franklin gave to the painting its auroral hues, she had dipped her pencil in his heart. Let but a healing conviction of the true character of our system of slavery enter into the public sentiment of the North; let it understand that the South is seeking to discharge, not simply the obligations of justice, but the larger debt of Christian humanity towards this degraded race; and that if it has not accomplished more, it is because its people like the workmen upon Solomon's temple, have been compelled to labour on their social fabric with the trowel in one hand, and the sword in the other: and the old feelings of mutual regard would soon follow a mutual respect resting upon immovable foundations; the animosities and dissensions of the Past would be buried in the duties of the Present and the Hopes of the Future; the memories of our great heroic age would breathe over us a second spring of patriotism: the comprehensive American sentiment which framed this league of love would revive in all its quickening power, in the bosoms of our people, spreading undivided over every portion of our territory, and operating unspent through all generations of our history; the Union would be so clasp-

ed in the North, and in the South, to our heart of hearts, that death itself could not tear loose the clinging tendrils of devotion; and that emblematic painting in which our fathers, with "no form nor feeling in their souls, unborrowed from their country," greeted with patriot prayer and hope, the rising beams of morning, would never by any line of lessening light, betoken to the eyes of their children a parting radiance.

I have an abiding faith in Time, Truth and Providence. Let but the educated mind of our society be fully awakened to the magnitude of its responsibilities, and thoroughly instructed in the duties of its mission: let it meet the falsifications of history, and perversions of philosophy, and corruptions of religion, in the varied forms of wise and temperate discussion; let it catch the spirit of Milton, when he was content to lose his sight in writing for the defence of the liberties of England, and inspired by yet deeper enthusiasm in a cause upon which may depend the liberties and civilization of the whole earth, now in common peril from a universal licentiousness of opinion, unseal all its fountains of wit, eloquence and logic; and there would soon set out from our Southern coast, a great moral Gulf Stream, able to penetrate and warm all currents of opposing thought—although they come in the strength and volume of ocean tides.

NOTE.—This Address at the time of its delivery had not been entirely committed to writing. The author has sometimes found it impossible to recall the exact language which was then employed. He has, also, after conference with some members of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, added an occasional statement and illustration, which the limits of the oral discourse obliged him to omit.



THE LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS TO BILLY IVVINS.

EIGHTH LETTER.

Poor Mozis! No munny. Cumbleat Failure of his Skeam. An iyploshun. Beds de seans. Row at Mozis' wedding. Brillyunt realizashun of his Skeam. The eend.

DEAR BILLY:

Billy, why in the wirl diden you cend that ar munny on suner? You mighter saived me a monsus site of trubbil. I tell you I've bin throo the wrubbus sence I last writ, and has sean a wirl uv oneezyness uv mine, and bin nighly ded boddy and sole.

I watid and watid to heer frum you. I kep axin the post-master about yo letter tel he got rite mad with me, and ef he hadenter lived in sech a big, nise rock hous, and bin pertecktid behine a tremendous winder with only heer and thar a hoal in it,—ef it hadenter bin fer this, I and he wouder got inter a fite sertin, becos I ware madder longer him than he ware mad longer me. But nar letter nuvver cum, and I kep on gittin mo miserbler and mo miserbler evvry day, tel I thought I'd giv the gose rite strait up then and thar, and nuvver sea you all and ole Ferginny agin fum tiem tel eturnitty.] Winter had dun gonod, but spring, whitch putt foth her leaves uv grean and her grass uv grean and her small berds whitch sings in the topps uv the treaz,—Spring fetched no cumfut to po Mozis, owin, I jedgd, mainly to the fact uv the want uv munny, a chainge uv arr, and turnup sallet which hass a fine efec on my livvur. In deede, the joyusnest uv Nacher seamed fer to mawk my stait uv fealins, and the singin uv the birds and the laffin uv the gearls at the Mintzpi Hous, whitch thay wuz boun to keap up with the ceezin, havin uv thar neks and armes barer than uvver—theas heer, apeard speshully to wet my sperrits that bad that no licker nor whisky nor nuthin dun um enny good.

Then agin, Tormentt lookt like it had popt apun the acussid sitty. Knewmerus Kongismens and ofisers uv the Army and uthers had had fites and kep on havin mo uv um, and leckshun tiems a cummin on in the sitty sturd up the

biel uv the rowdis tel a inchesreckshun uv niggers ware but a privit wrastil cum-pard to um. Evvry nite, *evvry* singal nite and in the day two, rite on the mainist street, sumboddy ware kild, shot, stobd, knockt in the hed, and sumtimes haf a duzen at a tiem wuz slayd in cole blud.

Oans tole me is menmy is 2 hundud wuz throte-cut in 1 day, but this were a speshees uv igzadjurashun whitch subbsurves no good puppus ixcep to fritin a man and gits tisum arter a tiem. He sed he carrid 8 revolters an 2 booy nives on his pussun whenuvver he went out in the streat, and edvised me to doo the saim, but I diden hav nuthin to buy no weepuns with, whitch tellin him, he gose and bize me a bigg gunn loodened with gravvil and tacks, but I got erestid the ferst day I shoaldud itt, and he had to gitt me outn the hands of the Jestis uv the Pees agin, arfter whitch he got me a hoss pistul, whitch he maid me carry it down my back in tween my shoalder blaidis to keep from bein ubservd, tharby givin me uv a heap uv inkunveenyunts, owin to the thing droppin konstantly down intoo my britches twel I had to tie the butt eend uv it with a twien string, whitch I hilt in my han all the tiem, and then I felt free to fase a frounin wirl uv all the Plugg Uglis in kreashin.

Thar wuz 1 amewsment that it mite uv hav cunsold me, but fer 1 thing. The Captul yard and the Pressydint's yard bein all grean and the wether bein plexzint uv a evenin, a bigg ban uv mewzisshiners, drest in red cotes like the British, whitch it ar calld the Mreen Ban, yust to cum wunst or twist a weak and pla to hunduds and thousuns uv peepil that flockt to heer um, awl the bewty and the shiverulry uv the sitty bein thar, prantzin and pradin and shoin off thar fine clothes, and little gals in short frocks and hoops runnin up and down, up and

doun, lively as crickets, and evvry thing gay is it posbly cood be. But I diden injoy it nun. Mayan warnt thar, and then agin I ware thinkin uv my skeam, hoam, dets, and a heap uv trubbilsum things.

One eavnin when the Ban ware playin at the Pressydint's grounds, I lookt over the wall and thar, on a littil hill, set a passel uv Injuns, squottid doun on sum rock, smoakin thar pipes, watchin the fashenubbil croud, and thinkin uv thar oan thots. It ware a moanful site to sea, Billy—when a feller wremembud that wunst apun a tiem all the grate sit-ty uv Washintun yewst to blong to them Injuns' 4-farthens, and now nar one uv um oand anuf lan thar to digg um a graive. Me and them apeard to be like wun anuther fer retchidness. They had loss thar pozesshuns and I had dun loss my hoaps. They wuz fer, fer away fum hoam, and so wuz I. They had no frens, and I had no munny, and I ware goin to say frens nuther, but I wont say that. And thar the bewtyfull musick playd an the pritty ladis and the hansum gentilmen and the happy childun walkt to the soun uv it, and thar wuz me and them po Injuns lookin moanfully on, hevvyhartid anuf, Billy, and two hevvy—feelin we had no rite to be whar soe mutch injoymint ware goin on and nuthin, nuthin to look forward to. I cood a cryd thinkin about it, and went away sorrerfull—both fer myself and them po Injuns.

But whut wust a flicktid me and jobbd me doun intoo the verry gulp uv disparr, wer not so mutch the want uv munny an bein away from hoam and all that, but this, Billy. Wun day, that ar ball-heded ole gentilmin whitch I tole yew ware the bo uv Mis Saludy Trungil, and whitch he wars them gole specks I menshind,—wun day, he cum to me, and havin heerd, I nupper cood tell how, about my skeam, entud into konvussashin with me about it. After a good eel uv persuashin I jes canninly tole him all the hole bizniss frum beginnin to een, and eaven took and showd him the thing itself. He keerfully lookt at it, and sed it showd a oncommun amount uv tallent idead, but then he shuk his ball-hed, and

makin me go to his apartmint, whar he had a reeul liberry uv books a lay-in on the flo, and, takin out wun uv the largist volyums, red me the histry uv the subjick, whitch it apears, so fur frum bein aridganul with me, hav ockyupide the mines uv men frum the tiem uv Tuber Kane to the pressint day. Then he iexplained and prued to me how, in the verry nacher uv things, the skeam ware impossabul and nupper nupper cood be dun by noboddy on top of the erth, I diden keer how smart and edjyukatid they wuz. He sholy ar a kine and sents-abul ole gentilmin, and sich I tole him, tho' my hart ware fitt to brake at the verry momint. He sed that thousuns uv peepil had cum to Washintun on the saim bizniss pecisely, and he had sean wun uv um, a misubul blind man frum Kaintucky, the day befo. He istablisht to my inti satisfackshun that the mo a man thinks uv this heer kind uv a skeam the wuss it ar fer him, and ef he keaps on he ar certin to go distracktid.

I hilt out is long is I cood, but finely I was bleest to cave in. So, Billy all my vizyuns uv welth and happaniss wuz teetotuly smasht feruvver and feruvver mo. I had nuthin to doo but go back hoam and skcratch the saim po man's back whar I had alwais skatched. Thar wuz no help fer it, nun, not the leetlist teenchy bit uv a shadder uv it. It ware a mortil blow. It hert me mo then the tiem you all cut doun the sickamo whar I was up tryin to git a kewn outen his holler, and ef I had'nt bin flung in the lap uv the tree when it falled, I'd a bin killd beyond redempshun. You reckon I ware ded any way fer haf a day.

All ware certny over now. Mozis, po creetur, had cum to Washintun, maid a fool uv himself, spent all his munny and mo besides, coodin git away, and the hole erth wuz blac befo him is the back uv a chimbly. It ware a tiem what tride men's soles. It wuz dubbil and twistid mizry and wo. I hoap and pray you'll nupper git in no sitch trubbil, ner enny boddy elts, ixcept it wuz the meanist man that uvver lived.

Havin giv up all idee uv my skeam, hatin uv it in fac, I tuc the thing outen

my trunc and flinged it outen the winder, but Noahrer, is I arfterwoods foun, getherd it up and saivd it fer hirsself. But what she wantid with it I dunno. She did her verry bess to keap my sperrits up, but I ware in the lo grounds uv sorer and coodint git outen um all I and she cood doo. Butt I shill alwais love her fer it. Wimmin, Billy, is the All-heelin Intmint uv the wirl; ef it twarnt fer them we men fokes wood all hav long sence departid this life with ring-wur-rum uv the sole, and gone to the land uv shaddus scabby all over our harts, with the 7 ear eetch broke out so bad that no amount uv brimstone doun belo cood uvver cure ua.

Driv to desprashun by cummin out at the little eend uv the hon with my skeam, I maid the most ankshus inkwiris arfter munny, tryin fer to borry sum uv it. Then, fer the ferst tiem, I cum to a nollidge uv the fac that the hole toun uv Washintun are broke all to peecis, sold in a deed uv truss, bankrup intily. Oans sed he didnen hav no munny, sed Melloo didnen hav nun, Argruff ware gonod away, sed noboddy didnen have nun, ixcep it twuz sum men whar makes a livin by lendin uv it at 20 pur sent a month. Its the plain truth, Billy, that thar's men in Washintun which spends thar lives in ruinin the po clucks, lendin um munny at enawmus intruss, manid-jin so that they keep konstunt payin and nuvver do pay out, bullyin uv um too in the most shameful manner. I tell you, ef the haf I hears is the trooth, thees hear men is devvels incarnitt, and one uv um in ptickler is sitch a cole-blud-did, remawsless, diabollikle, infunnil, konfoundid ole villin uv a feen that it wood giv me unaloid plezure to menshin his naim and ixpooze him to the papers and to the skorn and indignashun uv mankine. It orter be dun, and sumboddy will do it sum uv these dais, and then I doo hoap and pray that the peepil will jis taik him and all that's like him and bern um to ashes in the publick squarr. It twoodin be no mo then what they deserves, and it wood be a treetin uv um a heap kinder than thay has treetid the po clucks fer yeers and yeers.

That this sort uv a thing shood be countnuntst in a Cristshun land ar sumthin I kinnot acount fer. The fac that hunduds and hunduds uv abil boddid yung men (sum uv um is old and week tho,) shood let this thing run on without makin enny atemp to put a stop to it, shud let a few rich ole devvels to rule um with a wrod uv iun—this fac shose the abjec sperrit, and chicken-hartid sort uv men whar lives in toun. Stay at hoam Billy, whar you kin be free and frade uv nuthin that draws the breth uv life.

But what wuz cuyus and onakount-ibul to me, ware the suckumunts folrin—that the verry thing whitch desturbd my mine and which it made me so cegur to borry munny, were the verry thing that nuvver happind to me. I ode fer bode and fer wroom wrent and washin and uther things to vayus and sundre peepil, I ode um, and, coz yew didnen sen the munny, kep on a owin um mo and mo, and nar one uv um dund me. Day arfter day, I kep on ixpectin uv um to doo it. Thinx I to day I'll ketch it ser-tin, and whut two say I dunno. But they didnen do it—*they nuvver did dun me wunst*. Warnt this straindge? It skeerd me; I didnen knew what to maik uv it. Tellin Oans about it, it alomd him two. He wremarkd, he sais the like uv it nuvver had happind in Washintun fum the foundashin uv the sitty. Melloo sed sumthin ware wrottin in Denamok, ser-tin. But nun uv us kood akount fer it, and yo letter not a cummin, me and the postmoster kep on a quarlin thro the whole in his winder, (I had a gud mine to job a stick in his drottid eye fer him,) So I jis went long, leevin things to Provvydents pritty mutch.

Endurin uv thees miserbul dais, I walkt and walkt and walkt, awl the tiem, to cam my mine ef possil and git shed uv the site uv so menny peepil whitch the site uv um maid me mad is fier. In fac evvry thing frettid and destrest me. I didnen have no pease day nor nite, no-whar, nor with ennyboddy, unlest it wuz Noahrer, whitch I liked her better and more betterer evvry day. I walkt doun to a plase they calls the Knary Yawd, and sean the kannuns and the

kannun bawls by the milyuns, and the ships and things, but it dun me no good. I sean um makin uv brass nails thar faster then you kin shell pees, but it jis frettid me. I went to a plais naimd Jawdge toun, a damdabul horrid plais as uvver wuz bilt upon top the groun, quiet is the graive and derty is a hogg penn, and bein thar maid me feel like I had the pawlzy. I wundud how humins cood live thar. I went to sevril berryin grouns, but the toomstoans urritatid me.

When uvver I walkt about I carrid my hoss pistul doun my bac, reddy and willin to incownter the Devvil, and all his gang uv rowdis witch they ar cawld Ramms, ef nesseserry, becoz I felt like fitein all the tiem and evvry boddy. But no boddy didden pester me nun ixcep it twuz beggers, witch jest is sune is I had dun spent every singul solliterry sent I had in kreashun, begun to cum rite arfter me, consoun thar dirty soles! I giv um a pees uv my mine pritty plane-ly, but they diden seam to hav no mun-ny, but kontinyud arfter me evvry day uv the wirl (Mis Saludy sais Oans and Melloo imploid um to doo it, but taint so,) makin uv me so fuyus twuz mutch is I cud doo to keap frum blowin thar miserubbul ole branes outen thar good fer nuthin ole heds uv um, plaig taik um! ding um!

My favrit wawk, tho, ware doun to the rivvur at the warf whar the steem botes cum that cum frum ole Ferjinny. I ust to go thar and set and think how happy the day wood be when I cum to go hoam agin, and thar I'd inmadjin myself goin back so eesy, ferst on the Orindge rode to Ritchmun, then the Damdvile, then the Sowthside to Fomvil, and frum thar to Kerdevil, and then rite smac hoam—it seamd like nuthin. But when I kum to wremember I diden hav a sent, then it ware impossybul, intily so, and I mite is well hav bin in the Mune fer enny chants thar wuz to git bac. It cumfittid me rite smart tho to set thar and look and look and look twards hoam fer howrs at a tiem, and ef it haden bin fer the Washintun Monyumint witch it seamd to bee konstunt wotchin me, I shood mity nigh hav injawed myself thar.

One mornin I went doun thar rite erly and set way out on the bac part uv a ole steem bote whar noboddy cooden sea me and ass me no questchuns. It ware a powful cool day fer the tiem uv ear, makin uv me mo mellunkolly then I uvver had been in awl my life. Peard to me like my tiem had cum, and I diden keer ef it had. I thot about you all, Billy. “Ef I has ar a fren in the wirl,” I sais to myself, “it ar Billy Ivins. But he aint rote to me, and he aint goin too. I wreckin they wreckin I’m ded, and I wisht too grashus I wuz. I’d better be ded than suffer whut I has induode.” I fergivd yew all, Billy, but my hart wuz sick, mighty sick. The sun went under the klowds and stade thar, and the wind blowd cold is ice, chillin me to the verry marrow. I hoapd it wood freeze me ded. But thar I sot, watchin the miserbul rivver that looked so cold and so much uv it, movin up and doun, up and doun, all the tiem, like the bress uv a man with the knewmony or ploorisy fetchin his breth short. So the cold rivvur kep breethen, like it ware in trubbil, had sean a heep uv trubbil and mo wuz a cummin. And then, way, way off yondur, whar hevvin and erth cum together, it lookt dark and shet up, like a hous whar the peepil haden jis gone to cherch and wuz cummin bac bime by, but like theyd gawn away fer good and all. It ware mo then I cood bar, Billy. I drapt my hed, not cryin, but grownin in the growsns uv unbarabul agny uv sperrit.

It wuz cleen dark befo I lookt up agin. I diden want to go back to toun. But I diden wanter stay, so I walks mecannykly along, seein and heerin uv nuthin, ropt in my own miserbul fealins. Presintly I hears a loud holrin and seas a brite lite, and, lookin, I seas about too hundud rowdis getherd roun a barl uv tarr, a burnin in a opin plais. One uv um hollers at me, “Hello you dam Plugg, whar you goin?” It sot me on fier at wunst—it ware the verry thing I wantid.

“Cum on!” I sais, “cum on! you villins, I doant keer how menny. You aint a goin to run over me, sertin. Cum on; I be dad shimd ef I doant maik ros-

cul-branes cheep in Washintun is osh-turs."

Sho nuf, they cum a runnin and hol-rin like they wuz goin to eet me rite up. But I ware pepard fer um thoo. My boss-pistul had dun slipt way down, but I foun the string, and wuz a drawin uv her keerfully up, when they got so clost to me, I gived a hard jirk, and thar ware a ixplosun like sumboddy had blastid the roc uv Gibbrawltur and the Blew-ridje wide opin, and I node no mo. In the werds uv the poetry,

Silunts, like a Pole-tis cum
Toe heel the bloze uv soun.

When I cumd two, I wuz a layin in my oan bed in my oan wroom and the wroom ware full uv kumpny. Things all lookt like thees heer insides uv thees heer glass balls they has on parler tabils, and peerd like my centsis wuz outen my hed and a settin on top uv the hed bode uv the bed, a lookin doun at my oan self like I ware sumboddy elts in glass is well is the wrest uv the cumpny. Thar wuz Oans and Melloo, Miss Saludy and her sistur, the luvly littel Indanner gearl, the too bewtyful marrid ladis, and the ole ball-heddid ole gentilmun—all a look-in at me. And Noahrer she sot rite at the side uv my bed.

"How pail he is," sais one uv the ladis.

"No wundir," sais Oans, "after him a losin ate gallungs uv blud."

"Po feller!" sais the ladis.

"Reckin he'll dy?" sais the littil Trungil.

"Die!" sais Melloo, "not a bit uv it. He's sich a good, simpil mindid anemil, he dont know how to die. You'd hav to giv him a set uv printid instruckshins, with a smal mapp uv the wrout, and evin then, ten chansis to one, he'd git loss. You'd hav to doo is they doo in my coun-try, send a boy with him to show him the way."

"You orter be ashamed to talk that a way," sais littil Indanner.

"Well," he sais, "I will, ef you say so."

"In fac," sais Oans, "he's in grait dainjur."

"Hiesh!" sais the far-har'd married lady, "he knows what you talkin' 'bout."

"No he dont," wreplixe Oans, "he's lookt jest that a way fer the lass weak, but intily outen his hed."

"Git up frum thar, gearl," sais Miss Saludy, "and lemme smooth his piller."

I see Noahrer's eye flassh fier and the culler cum crimsun to her cheak, but she anserd verry perlately:

"His piller is nise anuf, Miss, and the Dochter sais he musht be dishtubd, Miss," she sais.

"I doo bleeve the gearl's in luv with Mozis," sais Miss Saludy to one of the ladis.

"Its a spakin fer yeself, ye ar Miss," ansers Noahrer, very cold and sharp.

And then, Billy, evvrything faded away agin.

The nex thing I wremembers, it ware nite, and no candil in the wroom, only a feebil lite cummin frum the stoav. Sum boddy ware talkin rite clost to me.

"Poor, poor boy! So fur away frum hoam. No farther ner muther ner bruth-ers ner sisturs; all aloan heer in this grate sitty, and nun but a servunt gearl to wotch over him. The good Lord keep gard over him and pertect and saiv him."

It ware Noahrer, Billy, and she wuz a cryin. She bent over and kist me. I sais nuthin, but I thot thots. Then she went off a littil ways and kneeld doun by a cheer—she wuz a prayin fer me. I laid rite still, but the teers run like rain, soft teers that cum eesy and plentiful and dun me good to cry um. I nuver knowd befo that ennyboddy cood cry them kind uv teers, which wuz so plesint and relievin.

A good menny uther pittiful things happind in this way, Billy, when noboddy didn't bleeve I had enny idee uv whut ware goin on, fer I wuz that weak I didn't keer evin to move, much mo speek.

How I cum to be in this deplobul condishin, Oans arfterwuds told me. He's got him a unkil which live in the sitty, a ole gentilmun uv onhappy sperrits but havin uv a kine warm heart, and this heer unkil wuz a goin hoam the nite I met them rowdis burnin uv the tarr barl, and foun me, and had me took hoam, mo ded then alive. I jedge the boss pistul,

which Oans had loadened it to the muzzil with brass tax, went off when I jerkt it—bustid all to flinders, cuttin opin a bigg vane in my hed or nake, and mighty nigh killin uv me. When I ware foun, nuthin ware lef uv the hind part uv my cloaths, sais Oans, but my kote koller and the heels uv my boots, and them had bin on fier, but got put out with my oan blud. His unkil ar uv opinyun that sum uv the rowdis must uv hav suffurd is well is myself, thar bein a good eal uv loose flesh layin aroun, which, fer a marikle, nun uv it cum frum me, tho I wuz scorcht horribil.

I wont giv you no mo pticklers tel I see you, which, thank the Lord, will be in a feq dais frum this tiem. Kneethur will I tell you how Noahrer wotcht and nusst me the hole tiem like I had bin her farther, or her bruther, or a littil chile uv her oan, hirin uv another gearl her oan self to tend to the hous. Ef she hadent bin pritty, ef she hadint bin smart, I'd a bin bleest to luv her for this. But whut techt me deapist, ware when I got well and she giv me yo letter havin uv the munny in it. Oans hapnin to cum in about that tiem, I told him secritly, fer I diden want Noahrer to put herself to no mo trubbel about me, to tell the lanlord uv the Mintzpie to cum heer I wantid to sea him. So he cum and I jis handid him the munny, makin no apolligy fer not payin him befo, becos I ware too weak to talk much.

"Why, haow's this," he sais, talkin Yankee, "I guess ye dont owe me nuthin. I calclate yere rite squar up to the day. You sent me sum munny by that gearl yistiddy."

Noahrer run outen the wroom.

"Well," he sais, "goodby. I got no tiem to chat. Hope you'll be a out in few dais," and away he went like a steem injine is he is.

When the truth cum out, which it diden cum eesy, becos she tride to lay it on sum boddy elts, but it ware boun to cum sooner or later, I foun that Noahrer had took the munny her Pa sent her to cum hoam to Iland on, and had paid my bode, my wroom wrent, my washin and all with it, spendin uv nigh onto a hundud dollers and a most every cent she had, fer me.

My mine were maid up arfter this, ef it hadint bin befo. Soon is I got well enuf to walk bout my wroom pritty strong, I gethurd all my ennergis fer the effut, but the minnit I got to the pint to speek the cole chills and pusprashin broke out and I had to say nuthin. Fo or fiev tiems this acurd, tel at last I got rite mad with myself fer bein uv sich a cowerd, and befo I knowd I sais out loud:

"Noahrer!"

And I sed it so feerse she jumpt up frum whar she wuz a settin sowin, not knowin whut to maik uv it. I ware standin up too. I told her I ment ennything elts but to speek to her harshly, and then ketchin holt uv both her nise plump, littil hands, I sed—I dunno whut I sed—I koted her, trimblin all the tiem tel I coud hardly stand up. She ware bleest to see I ware in erniss, and then she cummenst a trimblin too. Her culler cum and went like fier tryin to ketch—she hung back like a gate with a bad fall—but when she cum, I tell you she cum. That gate slatcht too like it ware nuver goin to be opin'd no mo feruvver. I must uv hav kist her a thousing uv tiems.

Billy, thar's barm in Gilyud, Billy—thar's a feezeeshun thar surtin. The docktur frum that deestric hav bin practisin on me fer mo'n a week, and I'm a mendin wrappidly. Git yo Ma and cousin Fanne to go over to my hous and maik the folks cleen up is cleen is cleen kin be. I and Noahrer am a cummin shortly. I forgivs myself fer her saik fer cummin heer to Washintun with my pleggid skeem, but I shell be consoundid gladd to git back to ole Buckingame and breeth the ar rite fresh frum Willis is mountin wunst mo.

We wuz marrid a few dais ago, marrid in cherch, not by no Cathlic but by a reglur Baptiss, Noahrer sayin she'd do ennything to ples me, and as fer wrelidgin, she'd alwais bin a Protestant, altho' she went to the Cathlic cherch. A lardge cumpny uv ladis and jentilmen frum the Mintzpi cum to atend the serremony, but Oans, which I had ptickly countid apun him, ickskewsed himself on acount of bizniss, he bein uv a cluk, you know. The marridje wuz a goin on very nise, altho'

I ware rite smartly skeered and week in the knees, when I heers a turbul fuss behine me, and the nex thing sumboddy had dun collard me. Turnin roun, I seen a big ole gentilmun, mighty red in the fais, shakin me by the collar, shakin a gole-heddid kain in my nose, and holrin with a most a powful vois:

"I ferbid the serremony! I ferbid it. He shell not marry my dawter. You villain," he sais to me, "I've cawt you. I'll teeche you, you scoundrul, to run away with a gentlemun's dawter. Take that, you roscul!" and he bungd me on the nose with the gole hed uv his kain.

The ladis screamed feerful, and little ole Melloo hollerd out, "It's a mistaik, a mistaik, this aint yo dawter, Sir." But I knowd he ware Noahrer's farther, which had crost the sea arfter her, but I didn't keer who's farther he wuz, he shoodint hit me; so I drord off, and I ware is mad is the devvil, and spanged him rite in the middle uv the farrud and laid him cole. Nuvver wuz thar sich a fuss uv screemin and holrin—holrin fer the pleece, which they didnt cum a tall.

Noahrer run to her farther, whar he wuz a layin flat uv his back on the flo, to atend to him, but she hadint farly techt him befo she bounct up with her fais full uv the most intents disgustt. Twarnt no farther uv hern, twarnt no farther uv noboddy, it ware Oans—a consoundid villin uv a roscul! which had gone and drest up in ole Kongismun Swomplans' cloathes, buttnin up a pillar in his breechis fer fatt, borryin his gole-heddid kain, and a paintin uv his fais wred to maik out he ware mad, and cummin playin that fool trick on me and Noahrer. I wer feerd I had kilt him, but he cum to his centsis arfter a while, and wuz well anuf to be at the party they give us that night at the Mintzpi, tho' he had a bump on his farrud which it maid him look like a yung eunuchorn, Miss Saludy sed.

His horn in his farrud, and my bungd nose, maid um all laff mightly, and we enjoyed the evenin perdidjus. Noahrer wuz alowed by all but the ladies to be the prittiest and smartist lady thar, the gentilmen all fallin in love with her, which maid me feal proud as I dunno whut.

Ole Swomplans swo he wuz goin to kill me fer my widder, but he ware jest a joakin.

After Oans wuz carrid outen the cherch the marridje serrymony perseedid nisely to the verry eend—we wuz made tite and fast in the wholly bons uv matrimunny whitch it wrejoyst my heart ixseedingly. When the cumpny all got out and had dun got in thar hax and Noahrer in hern, and I jest about to follow her, Melloo ketcht me by the arm and took me one side, sayin:

"Lemme congratulate you."

"Sertny," I sais, "jest is much is you please."

"I dont mean about your marridje, but your skeem," he sais.

S'I, "Drot the skeem! I nuvver want to heer it menshined."

"Whut!" he sais, "not arfter so brilyunt a reulizashin uv it?"

I tole him I did'n understand him—no mo I didnt.

S'e, "Hav you lookt at your wife keerfully?"

"Well," I sais, "not ptickly as yit."

"I mean her fais," he sais.

"Sertny," I sais, "I kist her wunst."

"Did you notice ennything pecuelyer about her fais?" he sais.

S'I, "Nuthin, ixcept it twuz mighty pritty and good."

"Well," he sais, "unlest she diffurs verry grately frum enny woman I uvver saw, or uvver herd uv, you will, if you igzamine keerfully, find somewhar between the nose and chinn a important apperchur."

"A apperchur!" I sais.

"Yes," he sais, "a openin."

"Her mouth!" I ixclaims.

"Igzackly," sais he, "and tharein lies the compleat foolfillmunt uv yo skeam."

S'I, "Goodness nose whut you mean?"

Sais he, "Tharin, that is, in that thar apperchur or openin, or mouth, and in that thar openin aloan uv all places in this world, you will find PERPETCHIL MOSHIN!"

In haist tel we meat,

Yo ole frend,

MOZIS ADDUMS.

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

I.

'Twas the merry, merry Yule-tide,
And I well remember now
How we caught the little maiden
Under the mistletoe bough.

II.

There the ivy and the holly,
With the berries black and red,
Wooed the gentle sylvan spirits
From the rafters overhead.

III.

There entwined about the laurel
Shone the poet's crown of bays,
And the Christmas tree resplendent
Stood upon the flowered dais.

IV.

Loud arose the joyous laughter,
Cheerily we trolled the song,
And the old accustomed pastimes
Gaily sped around the throng.

V.

Blind-man's buff, and thread the needle,
Hunt the slipper, shoe the mare,
Feed the dove, and pay the forfeit,
Gather omens, post and pair.

VI.

Still the merry, merry Yule-tide
Glistens in its early prime;
Still the ivy and the holly
Give their tribute to the time.

VII.

But, oh, where the little maiden,
Happiest one amid the bands?
She is sleeping with dead flowers
In her meekly folded hands.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

A glance over "Lower's English Surnames" will make known to the reader many curious particulars on a subject in which all readers take an interest. The prefix, Mac, as is commonly known, is Scotch for "Son of." O' is the Irish for grandson.

*Per "Mac," atque "O," tu veros cognoscis
Hibernos,
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.*

By "Mac" and "O'" you'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack both "O'" and "Mac,"
No Irishmen are they.

Corresponding to the Scotch Mac, are the Dutch Van, German Von, Welsh Ap, Norman Fitz, Russian Witz, Polish Shy. In many English names the suffix, Son, answers the same purpose. The name Fitz-Roy is the designation of the illegitimate sons of kings. Cromwell was originally Williams—a Welch name. The venerable Bede says of two Saxon Missionary Apostles—"And as they were both of one devotion, so they both had one name, for each of them was called Hewald, yet with this distinction, taken from the color of the hair, that one was styled Black Hewald and the other White Hewald." So also the Black Lees and the White in Virginia, so called from their complexion. Lightfoot was probably an epithet given to one distinguished for his agility. The plural is Lightfoots, as Mussulmans is of Mussulman. The question has been asked whether the *Lightfoot* family of Virginia is related to that of *Steptoe*?

Surname is an additional name: thus the first of the Smiths who assumed or received a surname, we may suppose, was previously named simply John, and when the surname was added, he became known to the world as John Smith. Surnames were introduced into England in the eleventh century, or about eight hundred years ago. Before that time each man had only one single name. The unsettled state of surnames in those early

transition times, renders it difficult to trace the pedigree of any English family beyond the thirteenth century. The ingress of the Normans introduced Christian names, such as John, Thomas, James, &c., and they became so numerous that surnames became indispensable for the purpose of distinction. In the household expenses of Eleanor, Countess of Montfort, in the year 1265, or about 600 years ago, her menials appear to have borne sobriquets or nick-names, such as Hand, her baker, Hicque, her tailor, Dobbe, her shepherd, and her carriers or messengers, important servitors when there was no mail, were Diquon, Gobithesty, Treubodi, and Slingawai.

Wilson is son of William, and apparently only a contraction for Williamson. In "the Coventry Mysteries," an old poem, the name Dry-dust occurs, whence perhaps was derived Sir Walter Scott's Dryasdust. In the same poem occurs the name Megge Mery-Wedyr, perhaps the *unde derivatur* of Megg Merrilies in Guy Mannering. Powell, a Welch name, appears to have been formed from Ap-Howell, i. e. the Son of Howell; Price from ApRhys; Pritchard from ApRichard, Pugh from ApHugh, Parry from ApHarry—all these being Welch names. Among the lower and middle classes in England surnames were not generally made hereditary till the era of the Reformation; and even in the seventeenth century some families in Yorkshire took surnames for the first time.

Donald Gorm, Scotch, is Blue Donald. Among names introduced from Normandy are Devereux, Seymour, (from St. Maure,) and Baskerville. The following are derived from other parts of France—Courtenaye, Boleyn, Chaworth, Gorges. The French prefix "de," or "d'" became obsolete about the time of Henry VI. when the title Armiger or Esquire was introduced, as William Catesby of Catesby, Esq. As the Squire was a sort of body-servant to the Knight, it is doubtful whether the Esq. carries with it much honor, especially at the present day,

when the race of esquires has become so very numerous. Mr. or Master is strictly speaking unscriptural; "Call no man Master;" so that perhaps it is best to give the name simply, without honorary prefix or suffix. Good-taste is also now, it is said, discontinuing the frequent use of the word "Sir."

Spencer is from *Le Despenser*; *Nineveh* from *Ninus*, *Rome* from *Romulus*, *Alexandria* from *Alexander the Great*, *Antioch* from *Antiochus*, *Constantinople* from *Constantine the Great*. These are familiar to the school-boy. In Virginia the County of *Spotsylvania* is a compound of the first syllable of the name of Governor *Spotswood*, and a Latinized word. The *Featherstonhaughs* of Northumberland, an old family, who figure in *Dugdale's Baronage of England*, are said to be descended from a Saxon Chieftain named *Frithestan*, who denominated his estate *Frithestanhaugh*, or the Hill of *Frithestan*. His descendants continuing in possession of it until the Norman period, are alleged to have adopted from it the hereditary surname of *Featherstonhaugh*.

Birmingham was originally *Beorm-ingaham*, the home of the sons of *Beorm*. The name "*Brummagem*" is only in use among the uneducated. *Bret* and *Breton* are from *Bretagne*, *Burgoyne* from *Burgundy*, *Cornwallis* from the tin-mine county of *Cornwall*, *Fleming* from *Flanders*, *Gale* from *Gaël*, (a Scot.) *Janeway* is the English pronunciation of *Genoese*. The name of *Man* is taken from the Isle of *Man*; the Ruler of that island has been styled in Homeric language "the King of *Men*." *Moor* and *Morris* may be derived from the topographical term "*Moor*." The name is variously spelt *Moor*, *Moore*, *More*. *Morris* may be the same with *Moor's*, that is son of *Moor*, as *Johns* or *Jones* is son of *John*. Some of the *Morrises* are supposed to be of Moorish blood. The *Moores*, some of them, have a *Moor* for the crest of their arms. The name of *Rhodes* is from the island, *Scott* from *Scotland*, *Wight* from the Isle of *Wight*. *Payne* (*Paganus*) probably given to some *Painim* in the age of the old romances.

Gipsey, as every one knows, is from *Egypt*, the country from which those singular, tinkering, nomadic charlatans are supposed to have first emanated. The surname *Kent* and some others are borrowed from the names of Counties. *London*, *Lester*, (*Leicester*,) *Blackburn*, *Wells*, *Poole*, *Hull*, *Carlisle*, *Lancaster*, *Warwick*, *Bristowe*, (*Bristol*,) *Winchester*, *Rochester*, *Lincoln*, *Lewes*, *Hastings*, *Hampton*, *Huntingdon*—are derived from names of towns and cities. *Battle*, *Coombs*, *Clayton*, *Deane*, *Preston*, *Newton*, *Norton*, *Sutton*, *Washington*—from villages and towns. *Eden*, *Trent*, (also a *Huguenot* name,) *Grant*, *Lund*, *Kennett*, *Shannon*, *Lea*, *Cam*—from rivers. *Nash* is a corruption of *Atten-ash*. *Underhill* from *Hill*, and *Underwood* of course from *Wood*.

The church of *Llangollen* in *Wales* is said to be dedicated to *St. Collen-apGwynawg-apClyndawg-apCwrda-apCaradoc Freichfras-apLlynn-Merim-apEinion-yrth apCunedha-Wledig*—which eclipses, in euphonious brevity, the Dutch name, *Inkeervankodsadorspanckinkadrachdern*. *Williams* is *William's son*, *Jones* is *John's*, i. e. *John's son*, equivalent to *Johnson*. *Harris* is *Harry's*, that is *Harry's son*, &c. *John Jones* has numerous namesakes in *Wales*, the militia-roll of one county containing 35 *John Joneses* on it, which, it is supposed, must render the calling of that part of the roll rather monotonous. There was a large village said to be inhabited wholly by *Williamses*.

Bearne signifies a wood. *Burg*, *Burke*, *Borrow*, *Burrows*, are synonymous. *Bottle* Anglo-Saxon means *House*. *New-bottle* was the name of a place in *Gloucester county, Va.*, said to have been sometime the residence of *Bishop Porteus*. There is a place called *New-bottle* in *Scotland*. It is equivalent to *New-house*. *Booth* in *Cheshire* signifies *House*, and is still in common use to signify a temporary structure of boards or boughs. *Bottom* is a valley. The romantic name of *Shufflebottom* is *Shaw-field-bottom*, *shaw* meaning a small wood or copse. *Ramsbottom* signifies valley of wild onions—a sort of valley which would, perhaps, not be very desirable for horti-

cultural or gramineous purposes. Higginbottom belongs to the same category. The introduction of Mr. Crookshanks to Mr. Sheepshanks was a contre-temps "scarcely paralleled in the history of the most barbarous ages." Briggs, and Bridges, and Bridgman are from bridge. Butts are marks or targets for archery. Camp from campus a field. Carr in British, wood—in Anglo-Saxon, a rock. Cobb, a harbour. Cotterel, in a cottage. Croft, a small enclosed field. Ravenscroft, Greencroft, &c. Crouch was a cross anciently set up at the intersection of cross-roads. Dean, a bushy vale or a forest. Dun or Dunn a down. Garnett a granary. Gill a small pebbly rivulet, a ravine or dell. Hall a great house. Hay a hedge. Holmes, flat land. Holt, grove or small forest. Malthus, malt-house. Hook is topographical, as Sandy-Hook, Paulus-Hook, &c. From Atte Hook is probably derived Tooke, the assumed surname of John Horne Tooke. Lisle from the Isle of Wight. Lee, Legh, Leigh, Lea—a pasture.

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea."

Lynch, a small hanging wood. Mead or Meade, a meadow. Moss, a moor. Penn, top of a hill. Peel, a pool, and on the Scottish border a moated fort. A peel-house was one built for securing the in-

habitants of the border in moss-trooping times. Pollard, a cropped tree. Trigg from At Rigg; Rigg, i. e. a ridge. Brown-rigg is Brown ridge. Sand, Sands, Sandys, Sandis—all the same name. Steele is taken from the name of a place. Street and Streeter; the French have the equivalent De la Rue, the Italians Strada, which is perhaps from same root with street. Stowe, a place. Temple,—the preceptories of the Knight-templars were often called Temples. From trees come Ashe, Beech, Birch, Hawthorne, Thorn. Townsend, Townshend, "At the end of the town." Vale—the French have Duval, Laval, &c. Venables from Vignobles, Vineyards. Weller is a hollow or gulf. Wyche, a salt-work, a salt-spring. Yates, an old word for Gates. Thwaite, a rivulet. Thweatt probably the same. From Wych comes Witcher. Chester from the Latin Castra. Hence Rochester, Winchester, Chichester, &c., supposed to have been sites of Roman camps. Litchfield, a field of corses. Stanley, Stonyfield. Quadrupeds furnish their quota of appellatives, as Hare, Fox, Lyon, Lamb, Wolf, Hart, &c.

Talbott is a mastiff. Clutterbuck a clear stream. Stott, a young ox. Coke is cook. Shakespeare, it has been of late conjectured, may be a corruption of Jacques Pierre or Jacquespierre.

C. C.

PETERSBURG, VA., Nov. 25th.

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN TO R. H. LEE.

Fort Ligonier, Aug. 26, 1759.

I received yours with great joy, and acknowledge my obligation for your kind remembrance. You will easily believe me sensible of this when I assure you that no person exists whose friendship I esteem more. I am extremely angry at the ill-fortune of my letters. To test my gratitude and respect, I have wrote more than once to the Hon. Col. Philip, thrice to Col. Thomas Lee, and am sure that Capt. Bullet and Mr. Lawson wrote at my request to your honour. I am afraid that some malignant curiosity has prevented their coming safe to hand.

We had a very hard and difficult campaign, until the reduction of the Magara. Nothing was eaten or drank at that Post or Pittsburg but what was fought for.

The Virginia detachment, with which I begun the campaign, is shattered to pieces by the enemy and duty. Mons. D' Aubry, who commanded the enemy's force on the Ohio has been very active and pursued the best measures to distress us effectually.

I cannot help admiring the extensive views and great designs of the French. They are indefatigable in America, and most patient of hunger and fatigue. Their attempt on this Post was well designed, but ill-executed. Had they succeeded, all was wisdom. Pittsburg must have fallen of course for want of provisions, as there were no posts or magazines on the Virginia communication. With the artillery and stores found here, they would have immediately destroyed our magazines at Bedford (Ragstown) and spread desolation far and wide through the provinces,—the best troops being cut off at the advance posts, and on communication, and the new levies not complete. I imagine it would have occasioned a detachment to have been marched from Gen. Amherst's army to stop their career, and cover the provinces. To have carried Ft. Ligonier, was shortening their labours, and settling matters at once. But in case of miscar-

riage in that design, they had artillery ready at the Presquise, to be transported to Venango, and proceed against Pittsburg, in a slow manner, but more certain of success; and accordingly, the 13th of July, they had artillery, stores and provisions embarked at Venango, and were ready to fall down the river against Pittsburg with eleven hundred French regulars and Canadians, and 900 Indians, when the commander, Mons. D' Aubry, received positive orders per express to march his whole force to the relief of Magara.

A most lucky interposition for us! They would have certainly reduced Pittsburg, destroyed an escort, and made themselves master of a large convoy on the road, and by the assistance of the Howitzers at Pittsburg, would have soon made themselves masters of this place—when the consequences mentioned above would certainly have ensued. All our hopes, our labour, expense and fatigue for five years, would have been blasted and of none effect. To bring about all these ends, the enemy had collected a force greater than we had imagined, which shows their great attention to Ohio Territory, notwithstanding the enemy is in the midst of their country.

Their design on Oswego after the march of Gen. Prideaux, argues great military capacity. The supplies of the army before Magara, their communication and retreat would have been cut off by the defeat of the body of troops under the command of Col. Halderman.

When the enemy marched to the relief of Niagara, was our season to proceed against Venango, Le Boeuf and Presquise. But we had no provision; the carriage is made to appear very difficult, but at last the General has agreed to have a communication opened with Virginia. The tempest has now subsided, all threatening clouds are dispersed, and we are in perfect tranquillity. We have certain evidence that the enemy's posts above mentioned are destroyed.

The Indians appear full of discontent and sorrow at our success. Had the at-

tempt on Niagara failed, they were resolved to have fallen on us again with more violence than ever. The firm attachment of the Delawares and the Shawnees to the French interest is daily more visible. They continue to murder some of our people, and steal all the horses they possibly can. They are extremely treacherous, and it seems to me that nothing but violent measures will answer our purposes with them.

If you imagine there was an occasion for an apology for the length of your letter, which consisted of a few lines, what must I say in excuse for troubling you with this scrawl. I beg you will present my compliments to all your Bros., with whom I have the honour of an acquaintance.

P. S.—The general leaves this for Pittsburg to-morrow. It is certain that Gen. Wolf, is in a fair way to destroy Quebec. I have heard from a brother of mine sent on that expedition.

—

Feb, 24th, 1760, *WmsBurg.*

I find the advantage of the Ohio lands despised, and the profits arising from a trade carried on with the Indians in that quarter, regarded as chimerical. I plainly foresee, that notwithstanding the blood and treasure that country has cost the colony in particular, that we will tamely set down without any of the advantages which would naturally arise from our labour, and by our remissness permit every good arising from our possession of that country to be directed into the channel of another province.

This, I think, is a great want of attention. Last summer the Pennsylvanians sold about £30,000 worth of goods to the Indians at Pittsburg, and I can demonstrate that, in three years' time there may be goods consumed on the Ohio to to the value of £150,000, and if such a trifling sum is worth the notice of our Colony, goods of that value may be carried up the Potomack or Rappahannock, and returns brought down said rivers in furs, skins and peltry. If this increased our number of shipping, there would be

an additional sum left yearly in the Colony, as every ship leaves some small thing behind. It is certain it would increase our waggoners, drivers, blacksmiths, occasion a demand for pack-saddles, forage and horses,—in short, it would increase our commerce, and consequently add to our wealth. Forgive me for mentioning this to you, who are more sensible of the advantages than I am—who pretend to enumerate them. But I am very near in a passion on finding myself mistaken in people who I thought knew the publick good, and made it their business to push it.

In following their example I have been so ardent after my private affairs, which have turned out of some moment at Hampton and York, that I have not had the pleasure of seeing Col. Ludwell. My call is so urgent at Winchester that I cannot see you, as I proposed on my way up. If the session is like to continue any time, I will return, and in the meantime send down *Bullet*. I hope if half pay, or a present to the officers is proposed, they will have the happiness to obtain your interest. I have now been six years in the service, and have bled for the colony, which I leave to the consideration of my friends.

The Governor is apprehensive we shall all go the right about. Be that as it will, I vow the continuance of a friendship so happily begun.

—

Camp Near Fort Pitt., Sep. 1st, 1760.

We have now about 18,000 men in Canada, besides Indians, and as the armies are now marched from their respective places of Rendezvous, Quebec and Oswego and Crown Pt., about eight and twenty days,—I am of opinion that the fate of Canada is determined by this time.

—

*Greenway Court (Lord Fairfax's)
Seat) Sep. 11th, 1763. }*

I was thus far on my way to the meeting, but was unhappily detained by an alarm occasioned by some Indians being

trailed within ten miles of Winchester, after doing some mischief on Cape Capon. They have incessantly infested these two countries for three months, but it is with pleasure, I can assure you, we have always trimmed their Buffs,—I can't say jackits—and have killed more of them than they have killed or taken of us.

I am lately returned from an expedition through Hampshire, and our most advanced Frontiers, in the course of which I have the pleasure to inform sir, that the Parties of Militia detached by me on different occasions, brought in six Indian scalps, routed every party they came up with, retook four prisoners at different times, by whose account a great many of the savages were killed and wounded. They have taken from the Indians fourteen rifled guns, besides smooth bores and pistols. One party only has escaped, which made inroads into Frederick, and that was owing to the scarcity of provisions the militia laboured under, who pursued them. The Indians carry off all implements of husbandry, and have drove out a great number of horses from Hampshire, about thirty of which are retaken by the different parties of militia. The question arises, whose property are these horses. * * *

I have received the honour of a letter from Gen. Amherst, in which he gives me great encomiums on Virginia, and declares that he wants words to express his indignation at the stupidly obstinate government of Pennsylvania. At the same time he requests me to employ some of the 500 men put under my command by the Governor in helping to keep open the communication with Fort Pitt. Now, sir, as this is contrary to our Constitution to order any of the militia on such duty, I communicate this to you as a secret and request your advice in answering that paragraph of the General's letter.

—

Berkeley, 27th Dec., 1774.

Immediately on my arrival from the Shawneese country, I wrote you, commit-

ted the same to the care of Hector Ross, to be forwarded to Chantilly by one of the Mr. Turbewell's, then at Leesburg. In it I gave you the cause of the Indian War.

I have only time to tell you that a few brave men, on the conclusion of Harvest, laid down their sickles and pitch-forks, took up their rifles and tomahawks, marched 500 miles without noise or parade, took post in the Enemy's country, chastised them; imposed on them more humiliating terms than before could be done by all the king's forces ever employed against them; established the peace of the country and returned again to the plough after the ancient Roman manner.

Let the Enemies of America hear this and tremble. All this was done without a farthing of money advanced, either for pay or provisions. * * *

Saltpetre may be made in Virginia and Maryland sufficient to supply the Empire. Pray take it under consideration next Assembly; give a premium—nay, I wish every person who has a tobacco house were obliged to make some. Jeremiah Brown's process is very easy, and there is great quantity of Earth richly impregnated with Saltpetre over the great mountains, so that on the North side of a hill you can sweep up half a bushel of Saltpetre in one place.

—

Berkeley, Feb. 4th, 1776.

The two companies ordered to be raised in Berkeley, are raised, and armed and ready to march. If they are so active throughout the Colony the Levies will soon be completed.

I think the Congress should apply for foreign assistance, as the bloody violence of K——g and Ministry, and the apathy of the people of Britain seem to me incurable. Every sinew must be exerted; nothing but the plentiful bleeding by successful opposition will bring them to their senses. Indeed my affection is not only cooled, but I begin to be inveterate, and it is impossible that I can ever again have any attachment to the Mother Country.

I had an opportunity to write you last week. I mentioned that this time 22 years I was, first, captain in the Virginia troops by the death of Col. Fry, and resignation of Muse, I was made Lieutenant Colonel after the battle of the Meadows, July 3d, 1754. In the year -'58, upon my return from Carolina, I was detached to the frontier of Pennsylvania with 600 men, and commanded all their officers when I joined their troops, and indeed there was not one field officer of them at that time that could make a provision return or a report of the guard. They were but newly raised. The wise Pennsylvanians, seeing that officers of Virginia commanding would give great encouragement to their settlers and traders with the army, prevailed on Governor Denny to appoint three Colonels, and antedated their commissions. Of this I informed Governor Fauquier, and desired that I and the rest of the old Virginia officers should be advanced in the same manner and on the same account; but the poor mulish man was afraid to do a good action lest it should have been bad. The consequence was that the Pennsylvanians drew about \$200,000 on that campaign for dry goods, liquor, pack-horses and carriage.

Col. Hugh Mercer served but 58 -'59 -'60. I have served eleven campaigns, and have nothing to reproach myself with. Heaven was pleased to bless me with success. Were I not of abilities and experience equal to any who pretends to the command of our troops, I would not mention this to you, whom I look upon as concerned in my conduct. * * *

P. S.—I would want no men from France, but agree to take what goods and manufactures we wanted of them for a certain term of years, and that they should furnish a Navy sufficient to protect our exports, and convoy them to the best markets in Europe, &c., &c.

—
Post Near Bonum Town, }
May 11th, 1777. }

I have the pleasure to inform you that yesterday afternoon, part of my division

attacked the Royal Highlanders and six companies of Light Infantry. It was a bold enterprise; they being posted within two miles of Bonum Town and about the same distance from Brunswick. The action continued about an hour and a half. The Continental troops behaved well, drove in the Pickets at Bonum Town, attacked and drove the Highlanders out of a wood they had taken possession of near to Piscataway Town.

The Enemy were reinforced, but again compelled to give way. They were reinforced a second time, when, upon due consideration of our situation in respect to the Enemy's different posts, of Brunswick, Raritan Landing and Bonum Town, it was judged advisable to retire. The retreat was made in excellent order, and our loss is inconsiderable.

I congratulate you on this advantage obtained over the Enemy's best troops. The Highlanders, obstinately brave, were too proud to surrender, which cost many of them dear.

—
 FROM GEN. CHARLES LEE TO R. H. LEE.

Camp, Dec'r ye 18th, 1775.

MY DR. FRIEND :

One of our Privateers has just taken a despatch vessel from that impious scoundrel Dunmore to Gen'l Howe. Our General will immediately transmit to Congress the contents. You will see his plan and the assurances he gives of subduing your Colony. As everything goes on so smoothly to the Northward and Eastward, I must repeat that Virginia is now the chief object of attention. For God's sake lose no time; send a force sufficient, before it is too late, to kill this accursed snake before all his rattles are grown. Point out to the Congress the necessity of the most vigorous exertions. You may depend upon it, that if the war is continued, Norfolk will be the Boston—that is the chief place of arms—to your enemies the next year; and it is a place which in their hands will be infinitely more dangerous. Adieu; lose

no time: crush him this winter, tho' every nerve is strain'd.

Yours,

C. LEE.

—
FROM THE SAME TO JOHN HANCOCK.*

Baltimore, March ye 21st, 1776.

SIR:

At the earnest desire of the gentlemen of this place, I have pass'd this day in examining the works thrown up for the defence of the Town against shipping. I find 'em, according to the best judgment I am able to form, in general well concerted, and believe when they are completed, that the Town will (in military phrase) be *hors d'insult*.—As I was assured at Philadelphia by the Delegates of Virginia and Carolina, that there was not a single field Engineer in their Provinces, I have ventured to engage a Mr. Mossenbach, a young German, who, from the conversation I have had with him, seems to be a sufficient master of the business. I hope the Congress will approve of the step.

I must now, Sir, beg leave to express my concern that my conduct in administering an oath to the disaffected in Long Island should have brought down such a thundering stigma on my head. I myself saw and confessed the irregularity of the proceeding. There is likewise no man more sensible than myself of the necessity of bridling in time the impetuosity and license of the military. But as I had receiv'd orders from the Congress to take every step for the security of N. York, as I had reason to expect the enemy every hour, as I thought the least delay might be of the most dangerous consequence, and, above all, as I was conscious of neither being actuated by spleen, passion, caprice, nor prejudice, but merely and purely by apprehensions for the public safety, I postponed all considerations, and hazarded so irregular a measure. I confess that I expected a reprimand, but flattered myself that it might have been conveyed to me in a

less severe manner than by a public resolve.—As I consider the Congress as the most respectable sovereign in the world, (indeed in my opinion it is the only legitimate one,) their public censure sinks deep in my spirits, and I sincerely wish that a natural warmth of temper and (if I may so express it) an immoderate zeal for the rights and safety of this country may never hurry me a second time into any measure which may so justly merit reprehension.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most ob't and humble ser't,

CHARLES LEE.

—
[The opinion expressed in the following extract concerning the conduct of Gen. Lee at the Battle of Monmouth, was, as the writer asserts, that of many others at the time. A publication which, it is expected, may ere long issue from the press of New York, will, by its authentic and astounding disclosures, enable the Public to judge of that and certain other matters on which a doubt has rested heretofore. A hint only is here given when delicacy forbids a fuller explanation.]

FROM DR. WM. SHIPPEN, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Camp, White Plains, }
Sept'r 12th, 1778. }*

We have wrote several letters to you on Gen'l Lee's situation, informing you that there are many very good officers in Camp who approve of his conduct on the 28th, and are surprised at the sentence of the Court Martial, such as Gates, Knox, Lincoln, Parsons, McDougal, &c. You have all the Testimony, &c., before you, and I am sure will not do injustice to so able an officer. Gen'l L. says he blames himself only for not ordering a *Retreat*.

Yesterday Gen'l Gates' division marched towards Danbury. We expect all to move in two or three days. The intelligence from New York induces us to think

* Then President of Congress.

that city will be evacuated, and we hear 5000 men have landed at Dartmouth. What are our enemies going to do? Time will shew.

—
FROM GEN. LEE TO R. H. LEE.

Mr. Thornton's, }
April ye 12th, [1779 or '80.] }

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just received your letter by the boy, but must beg leave to differ from you in the main argument of it; for I confess that both as a Soldier and a Politician, I think the only time for a redress of grievances is the time of war; and I believe that no instance can be produced from history of a people who have waited for the time of Peace, ever obtaining any redress at all. *Rustici expectant dum defluat amnis*. Such, I am sure, was the persuasion of those glorious men who withstood the tyranny of Charles the 1st, and on this persuasion they regulated their conduct.

But I will venture to go farther, (you will perhaps think too far.) I think, then, that America had better be conquered,—at least in that degree she can now only be conquered; that is, that she had better be reduced to the necessity of accepting the terms which it is said G. Britain means to propose, than to endure any longer such an odious tyranny as the capricious arbitrary government as [qu. of.] an unlimited, uncontrollable Assembly. Besides, the War is now worn down to so diminished a size and quality, that no danger can possibly be incurred insisting immediately on the remedy. Your favourite Junius says, after Locke, that there cannot be a more fatal doctrine to Liberty established than the omnipotence of Parliament. And this doctrine is certainly still less dangerous in G. Britain where the Parliament consists of three distinct branches, than in America where it consists of only one, for

from the constitution of the Senate, (as it is ridiculously called,) they must be made up of the self-same clay. For God's sake, then, do not talk of Liberty until you have established the fundamental points, the limitation of the power of the Assembly and the full freedom of the Press. Unless these points are settled, every understanding man will think the word Liberty (so sounded in our ears) a mere mockery, and will be very indifferent to the issue of the War.

You say there must be some abuses in all human systems of free Government, and you allow that ours abounds with 'em. But are not ours something more than abuses, and incompatible not only with free government, but any human society at all? Are they not rather the most damned acts of atrocious tyranny, crying injustice and felonious violence? For instance, the tender, the confiscation law which strips of their property (for no crime even pretended,) indiscriminately Tories and Whigs, Friends and Foes, men, women and children; to this may be added the tearing from the clergy their freeholds, which was certainly as lawfully theirs as yours or mine.* Such are the abuses with which America's free system has been ornamented within so short a period as four years [of] self-government; abuses transcending all the enormities of all the worst Governments of Europe in four times that length of period. And I repeat, therefore, that no consideration on earth ought to deter us from putting some immediate restraint on the Powers of men who have been guilty of such accumulated villainy.

I have spoken freely to you, and I think I have as good a right to speak freely to America in the common cause of mankind, as I had to the British Ministry and Generals in the particular case of America. I have called it the common cause of mankind, because if ever really a free government should be established here, it might be the general Asylum.

* Is Saul among the prophets?

My paper is now out, and it is very late, so

Good night, and God bless you.

Yours, C. LEE.

—

FROM GEN. WEEDON TO R. H. LEE.

*Camp, near Schuylkill, }
Dec'r 16th, 1777. }*

DR. SIR :

We have three days ago moved on this side the Schuylkill, where we shall but the army, for the purpose of affording more protection to the country during the winter. Destructive as the measure will, I fear, prove to this army, we are obliged to adopt it in preference to Winter Quarters, or leave a country plentifully supplied with provisions and forage to the ravagements of the Enemy. Our troops are exceedingly debilitated by the Campaign, and suffer much for shoes and other necessaries. I could wish we were so circumstanced as to afford them repose at a greater distance from the Enemy, in order to restore them to their former health and vigour; but so horrid is it to see the devastation which marks the route of the British Army, that to all hardships and sufferings we must submit in order to circumscribe them, and give as much cover to the country as is in our power.

P. S.—My command lays near Sweed's Ford, the Schuylkill on our left. Our Right extends towards Lancaster Road, a good open country in our rear, and by a bridge of communication thrown over the river, we shall be able to protect, in part, both sides.

—

Valley Forge, Feb. 1st, 1778.

Many of our old troops, whose time of enlisting is now expiring, are leaving the service and going home. The want of those men will be sensibly felt in this army. I know not what our Assembly has done towards filling their Battalions, but whatever system they have adopted for that desirable purpose, should be steadily pursued and vigorously execu-

ted. Your account of the 10 regiments of volunteers to serve six months, is, I doubt, premature, as Gen'l Nelson writes me on the 19th Dec., "I have not succeeded in my volunteer scheme, the bill that I brought into the House for raising 5000 to serve six months being thrown out, upon a supposition that it would interfere with completing the regular Battalions." I wish they may have reconsidered the matter and would speedily reinforce us, for we shall lay exceedingly exposed when our 9 old regiments leave us.

—

Warrusquah Bay, Nov. 18th, 1780.

I had the honour of addressing you the 16th inst. from Stoner's Mills, and then informed you of the Enemy's having finished their embarkation on the 14th at 2 o'clock in the morning. On the 15th and 16th they fell down Norfolk River, and stationed themselves under Sewell's Point, where they remained all of yesterday. Their movement occasioned us to take the present position as the most convenient to oppose them should they have come up James River, leaving a light corps below under the command of Col. Parker, with Pickets and Videts so disposed as to communicate the earliest intelligence of any movement they should make. We have a letter this moment from Colo. Parker, which is enclosed to his Excellency the Governor. To that I beg leave to refer you for particulars, and make no doubt you will with me be astonished at the Extraordinary conduct of the Foemen, having left behind them several captured vessels, as also most or all of the negroes they had taken, as well as those that went over to them. This might be turned to our future advantage if properly represented.

—

Fredericksburg, Feb. 21st, 1781.

I last night returned from Chesterfield just before your favour of 19th inst. came to hand. Our friend the Colo'l's expedition against Georgetown was suc-

cessful. He carried the place by surprise, and I believe put the whole garrison to the sword, (officers excepted;)—this, by the bye, General Greene writes, “Few were taken and many killed.” Two other posts have been carried since, in which were many stores; 30 prisoners were made at one of them,—the other was more complete. While Colo. Lee and Colo. Marion are breaking up the different Posts in Lord Cornwallis’ rear, he immediately on Tarleton’s Defeat, destroyed all his heavy baggage, double-mounted every horse he could collect, and like one seized with a phrenzy, pushed after Morgan to recover his prisoners. That old soldier, by a rapid march, gained the Yadkin, over which he threw his troops and trophies. His Lordship getting up in a few hours after, was stopped by a sudden rise of that River, as if Providence designed it. Before he could cross, Gen. Morgan had taken measures for their security, which is now happily effected. He afterwards formed a junction with Gen. Greene at Guilford Ct. House, where they were the 10th inst. Cornwallis at that date had penetrated as far as the Moravian towns, which is not more than 50 miles from Chiswell Mines. Gen. Greene, not being able to fight him, has fallen back, saving all his stores. I hope by this his hands are strengthened, as positive orders were sent the 14th to the counties of Botetourt, Washington, Pittsylvania, Henry and Montgomery, to march with a reinforcement of 1022 of their best Riflemen; and I understood as I returned that all the counties were in motion, so that I have full expectations his Lordship will catch a tartar. Your friend in Congress is not out in his conjecture; a 64 and 2 Frigates have arrived from Rhode Island. If nothing superior is detached from New York, I hope we shall be able to co-operate to effect. But can you believe it? Arnold was no stranger to their coming before the Baron was informed of it. He has drawn all his piratical fleet together in Elizabeth River, and is himself shut up in his fastnings at Portsmouth. The Baron has sent me back to assemble and arrange 800 men from the neighbouring

counties here, with whom I expect to march in a short time for service below. My letters from the Northward corroborate your foreign intelligence. Parsons has made a successful descent, but I fear not so important as you mention. However, it will count in the annals of 1781, which is certainly our year.

—
March 3d, 1781, *Fredericksburg*.

I have been kept here in a very disagreeable situation, waiting for the London and Fauquier Militia. They have at last begun their march, and hope to be on my route towards the lower parts in two or three days more.

P. S.—Compliments to all friends. Act like a Warlike and Independent nation, and all is our own. Think not of Money; let Liberty be the predominant idea.

—
TO THE COUNTY LIEUTENANT OR COMMANDING OFFICER IN WESTMORELAND.

Fredericksburg, 20th Aug., 1781.

I have received information this morning that such of the Enemy as were at York have crossed over to Gloucester, where Ld. Cornwallis now is with his whole force. I do not wish to give your militia any unnecessary fatigue, and for this reason, in place of calling them into the field, only request that you will have them in a state of perfect readiness to act as service may require on the shortest notice. And this I hope, as the movements of the Enemy indicate mischief to this or some other quarter, where their service may be essentially wanting.

P. S.—Should you hear of the Enemy penetrating thro’ Gloucester and Middlesex your troops must move upwards with all dispatch.

—
War Office, August 31st, 1781.

SIR:

From the very critical and important

situation of affairs, government have directed me to signify to you, that you immediately send to the Camp at Gloucester one-fourth of your militia, as well as such other proportion as can be equipped either as foot or horsemen. Government are fully sensible of the exposed situation of your county, and nothing but the certainty of the security you may expect shortly to be in, and the great advantage your militia will afford by instantly joining the camp at Gloucester, would induce them to issue this order. The moment your men can be spared, you may be assured, they shall be dismissed to their county.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

*Camp before Gloucester, }
Oct. 12th, 1781. }*

I should have done myself the pleasure of acknowledging your previous favour, but certain military movements put it out of my power, which I hope will sufficiently apologise. Our Batteries on the first parallel opened the 10th inst., and considerable advancement are made towards the second, under a most tremendous cannonade and bombardment, that has continued without the smallest intermission ever since we first broke ground. His Lordship has brought himself into exceeding hot quarters which he must yield ere long. His only chance is a push at this pass, which I at first fully expected: he has delayed it so long that I now begin to think it will not be his policy. They keep a pretty strong garrison at Gloster Town. We have not the means in our hands to make regular approaches against them; we, however, answer every purpose by keeping them completely circumscribed, as they must share the fate of their master.

I rejoice exceedingly at having it in my power to hand to you officially the success of my friend Green in the South. His excellency's secretary tells me by the General's order, that after a very obstinate battle, fought on the 18th ult., and which was very bloody on both sides; he obtained a very complete victory. The

loss of the Enemy in killed, wounded and Prisoners, he informs me, was 1000. An accident prevented the total destruction of their whole army, consisting of 2000. Our loss is but 500.

—

ROBERT MORRIS TO R. H. LEE.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11th, 1777.

DEAR SIR:

I received your favour of the 3rd Inst., and should very gladly have carried your plan of sending some citizens off the Capes of Virginia into execution, but really we have none in condition to send, as you will see by the account I have given to the Marine Committee. The vessels it's true will soon be ready, but it is the D—l to get men.

I ordered the "Wasp" round from Chester to you at Baltimore. Baldwin who has the command of her, is an active smart fellow. Fit him out directly and let him try to get past the Enemy's ships; he will perform that service well. I suppose the Lexington is blocked up. The vessels from hence shall be sent away as fast as possible.

I am, D'r Sir,

Your ob't Servant,

ROBERT MORRIS.

—

TIMOTHY PICKERING TO R. H. LEE.

War Office, May 7th, 1779.

SIR:

In answer to your request of this day, I have the honour to inform you, that notwithstanding the total disappointment of an ample supply of arms expected ere this time from France, yet enough were collected and repaired to answer the usual demands of the army, but the unlooked for and pressing calls from the Southward, has obliged us to send thither 2620 stands. The demand from Camp to supply deficiencies was for upwards of twelve hundred, for which and for recruits and draughts, 3000 were asked for, of which between 1800 and 1900 have been sent

on. Other necessary issues to different quarters will amount to upwards of 600. These various draughts have reduced our stock to a small number, not more than one-third of what will be necessary for the Virginia recruits now ordered to the Southward. All hands are indeed busily engaged in repairs; but we cannot promise an adequate supply for some time to come. It appears to me therefore, absolutely necessary to open the State Stores of Virginia, where I have heard there is a large quantity of arms laid up. I know of no other means of obtaining a speedy supply, without which the occasion for the most important services of those recruits may be lost.

I am sir, very respectfully,
 your obedient serv't,
 TIMOTHY PICKERING,
 In behalf of y'e board.

— ♦ —
 COL. THEODORICK BLAND TO R. H. LEE.

1780, Feb. 6th. Yours of 26th ult. I received last night, with Postscript informing me of Arnold's having bent his force towards your River. If his intentions are really what he has declared them, and he executes them, it will heighten the blackness of his character and make it approach to Milton's description of that of Hell, "a darkness visible." But my dear sir, are we to be surprised at these things? Have we not been told by the British Commissioners as early as '78, that they would ravage and lay waste our towns and coasts, and have we made any one preparation for defending ourselves? Have we good, strong, and well constructed forts, at the entrance of all our rivers,—or at least in the most commanding and narrow passes of them—with a good Galley or two mounting 36 pounders to flank them? Have we proper boats, arranged in case of necessity, for throwing men rapidly from one side of the river to the other? Have we wagons, carts and draught cattle, enrolled to be called out in classes, as the militia are in case of alarm, to enable an army to take the field and move with speed and conveni-

ence? Have we regularly organized militia of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, arranged under experienced General Officers, with the superintendence of Arsenals and Magazines, erected in convenient places, sufficient to arm and equip one-tenth part of the militia at a moment's warning, and march them to a given point? These preparations I had the honour to propose to the Assembly in May last, thro' Col. Innis, then a member. They were then thought unnecessary. I have now repeated them to you, with the most ardent wish, that you would use your influence with the next Assembly, to have them or something effectual adopted. No stone have been left unturned to procure the aid you speak of, and I have some, tho' faint hopes, that it is now executing. But I much fear that we must be much more weakened, before we have effectual aid from that quarter. * * *

Congress have come to a Resolution to demand of the States power to lay duties, not exceeding 5 pr. cent. on all foreign Imports, to raise a fund for a loan for carrying on the war, the necessity for which is apparent; and that it be general is not the less so. It is for this reason Congress desire to have the power vested in them, to avoid procrastination and partial impositions.

P. S.—I have sent a full detail of a Plan of Defence on the principles mentioned within, in a letter to Gen'l Nelson, with a request that you would join your forces for having it carried into Execution if it meets your approbation.

—
 March 5th, 1781. We have been for some days past in the most impatient expectation of hearing, that the virtue and ardor of our countrymen had put a stop to the progress of Cornwallis, and a period to the handfull of men, with which that adventurous Knight Errant had dared to traverse the Southern States, and (as bidding defiance to our Patriotism and Courage) has with 3000 troops thrown down the gauntlet to forty thousand at least, who are nearer to him than

he is to any support. Good God! shall it be said that this man has dared to venture near three hundred miles from the sea coast, and about two hundred from any of his Posts, and shall be permitted again to return! I cannot believe it. It is said we want arms. Has not every peasant in Va. and N. Carolina a gun? With what weapons were the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington, and King's Mountain fought? But I will not dwell on a subject which affords so much Chagrin. I will suppose that the Spirit of America has again roused, and that Saratoga is revived at Sauratown. I have been unwearied in my applications for a maritime force from Rhode Island, and should in my last have informed you that I had at last obtained it through the French Minister, but was afraid to trust it to paper, as it was so profound a secret that no one in Philadelphia, except him and myself, knew it had sailed until we had reason to expect it had arrived. Altho' it had not all the desired effect, it has at least been serviceable in transmitting about Eleven Hundred stand of Arms, some considerable quantity of Clothing, medicines and military stores, which were intended for Virginia, but taken, re-taken and carried into Rhode Island—which was done at the request of the Delegates. * * *

—Before this arrives you will undoubtedly (without a sinister accident) be reinforced by 1000 chosen Regular Troops under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette.— * * *

—The Confederation was signed and completely ratified on Thursday last, and was accompanied with every demonstration of joy by all ranks of people in this place. * * *

Congress seems at this time more unanimous, and less torn by factions than (from the best information that I can obtain from the oldest members) it has ever been since its first meeting. * * *

—We are informed that the Assembly has voted £3 Va. Currency, per day for the Delegates. If so, I can assure you

it will bring such as have families, and live in any manner suitable to their station, with the utmost economy, above one hundred pounds per annum in debt,—exclusive of travelling home once a year, which is a recess from business.—

—

FROM DR. WM. SHIPPEN, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

Philad'a, 25th Aug., 1770.

We are much disappointed in not seeing you here with your son or sons on your way to Dr. Witherspoon. Your Sister* will be very happy when that time comes and prays it may be very soon. I am persuaded there is not such a school on the Continent. Your cousin *Henry Lee* is in College and *will be one of the first fellows in this country.*—He is more than strict in his morality; he has a fine genius and is too diligent.—Charles is in the grammar School and the Dr. expects much from his genius and application too.—If you will be here by the 24th of September I will escort you to the Commencement at Princeton, which will be on the 25th.—

—

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Philad'a, 14th Aug., 1773.

By this time you have received my letters by Lawyer Colston and I expect an answer by your son with Col. Henry Lee in Capt. Coburn. The Col. is coming to see his son take his first degree at Princeton College.

—

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF GEN'L WEEDON
TO R. H. LEE.

Valley Forge, Feb. 1st., 1778.

—Nothing extraordinary between the two armies since my last, except a *coup de main* attempted by two hundred Brit-

* Mrs. Shippen.

ish Light horse on your relation Capt. Harry Lee. That little Hero is quartered about 6 miles below this Post; the Enemy formed a scheme of taking him by surprise, on the 20th Jan'y at night set out upon this Expedition, by a circuitous route of 20 miles eluded the vigilance of his Videttes, and arrived at his Quarters just at day light. By his activity he first secured the doors, which they made many fruitless attempts to force; he then mustered up his garrison which he found to consist of a corporal and 4 men, May or Jamieson, who happened there by chance, his Lieut., Lindsay, and himself, amounting to eight in the whole, and by his judiciously posting his men, tho' he had not a sufficient number to man each window, he obliged them disgracefully to retire after an action of near half an hour. Lieut. Lindsay rec'd a slight wound in his hand, four or five of his men who were out of the house got taken; five of the Enemy were killed, and several others are licking their sores. When they found forcing the doors was rather hazardous, their next attempt was to take off his horses that were in a stable some small distance from the House, which were enfiladed by the end windows, to which place he immediately drew his troops. Here he found it necessary to perform a manœuvre, and cheering up his men, called out aloud, "Fire away my dear Fellows, here comes our Infantry, we will have them all by G—." This produced a precipitate scamper, he sallied, mustered his troops together, which were stationed in different parts of the neighbourhood for the conveniency of Forage, and pursued, but to no purpose. This is allowed to be as brave a thing as has happened this war, and is confessed by all a piece of distinguished merit. Indeed his hidden impulses for military achievements are daily transpiring. * * *

H. LEE, JR., TO R. H. LEE.

Camp on Cape Fear River, }
3d, April 1781. *}*

—Lord Cornwallis is on his march to-

wards Wilmington; he left Cross Creek on the 1st inst.

Gen'l Greene moves to-morrow; our wants are so many and so pressing that I cannot indulge myself with a long letter.

One of my servants has orders to call on you, on his way to Philad'a with some papers belonging to me, which my servant neglected to send away in due season, and which it is necessary to preserve.—I take the liberty to request your care of them. They will serve to inform you more fully of the present, as well as past situation of affairs here than I can do in the compass of one epistle.

—

Camp on the High Hills of Santee, }
July 24th, 1781. *}*

I received your letter in answer to mine by Capt. Carns. The late reinforcement from England and Ireland amounted to 2500 men, and arrived at a most critical juncture. The siege of Ninety Six which had been pushed with the utmost vigor, was nearly at a period, as our approaches were nearly completed. Lord Rawdon lost no time on having his hands strengthened, in moving towards the relief of that most important post. If you examine the Map of this Country you will find Ninety Six especially valuable to the Enemy, as it is central to a rich and populous back country, and commands the settlements between the Saluda and Broad Rivers. At the same time it renders the possession of the Country on the Congaree more secure and communicates with Charleston without the intervention of any considerable River. To possess Camden the Santee or the Congaree must be passed: to possess Augusta the Savannah must be passed.

These were difficulties which our comparative situations forbid the Enemy to encounter. Every effort was used by Gen'l Greene to harrass the Enemy on their long march and thereby delay the approach. The Militia under Gen. Sumpter were collected: the small body of them which arrived in season were joined to the Cavalry of the Army and put under Lieut. Col. Washington, to meet and difficult

the progress of his Lordship. These measures availed naught: and the near approach of the foe obliged Gen. Greene to relinquish the siege. Previous to which, our works being far advanced, the General attempted a storm. This decision was taken on the wisest principles, and the operation was executed with the most brilliant gallantry. Our success was partial; and the ensuing morning our troops crossed the Saluda. Lord Rawdon was in fifteen miles and followed us rapidly. The pursuit was vain, and his Lordship after two days advance retired to Ninety Six. General Greene, having received a small reinforcement and gathered some militia, made a forward movement. The Legion was directed to lay close to the Enemy. In this posture of things Lord Rawdon determined to relinquish Ninety Six, and of course the whole back country. This was the great point for which we had been contending: to reduce his Lordship to which all of our measures were pointed. Lord Rawdon moved in two divisions, each equal to our collected strength, only in Cavalry, in which we had a superiority in number as well as quality. Col. Cruger commanded the rear division and continued at Ninety Six till his Lordship gained the Post on the Congaree, formerly fort Granby. Gen. Greene moved with the utmost vigilance to reach the Enemy before a junction could be effected.

While Lord Rawdon lay on the Congaree a squadron of the Legion Cavalry obtained a complete victory over the British horse, made fifty prisoners, and destroyed the whole body, five only excepted. Captain Eggleston has the honour of this enterprise. After this event, his Lordship renewed his march: Col. Cruger was obliged to file off to his right, taking his route on the south side of the Edisto River, Gen. Greene being so far advanced as to intercept the direct road. Our army crossed the Congaree, and followed his Lordship by forced marches, anxious to bring him to battle in his divided state. We came up with the Army at Orangeburg which is a small village on the north side of the Edisto, with a bridge over the River at the town.

The position is most strong, and has one uncommon advantage, a certain retreat by means of the bridges, which circumstance denies the least improvement to victory. A large brick jail commands the bridge, and the ground is so close and broken that Cavalry cannot act. These reasons obliged Gen. Greene to resign his intentions of attacking the Enemy in their Camp, and Lord Rawdon would not hazard an action by advancing on us.

Baffled in this favourite wish, it was necessary to adopt measures which promised to produce the same end; for altho' we had recovered all the back country, and had had the satisfaction of chasing Lord Rawdon from the Congaree, we plainly foresaw that on the junction of Cruger the enemy would advance, and that we should be under the necessity of yielding the Congaree, or risking an unequal action. We also wished to force them to leave Orangeburg and to confine them to Charleston and its dependencies, that our wearied soldiers might repose during the hot weather in a healthy country, and that the Enemy might be subject from their position to all the disadvantages of the Climate.

Monk's Corner and Dorchester are the two points which comprehend the Country necessary for the ready support of Charleston. The first is 30 miles distant from the town towards the Santee or Cooper River. The latter is in front of the town, 20 miles distant on Ashley River. At this time the Enemy had 550 infantry and 100 cavalry at Monk's Corner, and a Captain's command at Dorchester.

Gen. Greene determined, on being disappointed in bringing Lord Rawdon to battle, to move his army to Summer Quarters, and to form a detachment to strike at Monk's Corner. The Army accordingly moved to this place, the most healthy in the State; and the detachment formed under General Sumpter—of which the Legion was part,—marched towards Monk's Corner. To cover Gen. Sumpter fully, and to caution the Enemy as to leaving their interior possessions, I was detached with a body of horse, with directions to move towards Charleston, and

to act as circumstances should advise, afterwards to join Gen. Sumpter. The full execution of this enterprise ensured to us all our wishes. The troops moved off in high spirits, and the Enemy, as we have experienced, were totally in the dark as to our intentions.

Lord Rawdon continued waiting at Orangeburgh for Col. Cruger, who joined him two days after we moved. Orangeburgh is 80 miles and upwards from Monk's Corner. In my letter of this date to your brother, I will conclude the Journal of Affairs here to the present day.

"MASON AND DIXON'S LINE."*

Among all the numerous sources of dispute and litigation which have made enemies of neighbours, filled court-houses with clients, and lawyer's pockets with fees, none have ever been more prolific than the boundary lines of property in real estate, and individuals and clans and nations have not unfrequently, from disputes of this kind, lived at open war with those whom it was their interest as well as their duty to conciliate, and, if necessary, to assist and protect.

In the ante-revolutionary history of this country, we have accounts of more than one dispute of this kind, involving protracted negotiations and compromises, sometimes resulting in bloodshed and even loss of life. New York and Connecticut, Virginia and North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, Delaware and Maryland, and Pennsylvania with Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, have at various times indulged in negotiations and treaties and dissensions until their true boundary lines were decided: the representatives of each colony acting upon the maxim of Hotspur, when he says,

"I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend,

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

But among all, none occasioned so much time, expense and trouble in its settle-

ment, or mathematical skill in its determination, as the adjustment of the line which forms the Southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and divides it from Maryland and Delaware, and it is of the *history* of this line that we propose here to speak.

The phrase, "*Mason and Dixon's Line*," has been echoing in our ears ever since 1820, when, during the excited debate in Congress on the question of excluding slavery from Missouri, that eccentric son of genius, John Randolph of Roanoke, was continually harping on the words, and those words were as constantly reiterated through every newspaper in the land. The phrase thus became as common and familiar among the people as that other used by old Felix Walker of North Carolina on the same occasion, who, when the "question" was impatiently demanded, declared that his constituents expected to hear from him, and that before the vote was taken he must make a speech for *Buncombe*—one of the counties of his district.

There is perhaps no line, real or imaginary, on the surface of the earth, not excepting even the Equator and Equinoctial, whose name has been oftener in men's mouths during the last forty years. In the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice, in the assemblages of the people, it has been as familiar as a house-

* The writer of this article begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Latrobe's Address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Veeck's History of Mason and Dixon's Line, McSherry's History of Maryland, and the volumes of Mr. Bancroft for the greater part of the material here made use of.

hold word. Not that any particular interest was taken in the line itself, but mention of it was always expressive of the fact that the States of the Union were divided into slaveholding and non-slaveholding, into Northern and Southern, and that those who lived on opposite sides of the line of separation, were antagonistic in opinion upon an all-engrossing question whose solution and its consequences involve the gravest considerations, and is supposed to threaten even the integrity of the Republic. Its geographical has thus become lost in its political significance, and men care little when they refer to it, where it runs, what is its history, or whether limited to Pennsylvania: or, as has perhaps been most generally supposed, was bound by the Potomac river. It suggested the idea of negro slavery and that alone was enough to give it importance and notoriety though only as a name.

The consequence of this state of things has been to perpetuate the memory of the old surveyors who established it. A rare good fortune as regards their fame, for, while the engineers who located the road across the Simplon, have been forgotten in the all-absorbing renown of the master whom they served—while of the thousands who sail past the Eddystone, not one perhaps knows who it was that erected on a crag, in the midst of the sea, the wondrous lighthouse that has now defied the tempests of a century; while oblivion has been the lot of other benefactors of mankind, whose works of every day utility should have been their enduring monument, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon who, ninety years ago, ran a line through the forest until the Indians forbade the further progress of chain and compass, and whose greatest merit seems to have been that of accurate surveyors, have obtained a notoriety for their names as lasting as the history of our country. An inspection of the map of the United States shows the boundaries in most cases to be either rivers, the crests of mountain ranges, parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude. In but a single instance has the circle, with its geo-

metrical accuracy, been employed to indicate a dividing line of contiguous States, and the inquiry at once suggests itself, why the Southern frontier of Pennsylvania was not prolonged to the New Jersey shore; why the Eastern one of Maryland was not made to strike it, and why a circle should be the Northern boundary of Delaware—the odd result of which has been to leave so narrow a strip of Pennsylvania between Delaware and Maryland, that the ball of one's foot may be in the former, the heel in the latter, while the instep forms an arch over a portion of the Keystone State itself—then from the initial point of the latitudinal line, near the circle, it stretches away to the West through field and forest, intent only upon preserving its course without being deflected by either the channel of a river or the crest of a mountain. Climbing obliquely the summit of the Alleghanies, it turns its back upon the fountains which feed the Atlantic, and rushing down into the Ohio valley, stoops in its pathway to drink of the crystal waters of the Yonghiogheny. Rising refreshed and with its eye fixed to the West, it hurries on regardless of the intersecting line of a sister sovereignty, and stalking across the Cheat and the Monongahela, stops amidst the Fish Creek hills, within half a day's journey of the river Ohio, as if exhausted by the rugged route it has traversed, and unable to reach that great natural boundary recognized by every other State than Pennsylvania which its current laves.

Upon a closer inspection, it will be seen that it is equally regardless of the established lines of admeasurement upon the earth's surface, conforming to neither of the limits of a degree of latitude, nor to any of its easily comprehended parts, and this without being forced into its anomalous position by any object or obstacle of nature, for at neither end does it terminate, nor in any part of its extended course does it touch upon any prominent natural landmark. It is wholly in every part and in all its forms an artificial, arbitrary line without a model or a fellow upon the continent. And yet

it is more unalterable than if nature had made it, for it limits the sovereignty of four States, each of whom is as tenacious of its peculiar systems of law as of its soil. It is the boundary of empire.

Whence came these peculiarities—this palpable disregard of the plain provisions of dominion? Is this singular line the result of compulsion or of compact, of noisy strife or of quiet agreement? How old is it? What is its ancestry? Whence its name? These, with many other curious questions which spring from the subject, take hold upon the past and find their solution only in history. Strange subject, too, for history, is a line defined to be "length without breadth or thickness." Yet this line has a history of a hundred years duration, spreading out over more than half the old thirteen States and sinking deep into the very foundation of their being. It abounds in curious conflict of grant and construction, in bold encroachments upon vested rights, in artful remedies for inconvenient limitations. Kings, Lords, and Commoners, English, Swedes and Dutch, Quakers and Catholics, figure conspicuously in the narrative with dramatic effect.

Upon much of the disputed margins of the line have been enacted scenes of riot, invasion, and even murder, which want only the fanciful pen of a Scott or a Cooper to develop their romantic interest. In the strife and negotiations which led to its establishment, endurance and evasion were put to their highest test. In tracing it, science achieved one of its most arduous labours. In intricacy and interest, if not in importance, the subject is inferior to few connected with American history. We regret that we can give to it only a condensed exposition. That which without undue expansion would fill a volume, must here be limited to a brief statement of why, when, and how the line was established, accompanied only by such illustrative details as impart an interest to the subject, and which will be given as we progress with the narrative.

In 1606, King James I. of England, leaving ample margins at the North and

the South for disputed dominion, granted 11 degrees of latitude on the Atlantic to two companies of corporators; one of which, called the London Company, was to possess the South, the other, called the Plymouth Company, was to possess the North, with an intervening community of territory between them from latitude 38° to 41°. Virginia was the common name to both, but it was soon exclusively appropriated by the Southern Company which was the most efficient. Under its auspices the first enduring English settlement upon the continent was planted at Jamestown. Even the Puritan Pilgrims, who landed from the Mayflower in cold December, 1620, sailed from Holland under a grant from this Company.

The old North Virginia Company was short-lived. It accomplished nothing towards colonization. It, however, did one good thing. The Southern Company having by maltreatment driven from its service its father and defender, Capt. John Smith, its Northern rival gave him employment and sent him out to explore and map its territory. He had proved his competency by having performed similar labours upon the region around the Chesapeake. Having accomplished the work assigned him by the Plymouth Company, he returned to England in 1614, drew out a map and an account of his explorations, which he presented to the King's son, Prince Charles, who thereupon named the territory New England. Here ended the old North Virginia Company, whose territory was from North latitude 41° to 45°.

We have been thus particular in developing the foundations and territorial juxtaposition of these two old parent colonies, New England and Virginia, for the purpose of determining with precision at what point or line they united. The materiality of the inquiry will soon be apparent. Manifestly their common boundary was the 40° line of North latitude. There we leave them together in peace, resting upon the bosom of Pennsylvania, while we go back to trace up the strife soon to be begun.

Ere yet these two old parent colonies

had solemnized their nuptials at 40° in 1609, Sir Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, sought to find a North-west passage to China. Driven out of the Arctic inlets by ice and fogs, he turned Southward and visited the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and afterwards anchored within Sandy Hook. Before he left for Holland, he passed the Narrows, sounded his way up the river, which now bears his name, beyond the Highlands, and in a small boat went above Albany. The States General of the United Netherlands quickly availed themselves of Hudson's American discoveries, and seated themselves upon the island of Manhattan, where they abode in strength, founding there, by the name of New Amsterdam, what has become the greatest commercial city of the New World.

Although in the grant of New England in 1620, there was an express exception of territory then in the possession of any other Christian Prince or State, yet England and New England ever regarded them as intruders, and omitted no opportunity of attack and annoyance. They however by policy and prowess were enabled to maintain their possessions for half a century "beset with forts and sealed with their blood." They were there by sufferance, but in the pages of one of our richest American classics, and in the names of men and places upon both shores of the Hudson, they were there forever. It is however to one of the most thoroughly effaced vestiges of their power that our subject is most nearly related.

The Dutch continued to keep an eye on the shores of the Delaware. Cornelius May, one of their sea captains, divided his name between its capes, calling the stream South River, as they had called the Hudson North River.

In 1629, Godyn, a Hollander, bought from the natives a tract of about thirty miles front on the Delaware Bay. In 1631, he and his associates made a settlement near the present site of Lewistown, and planted the colony of Swaanendale. Wheat, tobacco and furs, were the ob-

jects of the settlement. At the end of a year he left it, begirt with the forest and the ocean, in peace and prosperity. The next year he returned and found its site marked only by the blackened huts and bleaching bones of his countrymen. But this short-lived colony was the cradle of a commonwealth. The seed thus buried in blood and ashes, ere long germinated into the State of Delaware. Small for its age, but good for its size.

In June, 1632, Charles I. granted unto his trusty and well-beloved subject, Cecilius Calvert, Lord of the Barony of Baltimore in Ireland, all that part of the peninsular, or chersonese, lying in the parts of America between the Ocean on the East, and the Bay of Chesapeake on the West, North of a line drawn Eastward from the mouth of the Potomac through Watkins' Point to the Ocean. The young proprietary grantee being of the same faith of his father, and of Charles' aspiring Queen, Henrietta Maria, she named the grant Maryland. At the date of this charter, save Claiborne's trading settlement upon Kent Island, in the Chesapeake, the whole territory within the confines of the grant was a waste of woods and waters, uninhabited by a civilized man.

Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and during the troubles of that period the lords proprietary of Maryland were less anxious about its *boundaries* than its *existence*. The Catholic colony grew slowly and was weak. Hence no decisive efforts to dispossess the Dutch, who had re-possessioned themselves of the Delaware shore, were made until after the Restoration in 1660, and then it was too late. Possession gave confidence if not power. And to all the arguments and entreaties of Lord Baltimore, the Dutch East India Company answered, "We will defend our South River possessions even unto the spilling of blood."

Charles II. came to the throne of his father in 1660. Proud, profligate, prodigal, he cared less for the preservation of his dominions than for the gratification of his passions. He was justly caricatured in Holland with a courtesan upon each arm and courtiers picking his

pockets. Stung to the quick by this truthful picture, he made war upon Holland, attacking their settlements first at New Guinea in Africa, then at New Netherlands in America, and after granting the latter to his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., he sent out a squadron, commanded by Col. Nichols, and too easily, owing to intestine divisions, achieved a bloodless conquest of the New Netherlands on the North River, and now the Anglo-Saxon dominion upon the Atlantic coast was unbroken from the St. Croix to Florida.

We are now ready to introduce the last great actor in this complicated boundary drama, the founder of Pennsylvania, William Penn. The ostensible consideration of the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, was a debt for services and of gratitude to his father, Admiral Penn. But the son was not the less careful about the terms of his charter because it was given in payment of an old debt.

Great precaution and formality were used in acting upon Penn's charter; it was held up for consideration for nine months, and when the petition and draft of the charter were presented to the King he referred them to the Duke of York's Secretary and Lord Baltimore's agents, in order that they might report how far the petitioner's pretensions would consist with their boundaries. Both agreed to his proposals, provided his patent might be so worded as not to effect their rights.

On the 4th March, 1681, King Charles II. granted unto our trusty and well-beloved subject, William Penn, Esq., the territory of Pennsylvania as follows: "All that tract or part of land in America, with the islands therein contained, as the same is bounded on the East by Delaware River, from twelve miles Northward of Newcastle town unto 43° North latitude. The said lands to extend Westward five degrees in longitude; the said lands to be bounded on the South by a circle drawn at twelve miles distance from Newcastle, Northward and Westward unto the beginning of the 40° of North latitude, and then by a straight

line Westward to the limits above-mentioned."

When Penn's trusty kinsman, Markham, had landed his first emigrant party at Upland, his early care, under instructions from the King and the proprietary, was to confer with Lord Baltimore upon the interesting question of boundary. They met in the Spring of 1682, and then first discovered, from a careful astronomical observation, what neither knew before, that the true line of 40° was more than twelve miles above Newcastle. Lord Baltimore's eye dilated—Markham's fell. What was to be done? They parted in peace, and Markham reports the annoying discovery to Penn, in London.

This discovery frosted his expectations but did not freeze his energies. The Duke of York was his friend, and Penn importuned him for a grant of the West Delaware dependencies. True, the Duke had no title from the crown and Baltimore had. But the Duke had possession. It was power against parchment, and Penn wisely concluded that power would prevail. This proceeding we can hardly fail to regard as faulty and ambiguous, or regret the proportions in which its attendant blame must be divided between a prince distinguished even among the Stuarts for perfidy and injustice, and a patriarch renowned even among the Quakers for humanity and benevolence.

Thus panoplied, Penn made his first visit to his Delaware domains with twenty-six sail of colonists, in the autumn of 1682. After transacting some governmental affairs, he repaired to Maryland to confer with Charles, Lord Baltimore, about boundaries. The interview was friendly but formal. At a subsequent interview at Newcastle, Penn offered to stand to the 40° line, provided Lord Baltimore would sell him some territory South of it, on the Chesapeake, at a gentlemanly price, so much per mile, in case he could not get it by latitude so as to have a back port to Pennsylvania. His Lordship offered to barter some territory in that direction for the three lower counties on Delaware Bay. "This," says Penn, "I presume he knew I would not do, for his royal highness had the one

half and I did not prize the thing I desired at such a rate." But his lordship was inexorable and here friendly negotiations were suspended for half a century.

Lord Baltimore now assumed offensive attitudes. He first made forcible entry upon Penn's territories and appealed to the King to sustain him. Before it was decided Charles II. died, and the Duke of York ascended the throne as James II. As might have been expected, the decision was against Lord Baltimore: this, however, settled but one of the questions at issue, the rights of the parties upon the Delaware Bay, leaving them still to find the 40° degree as best they could. The order of the King was that that part of the Chesapeake and Delaware peninsular, which is between the latitude of Cape Henlopen and 40°, be divided by a right line into two equal parts—that the Eastern half should belong to His Majesty and the other half remain to Lord Baltimore, as comprised in his charter.

Thus was Maryland dismembered, while the seed, sown at Swaanendal and covered up and trodded upon by the Indians and watered with blood, had germinated; and a fair tree, with spreading branches, which neither the Utie nor the foray of 1673 had been able to uproot, had arisen from it and Penn was reposing in its shade on the banks of the broad river that flowed past it, and thus Delaware was lost to Maryland.

Except an ineffectual order from Queen Anne, in 1708, to enforce this decision, nothing was done under it. Both ends of the divisional line were in dispute, and until they were fixed the execution of the orders in council was impracticable and useless. In the midst of these and other troubles, harrassed by debt and persecutions, his colony mortgaged to money-lenders and half sold to Queen Anne, in 1718 William Penn died. His grave is in England, but his monument is in the system of laws upon which he founded the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Penn was almost as unfortunate in his will as in his charter, for it too gave rise to contention as to whom his proprietary estates now belonged. After some ten

years of doubt, it was finally settled that they went to his three sons, John, Thomas, and Richard; the last named being a minor until 1732. All that was done relating to the strife during this abeyance, was an agreement between Mrs. Penn and Lord Baltimore to preserve peace on the borders for eighteen months, in the expectation that during this time the boundaries could be settled. But border feuds are not to be staid by parchments, and things seemed to have reached a pass that rendered a speedy adjustment necessary; and accordingly, on the 10th May, 1732, a deed was executed between the children and heirs of Penn and the great grandson of the first Lord Baltimore. Its most remarkable features are that it adopts the order of 1685, halving the peninsular, and supersedes all reference to the 40° by resort to fixed land-marks. The boundaries provided for by this important agreement are those which subsist to this day, stipulating for a line due West from Cape Henlopen across the peninsular—from the centre of which line another should be drawn until it was tangent to a circle twelve miles from Newcastle, while from this tangent point a line should be run due North until it comes to a point fifteen English Statute miles South of the latitude of the most Southern part of the city of Philadelphia, and from that fifteen mile point should be traced the parallel of latitude Westward that was to divide the provinces. This parallel of latitude is the *Mason and Dixon's Line* of history. Attached to this agreement was a small map, well-known as Lord Baltimore's map. It represented the general features of the country in relation to the boundary—and the outline of the State of Delaware is marked on it in *red* lines, supposed to have been drawn by Lord Baltimore himself.

One looks with some interest on these *red* lines, and recollects their potency. A King, remarkable in history mainly through the circumstance of his death upon the scaffold, had granted to a subject what it cost the monarch nothing to acquire—the homes across the sea of a free and brave people, whose hospitality and unsuspecting confidence alone made

the grant available, and with royal magnificence had bounded his gift by parallels of latitude, the courses of mighty rivers and the head-lands of Ocean; and subject with scale and compasses apportioned his territory with his neighbours, settled the lines of what were to become adjacent sovereignties, and thus accelerated the progress of those events, which at length extinguished the council fires at which his ancestors had warmed themselves when they were strangers in the land, and whose last faint blaze was fed with the unstrung bows and blunted arrows of the forest princes of the peninsula.

One looks with interest on handiwork so trifling in itself when it becomes so potent for results, and the map in reality subsequently became of great significance.

Commissioners to run and mark the lines were duly appointed. They met at Newcastle, and began and ended in fruitless contention. In the first place, there was a difficulty in fixing the point in Newcastle that was to be centre of the circle. In the next place, Lord Baltimore's Commissioners contended that the twelve miles distance, at which the circular line was to run from Newcastle, meant its periphery not its radius, and that the Cape Henlopen intended was the upper Cape opposite Cape May, the agreement to the contrary notwithstanding; thereupon the Penn Commissioners happening to come one day a few minutes behind time, the Marylanders declared the penalty forfeited and the agreement avoided. And now Lord Baltimore did what neither improved his cause nor bettered his reputation. Treating his own deed as a nullity, he asked George II. for a confirmatory grant according to the terms of the charter of 1632. It was very properly refused, and the parties were referred to the Court of Chancery, and here Lord Hardwicke decided in effect, that the true Henlopen was the point insisted on by the Penns—that the centre of the circle was the middle of Newcastle as near as could be ascertained, and that the twelve miles were a radius and not a periphery. This was in 1750. Other difficulties now arose. It was important to Lord Baltimore, if possible, to shorten the Statute

mile, and the mode his friends proposed, was to measure it on the surface, following the irregularities of the ground, and not horizontally. So Lord Hardwicke was again applied to, and horizontal measurements were ordered. This was in March, 1751. Still things were not clear. The shorter the line across the peninsular—its beginning on the Delaware side being fixed—the better for Lord Baltimore, and so here again his friends came to his aid, and insisted that Slaughter's Creek, a channel separating Taylor's Island from the Chesapeake, gave the Western terminus. But the Penns demanded that the line should be continued to the Bay shore itself, and again Lord Hardwicke was referred to. But in the meantime Lord Baltimore died and the suit abated. When it was revived, and the heir (Frederick) of Lord Baltimore was made a party, he refused to be bound by the acts of his ancestor. If, however, there was anything that could equal the faculties of the Marylanders in making trouble, it was the untiring perseverance with which the Penns devoted themselves to the contest, and followed their opponents in all their doublings. And they had their reward, for on the 4th of July, 1760, another deed was executed, under which the controversy was finally closed. The claim of the Penns were yielded to in every particular. The agreement of that date is an embodiment of the history of the dispute; and Mr. Latrobe says: "It is a treatise in itself, and whether for technical accuracy as a rare piece of conveyancing, legal learning, or historical interest, is not surpassed by any paper of its kind." The agreement provides for a speedy joint commission to determine, run out, and mark all the lines between the parties, without let or hindrance—that the agreement itself shall be acknowledged and enrolled in Chancery, and thereupon be humbly submitted to His Majesty in council for his gracious allowance and approval. This done, the proprietaries are at peace. Frederick, Lord Baltimore, goes upon a tour to the East, and the Penns remain in London to protect their private and provincial interests.

There is in the collection of the Maryland Historical Society, a map showing the boundaries of Maryland, on which is the following endorsement: "The Lords Baltimore in their disputes with the Penns had long and deep head to contend with, and did not get their full rights. If Lord Frederick, who signed the deed of 1760, had come over to Maryland and lived among his tenants instead of running about the Continent of Europe, and threading the labyrinth of the Grecian Archipelago, having pictures drawn of the females of the different islands, it would have been better for himself and his province, and he would have escaped the censure of Sterne, who in his *Sentimental Journey*, has given him under the name of Mundungus to the world in no enviable light."

The writer had, doubtless, in his mind a work called, "A Tour to the East in the years 1763-'64, with remarks on the City of Constantinople, and the Turks also select pieces of oriental wit, poetry and wisdom, by F. Lord Baltimore, London, 1767."

The temptation is strong to fill up the meagre outlines here given of the boundary controversy between Pennsylvania and Maryland, with some details of the period previous to this final adjustment. The Marylanders denominated the Pennites "quaking cowards," and these retaliated by calling their assailants "hominny gentry." All sorts of outrages were perpetrated. Even the softer sex became furious in the strife. The deadly rifle told its aim on man and beast. The solemnities of funerals became occasions for revenge, and rapine glouted in arrests and prisons. Fortunately for the peace of the two provinces, Governor Thomas Penn was at the helm in person. His policy was patience under a confident hope of triumph in the august tribunal to which he and his brothers had appealed. So rife and rampant had these border feuds become, that in 1737 the king and council had to interfere. The result was the adoption of a temporary line, which ended the trouble for a time. The prose and poetry of Scott have made the borders of Scotland immortal. The

same great novelist would have found in the feuds of the peninsula and along the northern confines of Maryland, as ample materials for his genius to combine, as much diversity of character, and as thrilling incident, as magnificent scenery and wild adventure as were furnished him by the history of his native land. The Catholic gentlemen of Maryland, gallant, brave and impetuous, his battle cry: "Hey for St. Mary's," the stern uncompromising puritan, shouting as he fought, "In the name of God fall on," the Swedes and the Hollanders, and among the Indians the Susquehannahs and the Minquaas and the Delawares were all active in the strife that prevailed for a long series of years. Cresap's quarrel involved the provinces in what was almost open war, and it is charged that, on the death of Gordon, the Governor of Pennsylvania in 1736, the *invasions* from Maryland became more terrible and more frequent. From this digression we return to the history of the line. The commissioners on the part of each province having been duly appointed, and their surveyors selected, they met at Newcastle in the November following, and went to work in earnest with unwonted harmony. Three years of almost uninterrupted labour were expended in running, measuring and marking these troublesome lines, and even then the work was unfinished. The proprietors, residing in England, grew weary of this slow progress, which they set down to the incompetency of artists. To this groundless suspicion do we owe their supercedure and the introduction of Mason and Dixon, who, unwillingly, have immortalized their memory in the name of the principal line. Furnished with instructions and the most approved instruments, they sailed for Philadelphia, where they arrived in November 1763. They go to work at once—they adopt the radius as measured by their predecessors, taking the steeple of the Courthouse in Newcastle for the centre of the circle, and after numerous tracings of the tangent line, adopt also their tangent point, from which they say they could not make the tangent line pass one inch to

the East or West. So that if the proprietors had thought so, the rude sightings and chainings of the American Surveyors would have been all right. They thereupon cause that line and point to be marked, and adjourn to Philadelphia to find its Southern limit on Cedar or South Street. They then extend that latitude to the West, so as to be due North of the tangent point. Thence they measure down South fifteen miles to the latitude of the great due West line and run its parallel a short distance. Then they go to the tangent point and run due North to that latitude, and at the point of intersection, in a deep ravine, near a spring, they cause to be planted the corner-stone, at which begins the true Mason and Dixon's line. Returning to the tangent point where the due North line cuts the circle, forming the corner of three dominions, the exact position is well ascertained and marked by another stone. This brings them to the end of 1764.

They resume their labours upon the great West line in June 1765. By the 27th of October they were 95 miles West of the Susquehannah, and they then returned to winter quarters.

Early in 1766 they are again at their posts. By the 4th of June they had carried the line 160 miles from its beginning. The Indians, into whose ungranted territory they had deeply penetrated, grew restive and threatening. They thought this army, though bannerless, meant something. Their untutored minds could not comprehend this mighty gazing into the heavens, through gun-like instruments, this measuring upon the earth, and this daily felling of the trees across their hunting paths. They forbid any further advance, and they are to be obeyed. The artists return leisurely and note as they pass the beauty of their vista, which they say very apparently shows itself to be a parallel of latitude.

The Six Nations, whose council fires blazed upon the Onondago and Mohawk in Western New York, were the lords of the territory yet to be traversed. To obtain their consent to the consummation of the line, the Governors of Mary-

land and Pennsylvania, at an expense of more than £500, procured through the agency of Sir William Johnson a grand convocation of the tribes of that powerful confederacy. The application was successful, and in June 1767, an escort of 14 stroud clad warriors with an interpreter and a chief, deputed by the Iroquois council, met the surveyors and their camp at the summit of the great Alleghany to escort them down into the valley of the Ohio, whose tributaries they were now to cross. The line was now pushed on vigorously. Soon the motley hosts come to the meridian of the first fountain of the Potomac, the Western limit of Maryland. Here their functions should have terminated; but they pass it by unheeded because unknown, resolved to reach the utmost limit of Penn's five degrees of longitude from the Delaware. By the 24th of August they come to the crossing of Braddock's road. The escort now becomes restless. The Mohawk chief and his nephew leave. The Shawnees and Delawares, tenants of the hunting grounds, begin to grow terrific. On the 27th September, when encamped on the Monongahela, 236 miles from the Delaware, 26 of the labourers desert, and but 15 axe-men are left. Being so near the goal, the surveyors evince their courage by coolly sending back to Fort Cumberland for aid, and in the meantime they push on. At length they come to the Warrior Branch of the Catawba war-path in Greene County, and there the Indian escort say to them that they are instructed by their chiefs in council not to let the line be run beyond that war-path. Their commands are peremptory and there the line is staid.

Mason and Dixon, with their pack-horse train and attendants, returned to the East without molestation, and reported their discomfiture to the gentlemen commissioners, who approved their conduct, and in December, 1767, granted them an honorable discharge.

The commissioners, in conformity to the agreements of the contract, proceeded to have the lines well marked. All the corners and intersections were ascertain-

ed by firmly fixing one or more remarkable stones, on which were graven the arms of the proprietors. This done, they on the 9th of November, 1768, made their final report to the proprietors, and here the labour upon the line ends, until after the titles of Baltimore and the Penns are wrested from them by the strong arm of the revolution.

There is another chapter, however, in the history of this celebrated line. Many years ago, the remarkable stone which marked the South-West corner of Delaware, was dug up by the hunters for Capt. Kidd's money, and at a later period the stone, near the Spring, which marked the North-East corner of Maryland, having been undermined by floods and fallen, was taken by a neighbouring farmer for a chimney-piece, and a post planted in its place. Surmises sprung up that some others of the stones which defined the limits of the little State, had been displaced.

Many of the dwellers around the notch and circle, seemed not to know to whom they belonged. These doubts and dilapidations induced the three States, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, in 1849, to create a joint commission to retrace the lines in that vicinity and replace the missing monuments. The commissioners procured Lieut. Col. James D. Graham, of the corps of Topographical Engineers of the United States, to execute the work. He of course had to review much of the labours of Mason and Dixon and their predecessors. Generally he found that remarkable accuracy characterized those early displays of geometrical science. The post near the spring was in the right place and the courses all right. Some errors were, however, detected. Some of the miles had been made a few feet too long. The radius was found to be two feet, four inches too short, and by some errors in locating the tangent point and the junction of the three States at the point of the notch or bead, it was found that Maryland had got back from Delaware a little over one acre and three quarters of what she had lost by King

James' order in 1685. Even these trifling errors, proved the wonderful certainty of mathematical science. Col. Graham's labours wrought a change in the allegiance of several gentlemen residing near the circle, who had supposed themselves citizens of Delaware. A Mr. Wm. Smith, a member of the Legislature of that State, was found to be full half a mile in Pennsylvania, which also took in the old Christiana church by a hundred yards.

And thus having brought our narrative down from 1629, when the purchase by Godyn furnished the remote cause of Mason and Dixon's appointment to 1850, when Col. Graham made his report, we have arrived at the end of our history.

To comprehend the subject of this sketch we have had to course through three centuries of this world's history, halting here and there to gather up and arrange the events which relate to it. It is more than two hundred years since the seeds of the strife was sown of which the line is the harvest, and nearly a century has passed since the surveyors were running its thread through the forest. Within those periods, what great events have transpired. Civilization, science, freedom, religion and population have rolled their resistless tides over this continent. Empires have risen and fallen. Dynasties have sunk into nothingness. Yet this line stands. The limits of empire which nature alone establishes are ever varying. Rivers change their channels. The soil of one State becomes the delta of another, and ocean takes away from continents, to be compensated by new islands in the watery waste. An assurance of permanency may be derived from the purely arbitrary origin of the line and may we not hope that while the Mason and Dixon's Line of geography will ever continue to be that whose heraldic insignia are still to be found in field and forest, the Mason and Dixon's Line of politics will be forgotten, until as cloud-shadows pass, leaving earth in sunlight, we shall be seen of all to be a united and homogeneous people!

THE BROOK.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

But yesterday this brook was bright,
And tranquil as the clear moonlight
That woos the palms on Orient shores;
But now, a hoarse, dark stream, it pours
Impetuous o'er its bed of rock,
And, almost with a thunder-shock,
Boils into currents fierce and fleet,
That dash the white foam round our feet—
A raging whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by,
Born of a murk and fiery sky,
And while the solid woodlands shook,
It wreaked its fury on the brook.
The evil genius of the blast
Within its quiet bosom passed,
And therefore is it that a Tide
Which used as lovingly to glide,
As Thoughts through spirits sanctified,
Shows now a whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright
And gentle as the clear moonlight,
The tenderest and the kindest Heart
God ever sent a loving part
To act on earth—across whose life
A sudden passion swept in strife,
With wild, unhallowed forces rise—
It stirred her nature's inmost deep
That nevermore shall rest or sleep,
Remorse its rugged bed of rock,
O'er which for aye with thunder-shock,
The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet,
Are dashed to foam or icy sleet,
A raging whirl of waters, rent
By something worse than discontent.

THE STORY OF BLANNERHASSETT.

While ascending the Ohio river in a steamboat a few weeks since, I found myself accidentally brought into contact with an old gentleman who had been born and "brought up" in the immediate vicinity of a spot since made famous as the scene of the intrigues and machinations of the Great Filibuster,—the man who, living half a century too soon, plotted treason, in a scheme similar in many points to those wherein his successors have only been counted as the instruments of "Manifest Destiny." Steamboats, like poverty, "make strange(rs) bed-fellows," and the old man and myself found ourselves joint tenants of "Number 22," wherein, each roosting upon his narrow shelf, called by courtesy a berth, he discoursed, while I listened, of the early days of pioneer enterprise, and the trials, dangers, privations, and pleasures of the predecessors of the community whose farms now border the banks, or whose cities are enriched by the commerce of "La Belle Rivière." My old room-mate had been in earlier life a participator, and a not inactive one either, in many scenes which seem strange and wild, when described to us of this day. He had been engaged in many a bear-hunt on the site of now populous towns, had carried the chain for a surveyor's party through a wilderness where the steam-horse now snorts a score of times each day, and remembered how one of his friends had desperately cheated another in a horse trade, by swapping for the said horse a not inconsiderable slice of the present city of Cincinnati, which now rents for ever so many dollars a front foot.

But the old man had been concerned in less peaceful matters. He had brought his rifle and blanket to a point on the banks of the Ohio, below the present town of Gallipolis, in company with two or three others, and had there "camped out" on the shore for certain days and

nights, awaiting the arrival of boats which, he was assured, were being loaded at Pittsburg, Marietta, and other points above, with pork, powder, guns, whiskey, fiddles and filibusters, to subjugate the rich fields of Mexico, and to divide silver mines, golden crucifixes and dukedoms, among the adventurous few who were admitted to a share in the gallant enterprise. But the old man, I imagine, had never gone much farther than a mere *intention* to enlist implies. Burr was arrested in Kentucky, and a *posse* from "The Point," now Parkersburg, took possession of Blannerhassett's Island, then generally regarded as the Headquarters of the expedition, and the whispered words "Treason," "Dissolution of the Union," and others of like import, which seem to have been more suggestive in those days than now, had aroused vague apprehensions, they scarcely knew of what, amongst the rough and unlearned participators in the enterprise. At first excited by undefined rumours of grand undertakings and rich gains, the hardy backwoodsmen hurried eagerly to participate, and then, intimidated and deterred by equally shadowy ideas that they were enlisted for the perpetration of some enormous crime, of the exact nature of which they were profoundly ignorant, they one by one shrank from the undertaking, and "denied their Master."

The old man, however, spoke up stoutly in favour of "The Irishman." Whatever Burr's intentions or plans might have been, he vehemently asserted that Blannerhassett had no lot nor part in anything criminal: nay, that in all he did or proposed to do, he was advised and encouraged by officers high in the confidence of the General Government. This, and the romance connected in my mind, with the name of Blannerhassett "set me a-thinking," and examining, with what result the reader must judge.*

* NOTE.—While engaged in seeking material for this sketch, the writer had the pleasure of meeting W. H. Safford, Esq., of Chillicothe, the author of a most interesting biography of Blannerhassett, to which work, and the kind and courteous permission to use it, freely accorded by him, he is largely indebted.

Harman Blannerhassett was born in England in the year 1767, of a family standing prominent amongst the untitled gentry of Ireland, and was originally educated for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1790, but at which he never practiced. The Emmetts, Currans, and Grattans were his cotemporaries, and the Emmetts particularly ranked among his warm personal friends. Though he first drew breath on English soil, he was of an Irish family, and sympathized warmly in the opposition to "The Union," which numbered among its leaders the names of those Irishmen whose forensic talents and dialectic abilities have made them and their efforts familiar as household words, wherever our common language is spoken. When about twenty-five years of age, he courted and married Miss Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man, and grand-daughter to the General Officer of the same name in the British army, who fell at Germantown during our Revolutionary struggle. This lady is often still spoken of by old citizens of Marietta and Parkersburg, in the vicinity of her former residence, as of extraordinary beauty, and her mental attractions are said, by the few living persons who were her cotemporaries to have been fully commensurate with her physical charms. Singularly enough, many of those who knew her in her younger days, speak of her as a "Frenchwoman," and the old man whose garrulity first induced me to pen this sketch, referred to "the Irishman and his French wife." As a Manxwoman, it is not impossible that her accent, or idioms at least, were somewhat different from the ordinary English spoken in the West, and her complete mastery over the French and Italian languages, doubtless led her to use them often in her conversation and correspondence.

In the year 1797, Blannerhassett and his wife emigrated to the United States, bringing with them a large sum of money for those days, estimated at eighty thousand dollars, and sojourned for a time in the city of New York, while looking out for a suitable place to set up their tent permanently. At that time the valley of the Ohio, which now counts its

population by millions, and its wealth by thousands of millions, was an almost unbroken wilderness. A few settlers, availing themselves of the protection afforded by the garrisons scattered here and there along what was then the frontier, had founded villages at various points on the river, and had already become so numerous, and had acquired such strength from their superiority in arms and experience in the tactics of savage warfare, that the aboriginal inhabitants falling back, as they have always done, before the advancing tide of civilization, had yielded to the Pale-faces a possession of the country adjacent to its banks, which they no longer attempted to dispute. But with these exceptions, and the scanty "openings" and "clearings" made here and there, along the banks of the "Beautiful River," and some of its tributaries, the country was in a state of primeval wildness. The rich alluvial bottoms and islands of the river were generally still covered with a dense and luxuriant vegetation, through the matted undergrowth of which the elk and the deer made their paths to drink at the stream, while the bear and the panther still prowled as of yore over the hills bordering the flats, or crouched amid the branches of the royal trees which crowned their summits. Wondrous tales of the beauty and fertility of this enchanting region were borne back from the earlier emigrants to their friends in the East, and allured by the rumours of present cheapness and the prospects of future wealth, Blannerhassett and his young wife determined to ride with the tide which, overleaping the barrier of the Alleghanies, was pouring down into the rich valley of the Ohio. Accordingly, in the latter part of the year 1797, we find them at Pittsburgh, making preparations to descend the river.

In those days steamboats were not. Flat-boats and keel-boats, great floating arks, roomy and capacious enough to hold several families, with all their furniture, stock, implements and provisions, constituted the principal mode of conveyance for emigrants descending the stream

in which, abandoned to the current, they floated by day, and moored to the shore at night, until they reached their point of destination, or as chanced quite as often, until the eye of the head of the family was particularly taken with the advantages, real or fancied, presented by some "location" along the shore, where he forthwith "tied up," "blazed out" on the tree-trunks his "præemption claim," or "deadened" a few acres, and probably the next season sold out, or traded his claim and "improvements" to the owner of another "flat," arriving in his footsteps, and receiving the new-comer's dollars, and probably certain salted provisions and "red-eye" to boot, embarked on the self-same craft which had just disgorged the purchaser of his recent home, and started again "out West," a point by the way which none of his successors have ever yet reached, and which is now believed (at San Francisco and Astoria) to mean the Sandwich Islands and Japan!

The winter of this year, 1797, was spent by Blannerhassett and his wife in Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum river, where his antiquarian tastes were so much interested by the famous mounds, built by that unknown race of whom they constitute the sole existing memorials, that he at one time contemplated taking up his permanent abode there, and erecting a castellated mansion upon the summit of the most conspicuous of those singular *Teocalli*, if such they really are, which commands an unrivalled view of the river and adjacent valley. But soon afterwards, struck with the appearance of the island which now bears his name, then known as Backus' Island, he purchased the upper half of it, and erected thereon a mansion, of which at present hardly a trace remains. Old neighbours of his, however, who have a vivid recollection of the improvements made by Blannerhassett, speak of this embowered spot in terms so enthusiastic, that there can be no doubt of its surpassing everything of the kind then known in the Western country. The mansion itself, with wings projecting curvilinearly from the ends of the main building, one of which was arranged as

a conservatory, was spacious and roomy, with high ceilings and gilded cornices; while the grounds were laid out and planted with every available species of ornamental and fruit trees. Gravelled walks, bordered with choice shrubbery, led through their shady recesses, rustic seats invited to rest in umbrageous nooks, and a tastefully arranged boat-house, with gaily painted boats moored alongside, afforded convenience for crossing to the main land, or floating for amusement on the tranquil bosom of the Ohio. Under the tasteful direction of his wife, Blannerhassett expended a large sum of money,—large at least for those days and that region,—probably sixty thousand dollars, in developing the natural beauties of this sylvan Paradise, and adding new ones.

Blannerhassett himself was a man of refined taste and liberal education, and especially had devoted much attention to the physical sciences, particularly Astronomy and Electricity. His apparatus was costly and select, and in the prosecution of his various experiments and investigations, he excited no little the wonderment of his ruder neighbours. Many queer tales are told of the sights he exhibited through his telescope, and of the shocks administered to those whom overcuriosity induced to handle his mysterious wires, or approach uncautiously the tin-lined jars in which *he kept his thunder bottled*.

Thus, in improving his property, in the society of his charming wife, and the two children who had blessed their union, and in the cultivation of his literary, artistic and scientific tastes, eight happy years rolled over his head. With sufficient store of wealth for all the comforts and even elegancies of life, with no desires which he had not the means to gratify, he seemed content to dream away existence, among his books and instruments, and none would have ever supposed that the secluded and quiet home of the peaceful, indolent and retired scholar, would one day become, for the time being, the most noted spot on the continent. Yet so it was. The tempter and the temptation were coming. Dreams of boundless

wealth, of rank and empire were to supplant the air-drawn visions of the poet, and the theories of the philosopher. A scheme, nurtured in the busy and teeming brain of one of the most daring spirits of the age, so profound and complicated, that no man, save one, ever knew or ever probably will know it in all its ramifications, yet so comprehensive as to hold out at once proffers of glory to the soldier, wealth to the avaricious, social pleasures to the refined, and empire to the ambitious, was unveiled, in part only, it is true, but sufficiently, to enlist this quiet, peaceful student in its prosecution, and finally to absorb him, his family, fortune and fame into the vortex wherein scheme and schemer sink together.

In the spring of 1805, (Aaron Burr, Ex-Vice-President of the United States, who had contested with Mr. Jefferson, and almost successfully, the Presidential chair,—with a mind embittered against his countrymen for the odium with which they had visited upon him the recent slaughter of Hamilton, and soured more deeply than he cared to shew by the prostration of his political aspirations, his fortune bankrupt at the same time and by the same means through which his political and social standing were ruined, visited for the first time the Western territory. His plans, in their fulness of conception have never been divulged, but they embraced several objects. One was, the acquisition and colonization of an extensive territory on the Washita, another, the revolutionizing of Mexico, with the design of separating that Vice-Kingdom from the crown of Spain, and erecting it into an independent power, with himself at the head. Another and a darker scheme has been imputed to him; namely, to take advantage of the weakness of the bonds by which the inhabitants of the Valley of the Mississippi were attached to those of the older States East of the mountains, to dismember the Union, and to place himself at the head of the seceding territory. However this may be, our present business is with the plans of Burr, so far only as Blannerhassett himself was connected with them.

One pleasant afternoon in the spring of

1805, the attention of the hostess of our Island was attracted to a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had landed near the mansion and were rambling through the grounds, admiring the shrubbery and flowers. Although visitors to her little Eden, with that object in view, were not unfrequent, the lady sent a servant attached to the house, to offer the strangers its hospitality. One of them, on behalf of his companions, declined the courtesy, but sent his card, with their reason for intruding, "that they had only landed to enjoy what was one of the 'sights' of that new country," &c. The card bore the name of Aaron Burr. Impelled by a desire to discharge the sacred duties of hospitality, and especially to show honour to the personage who had just filled one of the most exalted stations in the nation, Mrs. Blannerhassett in person came out to urge the distinguished party to enter under her roof. Better had she applied a torch to it then and there. From the hour that dark and incomprehensible man, who seems to have filled all bosoms with distrust by his reputation, but to have charmed and fascinated every one with whom he came in personal contact, crossed the threshold, the doom of that house was written.

Burr stayed on this occasion but a few hours at Blannerhassett's Island. The master of the house was then absent from home, having been called to New York to renew his acquaintance with Thomas Addis Emmett, whom recent political events had forced to become an exile from Ireland. From his wife, however, he doubtless heard enough of the grand schemes projected by Burr to strongly excite his curiosity. He shortly after received a letter from the intriguer, which though vague and indefinite, and worded with great caution, so powerfully wrought upon his imagination, as to induce him to lend a ready ear to further propositions, which were not long delayed. In December, Burr wrote to him again, regretting the absence of the latter from home at the time of his visit, alluding to the talents of Blannerhassett, which, he insinuated, were being unprofitably wasted in the listless life he was then leading, and hold-

ing out hints, not the less tempting that they were couched in obscure and guarded terms, of grand enterprises then on foot, offering a field worthy to be trod by a man whom destiny and his own talents had intended and fitted for an active part in shaping the fortunes of this Western world. Burr alluded artfully, too, to another matter more immediately affecting his correspondent. He reminded him of his wife and growing family, that an important part of his means had been expended in mere luxuries, to gratify the eye, without increasing in a corresponding ratio, the intrinsic value of the property in which he had invested it, and held out hopes of wealth for himself and his descendants, which a man of nerve need only stretch forth his hand and grasp. Captivated by these glittering visions and never dreaming that the man who had just filled a position second to but one in Christendom, would or could sanction or propose treason, Blannerhassett wrote to Burr soliciting "a share in the risks and glories of whatever enterprise he had on foot." There is no doubt that Burr had been explicit enough with his correspondent to show that his enterprise aimed at Mexican conquest, but the peculiar relations of our government with that of Spain at the time, and the strong probabilities of a war with that power in assertion of our claims, combined to convince Blannerhassett that, in any thing he might undertake, Burr was acting with the approval of the Administration. In fact it was more than once so asserted.

The correspondence thus commenced, was kept up on both sides, and resulted in the reserved and quiet scholar becoming one of the foremost and most enthusiastic in the cause, so far as he then understood it, and probably when its details were still further unfolded to him, the prospects so temptingly displayed to his eager gaze, of wealth, rank and fame, were so dazzling as to blind him to the full enormity of the crime he was about to perpetrate. At all events, his Irish spirit once aroused, Blannerhassett shewed himself second to no one in his zeal for the cause he had espoused. He embarked all, fortune, fame and life, and the

domestic happiness, dearer to him than life, in the adventure, and wrecked them all together. The words of William Wirt, on the trial of Burr, still spouted on many a country school-house floor, may be appropriately quoted in this connection. "Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it expects none in others; every door and portal of the heart are thrown open, and all who choose may enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees, he infuses into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for all the storms and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene, it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned, his retort and crucible thrown aside, his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain, he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the melody of music. It longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, now no longer affects him, and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with extasy so unspeakable, is now uncared for and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems and stars and garters, and titles of nobility—he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar and Bonaparte."

That Aaron Burr *may* not have been so utterly false, selfish and hollow as the popular feeling of that day, and since, paints him, I readily concede; still, I cannot see the virtues of his character, (if he possessed more than the one so touchingly displayed in his affection for his daughter,) so ably elaborated by Mr. Parton in what is unquestionably otherwise one of the best biographies of the

day. His character in childhood, as drawn by his mother, shows the germs of the developed man. The "dirty, noisy boy; sly and mischievous,—handsome, but not good tempered,—very resolute—and impatient of control;" grew up into the bold, bad man, who fixed his glistening eyes on whatever object in the distance he would gain, and strode on to its attainment, reckless of the hearts of women that he crushed, or the honour of men that he blighted in his career. *Self* was his only idol. The fame and lives of those that stood in his way, or were necessary to him as his instruments, were ruthlessly blackened or crushed out. Female chastity and manly honour, were to him words of no import, weighed in comparison with his own wishes. I do not even believe in the "remorse" with which he is said to have been self-tormented for the slaying of Hamilton. The latter stood in his way, and *must* be crushed out, and words subsequently let drop by Burr, more than once in alluding to the subject, indicate that, so far from entertaining "remorse" for his victim's death, he held it to be but a feeble and insufficient atonement for the offence of having opposed the course of his ambition. Washington himself, with that intuitive sagacity which never failed him or his country, mistrusted the dark and ambitious man. The profoundest intellect of that day,* when "there were giants" in the land, though not entirely able to fathom his plans, pronounced him "dangerous," "an embryo Cæsar," "a cold blooded and determined conspirator," even before he had taken a single step forward in that career which was destined to end in so much ruin and devastation.

In his disgust and disappointment then, at the overthrow of his schemes for political elevation at home, Burr turned his eyes on the Spanish province of Mexico, whose rich and fertile soil, teeming with all the gorgeous luxuriance of a tropical vegetation, and whose exhaustless mountains, pouring annual ship loads of golden and silver tribute into the else empty

treasury of Spain, seemed a rich and fitting prize. The crown of that embryotic empire offered itself to his eager grasp, and would worthily deck the brows of himself and his posterity. The age seemed suited to such an enterprise. The glories and triumphs, the ambition and success of Napoleon filled the world with wonder and admiration. Why should not he too, found a new dynasty in this Western World, and construct an Empire? The hour and the opportunity were both at hand. What, to him, were the fortunes and happiness of Blannerhassett, the allegiance which Wilkinson and his army had sworn to the Republic, the lives of the rough and unlearned, but brave and resolute settlers of the backwoods, so he could but make them his instruments, and through them, attain his ends? He would surround his throne with Dukes and Marshals of the Empire. The pomp of Chivalry, the splendours of the East should be revived in his Court. Realms equally rich, and even more easy of spoil opened to the South, to whose conquest his successors might aspire. Perhaps nothing would check his victorious career, until he had traversed the Continent, and stood on that bold and stormy promontory, where the contending waters of the Atlantic and Pacific lash around Cape Horn.

In August, 1806 then, Burr, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Alston, that Theodosia, his love for whom seems, selfish as it was, to have been almost the only redeeming trait in his character, visited Blannerhassett's Island. The ball was at once set in motion. Boats, arms and provisions were purchased. Men were enrolled or enlisted, and instructed to rendezvous at various designated points on the banks of the Ohio. My aged room-mate on the steam-boat was one of them. He was to receive a hundred acres of land on the Washita, and money enough to stock his farms, at the end of the campaign, and this, he was assured, was but an earnest of the rich reward he might ultimately expect. Special agents

* Hamilton's Correspondence, &c.

were despatched to some points, to enlist recruits, others were visited by Burr in person. General Wilkinson, commanding the troops of the United States in the South West, was written to, but more openly and unreservedly than Blannerhassett and others had been approached. The correspondence with Wilkinson was conducted in a cypher* known only to him and Burr, and the confidential nature of the intercourse between these two men indicates a very strong *probability*, if not more, that Wilkinson fully understood and approved all of Burr's plans. The inference that he was a double traitor, if treason against the United States ever had any real existence, seems inevitable, and Burr, to the day of his death, always asserted, in terms that admit of no ambiguity, that Wilkinson's complicity with him in all his plans, was absolute. Burr, too, be it remembered, was so utterly devoid of shunning the responsibility of any of his acts, and in his latter days, so absolutely indifferent to public opinion, that we cannot but yield our belief to his assertions on this point. It seems not improbable, too, that the British Ministry, of which Mr. Pitt was then the head, were not unfavorable to the project, and if a force under Burr had once succeeded in making good a foothold in Mexico, that material aid in ships and money might have been safely counted on.

About the time when these preparations were on foot, one of those now obsolete occurrences, a "General Muster," was held at the village of Marietta. Thither the stalwart sons of the backwoods congregated; with their wives and sweethearts. The regiment of militia paraded, and Colonel Burr, who took care to be present, was invited to conduct some of the evolutions. The rough backwoodsmen, to whom the details of Indian Warfare, and the rude scenes of a hunter's life were familiar things, but who were ignorant of regular tactics, were profoundly astonished at the knowledge

and acquirements of that man, who seemed to have at his fingers' ends, the military pedantries, and unintelligible technicalities of Baron Steuben. By the way, not a few men of more education than they, to this day, are astounded at the uncouth and affected phraseology in which the science of military operations is uselessly wrapped. A rough, but hearty frolic, characteristic of the time and place, with rustic "jigs" and "hoe-downs," and profusion of "pine-top" succeeded, and numbers of the hardy and adventurous youth of the country round-about, exhilarated by the frolic and the whiskey, and excited by the tempting rumors of wealth to be acquired, gladly enrolled themselves with the band destined for so alluring an enterprise. About this time Burr wrote to Wilkinson for "the commissions of four or five of his officers," to be gotten on any pretence he could invent. His object in this has never been divulged, but it has been conjectured that he proposed by their exhibition, in possession of certain of his associates, to convey the impression that his army of force was made under authority of the Government of the United States.

Soon after, Burr started on his way down the river to put in motion the boats and recruits engaged at various points, leaving Blannerhassett on the Island to expedite matters there, push on the men and provisions from Marietta and its vicinity, and join him at the mouth of the Cumberland River. But these movements had been conducted on so grand a scale, and their object had been so much discussed through the medium of the press, as to excite a general feeling of uneasiness and apprehension in the public mind. *Filibustering* was not so much in vogue then as it has gotten to be since, and met with by no means so much countenance from the public. Apprehensions too of an attempt at forcible dismemberment of the Union were rife, and whispers of treason on behalf of Wilkinson

* A specimen of this cypher may be seen in Safford's Life of Blannerhassett. The report current in the days of Anti-Masonry, that it (the cypher) was one of the secrets of the Brotherhood, is scandalously false.

and his troops added to the general uneasiness. The strong arm of the Federal Government was stretched out, its heavy hand laid upon the plot and the plotters, and under its weight the whole fabric crumbled into dust. Burr was arrested in Kentucky, released for want of evidence, and proceeded to the lower Mississippi to find Wilkinson, on whom he so much relied, who was to be "second to Burr alone" in the New Empire, among the most active of his foes. After various attempts to free himself from the toils now closing in on him from every side, he one dark night threw into the turbid flood of the Mighty River the chests of arms collected for the use of his command, and in the disguise of a waggoner, made his escape. His arrest in Alabama and conveyance to Richmond, his trial and technical acquittal, are familiar to all our readers. We will now return to the Island, and follow the course of events at that point.

A number of the citizens of Wood County, Virginia, were called out as militia under Colonel Phelps, to seize the stores and arms on the Island, and to arrest all parties connected with the enterprise of Burr. A portion of the militia of Ohio were also called into service in the vicinity of Marietta, and cannon were planted on the banks, to cut off the forces expected from above, with orders to seize the boats and stores of every kind, and to stop all suspicious craft descending the river. The *posse* from Virginia, who visited the Island, gave way to a spirit of the most lawless riot. Mrs. Blannerhassett was, at the time, absent from home, at Marietta, endeavouring to secure the means to rejoin her husband. The militia men broke into the cellars, which were abundantly stocked with choice wines and liquors. Free and unrestrained indulgence in these soon aroused the mischievous and destructive propensities of the lawless mob. They piled up into fantastic heaps, or broke to pieces, the costly furniture. They wantonly mutilated and defaced rare and valuable books

and paintings, shattered the broad mirrors and discharged their rifles into the ornaments of the ceiling. One brawny, whiskered fellow, of six feet high, was seen* with a delicate French hat of Mrs. Blannerhassett's stuck atop his fiery poll, and a richly figured shawl thrown across his broad shoulders, while a stripling of seventeen, his eyes bloodshot with unwonted drink, and his unsteady feet scarce upholding him as he staggered about, was aping with drunken gravity, the gestures and protestations of an enamoured lover to the pseudo lady. The rare and well cultivated shrubbery was trampled down or torn up by the roots, horses were picketed amidst the flower beds, the fences and rails were torn down for firewood, and the spirit of wanton destruction was at its height, when Mrs. Blannerhassett suddenly appeared upon the scene. She had been unsuccessful in her attempt to recover possession of the private boat of the family, which had been seized with the others by the troops at Marietta, and in which she had purposed proceeding down the river to rejoin her husband. Such was her uneasiness at the peril impending over his head, that the wanton destruction of the home, and desecration of the hearth endeared to her by past years of happiness, scarcely excited any apparent emotion in her bosom. But the dignity of her bearing, and that national respect for her sex, which so often succeeds in checking American rowdyism before reaching the stage of ruffianism, resorted to a certain degree of order to the wild and riotous throng. They slunk back abashed and shame-faced, before the strength of her weakness, and her anxious and care-stricken beauty. The tall "Red-top" whisked the female finery off from his muscular limbs, and the drunken lover staggered into the bushes, to sleep away his debauch. At this juncture too, Col. Phelps, from "the Point" (now Parkersburg), the commander of the garrison of the Island, arrived from Wood County. Mortified and disgusted at the outrages perpetrated by his

* These particulars were communicated by an eye-witness.

command, he hastened to re-assure the lady, to apologize for the conduct of the men, and to promise hereafter protection and reparation. He also offered to do everything in his power to enable her to rejoin her husband, as she ardently wished. Her own boat having been seized by the authorities, as before related, Messrs. Neville and Robinson, two young gentlemen whose adventurous spirit had been aroused by the romance connected with the expedition, and who had descended the river from Pittsburg for the purpose of joining it, offered to fit up a room on their boat for Mrs. Blannerhassett and her children, which offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted, and she turned her back on that home which was home no longer.

The game was now played out. Burr and Blannerhassett, as well as other parties suspected of complicity with them, had been arrested and brought to Richmond for trial. The history of that memorable event is familiar to all our readers, and in this case we need do no more than allude to it cursorily. Notwithstanding the fiery eloquence of Wirt, the ingenuity and indefatigable exertions of Hay, and all the influence of the General Government, which was used unsparingly to secure a conviction, no overt acts amounting to treason, within the meaning of the Constitution, could be proven by the prosecution, and though the prisoners were held to bail to answer a charge of misdemeanor to be tried in Ohio, no subsequent steps were ever taken, and the matter which, for months, had agitated the country, was suffered to drop.

But the subject of this sketch was now a ruined man. He had advanced his means to their full extent in the purchase of arms, provisions, boats and necessities for the expedition, and had placed considerable sums of cash in the hands of Burr, in some cases receiving his notes of hand, with the endorsement of Mr. Allston for the amounts so advanced; but generally without any security whatever. He had also incurred heavy debts in his own name, in the vicinity of his home, as well as in Ken-

tucky and Mississippi for the benefit of the enterprise, and these liabilities now came upon him altogether, and with crushing weight. His fortune, already much impaired by the expenditures upon his island, was totally inadequate to the demands upon it, and his numerous creditors, armed with all the enginery of legal warfare, pursued him with rapacious vigour. His library and philosophical instruments and other property were attached and sold, and under the Virginia Statute in such cases, by a writ of *elegit*, the estate on the Island, the scene where his family had enjoyed so many happy years, was "extended," that is, taken in possession by one of the Kentucky creditors until his claim should be satisfied out of the rents and profits, who planted the lands in hemp, using the mansion house itself, now dismantled and defaced by the mob who had recently held possession of it, as a store-house for the crop. One winter's night, several of the negroes employed on the farm in the culture and subsequent manipulation of the hemp, proceeded with a light to the cellar in search of whisky. By some accident they communicated fire to the inflammable material with which the rooms were stored, and in a few hours the beautiful mansion was a heap of smouldering ruins. A few fruit trees, a rose bush or two, descendants of the number which once loaded the atmosphere with fragrance, and a small pile of stones, probably remains of a chimney, are all that now serve to point out the spot, where was once the dwelling of genius and refinement which, left to produce its natural effect upon the ruder society that surrounded it, would have leavened the mass, and made the name of Blannerhassett widely known and respected.

Reduced from opulence to indigence, unfitted by his previous pursuits and habits of life, for the rough struggle with the world now necessary to existence, with a helpless family looking to him for support, and deprived by the last fell stroke of fortune, of the means lately so ample, Blannerhassett knew not which way to turn. Burr and Allston, to whom and for whose benefit he had used his

means and credit with an unsparing hand, utterly ignored his claims for relief, or at least, that they should sustain their proportion of the pecuniary losses of that enterprise, in the success of which they were to have been the principal gainers. So far as Burr was concerned, payment of a debt, of any nature whatever, was utterly hopeless. Bankrupt in purse as in character, he had never, even in his prosperous days, been noted for fidelity to obligations, or gratitude for services. Allston indeed was wealthy, and to him Blannerhassett wrote, demanding that the sum of \$35,000 for which Allston had pledged himself on Burr's behalf should be paid, coupling the demand with threats of a more public *eclaircissement* than had yet been made of "the details of the conspiracy." To what extent he was successful, we do not certainly know, but it is certain that a few thousands of dollars were paid to him, which he invested in the purchase of a cotton plantation in Mississippi.

To this he retired, in the hope of repairing his cruelly shattered fortunes. His faithful wife, who seems to have been much the superior of her husband in the energy and elasticity of her temper, as well as in tact and management, devoted herself untiringly to the supervision of their new interests. In the field or in the household, her activity never wearied, her exertions never relaxed, and fortune seemed about to smile once more upon the family. But the war of 1812, and the famous "O-Grab-Me," as the wags of that day ana-grammatized the embargo measures of Mr. Madison, interposed, and amid the convulsion which swallowed up the general agricultural interests of the country, Blannerhassett was wrecked again, along with thousands of much stronger men than he, and after a few abortive and aimless efforts to sustain himself, he folded his arms, in despair, not in resignation, to sink beneath the waves which opened to engulf him.

A friendly hand however was stretched out to his aid, and the unfortunate man was again rescued, for a time. An old friend and comrade, holding then a high official position in Canada, offered Blannerhassett a judgeship in a petty Court, which he accepted. But a change of ministry at home removed his friend from office, and on his arrival in Montreal, Blannerhassett found himself again destitute of means or opportunities. Broken in health, and now hopeless of success on that continent where, a quarter of a century before, rich in mind, body, and estate, in the flush of youthful enthusiasm, he and his young wife had hoped to pass many years of tranquil happiness, the wanderer determined to return to the land of his birth, and in 1822 he sailed for Great Britain, with the intention of prosecuting some claim which had long lain dormant in his family. The hope however proved fallacious.

His old associate and friend, the Marquis of Anglesea, who had reaped laurels and substantial honours on the recent field of Waterloo, was then at the head of the Board of Ordnance in England. To him, as a last resort, Blannerhassett applied for patronage and assistance in bringing some real or fancied invention to government notice.* But the Circumlocution Office existed then, as now, and his application met the usual fate. Sickened by delay, disheartened by repeated failures, and hopeless of the future, the weary wanderer at length retired to the Island of Guernsey, and there, in 1831, "in the sixty-third year of his age, with his head softly pillowed on that bosom which for thirty-four years had throbbed in perfect unison with his own," the ruined, worn-out exile, at last found a permanent resting place..

Thus ended the career of a man, whose talents and opportunities, better directed, might have made his life honoured and his death regretted. But the fatal weakness of his character, and, perhaps, a

* Blannerhassett had been engaged, during his residence on the island, in experiments for the purpose of converting animal muscle into *adipocere*, under the impression that he could make a preparation of the latter substance available as a substitute for spermaceti.

lack of that strong principle which can alone render talents or opportunities valuable to their possessor, made him the blind instrument of an unscrupulous and selfish traitor. His biographer, Mr. Safford, to whose kind courtesy I am largely indebted for many of the facts recounted in this sketch, seems to have comprehended the character and career of the man better than any one else who has touched upon it, and to his interesting book I would commend my readers.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Blannerhassett determined to return to the United States for the purpose of claiming indemnity from the Government for the wanton and unnecessary destruction of her husband's property, while in the occupation of the militia. Her claim was certainly just. Her memorial for relief is touching in its simple dignity and meekness. Her statement of damage done, and destruction committed, by the act or under the authority of the United States, was amply substantiated. Mr. Clay, in presenting her petition, made one of his most eloquent appeals. The Committee, to whom it was referred, made a favourable report, and doubtless tardy justice would have been done, but Death interposed, and the hands of a few simple but kind-hearted Irish emigrants laid the remains of the once loved and envied favourite of Fortune in a nameless grave.*

But even here, her memory was not permitted to rest in peace. A false, unfounded and cowardly attack was made a few years after her death upon the good name of Mrs. Blannerhassett, in the columns of an Ohio newspaper. Her reputation was assailed in the grossest terms, and her husband's association with Burr imputed to her influence over him, exerted on account of a criminal connection with Burr on her part. A fouler slander was never penned, nor one more wanton and unprovoked. I have now before me letters from various gentlemen, whose names, were it necessary to publish them, are sufficient guarantee for their reliability. These gentlemen were

intimates of Mrs. Blannerhassett and her family, and knowing to all the facts of their acquaintance with Burr, and their indignant refutation of the calumny sets the matter absolutely at rest. Says one of them, "At the time that Blannerhassett became involved in the treason of Aaron Burr, it was rumored that Burr had seduced Mrs. B., and that through her influence her husband was induced to join his projects. Burr was a man disposed to, and capable of committing such a crime, but in this case he had no opportunity of so doing. During his first visit to the West, he was but an hour or two on the Island, and during the second, Mr. and Mrs. B. were East of the mountains. When I heard Mr. Wirt deliver the speech in which he described Mrs. B., the Island and its inhabitants, although his style was somewhat poetic, I was impressed with the truthfulness of his delineations."

It is unnecessary to say more upon this subject, but it would be doing injustice to the memory of a lady who, in all the relations of life, as a faithful wife and devoted mother, was worthy of admiration and imitation, to have said less. Her honest name was all, out of her former abundance, that she had to leave her sons, and it was a foul and unworthy act to rob them of that. A complete and elaborate refutation of the calumny was prepared in 1850, by her husband's biographer, but never published. He has kindly placed it in the writer's hands, "to use in whole or in part, as he may desire," but this sketch has already grown to an inconvenient length.

Although somewhat irrelevant to our purpose in preparing this paper, we may as well here refer to certain paragraphs which have been lately going the rounds of the press, relative to the alleged death-bed confession, quite recently, in Texas somewhere, of a sailor who is represented to have stated that he was present as one of a private crew that plundered and scuttled the vessel on which Theodosia, the daughter whose love and fidelity almost redeems the father's infamy, had

* Mrs. Blannerhassett was buried in an obscure cemetery in the city of New York.

taken passage from Charleston for New York. Whether this be true or not, such a rumour is not new. An execution of pirates took place at Norfolk, some score of years since, at which one of the sufferers made a similar confession. Such a supposition, or rumour, also had currency at the time of Mrs. Allston's loss. Burr discredited it: so does his last biographer. Whether these several rumours are from independent sources, and as such tending to corroborate each other, or whether they are all repetitions or variations of the same original, we cannot probably ever decide.

Half a century has passed over our history since the days of which we write. Two generations of actors have successively occupied the stage since the men and women connected with "Burr's treason" played their parts upon it, and to most of us it is a forgotten story. But it is well to tell it over again, if for no other reason, to make us ask ourselves the question, wherein do we differ from our grandfathers? Then the rumour that a man, or a party, proposed as one of the steps in a projected enterprise, anything which could be construed into a scheme for dismemberment of the Union," filled the land with horror and consternation.

The whole nation stood erect as one man, to overthrow and crush the "Treason;" and not one of those, once high in the Senate or the Camp, who were tainted with this plague-spot of suspicion, was ever again placed by his countrymen in a situation of honour or trust. How is it to-day? We daily hear the value of the Union estimated, see its laws nullified, the decisions of its highest legal tribunal scoffed and derided by every fanatic or demagogue whose pet "isms" they may interfere with, and we are not horrified. Were our ancestors better men and purer patriots than we, or has over-familiarity with the features of the monster, so hated and dreaded by them, glozed over their repulsiveness and converted their hideousness into beauties?

Years and generations, since the period of our theme, have been numbered with the past, but its traces may still be read by the observant eye. Thus does generation after generation roll and break upon the shores of Time; yet each wave in the ceaseless tide leaves its ripple-mark indelibly impressed upon the beach, and the political geologist of the future will be able to trace each one in the sands laid down by the past.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The West is one great sea of cloudy fire,
 Above the horizon flaming in a flood
 Of such thick glory, that the Autumn wood
 Towers in the splendor like a burning pyre
 Built in the heat of sacrificial ire,
 In honour of some fierce Divinity,
 Some barbarous god of dreadful brow and eye
 Red with the fumes of slaughter, and the dire
 Designs he fosters in his evil might;
 It burns and burns from shadowy mountain base,
 Slow smouldering upwards to the loftiest height,
 Whereon the feigned flames with sunset die,
 But not in darkness, for the radiant grace
 Of Eve, and Eve's calm Planet shame the night.

Editor's Table.

Another volume of the MESSENGER is brought to a close with the present number, and the occasion invites us to address a few words to our readers, to some of whom (we rejoice that the number is small) the magazine will hereafter cease to be forwarded. In taking leave of the latter, let us confidently express the hope that they have not found the *Messenger* unworthy of their approval, though this is no longer to be substantially bestowed. In reviewing our pages for the past year, (albeit the Editor could wish that his own department were wittier and wiser,) we have reason to feel that we have afforded our subscribers a fair equivalent for their money, and while we therefore disclaim any obligation to them arising out of the relation of patron and publisher, we have none but the kindest wishes to express for them, in the way of *l'envoi*. A merry Christmas to you, dear discontinuing reader, and may the issue now sent to you inspire you with a lingering respect for the periodical you have determined to stop, last impressions, according to some authorities, being even more durable than first.

With so much of farewell, we may profitably improve the opportunity of disabusing the public mind of an idea, which our excellent friends of the newspaper press, with the best possible intentions, have largely assisted in making prevalent. That idea is this, that the *Messenger* appeals to Southern support solely on the ground of its Southern character, without reference to its literary excellence, and even with a consciousness of its inferiority to other publications of a similar kind. Now we desire to be distinctly understood as disavowing all claim to the favour of the Southern people because this magazine is published in a Southern State, and its proprietors are Virginians. Our aim has been to maintain an organ of Southern sentiment intrinsically deserving the patronage of our people, and we refer to the volumes of the *Southern Literary Messenger* for ten years past to show that we have not failed therein. We ask no one to subscribe to the *Messenger* as a matter of charity; if the

work is really not worth Three Dollars a year, surely it is no longer creditable to our Southern culture, and we wish the *Messenger* to live not one moment beyond the day when it may fair challenge the respect of even unfriendly criticism and stand before the world as a fit representative of the Southern intellect. Let the work drift quite away from human recognition into the shadowy Hades of departed periodicals, before it becomes a mere pensioner upon literary almsgiving, and in so doing ceases to reflect the independent tone, not less than the educated opinion, of the South. We neither defer to other magazines as worthier recipients of public regard than our own, nor do we arrogate a superiority over any, Mrs Malaprop herself was not less tolerant of comparisons than we are, but it would be doing injustice to the thoughtful and gifted men and women who make up the *material* of the *Messenger* did we hesitate to declare that the work is eminently worthy of the generous encouragement of the Southern public. And claiming this, we submit that it should be supported, unless the people of our section of the Union are content to remain forever in mental vassalage to the North.

And now having placed the magazine upon its proper footing, we salute our ancient constituency with cordial good will in anticipation of the festive season which will come round before we shall again pay them our customary respects. Personally, the Editor has reason to be grateful for the uniform kindness and consideration with which his own efforts to make the magazine attractive have been received, and to those many unseen but well-beloved friends in various parts of the country, who have given him assurances of their sympathy and support, he would return his best thanks. The *Messenger* has never been surrounded by abler writers than at the present moment, and if no long list of distinguished names is paraded in its prospectus, the fact is due to a conviction on the part of the proprietors that the real merit of a literary magazine should be sought rather in itself than in the *prestige*

of great reputations or in lavish professions of future excellence. *En Avant!*

It was said not very long ago, by a member of the British House of Commons, of Mr. Lowe, the worthy member for Kidderminster and one of the Editors of the *London Times*, that he was easily enough managed in debate on the floor, but that when he went back to Printing House Square, after a discussion, and made his speech over again to the public in the editorial columns of his powerful journal, he had greatly the advantage over his Parliamentary opponents. In like manner, the editors of the *New York Tribune* enjoy a certain very decided advantage in having the use of a widely-circulated newspaper to defend all their vagaries and offences, in politics or literature, out of the legitimate sphere of journalism. We do not consider the *Tribune* by any means as puissant as the *London Times*. It is not altogether as terrible or as tonitrous as the great Olympian across the water. Yet, as it speaks to a very large number of the people of the Northern States, it furnishes its directors with a most convenient medium of replying to hostile criticism or damaging comment. We have heretofore seen repeatedly the effect with which they employ it for this purpose, and we are not surprised therefore when Mr. Dana comes forward as editor of the *Tribune* to uphold Mr. Dana as compiler of the *Household Book of Poetry*.

In a long editorial article in that newspaper for November the 20th, the practised and dexterous journalist endeavors to shift the issue between himself and his critics, by maintaining that the *Household Book of Poetry* is a valuable collection of the best poems in the English language. Now this proposition, so far as we know, has not been disputed. A volume which contains *Comus*, *Alexander's Feast*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *The Deserted Village*, the *Ode on Immortality*, and several hundred other pieces endeared to the heart of all who can enjoy English literature, and which commends itself to us by beautiful typography and the judicious arrangement of its contents, must be valuable—*cela va sans dire*. Nor has any one called in question

Mr. Dana's scholarship and general fitness for the task of compiling such a work. What we and others have declared is this, that possessing the requisite knowledge, and having at his command all the materials for a satisfactory performance of the labour he had voluntarily assumed, Mr. Dana has permitted his bitter sectional prejudices to influence him in the selection and rejection of American poetry, whereby he has unjustly ignored a large body of poetical writers in the slave-holding States, and altogether failed in his purpose "*to comprise within a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language.*"

We have already noted some of the omissions of Mr. Dana, and perhaps it is not necessary again to refer to them, but we may observe that by excluding a writer from the "*Household Book*," according to the terms of his own preface, he virtually declares that he has written nothing "*truly beautiful and admirable.*" Now we submit that this is a most sweeping and unwarrantable sentence against many gifted men and women in the slave-holding section of the Union who have gladdened the world by the outpourings of genuine inspiration. According to Mr. Dana, there is not a line of excellence, not an image of beauty in the lyrics of George D. Prentice, nothing worthy of preservation in the numerous poems of Wm. Gilmore Simms, no ray of genius in the compositions of Albert Pike, no glory or joy in the fine Sonnets and noble Odes of Paul H. Hayne. We appeal from Mr. Dana to the mass of American readers against such a proscription. "*The Closing Year*," the "*Hymn to the Gods*," the "*Ode to Sleep*," and the "*Songs of the South*" *passim* conclusively establish its injustice. We might multiply instances of this sort in the names of other Southern poets, but those we have mentioned are enough to show the narrow spirit in which the *Household Book of Poetry* has been compiled.

Mr. Dana says in the *Tribune*, with delightful *naiveté*,

"Since the outcry was raised against '*The Household Book*' we have looked through it with some care, and find in it at least forty-nine of every fifty pieces of which we would have such a work composed."

Is it possible? Remarkable, truly, that a volume which the journalist himself has edited should, upon examination, prove to be just what that journalist would desire it! Strange that Mr. Dana in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune* should have the same tastes and preferences among the poets which he had in his private library! But the editor goes on to submit a test by which we may ascertain the impartiality of his judgments. He would have a jury of negro-traders in Charleston examined upon belles-lettres, and the relative claims of Bryant and Simms submitted to their decision. Scarcely one of them, he asserts, but would be able to hum a stave of "Marion's men," or recite a few lines of "Thanatopsis," while none would have ever heard of their native poet. We strongly incline to the opinion that among such a jury as little would be known of any poetry, foreign or domestic, as among twelve Yankee pedlars collected at a Southern Court House, and constrained for a season to leave their "notions" in the wagon, while they should respond to a Professor of æsthetics in a catechetical examination upon English verse. Doubtless the latter set of traders would exhibit an ignorance of Mr. Longfellow's hexameters as utter and as deplorable as the former's want of familiarity with Mr. Simms' songs, and would rejoice when the questioning was over and they could get back to their Connecticut time-pieces and their ligious nutmegs. Admitting for a moment the fairness and efficiency of a jury test, we should like to select a dozen school girls, in their teens, from any part of the Northern States, either Massachusetts or Minnesota, the oldest or the youngest member of our confederacy, and ask them if they had ever heard of a certain little ballad, beginning

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

upon the wager that all of them would instantly begin to sing it. And when they had shown their acquaintance with this 'household' song, we should like to take Mr. Dana a box of Partaga cigars and a dozen of Cabinet Johannisberger that not a girl of them had seen a certain Egyptian Serenade which, as it is not a very long affair, we will give here in full—

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

We trust our readers are duly impressed with the grace and pathos of this wonderful effusion, which Mr. Dana thinks so much more "truly beautiful and admirable" than "Ben Bolt," that he has given it a place in the "Household Book" to the exclusion of that sweet and popular ballad. Possibly the reader will agree with us in attributing sectional bias to Mr. Dana, when we tell him that the Egyptian Serenade, (why Egyptian? oh my How-adj!) was written by Mr. George William Curtis, a person who commends himself to Mr. Dana's consideration, poetical, æsthetical, journalistic, and otherwise, in having spoken of the Southern people, on repeated occasions, in terms of the most vulgar and rancorous abuse. But the reader may, perhaps, ask in painful anxiety, whether this Serenade is the only evidence of Mr. Curtis's poetic ability, and, if not, where the other emanations of so "truly beautiful and admirable" a poet may be found? We are happy in being able to answer the eager inquiry and dispel the distressing doubt. Mr. Curtis's Complete Poetical Works may be seen flapping from the Park railings and disposed for sale around the Tombs in New York City. He is credibly the gifted man that turns metropolitan sorrows into poetic form for the benefit of the million, and versifies the sad story of John Dean and His Mary Ann for the tuneful ear and delicate sensibilities of the Bowery. Bravo, Mr. Curtis! Write more of the same sort, oh lotus-crowned laureate!

Sing again the song you sung
When poor Rogers he was hung,
Which it was a gallows strain—
Give it to us, George, again.

Sing the song and o'er and o'er,
Though we know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When poor Rogers he was hung.

But recurring to the jury test of Mr.

Dana, from which for a while the contemplation of "a thing of beauty," such as the "Egyptian Serenade," has diverted us, we must say that in general the degree of popularity which a poem attains in the United States is, by no means, the criterion of its merit, and that because the large majority of our people are unacquainted with a poet we cannot fairly decide that he is wanting in "the vision and the faculty divine." And why? The answer is simple. For many years, the making of school-books has been in the hands of Northern men, who have industriously filled the Compendiums of Literature, the Rhetorical Readers and the Elocutionist's Manuals, with selections from the Northern poets, never admitting into their pages a line written by a Southern pen. The result is that the poets of the North are known, while the poets of the South are unknown even to the school-children of our own latitude. The verses of many New England bards are recited at Academy Exhibitions, and held up, with the pieces of Collins and Gray, as models of poetical composition, while the minstrels of South Carolina may in vain expect to obtain a hearing. If the poems of Bryant are far more widely esteemed than those of Simms, the result is due, therefore, not to their superiority so much as to the fact that they are in the hands of every school-boy in the country beneath the lids of his commonplace Book, while the only circulation enjoyed by the South Carolina verses, apart from the volumes in which they are brought out, is in the columns of the Southern newspaper.

But we have said, perhaps, more than enough about the *Household Book of Poetry*. That it is an agreeable and valuable work, we were among the first to admit, but that in compiling it, the Editor did not purposely shut out Southern poets, the *New York Tribune* can never make us believe.

Library Company and the Virginia Historical Society with suitable apartments for the preservation of their valuable collections. The very large crowds that thronged the Fair room during the three weeks the beautiful industrial and mechanical show of 1858 was open to the public, attested the growing prosperity of the association. For a series of nights, towards the close of the Exhibition, addresses were delivered by Ex-President Tyler, Rev. Mr. Duncan, Rev. Mr. Peterson of Petersburg, T. H. Wynne, Esq. of Richmond, and others. From one of these interesting efforts, by A. J. CRANE, Esq., and as yet unpublished, we have been permitted to take the following eloquent passage—

Horace sang with some strain of sadness—whom Longfellow has followed—"Art is long and Life is fleeting;" but had Horace lived until this day he would have changed the burden of his song and said: "Life is fleeting—Art eternal"—eternal as the winds, progressive as the waves. Right earnestly then, and full joyously may we accord honour to labour, praise to skill, and homage to art. Honour then, and peans of song to the studious mind, that laboriously struggles to conceive, through long and wearisome nights and oftentimes through days of privation and neglect, new combinations of useful, beautifying and ennobling art. Honour and anthems of praise to the laborious and cunning hand that fashions into useful form the conceptions of creative genius which bless and humanise, and civilise, and Christianise mankind. Honour to the earnest thinker and useful worker of every age and every land: from the half-brutalised Tubal Cain, the Latin Vulcan and first artificer in metals and inventor of musical instruments, to the humane and persevering Fulton, who forced through the invisible pores of the iron giant the electric might of steam and made it move with the precision of automatic life, and beat the ocean with its ponderous wheels, or skirt the valleys and skip the mountains with its viewless footsteps; from Archimedes to Morse, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Copernicus to Galileo, from Franklin to Daguerre, from Moses and Herodotus to Macaulay and Bancroft, from Homer to Shakspeare, all honour and praise and ever grateful remembrance to the brain or hand of him who has thought or toiled for mankind. All reverently I say it, these and such as these are the saints and martyrs of the church where art and science and mechanism so meekly commune. They

The recent Annual Fair of the Virginia Mechanics' Institute was signalized by the opening of a new Hall in the City of Richmond. The building is a commodious one, and is designed, in addition to its specific purposes as a place of exhibition for the Institute, to accommodate the Richmond

are the Russells and Hampdens and Washingtons and Madisons of the Great Republic of intellectual and physical progress. How little do we recognise our constant obligations to these pioneers and martyrs in science, learning and mechanic arts; we accept most commonly the good the persevering labour and skill of antecedent generations have secured for us, as a matter of right, and while we enjoy with avidity and zest the physical comforts or intellectual pleasures their genius and toil have transmitted to us, we little care to reckon how we came by them, beyond the paltry pence we pay as a present price, from day to day, for them. We disdain, or are too reckless to remember, standing as we fancy we do, upon the very apex of social and physical civilization and refinement, that from the first history of man till now, our progress in civilization and art has been a succession of slow and painful marches, step by step, from the first floor of herb-carpeted earth for a bed, with a roof of boughs for a covering, to the splendid many-chambered houses now so common; from the first stone-baked roots and plants, or half-roasted flesh, with bark or leaves for dishes, to the rich viands with their amplitude of costly and beautiful appliances under which our modern tables smile; from the rude hut, or cave, to the neatly furnished modern house. We scorn to think that our dwellings, be they of wood or brick, or stone, are just so many advanced gradations from the common earth, out of which, either primarily or in a secondary form, they came. We disdain to remember that all our furniture and cattle, and jewels and fine goods, and all that we are proud to call our wealth, came either directly or indirectly out of the very earth we tread under our feet, from its surface or its bowels—and that to Providence first, and to the slow and painful marches of human intellect, and to the persevering labours of human hands afterward, we are indebted for these so common and yet so indispensable appliances of life. Look around you.—This stately building! It came from the earth—it is but a highly improved modification of the cairn of the Gael, or the kraal of the Hottentot, or the wigwam of the Indian. Its wood-work, its iron work? they came from the earth. These various things of hardy use or luxurious ease; whether of gold or silver or precious stones, whether from animal or vegetable life. Nay, my fair young Miss, or my brisk young gentleman, the very clothes you wear and the adornments of your person which you bear so complacently—all, all—all you see, all you eat, all you wear, sprang from the great fecundating mother of us all, the very earth we trample on with so light and careless a tread. Everything which we call pro-

perty—everything we use from necessity, or praise for beauty, all are the children or grand-children of our mother Earth. Is it, Miss, the ring you wear, that glitters with a brilliant stone? Long before Tubal Cain welded the glowing copper or brass of which his implements were made, or cut and trimmed the reed to the utterance of sweet sounds, the gold of it lay hid amid the clay and gravel of the soil—and the stone helped to form the bed of some gurgling brook in India or Brazil, or lay with the coral under the briny wave. The goldsmith and the lapidary have *created* nothing for you; they have only learned from the skill and labour of past ages how to fashion it to fit your tiny, rose-tipped finger; and Nature, older than Art, has bidden some young gentleman, or kind papa to place it there. Or this picture above me? the canvas and the wood, through vegetation, came from the earth; the paints from the earth, either in mineral or vegetable form; the gilding from the mines; the skill that fashioned it alone was man's. From the earth then comes all the raw material for art and mechanism to employ themselves upon; and alas, though *art* is eternal, the objects of it are not so in their present estate. They obey the great law, and whether of iron or stone, or wood, they crumble slowly or speedily back to earth. This is the law of the present dispensation of the world. Reproduction, from age to age, of ideas and plastic forms, and mechanical implements, must go on to keep alive the eternity of art. Generation follows generation, invention follows invention, ever crumbling and reproducing. Man adds nothing, not an atom, to the sum of material things upon the globe. To dig, to cut, to quarry, and to delve, to fashion, to mould, to remodel and furbish and retouch what he finds beneath and around him, is the allotted limit of his genius and his strength. The generation that precedes him prepares his cradle, the one that succeeds him furnishes his tomb, whether he employ himself upon the improvement of his powers within, or upon the objects of sense that lie without him, cultivation and improvement are alone his privilege. Here his pride and his power are stayed. His vainest wishes and his proudest thoughts are fettered to these limits.

No, no, plume ourselves as we may upon our art, deck ourselves as we may in our fine fabrics, glory as we may in our skill, we can create nothing. All existed in Nature before us. In the realm of natural substance, or in the domain of thought, we are but tardy settlers of a later day. All truth emanates from God; all Nature preceded our coming. We only borrow for a while from the one, or appropriate for a day from the other. Said La Harpe, in

expressive French: "All subjects are in Nature; they belong to those who treat of them the best." To this I add, whether in material or intellectual life, we only appropriate and modify forms of substance, or of thought, the existence of which antedates the advent of man upon the earth.

This view, though tending to humble, tends not also to degrade us. To the eye of reflection, it points out the almost illimitable expanse of man's capacity. It intimates eternal progress as the law of his future state, knowing and yet never ceasing to know, thinking and admiring yet never ceasing to think and admire. If then we may rightly give honour and praise to the human thinker and worker, though this place where I stand be not consecrated ground, and the lips which utter it are not hallowed, the occasion befits, and may I not appropriately close with the sentiment, "Supreme Honour and Praise and thanks be to Him, the *only* Creator, God over all. Blessed forever!"

There is a strain of mingled sweetness and pathos in the lines which follow, like that which subdues us in funereal music or in the finest elegiac poetry. They came to us from a contributor of long ago, with the request that they should be published in the place they now occupy—a column of our Editor's Table—

REST.

Lay him gently to his rest—
Fold his pale hands on his breast;
From his brow,
Oh, how cold and marble fair—

Softly part the tangled hair:

Look upon him now!
As a weary child he lies,
With the quiet dreamless eyes
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,
And on his lip the quiet smile
The soul's adieu to earthly strife,
And on his face the deep repose
We never saw in life.
Peaceful be his rest, and deep;
Let him sleep!

No tears for him—he needs them not.

Along life's drear and toilsome road

Firmly his manly footsteps trode

Striving to bear his weary lot,

With such a pride upon his brow,

With such a pain within his heart;—

The firmness of the manly will

Veiling the secret smart.

Oh, it is well the strife is o'er,

That thus so peacefully he lies,

Unheeding now the bitter words,

The cold unpitying eyes.

Fold his mantle o'er his breast—

Peaceful be his sleep and blest.

Let him rest!

No sigh to breath above his bier,

No tear to stain the marble brow.

Only with tender, pitying love,

Only with faith that looks above,

We gaze upon him now.

No thought of toil and suffering past—

But joy to think the task is done;

The heavy cross at last laid down,

The crown of glory won.

Oh, bear him gently to his rest—

Oh gently heap the flowery sod,

And leave his body to the dust,

His spirit to his God!

Notices of New Works.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE, or Every Man his own Boswell. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Criticism is not demanded by this genial, witty, wise, scholarly and truthful volume, it calls for praise only. We need not trouble ourselves with assigning it the rank it should occupy by right in the literature of the age—the work will assert for itself its proper position, and its author will live among the kindly and humorous essayists of all time, the Montaignes and Lambs whom after generations delight in admiring. If Swift was said with reason to be the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry

place—*anima Rabelaisi habitans in sicco*—the Autocrat is a more decorous and sympathetic Sterne, the Sterne of Uncle Toby and the Story of Le Fevre, walking in the haunts of the muses and the Poet's Pleasaunce, and gifted with the vision of the true poet to discern the beautiful everywhere around us, in town and country, in solitude and society, in books and painting and music; for whatsoever is pure and honest and lovely and of good report is recognized by him and commended in his charming prose and exquisite poetry. The author's command over the language is truly autocratic; his style has all the pomp of De Quincey and all the quaintness of Carlyle—he clothes a thought in magnificent drapery or he presents it in a

form as severe as sculpture, according to the necessities of the subject or his own passing caprice. If we should be asked what has impressed us most in the work, we should say its subtle illustrations of mental philosophy wherein the author has exhibited his keen insight into human character and interpreted the emotional side of life without employing the jargon of the schools—teaching our relations to time and place without the constant introduction of those horrid words, the *conditioned* and the *unconditioned*, *subjective* and *objective*, against the use of which there ought to be a pledge of total abstinence among literary men. As an example at once of the Autocrat's descriptive powers and of his success in revealing the significance of natural objects, let us give a short passage (we are sorry our limits will not permit us to make it longer) concerning the Ocean and the Mountains—

"I have lived by the sea-shore and the mountains. No, I am not going to say which I like best. The one where your place is, is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *fera natura*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain side; you see a light half-way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints; but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind, and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever."

Of the poems in the volume, which are numerous and varied enough to establish a reputation for any man, we must say a word or two. Some of them seem to us

quite perfect, as for instance, the little gem of "Stars and Flowers," others—we are referring to the serious one—are marred by the very quality which constitutes the chief excellence of the author's prose, compactness, losing thereby both melody of rhythm and clearness of meaning. "The Two Armies" is a case in point. In this charming poem, a desire to make the antithesis in arraying the forces of Love and Valor as terse as possible, has rendered the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th stanzas a little obscure and unmusical. A circumlocution, which should have avoided the pronoun, would have made them more immediately intelligible and more agreeable to our own ear. We say nothing here of the humorous poems, because of all who write verse with fun in it, Dr. Holmes is *facile princeps* in the English language. Passing by, therefore, the "One Hoss Shay" and "The Prologue," let us, before dismissing the Autocrat, quote a stanza or two with which our brain has been sweetly haunted since the first reading of these papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The Anatomist's Hymn" is beautiful exceedingly both in conception and execution. The poet versifies, with great descriptive felicity, the Scriptural truth that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and drawing from the contemplation of that strange and sublime organism of veins and arteries, sinews and muscles, nerves and tissues which so many eminent men have studied undevoutly, a more vivid idea of the Master of all, he thus reverently pleads—

"O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms
And mould it into heavenly forms!"

Surely this is very noble, but the lines on the "Chambered Nautilus" please us more than any other of the Autocrat's poems. We should like to quote it entire, but space forbids. The poet describes one of those little inhabitants of the deep which build year after year a new chamber to the spiral shell they occupy, and thus moralizes upon it—

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
a voice that sings:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!"

Let us be thankful that we live in the same age and country with an author so competent to instruct and cheer and improve us as *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. We should be glad to have his conversations at the dinner table as well, and we hope to hear from him ere long again.

The past month has been a season of comparative quiet in the Book Trade, few new works, except those designed for the holidays, having been issued from the press. We may notice in a single paragraph, for convenience' sake, what has reached us of interest and novelty. To Mr. Geo. M. West, 145 Main Street, we are indebted for *The Four Sisters*, a fresh domestic story by Frederika Bremer, which has just been published by T. B. Peterson of Philadelphia. Miss Bremer's admirers, and she still has many, will be glad to greet her once more as a writer of pure fiction, in which she succeeds much better than in the domain of travel, where her sketches were mingled fact and fancy. Mr. West has also sent us a very entertaining book, entitled *Peasant Life in Germany*, by Miss Anna C. Johnson, from the long established house of Charles Scribner of New York. The writer is an enterprising New England girl who, without any acquaintance with the language of Goethe and Schiller, went by herself right into the heart of Fatherland to see how the Germans lived, and she has recorded her experiences in a straight-forward manner which at times verges upon coarseness. The peasantry of Germany, according to Miss Johnson, are by no means as refined and intelligent people as the labouring classes of the Northern States of our Union. This we knew before, but we were hardly prepared for some accounts she has given us of the domestic habitudes of the interior.

From Mr. A. Morris, 97 Main Street, we have three handsome volumes lately brought out in the beautiful typography of Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of New York. Of these, the delightful novel of *Vernon Grove*, which continues to sell by the thousand, has already been noticed by us. Another of them is *Isabella Orsini*, a Historical novel of the Fifteenth Century, by the popular Italian novelist, Guerrazzi. Like the former work of this author, *Beatrice Cenci*, it has been translated by Professor Luigi Monti of Harvard University, a fellow-countryman, and may be considered on this account a faithful counterpart in English of the original. Guerrazzi is a sensationist in novel-writing and may be regarded as the Reynolds or George Lippard of Italy. We therefore incline less to this story of love and crime than to the third volume from the same publishers—*The K. N. Pepper Papers* which has afforded us a great deal of wholesome merriment. Jacques Maurice, whoever he may be, is a philosopher who acts upon the principle that 'tis good to be merry and wise, and we feel indebted to him hugely. The pages of this book show some of the clearest and most admirable printing ever done in America. From Mr. Morris we have also received *The Ministry of Life*, a novel by an English lady whose name is new to us, Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Though not belonging strictly to the class of what may be called religious novels, the story is designed to impress the lessons of gospel truth and it may be commended to all classes of readers.

Our thanks are due to Mr. T. J. Starke, 202 Main Street, for a package of the recent publications of that well-known firm, Crosby, Nichols & Co. of Boston. Among them are some pleasantly illustrated books for the juveniles of which we may mention an admirable *Life of Washington*, By E. Cecil. *Seed Time and Harvest*, and *A Will and a Way*, from the German, will be likely to attain a large popularity. *The Age of Chivalry* is a book of rather loftier aim and may be profitably read by persons of mature years, who would become acquainted with the legendary lore of the Middle Ages. A work on Book-Keeping, issued by Crosby, Nichols & Co., seems to us to possess the merit of great simplicity of arrangement. All these publications are for sale by Mr. Starke at the Baptist Book Concern.

